

prepare ourselves equally for victory—or defeat."

He paused for an instant. "Go ahead," said Arnold, encouragingly. Thus encouraged, Caldwell glanced suspiciously around the apartment, until the glance of restless uneasiness and suspicion, recalled him to the necessity of making him his confidant; or, by the withdrawal of further trust, perhaps making an enemy of him for life, and a continual obstacle to thwart his other plans. His conviction of the necessity of taking the decisive step in the matter, at once, in order to save himself from the meshes of a counter-plot was strengthened by the fact that he perceived Arnold's cannot be so thoroughly informed to the expected details of the scheme which was to enrich them both. That nearly all external traces of drunkenness had vanished; and his eye seemed to read the inmost depths of the soul of the man whose treachery he feared.

This thought crossed Caldwell's mind without dwelling on it for an instant; yet he resolved to gain a little more, if possible.

"Here, Arnold, take a peep at this stuff, for considering the general character of the old man's stock in trade, this is really something of a superior kind."

"Ah! Caldwell spoke, he took the document and proceeded to flip a brilliant glass of the delicious compound for Arnold; and then, after insistently placing the tumbler before him, he did the same for himself.

Arnold was proof against such a vulgar device. He raised the tumbler to his lips, and sipped slowly and cautiously, but without closing his eyes from Caldwell's face. His face wore the same immoveable, unchanging aspect as he approached.

"Ye—yes—it is pretty fair." "There was another pause after this remark; but it was only of a moment's duration. Arnold was the first to break the silence.

"It is very late—or rather very early in the morning—had it we better get rid of the matter as speedily as possible?"

"Yes, by all means," said Caldwell with a composure which he by no means felt. "I will place the facts before you in as few words as possible, and then you can judge of the matter for yourself. You are, of course, aware that the subject of our interest—that Blanche Howard—is an adopted child of it is generally believed, an unknown parentage. She, however, is not the case. The girl is connected with one of the best families in England—of which her father, a dissipated fop, was once a member; in his lifetime, at least; for, I believe, he has long since gone the way of all such. Now old Wallis is aware of this fact, having found a clue to her parentage by certain letters, discovered by him amongst her mother's effects; but he is not aware that Blanche is an heiress although such is the case. The old man's cool never pushed his inquiries so far as to find out that the natural guardian of

the child might take her from him; and it is well known that he loves her better than he does his own son. He becomes, by any means aware of the other fact, he will of course pursue the train of circumstances."

Arnold nodded his head approvingly.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE GRIDIRON.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1859.

Back numbers may be procured at the Store of Mr. P. Simlar, St John Street.

City Subscribers who do not receive their numbers regularly will confer a favor on us by letting us know.

Persons desirous to become subscribers are requested to leave their addresses and amount of subscription with any of the City Agents.

The City Council.

The City Sporting Apparatus came to full play on Wednesday night last, there were attacks and counter attacks, insinuations and assailable principles which were sufficient to make the bones of the great Athenian writhe in the grave with pure envy, and inexcusable such as Thucydides never dreamed, and Crætan never uttered. It is a wonderful place, that little Hotel de Ville of ours; the nursery of our legislative talent and the school of our election orators. How many miles of vigorous indignation, how many fathoms of eloquent and disinterested patriotism have been uttered, it would require the practical genius of the man who calculated the material dimensions of the National Debt, to tell.

There was also an amusing passage at arms, or rather a series of them, concerning the Police Clothing; something in the style of what the author of *Sartor Resartus* would call a *four-tailed dog* and small clothes. The question as to the advisability or non-advisability of such things certain artists took into the said territory, and before we never mention them, being the cause of the quarrel.

G. Ungilloc Rheagme waxed eloquent when an insinuation was made against the *Supersede St. Roch's*; and registered a vow—"not in heaven's high concavity"—but in the presence of the valiant Hector; a vow after the fashion of chivalry, that he would never remove his left hand from his breeches pocket, nor deliver another speech in the Council until the impudance was removed. We hope the affair may be cleared up as soon as possible so that the Mayor, Councilors and Citizens may not be deprived of the benefits arising from his talents and experience.

A gamin in the gallery made a spirit stirring speech, during the confusion about the North Shore Railroad & *la Nationalité (au dienne)*. We regret that we are unable to furnish our readers with a report.

After having enjoyed themselves amply in the above manner, the Councilors separated about midnight fully convinced, we understand that they had saved the country from bankruptcy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of The Chronicle.)

Mr Editor:—I observe, in the issue of the *Morning Chronicle* some remarks upon the manner in which our inhabitants were betrayed by the owners of the *Hamilton Spectator*. After I cannot see what reasons your cotemporary had for quibbling. There is a set of phrases which all travellers use who write "Sketches by the Way, or Sketches in Canada," and it is exceedingly unreasonable to expect tourists troubled with the *caecoth's scribbles* to depart from the fixed terms which they had used and dried, and ready for use. It might be amiss, however, for the benefit of those who are not skilled in the form of a letter to the public, through the medium of your journal, to set a few plain directions for getting up a narrative of a visit to our gold-repaved Fortress-city. Such a receipt, if I may be permitted to term it thus, will be invaluable and to your Upper Canadian readers who descend to emigrate by their presence in a benighted dweller in the stronghold of the inferior race; and if copied into the *New York Yankee Notices*, it might not be useless to American tourists with literary tastes; and particularly to young ladies of mind with the popular disease of keeping diaries.

To sum up the directions as concisely as possible I would recommend such persons to begin always with the assertion:

That Quebec—noble and imposing in its stance—looks antiquated, shabby, and old upon a closer inspection. If of a particularly romantic turn of mind a comparison between the Harbor of Quebec and the Bay of Naples may not be altogether amiss; and a quotation from "The Siege of Corinth" or "The Isles of Palms," or Professor Silbany's remarks upon the anomalous appearance and condition of the city will fill up the space agreeably, and lead to the writer's appreciation of a person skilled in contemporary literature. You may also quote transition to the effect that Quebec, upon her fortress-rock, looks like an armed Paladin preparing for battle; or you may say with Moore that she "looks like a hog on a bad of roses."

In describing the interior of the city, turn a few neat sentences on the quaint appearance of the houses, the frowning caenns, and the extreme wonder with which you behold the pointed arches at the gates and on the ramparts. Note also the peculiarities of the steep ascent which leads to the Upper Town, and the general unimmaculate character of the city, upon which subject you may ease your mind of any unbecoming impressions.

Do not, on any account, omit to state that the public buildings are exceedingly plain, and without any pretension whatsoever to architectural embellishments. If you wish to possess a plain, practical man, you may easily remark that notwithstanding the fact of the paintings in the Cathedral and Seminary chapel you could not discover anything peculiar in them—If you wish to flourish to a moderate extent, throw in a stray phrase about the gloomy high walled monasteries, the costume and language of the people, and the prevalence of the cowl and the bayonet in the streets.

After describing the citadel and the military features of the city,—taking care to show your complete ignorance of anything military beyond the organization of the *Pompeyville Militia*, which you of course puff beyond creation—finish your narrative with a trip to the Falls of Montmorency, expressing your disgust and astonishment at their inferiority to Niagara. You may also pass air your historical knowledge by describing the battles of Foye on Beauport Heights, and in forming your readers that a suspension bridge erected by Admiral B. Phipps was considered to be the work of an *ingenious* a few years ago.