

## NOCTES LANTERNÆ.

No. 2.

SCENE—Our Laboratory.

Present—*Sir Peter Porcupine, Knt.**Gregory Goosequill, Esq.**John Jonathan, Esq.**Sir Peter in the Chair,**The Magician having adjusted the Lantern, departs.**Sir Peter*—Well gentlemen, it seems our Patrons are not much disposed to aid us in our enterprise.*Mr. Jonathan*—Say rather we have no patrons. A paper such as ours, can have no patrons where there is no public opinion. Where the rebel and the rake, the swindler and seducer, the forger and the fool, occupy the first places in society, where such characters as these are fawned on and flattered, can you expect that we, who assert a determination to speak naught but the naked and undisguised truth, should meet with a cordial reception. The fop who wears red cloth, with gold lace upon it, is more esteemed than he who tells us of our faults, the scoundrel who has cheated our fellow citizens out of their money, and has thus become rich, is more admired and sought after, than one whose probity and truth have brought him nothing, but an honorable name. To such people, the first accents of the truth-teller, showing them their faults and follies, seem the snarls of a bilious and ill-natured critic; and are treated as a simple ebullition of the fellow's spleen.*Mr. Goosequill*—True, too true. The more reason why we, who fight against this order of things, should be true to ourselves, and each other, which now we unfortunately seem not to be.*Sir Peter*—How so, most learned counsel?*Mr. Goosequill*—These empty seats should explain the reason.*Sir Peter*—I really can't guess your meaning.*Mr. Jonathan*—Your cursed *Noctes* did it, sir. Why, the article was prozy enugh for the *Herald*. Then, tho' it may seem strange to you, we all have some objection to be shewn up for your peculiar glorification. I don't care a fig for myself, but there are my friends *Mr. Tapp*, *Mr. Goosequill*, and the Doctor, who were all more or less snubbed and interrupted, don't like it over well. It isn't fair play. We ask due notice, and an opportunity to correct mistakes, before you again publish our sayings.*Sir Peter*—So be it; and now to business, let us call in the Magician, and take some observations.

(The Magician enters.)

Most mighty sage, we wish to see some mortal, freed from the humbug of habit, and conventionality.

*The Magician adjusts the Lantern: a figure is reflected. The Magician writes.**All*—The Delegate!*Sir Peter*—How he struts and stares, and seems to think he is thinking. The smirk he wears in public tho' is gone, he seems straining with some tremendous thought. He ruminates; as Shakspeare has it—"He stalks up and down like a peacock, a

stride and a stand" and "bites his lip with a political regard as who should say, there were wit in his head, an' 'twould out." Whether is he preparing a speech for the Irish Brigade, or a placard for a monster meeting? There he goes like a shot from a cannon.

*Magician*, (presenting a paper.)—Here, sir Editor, are his thoughts.*Sir Peter*, (reads.)—"Well, I didn't get nothing in Canada, but a ducking, and a laughing at. I guess I was rather a sucked in young man. Oeh, O'Connor, O'Connor, what 'ill ye say to the Irish Brigade. I'm very much afeard they'll be askin' you to pay yer own expinses. Well, I did the best I could and the best could do no better. Ah, old boy, I'm afeard that won't go down. What'll I do! Oh, hang it. I'll butther'em; give a touch of the rale Melasian blarney. Won't I stuff'em. The people ready to take up arms—the soldiers bowed to me—the officers received me with enthusiasm—There's that chap, Adjutant General—what's his name—Gubee, was my bosom friend. Then the number at the meeting, 10,000—that's a leetle too strong, say 7 or 8,000—I'll not mention the rain, ugh, it was only a trifle. Now for it."

Ha, ha, ha! Go thy way, strange compound of Irish and Yankee cunning. Thou art but one more Jackall, preying upon the credulity and goodness of heart of your unfortunate countrymen. Good magician, will you show us some of our own townspeople now?

*The Magician readjusts the Lantern, another figure is shown. The Magician writes.**All*—Skerret!*Mr. Goosequill*—How he pouts his lips, and wags his head, and swings his arms! How those little eyes sparkle with vexation! Poor Skerrett, victim of the hard times, and the bad taste of our city. I fear your game is a hard one.*Sir Peter*—True! shame on our inconsistency.*Tom Thumb* comes here, a little monstrosity who has been taught some apish tricks, and his levees are crowded. The circus comes with a lot of fellows ready to make the most uncomth and hideous contortions of the human frame, and a clown ready to chant his never changing chorus of obscene and vulgar jests, their tent is crammed to excess; a mountebank comes with feats of Legerdemain and jugglery, and a gaping crowd run to witness his deceptions; even the *élite* do not fail to pay him a visit, and mark their approbation of his cleverness. But let good singers, good musicians, lecturers on science, or actors of the legitimate drama, present themselves, and all is apathy. Bah! we're not half civilized yet.*Mr. Goosequill*—I understand that Skerrett has very unwisely, offended some of his staunchest friends, by ill-natured remarks before the curtain, and, I fear, has made himself some enemies.*Sir Peter*—I am sorry to hear it, for he has been accustomed to bring out some of the best pieces of our dramatic literature, in a manner never before equalled in Montreal. Let would—he moral reformers talk as they will. The enacting of good plays, conveys many a good lesson, as well as amusement;