

### Prize Painting.

The following glorious scene is proposed as a fitting subject for the pencil of our native artists:

The Hon. Jos. Cauchon in the act of blowing the Reverend Vicar-General Buyere from the Great Gun of *Le Journal* office. The particulars of this splendid game for the genius of the historical painter may be found in the back numbers of *Le Journal de Quebec*, for the last ten days, the honorable *redacteur* offering free access to all competitors for the prize. The portly figure, and grim, bearded countenance of Mr. Cauchon to be set off to full advantage in the uniform of the Indian hero, Colonel Olive; and the gallant but unfortunate clergyman who refused to swallow the greased cartridges of the *Journal* (junior) hath it that the objection like that of the Sepoys proceeded from a hatred to *pork* to be habited a *la* Mungul Pandey.

We trust Messrs Hamel, Krieghoff, D'Yve, and Bingham will not neglect this opportunity of winning another laurel with which to combine the brow of Fame. A large number of competitors may be expected.

### Hope Deferred.

Mr. Chapais has been made the victim of that state of anguished feelings, which it is said, make the heart sick. The honorable member for Kamouraska came to this city last week with the deep rooted impression that he was about to be elevated to a seat in the Cabinet. However, that happiness was not in store for him; and he departed with a heavy heart and an aching head for the place from whence he came.

We have been informed, on good authority, that the honorable gentleman was last seen, on the morning of his departure, standing in front of the Executive Council Office, with his wallet in one hand, his umbrella under his arm, smoking his disengaged list at the window of that building in which his disappointment had been planned and executed.

### The Truth at Last.

In a former number, we mentioned the caucus of the Opposition members at the Rossin House, (Roxton) Toronto; and ventured to remark that Mr. Brown was, probably about to attempt to mould, or repair, the Upper Canadian section of the Opposition. Whether our first surmise was correct, or not, we are as yet ignorant; but we have just discovered not at all to our surprise, that in one point, at least, we were not mistaken. The *Colonist* boldly asserts that there is a new Annexation scheme at the bottom of the convention! We were always of opinion that Mr. Brown hoped to find some adhesive quality in the place which he chose as the scene of his labors. "Everything has its meaning," as the wise old adage says.

### Warning.

We have received information, through one of our ind-fatigable reporters, to the effect: that several bottles, containing that pernicious liquid popularly known by the sobriquet of "Chain-lightning," were found yesterday morning in different passages, by-ways, and out-houses of the Upper town. There is no doubt whatsoever that the poisonous fluid was placed there by the Committee of the Dogs Protection Society, with a view, doubtless, of revengeing the death of the celebrated house-dog, whose elegy was intoned in glowing verse, in our last issue. We warn our friends of the local force to be on their guard in every respect—not only for the peace of the city, and the property of the citizens; but also for what is still more valuable to themselves,—their own precious lives. What a horrible sight for any of those patriotic and self-denying men to discover, with the faint grey glimmering of the morning light, the body of one of their comrades, stretched under the scanty shelter of a shop-awning, or a gateway, swollen to the dimensions of a bowal whale; and, beside him, the dagger of the companions of silence in the shape of an empty ginger-beer bottle reeking with the fumes of the beverage with the electric name "Perbid it ye Fates!" We shudder at the mere outline of such a picture.

### ELEGANT EXTRACT:

The address of the magistrates of this city to Col. Monroe, and the reply of the gallant Colonel, were certainly gems in their way. The former appeared to have been written in French and translated into English by the same person, while the style of the latter indicated a deep and constant study of Carlyle for the last six months at least. We quote from memory; but we think the following is a pretty correct specimen of the Colonel's reply, or at least, of some of the most striking sentences;

"Gentlemen;

Magistrates of this magnificently-situated, and never-to-be-forgotten City of Quebec, I thank you for your heart-rending courtesy, and your tear-starting kindness. First in peace, first in war, and first in the sky-reaching heights of your impregnable and admiration-inspiring fortress, may the seeds of recollections implanted in my breast by your kindness, spring forth into flowers of gratitude beneath the torrid sky of the tropics, on the fabled rocks of Bermuda; and may the name of Perrault's Hill be one emblazoned in the annals of the free Canadian nation of a future age as the battle ground upon which the foundation stone of her world-conquering greatness was laid. May the —"

At this interesting point our memory fails us. Whether the gallant colonel was about to repeat the celebrated appreciation of the great Doctor Barrow—"May the devil admire me;" or, whether he intended to invoke a blessing on the magistrates, we know not—and exceedingly we deplore

our ignorance. However, we challenge the Hon. Elijah Pogram to surpass the extract above given.

### Drops of Punch.

(Compounded expressly for THE GAZETTE.)

—The *Morning Chronicle* of this city has (it is said) been purchased by Mr. Dredge, late of Toronto, and popularly known as "The Government Look-Under." Is it the intention of the Government to reduce our gigantic cotemporary to the occupation of *dredging* the political mud of this city for oysters of the parasitic species? Our imp says that in any case the new proprietor will have to do the *drudgery*!

—Rumors are being circulated that there is a rivalry between Messrs. Brown and Foley with regard to the leadership of the Upper Canadian section of the Opposition. We think the former must have found a *mare's nest* when he enrolled *Fo'ally*.

—Historians tell us that, at one time, when Europe was overrun by the Northern barbarians, Ireland became the only retreat of religion and learning.—A Yankee argued this point with an Irishman, and got quite indignant at what he termed a *stall*. "How do you suppose," said he, "that so small an island could preserve itself free from taint, while the whole of Europe could not resist the shock?"—"Easy man," said Pat, "did ye evn hear of any thing spilt in salt water?"

—Going it like bricks," is the motto of fast down-casters; but, going to the mischief with bricks, is the motto of the Public Works Department.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRU.—Many thanks for your very good and talented contribution; as also for the envelope conveyed with it. In reply to your last question, we can only advise you to hope for better—as we do.

CRITIC.—Inadmissible, simply because you transgress the first commandment of our journal.

ANNETTE.—We cannot give you Mlle. Coquet's address. All business with that world renowned lady *artiste* must be transacted through the Editor of THE GAZETTE.

DONORFACE BLUE.—"Punter" does not intend to court publicity in the manner of which you seem so desirous. He probably fears the poisoned moral.

A READER.—We will take up the subject to which you allude in our next issue.

H. D.—We have already answered your query. You will find the reply in a former number.

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