

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 7.

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 Gudge-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.

THE CITY LIFE;

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Published by the Editor and Proprietor, at No. 142 St. Joseph street, Montreal.

THE CITY LIFE will be published EVERY WEDNESDAY, and will contain the latest news of interest to the sporting fraternity.
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Important news correspondents are requested not to write on more than two sides of the paper.

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Advertisements will be inserted at 5 cents per line, each insertion.

MONTREAL, MAY 21, 1870.

CAVE ET EMPTOR.

Since we first took our seat upon the platform of journalism, we have earnestly sought to correct the morals of the vicious and the habits of the depraved, by the pungency of our attacks and the dignity of our composition; and we are gratified to learn that the energy and labor thus expended has not been all in vain. One sinner has already been pursued by a retributive justice, and now lies incarcerated in a miasmatic dungeon. But strange anomaly it is that the press of this city does not improve on such an opportunity to teach useful lessons in the school of morality, and thus retard the growth of crime. The charge against the now-convicted culprit was distinctly stated on the trial, and the adduction of evidence clearly established the commission of the offense; an intelligent jury sat in grave judgment, and, after deliberate consideration, rationally declared their conviction of guilt; still, in view of all this interior publicity, some of our lachrymose conferees, with the blush of affected modesty on their literary cheek, dread referring to the question except in the most puerile terms—designating it simply as an "unmentionable crime." What information can the weak and innocent extract from so vague an allusion, and what useful purpose does the display of so much obscurity serve? The court room had been densely packed during the judicial investigation; youth and old age stood side by side in compressed and eager circle—the one sneering with a venerable and morbid pleasure as the enquiry proceeded, the other omnivorously devouring with precious depravity each rancid morsel as it fell from the trembling lips of the timid witness. No attempt whatever was made by the officials to surround the progress of the trial with any cloud of secrecy; neither was any effort indulged in to expel the pious nor to remove the chaste from among the motley group—the law recognized their right to be present and within hearing of the sickening recital, so that those among them who might, perhaps, be contemplating some equally atrocious act, should be deterred from further advances in so loathsome a labyrinth by the punishment now so justly inflicted for so barbarous a crime. Why is it, therefore, that such great latitude is extended to a diversified public in large assemblage, and within the very portals of justice, whilst a powerful press seeks to curtail its own usefulness by a reduction of intelligence and the suppression of even horrid details?

The following is the most sublime exhibition of impertinence that we have yet received, and is treated by us with that just contempt which all anonymous scribbles so well merit. If the writer of this threatening missive is Phillips, of Quebec, why does he so cowardly conceal himself under such hateful and unmanly disguise? If no timely apology be received, the original document will be placed in the hands of the authorities:—
To the Editor of City Life.

SIR,—If anything appears in THE CITY LIFE regarding Harry Phillips, as promised in the last issue, you will find that it will be much warmer for you and the rest of the editorial staff than you dream of at present. Take this warning, and save yourself trouble, etc.
SPOTTER.

HOT TURN-OVERS.

Sinbad has not been seen since the riot in the station.

If H. S.— does not stop his evening visits to the fair one on St. Louis street, we will have to telegraph to the pretty blonde in Ogdenburg. Look out, Harry.

Little Dick had better keep away from the McGill College avenue blonde, or he will get a *blu* eye that will prevent him turning out on the 24th in No. 5 company.

We hear that William has been *a-doin* the popular young actress, Mary Anderson. Be careful, Willie, actresses are sometimes dangerous, especially to a youth like you that has never been there.

George A. M.—, the would-be "masher," got fifteen "cases" from his boss to pay his board bill, but, instead of paying his board, he donned a white tie and went up to Lottie's to have a time. He is now sponging on his friends for board.

Willie, the would-be Northwest mounted policeman, was caught the other night in a neighbor's kitchen making love to the cook. Look out, Willie, or we will show you up. Residents of St. Catherine street, beware of this midnight prowler.

Frank C—, with his beaver hat, can be seen at all hours lazing around one of our most prominent saloons on Notre Dame street, waiting for some one to come in and "save a life." Stop this immediately, or you will give the place a bad name.

Beautiful Bud got patriotic the other evening—having imbibed too much Rock and Rye—and proposed himself for the Vics, but got fired. He was black-balled by *Special* request. Poor boy, M— won't have any more of you. Try the 65th, Bud.

