

moment, could compete with the *Pilot* for a good joke. Who could match that excellent joke, "the *Pilot's* loyalty," and many other *jeux d'esprit* of a similar character which are to be found in its columns: It is true, that sometimes we are droll, and at times otherwise. We remember once to have written as drolly as we could; the result was, the printers could not compose our effusion. They were completely prostrated by loud and violent exercise of their risible faculties, and one poor "devil" went into convulsions. Since that unhappy occurrence we never did, and never shall, write as humourously as we could.

We understand that some watchful scoundrel observing the time Mr. Dwight of this City left his shop availed himself of the opportunity, and took thirty watches on tick.

NOCTES LANTERNANÆ.

No. 4.

SCENE—The Laboratory.

Present—Gregory Goosequill, Esq.  
Timothy Linkinwater, Esq.  
Hector Tupe, Esq.

Mr. Goosequill in the Chair.

The Lantern adjusted.

Mr. Goosequill.—We are again met, to take the interests of our fellow-citizens into consideration, but unfortunately, without the wisdom of our chief to guide us.

Mr. Tupe.—Poor old sir Peter, I fear that fall over my back hurt him more than he was, at the time, aware of. It is lucky for us that he has effected a conciliation with the Magician.

Mr. Linkinwater.—Our friend Mr. Jonathan is sometimes testy in his remarks. He should have spared the Magician though. We shall have a desperate criticism of the manners and customs of some of our fellow countrymen when he returns from his expedition. He once observed of a portion of Lower Canada which he visited, that it was the finest country he had ever seen spoiled by the people who inhabited it.

Mr. Tupe.—Some of our fellow subjects are certainly deficient in a knowledge of Agriculture as a science, and seem to lack enterprise in many things. Yet they by no means want talent.

Mr. Goosequill.—A happier day is, I think, dawning upon them. The poorer class have been accustomed to spend much of their substance, in the grog-shops. This Temperance movement is I believe a fortunate one for them.

Mr. Tupe.—I am no Teetotaler, yet I am most happy to see this reform, the homes we see made desolate, the wretched beings whom we see ruined, and the graves we see filled by the effects of the poisonous drugs which are commonly sold at dram shops, are enough, quite enough to make men hail as a godsend, and say God speed to the present movement among the labouring classes.

Mr. Linkinwater.—How strange that Magistrates, men who are the heads of families, and should be the leaders of society, go on year after year licensing these haunts of sin and wretchedness, these hotbeds and nurseries of crime.

Mr. Goosequill.—It is affirmed. I believe, upon statistics, that the refusal to licence these places has proved the certain means of increasing the unlicensed traffic. These licensed dens are frightful enough, but the unlicensed still more so, and I believe there are a great number of the latter in our City. Yet we have laws, authorities, police and a Police Court! Still the thing goes on. There are informers too, even lawyers, nay, that's too far, an attorney has, I am informed, furnished information in as mean a manner as the dirtiest dog of them; yet where are the convictions? Echo answers, where? Some say that the Magistrate has a distaste for this kind of work, and does not like to soil his gentlemanly ex-military fingers with anything so dirty. I trust he is much too honorable a man, to forget his duty thus. He should remember that Justice is blind, and does not see the qualities of the parties seeking redress. There is some screw loose in this machinery however, and it should be looked to.

Mr. Tupe.—I believe "Squire Mat" has something to do with these affairs. I hope the absorbing interest he has felt about "spring fees," has not made him forget this branch of his business.

Mr. Linkinwater.—Strange whispers are abroad, that men in Her Majesty's pay are to be bought and sold, that *Black mail* is levied, and the ends of justice defeated, that functionaries pocket the price of the exemption of others from merited punishment, and disorderly people get free. Now although I can readily believe that all this is not true, yet the Courts of Justice, their officers, and the servants of the Crown should be above suspicion. Unless men can go to a Court with some feeling of certainty that their wrongs will be redressed, they will choose to suffer them, rather than have them increased by the "authority of Justice." No wrong is so intolerable, as that inflicted in her name.

Mr. Goosequill.—A community is in a bad state, when that protection which is the very essential principle of civilized life, the protection of the laws, is denied to its members. When criminals, either in great or small things, are allowed to escape with impunity, and laugh in the faces of those whom they have wronged; when juries are ignorant, prejudiced or corrupt, and public functionaries rest under the suspicion of partiality, prejudice, or turpitude; then should all good men exert themselves, lest society be resolved again into its elements; for towards that point they are undoubtedly tending. It behoves us to consider well the applicability of these observations to ourselves, and not allow public opinion to slumber while we are thus robbed of our rights.

Mr. Tupe.—Ay! Let those who feel that our eyes are upon them, and that our remarks apply to them, beware: we have means of acquiring information, that they know not of, and when they least expect it, we will expose them.

All.—We will! (a noise on the stair, enter Miss Bagstock.)