

INTRODUCTION.

DURING a long practice of over thirty years I have seen many things enacted here in this city of Montreal which, if told with the skill of a Dumas or a Collins, might not only astonish but startle the sedate residents of this Church-going community. I have often, while waiting for the advent of a little midnight visitor, beguiled the weary hours with a narrative of some of my experiences, and have been amused at the expression on the faces of my fair patients when told that my memory, and not my imagination, had been drawn upon for materials. Enquiry having frequently been made as to whether my recollections were published, I have been induced to print this volume, changing only names of persons and localities, so as to avoid identification. Many persons will find it hard to believe some of the occurrences which are herein mentioned, but those who have been concerned (directly or indirectly) with any of the parties to my narratives, will recognize, under the disguise of a false name, some person with whose history they are familiar. Should any discover his own actions here narrated, let him not think that I have wantonly endeavored to open old sores, but rather to warn others from taking that first false step which so often leads to future misery and bitter remorse.

MONTREAL, May, 1881.