



Dedicated to the Brighton Ghost.

"Honest DAVE" has left the town
Where head-light ghosts at midnight wander;
Tho' loved by all to whom he's known,
He's gone to be a Michigander.

Manners at the Theatre--No. 2.

RULES FOR THEATRE-GOERS (GENTLEMEN).

Rule 1.—Make it your invariable practice to come in as late as possible. It makes an agreeable diversion, and of course all your friends will be glad to know when you arrive. Besides which it looks as if you might be somebody.

Rule 2.—Make your *entree* as noisily as "a dozen mad dogs, or a couple of boys," it makes every one look away from the stage which is of course just what want to do—they don't go there to see the play.

Rule 3.—In selecting seats be careful to choose those marked "taken" and if the boys in charge offer any objection, answer with "chaff" but on no account allow yourself to be bullied into resigning them merely because they belong to others, your money is as good any other man's if not better.

Rule 4.—During the progress of any specially touching or thrilling scene do not fail to make frequent remarks in an audible undertone such as "Oh now! draw it mild," "Come! that's a little too spoony," "Glory what an ankle," "Oh, I say now! just look at that smile, grins like a basket of chips," &c. These comments add greatly to the interest of the play and serve to amuse your immediate neighbors particularly if they are ladies.

Rule 5.—If you, or your brother, or your mother's uncle, or your great-grandfather's second wife's cousin, ever happened to see any star actor performing in the same part, you have of course from that circumstance acquired a more direct interest in the play and a more intimate knowledge of it than any one else can possibly possess. This will justify you in forestalling each scene by describing it in full, for the benefit of all who may be within hearing. It is much pleasanter to hear your description of the *coming* scene than to listen to that actually going on.

Rule 6.—On no account neglect to draw comparisons between the present actors (to their detriment) and former players you may have seen in the same character, and be sure to ridicule the performers, sneer at their dress, gait, enunciation, looks, &c., and point out each defect as it becomes apparent (audibly of course,) this encourages the actors and shews your own great experience and judgment in theatrical matters and that you only go there to kill time, not to find amusement, and is also an evidence of refined taste and gentlemanly feeling.

Rule 7.—The instant the curtain falls make a frantic dive for the saloon, but be careful in passing through the door (especially on a cold day) to hold it open as long as your *overpowering thirst* will permit—this for the benefit of any ladies who may sit in a direct line with the door—every lady likes a strong draught on the back of her neck—it is good for sore throat and neuralgia—and besides, ventilation is necessary to health.

Rule 8.—When you return, be sure to come in wiping your lips and sucking your moustache—it shews where you have been.

Rule 9.—When you see preparations making for the final tableau seize your hat and coat, *put both on*, and make for the door, talking loudly as you go. Who cares for the last words! you don't, any way, and it is no matter about other people.

Rule 10.—Step on as many ladies' dresses as you conveniently can and push against them and elbow your way through them as rudely as you please—they have no business to be in your way.

Rule 11.—When you get outside stand at the door (obstructing the way if possible) and stare in the face of each lady who passes you—it is a pleasing way of shewing your admiration and they like it. Also make remarks (loud enough for them to hear) as to their personal appearance—the more flattering the better all women are susceptible to flattery.

Rule 12.—Having rigorously fulfilled all these rules, you can (after a couple of drinks) go home and to bed with a quiet conscience—you have done your duty.

WHY are the suppressed confabs of King-street "belles" like the sounds of the sea in a late reflux? Because they are murmurs of the backward (tied) tide.

Galt's Manifesto.

Venerable ALEXANDER,
Of our flock he is the gander,
Spying through the fence.
"See," he cries "he is appearing.
See his hateful form uprearing,
Full of false pretence.
'Tis the Popish fox, by thunder,
Coming here, intent on plunder
Of your goslings all.
Need'nt let it, though, unnerve you,
While I live, I shall preserve you
By my warning squall."

Grip to the Opponents of Rev. D. J. Macdonell.

Now should not you be glad of your mistake,
If it were proved right Biblically true,
That none shall suffer in the burning lake
For ever, though it hath been taught to you?
You know the texts that bear on it are few,
Their meaning much disputed; why not, then,
Hope that the truth you never fully knew—
That God will not forever torture men?
Come, turn your Bibles o'er, and search them once again.

See what the Greek text says,—the Hebrew see.
Who has the word of God can need no more.
But spare to quote each old Consistory—
What other men have said and thought before.
Against the trick of Rome shut fast the door,
That trick which says "We shall interpret all;
Not for yourselves ye may these things explore."
Once introduced it soon would sap the wall
Your fathers built; no art could stay your church's fall.

But more; know chiefly this: it is not fit
That Christian man should seem to take delight
In thought of the unfathomable pit—
Of millions plunged in everlasting night.
Far better hope that later, milder light,
Shall give true meaning to these texts of doom.
Search well, ere you deny that mercy bright
Shall ever pierce the dark eternal gloom
Which bigots seem to *hope* whole myriads shall entomb.

Remember this—this one piece of belief
Has plunged most minds in infidelity.
Has struck from them the joy—of joys the chief—
The hope in future worlds to live and be.
Who loves his church should well to these things see.
For know, this day, spite of these outsidings fair,
These clustering spires of high and low degree,
Seldom to God the Christian makes his prayer,
But unbelief is near, and scowling on him there.

WHY is a crack boating crew on the Thames like the highest ecclesiastical dignity in England? Because it is a prime-eight (Primate.)

WHICH member of the Canadian Parliament would be the most appropriate to carry the corn-laws through session? Why a (rye-cart) Rykert of course.

WHY is the talented Premier of England an objectionable member of society from a temperance point of view? Because he is known to be so (dissipated) dizzy-pated.

Lines Written in an Album.

This virgin page I pleased resign—
Let prud'ry blame not the design—
To all concerned, or high, or low,
Or formed for shade, or formed for show,
Their ruling passions to rehearse
In sober prose, or glowing verse;
But one restraint I would impose,
Whilst each a faithful transcript shows,
Nought enters foul in virtue's nose.
I'll thus possess a simple table
Whereby 'tis plain I will be able
To take the measure, and the weight,
In mental, or in moral freight,
Carried by those who may pretend
To be my Husband, Beau, or Friend:
But of the three it stands confest
A H——d answers much the best.