The ladies of a prominent dry goods store on Notre Dame street had quite a time coming down St. Joseph street on last Friday night. Take care, fair ones, or you will get a good setting out next week if you carry on as you did, as the "photos" have their eyes on you.

JANE, in answer to the paragraph which appeared in our last issue, wishes to say that the Pete referred to is a thoroughbred, and the man who wrote it is the very opposite. Pete never waits to be asked to "put up" the wine. The reason why the *thing* wrote the article was jealousy.

We think it would vastly improve the business of a St. Maurice street grocer if he would "fire out" certain young men (F. O'H., G. R., J. K., M. F. and others) who hang around his place every evening, insulting passers-by, and sometimes making night hideous by their howls, which they call laughing.

Poor Maggie '94 is in a pretty bad way. Strange that two of the same family are in the same fix. One of them ought to get some one to look after a certain young gentleman, who is running pretty wild in her absence, and who pretends he is keeping faithful and waiting anxiously for her re-appearance. Poor Rosa will be sadly disappointed.

LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!!—The veteran Bob E—, the last of the old McGill street stock, was out on his weekly tour the other night, and he surprised the quiet neighborhood of "Old Jane's" by invading the premises in his usual Zulu style. He was lucky in not meeting "Long Pete," the bouncer, or he would have had to levant to the great Missouri.

Fresh Jack G—, of St. Mary street, was observed on Saturday afternoon waiting at the Post Office to see his French pull pass, in the brand new hat and white feather bought by him. Drop on it, Jack, as the fisherman's daughter will kick, and get Willie H. to back her; the parasol and gloves you gave her will be thrown to the winds when she hears of the hat on that other girl.

We note among other business changes the proposed amalgamation of a prominent brewing firm with a well known retail establishment in the lager line. The junior member of the former generally manages to get round there about the time that the boys drop in, and never refuses a "boozee," thereby adding more wealth to the exchequer. Tom is a far-seeing boy. He always has an eye to biz.

Jack I—n, alias "Consumptive Jack," was very "boozey" the other night, and was prevailed upon to join the raw recruit company of the Vics. He now wishes that he had never touched her, as he finds the heavy load of his rifle a good deal harder to carry than a skinful of lager. Jack would rather sit in on a cent-a-nte game of draw than drill, as it requires less muscle and more *nerve*. But if he sticks to his drill, he will no doubt appear very *Grace*ful.

MORE "TAFFY."

Beck is going to get a woollen leg for his horse.

Fogarty's Yankee swell had better see that she has not too many admirers.

Johnson Mell—e has joined the gymnasium, and is learning to stand on his head.

Stotta, the professional tea merchant, is in love with the little St. Joseph street blonde.

Dutchie (79), had better be careful. Her old lover, Charlie P., will soon be around again.

The velvet-coat man has traded off with Pete, at the Canada, for a vest. How do you feel, eh?

If the lager that Harry B. is peddling is as "fresh" as himself nobody will find fault with it.

There is a hawk and a couple of planks lying in Ann street. They would make a good scaffold, Fred.

If F. W. A. don't stop corresponding with Liz, on the Lower Lachine Road, James A. A. is sure to hear of it.

D M—r is going to give up that bedroom sett, as the boys are getting tired of it. When is the wedding?

Mike: Nelly says you and your friends should not pay so many visits to Peltier's at such unseasonable hours.

Dummy, the chicken-butcher, says he has shook the "common old," and was on a great racket Sunday night.

B—k, the straw man, says he has not had a drink for four weeks. "Believe me, Mr. Mc.; Believe me."

NOTICE.—All tickets for the levee at Jane's are to be initialed by "Shacknasty Pete," formerly "Jane's bouncer."

We advise Tooke's girls to give no more hops, if they can't produce enough grub for the bloods. Brace up, Mag.

"Little Fox" need not "kick" so much at what we said about him, for if we ever open out on him he will go crazy.

The Devere Brothers are getting sick of walking to Panet street twice a week. How she loves to give them "tiffey."

Will "Von," the fat butcher, be kind enough to remove the stone fence, and allow the sparrows to cross the field?

Our Mr. B. went to Boston; tired of spring lamb he wanted a change—spring chickens and strawberries, "by jove."

The two nurserymen mentioned in our last issue have dissolved partnership. Mr. L. A. L. will continue the business.

Handsome Ned, the blonde, is down in the mouth. "Bilking" is played out since the THE CITY LIFE gave him away.

If Jerry R—y, alias "Budd Doble," don't let up on that little girl on Jacques Cartier street, he will hear from us again.

