

Be very particular as to the hour of your departure from Quebec, and the name of the steamer on which you sailed; and grow eloquently indignant on the fact that you purchased a cigar, a "horse cake," and a sour apple—all of very bad quality—from an itinerant hawker on the wharf.

Observe the above general instructions, American and Upper Canadian tourists, and your success is certain.

Yours,  
THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Quebec, Oct. 6, 1859

**Mr. W. F. Allroy's Lecture.**

We have received several communications on this subject—some containing severe attacks on the lecturer; and others condemning in strong terms, the noisy conduct of the audience, and graphically depicting the repeated interruptions and insults to which the lecturer exposed himself through his superabundant egotism. We select the following brief extracts from one of the least objectionable in tone and temper, although unworthy of publication in extenso:

**The Lecturer.**—“Notwithstanding any opinions which may be held to the contrary, I repeat that the sun, during the summer solstice, rises at six o'clock in the morning, and sets at six o'clock in the evening. I say again—the sun rises at six o'clock in the morning.”  
**A Voice.**—“It's a confounded shame for him not to rise earlier during the hot weather!” (Prolonged cheering—not of the lecturer, but of the wag—which lasted three or four minutes.)

**The Lecturer.**—(Speaking of the planetary distances.) By the Professor's calculation it amounts to this; but I make it a little more by my own calculation.”

**Several Voices.**—“Bravo! Go it old hoss!! You're grand and no mistake!!”—The rogal applause being, of course, enforced by instrumental accompaniments in the shape of walking canes vigorously applied to the seats and to the pillars of the stalls. Order being restored.

**The Lecturer** proceeded to say that the distance in question was one hundred and ninety millions of miles—one hundred and ninety millions—a considerable distance it would be admitted.

**A Voice.** (with a rich Milesian roll in its utterance and an appearance of *bien dire* assent to the countenance from which the voice proceeded.) “Indeed it is a good long step!”  
“An indelible caricature of a word, mingled with yells of laughter, and varied by the descent of a number of mysterious-looking objects from the gallery, followed this innocent remark.”

**The Lecturer** remonstrated with the audience on such unbecoming conduct. If his discourse was worth being prepared, it was surely worth being listened to. (Cries of “So it is found!” “With any body dare to say no!”) He was a man-chaic; but he was also an independent man, and he did not lecture for his own pecuniary profit; but for the instruction of his fellow citizens. (A Voice—“That's right stick into the blackguard.”) If how the audience did not wish to listen to him—let him fact be-wild stop. (Tremendous applause. Sounds of weeping in the pit. Several voices at once “Speak up—we won't let any body touch you! Go in and win! Applause diversified with cat-calls, cock-crowings, and dog barking—by amateurs.)  
**The Lecturer.**—“I think I will draw to a close—(to kiss at his watch) I have already spent during an hour and a quarter; and I really think I'll stop. (Exit lecturer.)”

**A Voice.**—“A Song! A Song! Mr. Allroy's Song!” And after a few vociferous rounds of cheering—several voices as the play books say.

Quebec, Oct. 1, 1859.

**ANGELINA.**

BY M. V. SHORT STORIES.

