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THE GRIDIRON.

1859

VOL. 1.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8.

NO. 12.

(Written for the Gridiron.)

BLANCHE,

OR

THE FATAL CHOICE.

A TALE OF THE OLD ROCK CITY.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

It is perhaps unnecessary for us to tell our readers that the three persons now discovered in Robert's taproom are the plotters of the Monument Garden. But it is right we should inform those who venture on a perusal of this venacious narrative that this scene occurs immediately after the departure of these worthies from the locality in which they had been concocting their mysterious plot against the fortunes of Blanche Howard and the peace of Morton Willis's household. They presented the same appearance as when last before our readers, a few hours ago, save that Grant seemed to have been drinking deeply; that Arnold looked sullen and distrustful; and that Caldwell looked disgusted with his two accomplices.

The voice of the latter was first heard above the din:

"Here, you Roberts, bring me some of your best; and confound you, sir, what business have you to treat a gentleman like a private soldier.—Attend to me and do so quickly."

The host entered; gave a short nod, and returned soon after bearing a well-filled decanter which he placed before Caldwell.

"Look here, Roberts," said the latter again, "close that door, and take care you allow no person in here on any account. Myself and these"—he was about to say "gentlemen," but he interrupted himself, saying—"these men must not be disturbed under any pretence whatsoever. Do you understand Roberts?"

"I know my business," grumbled the master of the establishment, in a surlous tone "and I tell yer what, Master Caldwell—

"Begone sir,"

Thus cut short in his remarks, Roberts retired; muttering, between his teeth, something about the payment of the reckoning. However, he took care to obey the orders of Caldwell, of whom he seemed to stand in awe; and, as he left the apartment, he drove from about the door some noisy characters who seemed desirous of holding revel in the tap-room. As soon as he had left, Caldwell shot the bolt across the door and placed himself again at the

head of the table. His business-like air and movements imposed silence on his half-drunken followers, of whom Arnold was the first to speak:

"Before we proceed to serious matters, it might be well to remark that you must speak plainly; and, whatever your scheme is, let us know the full extent of it, so that we may be able to judge of its feasibility."

"Aye—aye, old boy! That—that's the ticket," said Grant, who appeared to be hopelessly drunk, accompanying the words with a blow of his pint pot on the table by way of emphasis, "the ticket, and no mistake," he repeated, with a vacant stare and a feeble attempt at a cheer.

Caldwell looked from the one to the other with a countenance full of disgust. Arnold maintained his appearance of dogged resolution. The former spoke:

"It is really difficult to say which of you two is best suited to bank the most promising enterprise ever entered into by man."

"I repeat once more"—

"Well, you, Arnold, I expected better things," said Caldwell interrupting him, "but when your weak-minded incapacity, or his grovelling propensity is most calculated to injure the little speculation into which I had entered for our mutual benefit, I repeat, I cannot say. Now, what were you about to remark?"

"I hate mystery," said the other, "if you will throw off your confounded mask, and come out in bold colors, at once; if you speak plainly, I am not the man to stand at trifles; and, I tell you what, I am not the man to be dictated to, nor to listen tamely to criticisms on my character."

Caldwell appeared to think that he had gone too far; and he suddenly changed his dominating air for a countenance expressive of injured friendship, saying:

"Well, well! let us not quarrel over the matter Arnold. We have been pals in many a case of danger and difficulty. I merely meant to infuse a little energy into your perhaps not unreasonably cautiousness."

"Let us have your speculation and your plan—as briefly as possible; and as clearly too."

Caldwell looked as if, under any other circumstances, he would have resented the overbearing conduct of his companion; but, after casting a glance at the dull, unassuming countenance of Grant, who was, by this time, almost unconscious, he resigned:

"I don't see any use in communicating my ideas on the subject just now, as your friend is scarcely in a condition to enter into the nice details of a matter of serious

consideration. Better wait until he recovers his reason."

"Hush! are you not of opinion that we had better dispense with his aid altogether?" This was said in a low whisper, audible only to the ear of the person to whom it was addressed, over the confused sounds of boisterous glee and drunken mirth which filled the outer apartment, and penetrated through the thick wall and closed door.

Caldwell nodded assent; and the two proceeded to take hold of Grant and deposit him on a bench in the corner. This done, they returned to their former places at the table. Suddenly Caldwell observed in an undertone:

"What if this insensibility is only a make-believe, and a trap to get hold of a secret without assuming the responsibility?"

Arnold acknowledged his belief in the feasibility of Caldwell's theory by taking the soft tallow-candle from the table; and holding it close to the face of the sleeping inmate, after performing with his fingers, the very operations of smelling it. This experiment produced no visible sign of consciousness; and a couple of vigorous shakes had no other result than to cause the sleeper to turn heavily on his side, after growling an imprecation in a thick, husky voice.

"Wake up, Dick, the house is on fire," said Arnold in a distinct voice, trying if a shock could bring him to his senses.

"Let it blab-ze away, and be hanged to it—and and old Roberts to it. I'm a right, hurrah!"

His companions seemed satisfied that his understanding was not thoroughly enslaved by the poisonous liquor he had consumed so freely during the night, and neither rendered him any hindrance to their conference on any subject however confidential. They were silent for a moment when Arnold spoke:

"Upon my honor, Caldwell; and, speak candidly, you don't seem to treat one like an old chum. Either that, or you have no confidence in the success of your undertaking."

Caldwell looked thoughtful for a instant.

"It would be useless to conceal from you that the attempt is entirely of a hazardous nature. The personal risk—I might remark, *en passant*, that we will be obliged to carry it out ourselves—is great; but the pecuniary returns are speedy."

"There is some comfort in that particular at least."

"If we agree to the plan, we may

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 fool never pushed his inquiries to this point, knowing that the natural guardians 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 Thucyd 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 arming the certain artists was made into the said *four-tailed dog*, and *four-tailed dog* never mentioned, being the cause of the quarrel.

G. Ungitloc Rheagme waxed eloquent when an insinuation was made against the *Supersede St. Roch's*; and registered a vow—"not in heaven's high ancestry"—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 (an 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* of the 2nd inst. upon the manner in which our city and its inhabitants were betrayed by the *London 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 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; 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 unromantic 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 *Parrainsville 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 at present 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 Bhips was considered the greatest work of the century a few years ago.

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. J. Allyn'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!!—Theatrical 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 monarch; 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 in fact he would 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. Allyn'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 FELLOW.

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 let 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 WASTER.—
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. Belton 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.

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 here 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, (Roxby) 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* in 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 enshrined 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 Barro—"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. Coquette'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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