Rody D: Beware of the widow in Shannon street, or you will be a fit subject for Longue Pointe before the summer is over.

Get your liquors and cigars at "The Zaverac," 209 Notre Dame street, where you will meet good company, and be well treated.

We notice that Jack L., the genial "drummer," has returned from the East. Well, Jack, what about the seaside flirting this summer?

Tommy K, the William street tenor, is about to give a grand open air concert on the Haymarket. It will, no doubt, be a success.

Bill B—e, alias the "Bonquet Winner," had better return Mrs. Mud's purse; if not, he may find himself some fine morning in durance vile.

A. S. says that F. M—ll and F. W—n need no waste any more paper about him, as he does not care a straw about either of them.

If Pat H—n, of Griffintown, wouldn't frequent St. Joseph street with his mouth open, catching mosquitoes, he might grow a little fatter.

Freddy and Charlie have removed from 64. The landlord did not want any more concerts to take place in that building. Nice 64! Sweet 64!

Bill will have to fix the table after this week's CITY LIFE appears.

If Johnny McG—h, alias "Talking Machine," would have less to say, the girls would think more about him. They say he is too much of a "chaw."

M. K—y challenges any man in town to a beer-drinking match. From our own personal knowledge, we have not the least doubt but that Mike will win.

Sam G—d looks immense since he got his Government suit of clothes. Take good care of them, and don't get on a racket, or you may require a new suit.

It would be well for Harry B—d to stop throwing his "lappers" on Dolly, at Mrs. G—r's, or else the great medicine man, N. P. W., will break him in two.

We cannot imagine why Joe S—t is so foolish as to buy boots for his lady, as he knows very well she will "shake" him again the coming fall as she did last.

Larry F—n came pretty near disgracing himself the other night. The runner swears that he'll paralyze you the next time you try that mean kicking game. Stop it!

Jim R., of the Metropolitan, ought to get further back in the store when he gets his arms around a young lady's waist. It looks bad, Jim. Beware of D—n.

Nell P. has lost her darling "Bert;" he has gone to New York to look for the "sleeve button." Don't place any confidence in him, Nell, for he is a terrible "masher."

"Three-ball Jake" ought to be ashamed of himself. What was Big Frank doing in the shop the other night? We will have to send a copy of the paper on to New York.

"By dang" it was a shame to put a stove on the trap door, and keep John C—y in the cellar when he went to get a bottle of ginger wine the other night. "Mush-t-a-be!"

Lady Tom, the celebrated clothier, has given up p'aying poker, and is dabbling in stocks with his "pal," W. E. D. How did you like Tim at Lachine? Too many cards, Tom?

Johnny Mc—e, commonly known as "Slicky," has made up with his girl again, and they now do Dorchester street, by Atwater avenue. She ought to drop him, and take Mac.

The long legged and justly celebrated ballot-box stuffer has made up with Crawford, and may be found there at all hours. He don't need to go to New York any more to get a game.

Willie G., of St. Catherine street, the great ladies man (in his mind), was seen with a pot wrestler the other night. He had better be careful, or his lady friends will give him the go-by.

Johnny K—y says he can take the St. M. street blonde away from Mike F—y, but Mike is apparently the best man there. He says there is no one in this town able to spoil him.

Louis C. and his pal, J. S., took a drive around the mountain last Sunday. They found the roads very narrow. Too much hop juice was the cause of the roads being in this condition. Stop at home, boys.

Sam J—n, of O—e street, intends leaving for New York, early in June, to compete with Gus Sutherland, of that city, in a grand talking match, talk-as-you-please. Go it, Sammy; we'll hold your bonnet.

Since Joe I—n joined the sugar factory brigade he has ordered a refined suit of clothes from a well-known tailor on St. Joseph street. Beware of the real man, Joe, he may be tempted to chisel you ere you get his daughter.

"Stonewall Jackson" and "Reddy, the Blacksmith," went on an excursion to St. Vincent de Paul on Sunday, and had a first rate time, having bought a loaf of bread and box of sardines for lunch. Extravagant mortals!

Frank D—, of the "K. B. L.," says he will have nothing to do with P. T—y, if he kisses another colored wench while in his company. Good enough, Frank, but what about that little affair at Panet and Craig streets?

What do you think will become of you, Johnny O'Brien, if you persist in walking the public streets in broad daylight with that old "crow." Give it up, John, or we will paralyze you. You are a disgrace to the society of which you are a member.

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