On a dark and gloomy day, in the yellow month of October,—  
When leaves thickly strew the ground, and the air tells of coming Winter,  
The time when potatoes are dug, and squashes and pumpkins have ripened  
And the mud is deep in the streets, from the long and dreary raining—  
A lady, young, beautiful, tall, dressed up in the latest fashion,  
With hoops, and hat just come from the shop of Madame Comptelle,  
Moved down with languid step from the boards of Durham Terrace,  
With handkerchief held to her eyes, and veil to her nose, up reaching;  
And still as she slowly walked, the glancing eye of the passer  
Might see, on her rounded chin, the trace of the glittering tear-drop  
Which a moment before had rolled, thro' the rouge, from her reddened eye lid.  
How came she to weep so secretly? Alas! the swift Himalaya  
A fortnight before had stealthily screwed her way up the river,  
Bent on a sorrowful errand, and to day had departed  
Full of the brave Thirty-Ninth, from the drummer-boy to the Colonel—  
Many a tearful eye had the officers left behind them.  
For their virtues, and sweet mountebanks, had endeared them to the fair ones,  
And the hearts of the latter swelled so much at the pang of parting  
That the tears were forced from their eyes, just as when Biddy peels onions.  
This lady, young, beautiful, tall, dressed up in the latest fashion,  
Had walked about as far as the Old Chateau corner,  
With pensive thought, she was looking into the dreary future,  
When right before her eyes she saw the City Fountain!  
Then the green seats have in sight, and she, with stern resolution,  
Said:—“Here will I sit me down, and stay till I cry my eyes out.”  
There she sat on that gloomy day in the yellow month of October,  
And wept, till she rivalled the streams of the overflowing fountain  
And still as she thought of her Edwin, each moment, receding from her,  
She thought of the gentle care of the City Corporation  
Who, with six hundred pounds, taken from the people's pockets  
Have erected a fountain grand, that squirts like a yolk of an egg  
Five gallons of water it uses, thro' all the twenty-four hours.

Since that dull and gloomy day in the yellow month of October,  
All the young and beautiful fair ones, who feel like having a “good cry,”  
Go to this sacred spot, and weep on the green seats sitting,  
And this legend roundly avers, that since the fountain has squirted,  
But once have its streams been outdone, by the tears of the gentle fair ones.

Quebec, Oct. 1.

(To the Editor of the Gridiron.)

**MY JOLLY TOASTER.**—  
Would you allow me to place the weather-vane of Cape Diamond on the bars of your handy little journal, for a moment, while I put him a few queries.  
“Is it not the case that Gil Blas was written by a Frenchman, Le Sage, and is not the original edition in the French language?”  
Is it not customary, when a person presumes to trot out his erudition before she admiring

gaz- of men, by quoting an author in a language foreign to his readers, to quote the original and not any foreign translation?

Did not you, Lieut. Ashe, commit the offence of quoting a Spanish version of Gil Blas, instead of quoting the original version in French?

I do not wish to be too hard upon one whose talents sparkle like the very valuable diamonds which lie around his Observatory, and will only conclude by saying: “*Yaya, ora, ora, Dios Senior Tentate!*” and be in the careful another time.

Quebec, Oct. 8, 1859.

**Rumor.**

It was rumored last week that the *Morning Chronicle* of Quebec had been asked to take in a position to contradict this, and to affirm that the very contrary is the fact.

**Possibilities.**

It is possible that the North Shore Railway may be built.

It is quite possible that Mr. Langavlin may be a candidate for the Mayoralty office in 1860. And it is just possible that he may be elected!

It is possible that the Quebec Harbour Commission may be nominated sometime before A. D. 1900.

And it is just possible that there may be one Irishman in it!

It is possible that the Seat of Government may be removed to Ottawa at the end of four years.

And it is just possible it may not go there at all!

It is possible that the Quebec Election will be declared void next Session of Parliament.

And it is just possible that it may not!

It is possible that a Portfolio may be offered to Mr. Cauchon.

And it is just possible that he might refuse it!

It is possible that there may be no immediate change in the present administration.

And it is just possible there may!

It is possible that Mr. Bellin may not form a part of the next Government.

But it is just possible he may!

It is possible our Ministerial readers may not see the drift of the above paragraph, calculations.

But it is just possible they may!

**To Contractors.**

**SEALED TENDERS** will be received at the Office of the Undersigned, from the date of the present advertisement to the first day of November next, at noon, for the privilege of furnishing to the Police Force of this City Five Hundred Wooden Boxes, of assorted sizes, in such quantities, and at such times, as may be required by the undersigned. The average size of the boxes to be, at least, sufficient to contain the remains of a dog of moderate dimensions. Empty Tea Chests, and, in general, boxes that have served in any former capacity, will not be taken; and the articles furnished by the successful contractor must be of the best material, and of first-class workmanship. Specimens may be seen, and all other necessary information furnished, at the office of the undersigned.

Quebec, Oct. 8, 1859.