

Where hope us cheerfully guides,  
With nothing to pay what we owe,  
To the Bankrupt Court.

Some day that 'tis murky and sad,  
That credit is lost by the way;  
That none but the rogne is glad,  
With a shilling the pound to pay  
In the Bankrupt Court.

'Tis slander! It's pleasant I vow,  
(As all who have tried it can prove)  
And, once having made there our bow,  
We soon again cheerfully move  
To the Bankrupt Court.

We have Butchers and Bakets a score,  
And Tinkers and Tailors besides;  
We have Merchants and Masons galore,  
And Traders in Gin, for our guides  
To the Bankrupt Court.

Come, all that are prudent now,  
Advantage take of the times;  
Your creditors pay, with a bow,  
Or "a song" made of beggarly rhymes.  
In the Bankrupt Court.

In such company sure 'tis nice,  
There cannot be anything low;  
You're freed from all cares in a trice,  
And out you come in full blow,  
From the Bankrupt Court.

REVIEWS.

*The British American Journal of Medical and Physical Science, for August.*

Parbleu! Our cotemporary has evidently caught a ray from our Lantern, and has grown witty. We were constrained, *volens volens*, to laugh at his leader. He reminded us forcibly of some grave ox, broken loose from the plough, and indulging in all sorts of unwieldy antics, as a rejoicing at his escape from his usual restraint. Perhaps the resemblance went farther, and the worthy Doctor had a horn or two in his head at the time.

Next comes Dr. Coderra, who plays the part of the tyrant-hating Cassius, "in Ereles vein." What tremendous volleys of "wrath and cabbage," come "peal on peal" from his pop-gun. We are surprised, that the Governors of the College of Physicians &c. have not resigned ere this. They must have trembled for their seats, when this Dr. Don Quixote couched his goosequill lance, against their "high opposing powers."

Dr. Crawford furnishes an article (written with that elegance of diction, for which he ranks so high) upon the Aethereal solution of Gun Cotton. This pain-extractor, was furnished by the Doctor Payne. Let the latter personage beware; "a house divided against itself &c." Our friend Dr. Colic, (for whose abilities we entertain a profound respect) informs us, that the profession have been led to believe this an

almost universal specific, and that the druggists have been recommended to advertise it, as a sure cure for Consumption and Corns, Dropsy, Delirium tremens and Dyspepsia, Rickets and Rheumatism, Scarlatina and Scrvy, and many other horrible diseases too numerous to mention.

Dr. Von Iffland informs us, that "we must content ourselves with taking it for granted, that the honorable degree of M. D." follows as a "matter of course," upon the attendance of students at college during a certain number of terms. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." After this revelation we shall look out who makes pills for our editorial stomach.

We should also like to be informed, when the discussion between Dr. MacDonell and his confreres, is to finish; the only fact they have clearly established, is that the patient was finished before the Doctors began. Altogether, this number is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

*Literary Garland.* The August number has been received. It is an improvement upon its predecessors. We find "woman's love" to improve upon further acquaintance, but hope we may not be jilted or deceived by *this* "woman's love."

A CHAPTER ON "HAIRYPATHY."

How interesting to all naturalists, and particularly to the students of Human Nature, is the prevailing mania for the propagation of Moustaches, Imperials, Billy-goat-like beards, and hair plantations, verging from down to bristles. We are surprised, that the Natural History Society does not offer a prize, to the man who will grow the greatest number of bristles, to the square inch, and also to the man who makes himself most to resemble a beast. We have no doubt that numerous competitors would offer. We have felt some alarm on this subject also; but although it is our duty to pacify the minds of the timid, and satisfy those of the enquiring by means of our all-penetrating rays, lest this phenomenon should affright or puzzle them, we have vainly endeavored to find out the cause of these hairy propensities. We have been led to believe that no distinct, discoverable reason exists. A suspicion indeed, did cross our mind, that there was in existence a nursery for fostering a warlike-fierce, looking club, for the reception of O'Connors "Invincibles" (if they come,) and that this mysterious, mischief making Col. Gubee is no other than commander of the same. Now we swear by our beards, which is an oath *in futuro*, that we will never publicly avow a belief, in the heretical creed held about this person's identity, by the *Pilot*; and are far from wishing this political mariner to seize on our idea, for a helm wherewith to weather the storm of another Col's wrath. It is a mere suspicion on our part, and O'Connor's last speech shows how far astray, imagination may lead us. It may be that these barber-us looking sort of people are only marking their determination, not to be shaved these hard times.