

THE CITY LIFE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

IT WAS A DREAM.

It was a dream that in my arms I held thee,
While on my lips the old sweet kisses fell;
It was a dream that to my lonely chamber
A vision came whose form I knew so well.
For ah! how oft in other days long vanished,
I heard thy foot fall lightly on the stair;
Until my heart, like some imprisoned starling,
Beat loud to see its tender jailer there.

Swift as a shock that trembles in the ocean,
Time blotted out those sad and dreary days;
And now it seemed my spirit, free from bondage,
Had dwelt with thine in happiness always.
It was a dream—but ah! I heard thee whisper,
And to thy voice the old sweet tremor came—
I saw thee standing in the yellow moonlight,
Again I heard thee softly breathe my name.

It was a dream—those eyes whose tender glances
Stole to my heart and read the thing I hid;
It was a dream—those arms that twined about me,
As oft in that old vanished life they did;
It was a dream—that voice, too well remembered,
Still in my soul spoke to my dreaming ear;
Twas but an airy phantom of the moonlight,
Whose perfumed garments fluttered by me here.

It was a dream—but surely spirits mingle
Together oft, responsive to the yell;
It was a dream—but, oh, I heard thee murmur,
In accents low, "Beloved, I love thee still!"
It was a dream—but to my soul I pressed thee,
My open eyes were gazing into thine;
It was a dream—those tender kisses, dear and true,
In dreams alone can ever now be mine.

Most of the "sports" have "shook" Bony's, and now go to Beau's, corner St. Catherine and St. Dominique streets.

One dollar reward is offered for the recapture of Gentle-Eyed Tom T., who escaped from Beauport Lunatic Asylum on last Friday week. The last seen of him was on St. Joseph street; he had on the asylum rag at the time, and was still on the "mash."

Jim Mell—h, alias "let you \$10," had better give up whisky poker and stick to lacrosse, as the sporting season is now in. We would also advise him not to pay too many visits to Kerry village, as he may run the risk of losing his \$20,000 diamond pan.

The "hang out" is a sport of the K. B. I. is Mr. W—, F. and P. take nothing stronger than lager, now, "to make them fat, you know." But Mrs. G. takes another view of it. She says they are not as good as gold, and had better come down and settle up.

Monthly S., of No. 5 Company, had better let up on his "very large style," and pay his tailor's bills. It is simply amazing to "stag" the cut of him going down to the office in the morning, cane and kid gloves. If he don't return to the Falls, he will spend in this city.

George, late of 109, now in Burlington, Vt., will soon return to her old stand again. Freshly, her old lover, had better drop that St. Elizabeth street blonde, or he will have a head pat on him. *Later*.—We hear that Freshly will not give up the blonde for anyone. Good boy, Freshly.

George S., the handsome swell of St. Joseph street, says the difficulty between himself and the insurance demon has been amicably settled. George S. also states that his brother is the inventor of the "swanette," and not him. We to be these corrections with pleasure. Any thing else, George?

"TAFFY."

Take a Turkish bath, Barney, or Fred will send you to Bath.

What about that \$100 baby-carriage which Diamond S. promised Malvina?

Will the spice man give up Miss G., or does he want to hear from us?

It is said that every time "Vic." goes to the States, she goes to *Latona*!

Tom M. has just arrived from Europe, and will be in Ottawa on Sunday night.

Bill P., of No. 9, had better use some anti-fat. He is falling away to a cart-load.

John C., the butcher, swears by his cleaver that it was not he, but the other fellow.

The "Featherbed" mentioned in our last week's issue is not the well-known lacrosse scrite.

Chauncey has been appointed inspector of lager beer kegs. There is nothing like political influence.

Long Pete should be more careful, and not tackle butchers, as he runs a good risk of getting killed.

"Stammering George," of Mc— street, has had a fresh deal in clothes. What tailor was his last victim?

"Scal" has given up the dramatic club, and is about joining the Evangeline company. So the professor says.

Martin B—y, alias the "bloke," has been a "beat" all winter, but is solid since his old "pard" has returned.

J. R—n had better stop that music, or the little drum will kick against it. If it don't, the squad surely will.

If P. A. M. does not keep away from the French girls on St. Constant street he will lose his native tongue.

Mike, the ginger ale man, is getting altogether too extravagant. If he don't look out, he is liable to lose his girl.

Emilia, of Alexander street, ought to be able to find some other use for her dish-cloths than to be firing them at passers-by.

Don't bet \$5 that we won't mention your name, Charlie. We will give it in full next week if you open your trap again.

D. C—y, the champion beer driver, says he can give away more beer and have less talk than any other driver in town.

It is about time that Tom M—e, the would-be "masher," kept away from Sarah, for every one knows Jack is the solid man.

We would advise Mac to leave Esther alone, at the "City," or Gattie will be going for him. This is also for the benefit of A—n.

Bl. D—r has shot the cigar trade, and gone into the wine business. He never takes a drink. What, never? Well, hardly ever.

It is about time that the gallant Captain V., Crawford's runner, took a drop on himself. Or do you want us to give you a bit of a racket, Cap?

Sam, the "scalper," has on exhibition in his window an oil painting of himself and his first love. You had no moustache to bite in those days, Sam.

Did you ever see a bird called a Nightingale? We saw one a short time ago walking home in his rubbers, after his boots had been thrown out of a window.

Spencer has made another "mash," and Charley C—s is the lanky man. They might have been noticed on St. Catherine street, about midnight on Thursday last, looking as happy as a newly-wedded couple. But Charley will have to take a back seat, as Joe will be in town this week.