

## THE "DARK LANTERN" MEETING.

IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS.

The following communications we present to our readers, that they may not be ignorant of the terrible machinations of evil and revolutionary disposed persons, against the crown and dignity of our beloved Sovereign.

The disclosures made by our correspondents, do not, unfortunately, point distinctly to the leader of this infernal conspiracy, but there can be little doubt on the mind of any intelligent and loyal subject, of the existence of a treasonable organization throughout Canada, more formidable and extensive than that discovered by the celebrated Titus Oates :

SIR—The papists are arming—I know it—the arms were smuggled into Canada in the trunks of Smith O'Brien, I saw last night two Roman Catholics going up Church Street with guns in their hands, and I heard they were taking them to the palace to be blessed by the Bishop. The dark days of Ireland are coming again. Protestants arouse, down with the dogans—no surrender.

Yours truly,

ORANGE LILLY.

Say, GRUMBLER—If yeon dont look out sharp there'll be an all-fired tarnation row soon—you'll have to put the breaks on them niggers—theyre a risin—that's so—jest look at Brantford, aint they a been adoin it thar, and aint they sassy enuf here to do the same thing. Yeon Britishers dont know how to treat them varmin, jist take my advice kindnap 'em, take 'em down south and sell 'em; you'll git rid of the critters quietly and be able to pay your debts into the bargain.

Yours eternally,

ELIHU PULKINS.

Dear sur—I rite these fu lines hopein u ar wel as this laves me at present—I want toe tell u sur that thars mighty quare doins goin on and that same thief o the world Bob Mudy's at the botum ov it—didnt I cum across the konspiraytors houldin meetin, and was'nt Bob Mudy in the chair and was'nt dik dimpsy and Hopkinns and more betokens O. glar gown thare too, wid dark lanterns one in ache hand and Allan the jaylor was spechin and ses he, we'll throd on them—that's us the dogans—we'll throd on them ses he, we will ses Mudy, yes ses he—and then the lites went out and I could'nt see to here any more.

ures till deth do us partt,

MICHAEL OSHAUGHNESSY.

Awake—Awake—a most damnable plots a hatching, I scent the turmoil from afar, ere another week the Grits will cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war—arouse! arouse!

STUBBS.

## GREAT GUNS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD!

The following pithy description of the failure to remove the two Russian guns, at present lying at the Custom House wharf, on the Queen's Birth-day,

is from the pen of the author "Ossean." We engaged his services for the day at the enormous sum of 25 cents—drinks included. He comes from a country where the water is rather scarce :

It was on the twenty-fourth of May. The year was '59. The hour was half-past three. I heard a distant roar of voices. I looked up to the invisible winds of Heaven, whence descends the refreshing rain, and asked aloud "what's the mus." The winds heeded me not. I gazed into the depths of a neighbouring area, and enquired of the cook, whose countenance looked like the full moon, "what's the row." The red-faced individual politely requested me to "go look."

I looked! Do I forget the scene. The army of the Toronto militia was at hand. Foremost rode Capt. Brooks, on a meteor-like galliant grey nag. The hills trembled as he passed. So did the sides of the multitude. He looked like the son of a gun. His mission was to capture Russian guns.

The chieftain Holliwel bestrode a wicious hoss. He looked like the roaring winds. Many other warriors were also in the throug. The army moved like the dark rolling clouds. The Custom House wharf was soon stormed. Prostrate at the feet of the invaders lay those Russian guns.

Then out spoke the gallant Mayor, Wilson: "Into the hands of the city are fallen these guns; let's carry them hence in triumph. Jones, lend a hand!" Jones, a sturdy policeman, volunteered two hands, but could not lift the guns, by reason that they weighed five tons each.

Dismay was stamped on the face of the mayor. The police force was ordered to "take up the guns." But they could not. The gallant militia grew black in the face as the midnight storm; but the guns would not budge.

The Yorkville cavalry charged the guns, but they remained undismayed. The multitude assailed the guns with violent epithets, but the guns were immovable. Once, and once only, the guns seemed inclined to "go off;" and that was when the Mayor perpetrated a joke. The joke rolled away into the distance—so did the militia—so did the people. The guns remain where they were.

