

every pause in the music, I fancied that I perceived the curtain drawing up. How different, thought I to myself, is my situation to that of an author who has attained popularity, and whose name alone almost ensures the success of his play; for, even if it be indifferent, his friends are certain by their unmerited, and boisterous applause, to save it from that unwelcome reception, which it would otherwise meet with on the first night; while I unknown and without interest, must trust to the good taste, and liberality of the audience for my success. At length, that moment pregnant with my fate arrived. The music had ceased; the fatal bell had rung; and after the gods had ceased their preliminary thunder, all was quiet. Indeed you might have heard a pin drop. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations of anxiety and suspense which an author alone can feel. The two or three first scenes passed off tolerably well. I watched the varied countenances of the audience; some I thought expressed that they were looking for something better; others that they could not well have any thing worse. The applause was sparing, and gradually diminished, even altho' the performers did their duty. Soon a slight buzz of disapprobation ran through the house, and a person next me asked his neighbor if he "did not wonder how the manager could have the impudence to bring such trash before the public;" and judge of my feelings ye myriad readers of the *Magic Lantern*; when the same good natured friend, remarked regarding one of my best jokes, on the originality of which I prized myself, "our author seems to have borrowed from Joe Miller; I have not heard one joke or pun in the play which I have not read a dozen times before." It was indeed with self denial that I refrained from giving him the lie. At length the stifled feelings of the audience burst forth; and the gods resounded with "peal on peal!" kisses, groans, and cries of "off!" "off!" were heard in every quarter. To add to my misery, the manager stepped forth, eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and, in the coolest manner imaginable, promised the audience that the play would not be repeated.

Half frantic, I rushed out of the box, and in doing so I overheard two fat, vulgar looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said "well now, it may be bad taste, but I don't think that, that ere piece, be so much amiss, I likes it." It was with difficulty I resisted the impulse of rushing forth, and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway "I could have hugged the greasy rogues; they pleased me!" I soon found myself at my lodgings, sadly musing on the scene which had just passed, and firmly resolving never to send another play, (if ever I wrote another) where it could not be fully appreciated.

This was the fate of my first attempt, when with little interest and less money, I took my production to the manager. But now, having acquired something of a name, and also having some interest, which is every thing to an author, I have several times met with decided success; although many of my productions, which have been successful, were (in my humble opinion) immeasurably inferior to my first play.



Come attend all ye patriots, while I relate
News so joyful, twill make you all dance;
I will speak but the truth, and I nothing shall state
But the liberties taken in France.

I oft held the French forth, as examples most bright,
While their glories, I've tried to enhance;
But I then little thought they so nobly could fight
For the liberty since gain'd in France.

Men and Women and Children, went out to the field,
And the Children they gave the first chance,
They were plac'd in the front, that they first might be kill'd
Where's such liberty, known but in France?

Then the Women, (sweet creatures) the men to excel,
Look the sharp knife, instead of the lance,
And the throats of the guards, cut, like Furies of Hell;
Are such liberties known but in France?

And the brave, too brave Men,—say not they were afraid,
Tho' each Hero takes care that he plants
Just before him, his child, and a strong barricade;
Is such liberty known but in France?

Then arouse ye! Canadians, and Irish. Be free!
For O'Connor his troops will advance,
(If it rain not too hard:)—Then we quickly shall see
Equal liberty here as in France.

Then be Freedom, our Motto, and Liberty's flag
Let us wave o'er our heads the first chance;
Colonel Gubee will lead us, then why should we lag,
Let's have liberty boys, as in France.

THE BANKRUPT COURT.

(A DRINKING SONG FOR TRADERS.)

Come Gentlemen fill to the brim,
For a toast I am going to give,
Let's drink it till all grows dim.
For by it we all hope to live:

The Bankrupt Court!

Our liberal laws have given
To us traders, a road safe and sure,
From breakers and storms a haven
Where we can contentedly moor,
In the Bankrupt Court.

Tis safe and capacious besides,
When the winds of adversity blow,