## THE THEATRE.

The "Merchant of Venice" was performed on Thursday evening at the Royal Lyceum. The "combination of talent," to use the apt expression of the programme, has been seldom excelled on our boards. Mr. J. B. Howe sustained *Shylock*; Mr. Bass, *Gobbo*; and our fair friend, Miss Thompson, *Portia*; while the other characters in the piece found able representatives in Messrs. Marlowe, Hill, and Lee. Our old friends, Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Glenn, and Mr. and Miss Herbert, were also successful during the week.

Howe's *Shylock* was an excellent rendition, and was received with merited applause. Mr. Howe owes all his success to study. His "make up" was not what we might expect, but his correct conception of the text, and the artistic manner in which every sentence was delivered more than compensated for minor drawbacks. The last scene was a triumph of acting.

Miss Thompson's *Portia* was equal to her *Rosalinde*. In both characters she succeeded. Her *Por-*

*tia* was superior to her *Rosalinde* in that it was more unaffected—a fault, perhaps the only fault, which Miss Thompson has a tendency to encourage.

Mr. Bass has all the requisities—except, age, perhaps—to succeed as a Shakesperian clown. His *Touchstone* had the true Shakesperian smack. His *Launcelot Gobbo* was also excellent. Mr. Bass is too experienced an *artiste* to sacrifice the text to the empty applause of the pit as some otherwise good players do not hesitate to do.

With accustomed bad taste, the house was not filled on Thursday evening. Indeed, if Mr. Marlowe wishes to draw full houses, he must engage a nigger company. However, to-night will be an exception, as it is set apart for the benefit of Miss Thompson. Bad as our theatre-going community have shown themselves, they have displayed a desire to recognize the rising genius of this young lady. We therefore announce with pleasure Miss Thompson's benefit—her farewell benefit, we believe—for to-night.

On Monday the "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be performed, for the benefit of Mr. Bass; on which occasion Mr. Bass and Miss Thompson will appear before a Toronto audience for the last time, for some time. We hope a very short time.

On Wednesday, Miss Davenport's engagement commences. She is one of the best *artistes* on the boards at present. It gives us great pleasure to announce that our old friend, Mr. John Nickinson, will also appear shortly on our stage. During his engagement we may expect some excellent productions.

## IN MEMORIAM PLAYFAIR.

Weep, Lanark, weep! the glory of Playfair has departed; the great ecclesiastico-military legislator is unfrocked. Who shall count on lasting fame on earth? The gallant Colonel has been cruelly unfrocked. The stern authorities of an austere church have deprived the dear old member of his license as a preacher; and all because he bravely stood by Cartier, and winked approvingly at Sunday dancing and champagne. No more shall the erring ones of Lanark quail beneath his stern reproof; no more shall that noble brow, bedecked with silvery hair, frown on the follies of the giddy youth; no more shall those soft spectacled organs of vision flash with righteous ire on the perverseness of the times. Poor Playfair's occupation's gone! We cannot refrain from dropping a tributary tear upon the bier which shrouds the mortal remains of his ecclesiastical existence. Farewell! a last farewell! dear clerical layman, farewell! At Quebec no prying eyes shall trace thee to Cartier's door; no *Grumbler* watch thee sip the old champagne, or whirl with the pretty damsels in the dance. We cannot trust ourselves to say more; again, thou Reverend Beau Brummel, adieu!

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

If there is one want more than another which makes itself felt in the heat of summer, it is—a good drink. Startle not, smashes or sherry cobbler, we are not about to suggest brandy despicable as your jaundiced vision views them. That "wine is lazo" spoke it. At present, however, we desire to call your attention to a strictly temperance beverage, more invigorating than water, less exciting than tea. We refer to the PANTAGE-NET WATER, sold by Mr. GORDIKE at his store on King Street West, near the office of the Great Grit *Globe*. The medical qualities of this liquid have been long ago established by authority too competent to be gainsayed; it is good for the weakest, refreshing to the strong, and is kept as cool as ice in the hottest times. Any one who desires a really invigorating, and yet un-intoxicating, glass, should patronize GORDIKE.