

NOCTES LATERNANÆ

SCENE—Our Laboratory.

Present. *Sir Peter Porcupine (Knight) Editor in chief**John Jonathan Esq.**Job Colic Esq. (M. D.)**Greg. Goosequill Esq. (Atty &c.)* } Sub Editors.*Moses Pallet Esq.**Timothy Linkinwater Esq.**Hector Tape Esq.*

SIR PETER IN THE CHAIR.

The Magician having lighted the Lantern and pronounced the incantation departs. The several parties settle in their chairs and business is commenced.

Sir Peter. As we have been called together to give to the world the result of our observations made by means of this friendly light, from whose all penetrating rays no humbug or folly is hidden, it is meet that the resumption of our labours should be marked both in this our meeting, and in the memento thereof which we give to the world, by some declaration, programme or manifesto.

Dr. Job. As I expected such a demand, I have prepared a few brief remarks, which by your leave, I will submit for your approval, not, that I imagine, that without correction they will be fit for the pages of our most luminous journal, but in order that I may shew how willing I am to aid in our great attempt to regenerate Canada.

Sir Peter. Hand it up sir: quite brief I see, so far, good. Let me examine it. Gentlemen your attention. (reads) The difficulties under which we laboured in first bringing our little sheet into existence, having increased rather than diminished with the efforts made to overcome them, it was found necessary to discontinue its publication. We sat down in despair, musing with bitterness over the past with fearful misgivings of the future. Our labour had, we feared, been expended in vain, since what we had done unless followed up, was likely to prove fruitless, and we longed to follow to the tomb our first, best, only child (*hem! bad that, the best of one! corrige puer*) we have seen since then the waves of folly and of madness roll over the wide earth bursting in monster meetings at our very feet; (*very good*) we have pitied the poor and ignorant tools of those who raised the storm, but fled from its effects, and in lonely misery we felt our entire inability to stretch our helping hand, and snatch them from the dark abyss, into which the were madly, blindly leaping. Alas the *Lantern* by which our footsteps had been guided through scenes of darkness and desolation had been taken from us, leaving us upon the same bright eminence, 'tis true, where our own path was clear, but miserable in the thought that we could not relieve the sufferings of those around us. The magician must have gold, or his services were not to be obtained. But when the late insurrection of the workmen at Paris broke out, he suddenly appeared before us. "I am impatient," said he, "with all this wickedness, write, 'save others from the gulf into which the wretched Parisians have fallen. My Lantern shall light your pathway, and be a beacon to those, who seek

knowledge from your lips." In obedience to his commands, gentle reader, we are before you. We crave your pardon, if we set ourselves up as teachers, if we assert a desire and a determination to enlighten you, who are perhaps, in your own opinions, already sufficiently wise. Beware of an overweening confidence in your own talents, beware, we beseech you, of that belief in your own infallibility, and the soundness of your progress, which leads men to commit the most extravagant excesses, under the name of reform. For ourselves, though guided by the wisdom of our magician, and aided in our researches after truth by his *mighty Lantern*, we will endeavor to speak humbly of ourselves and with circumspection of others.

Sir Peter. Very good, but the end spun out somewhat beyond its proper length. I somewhat doubt too, if all the facts relating to the magician, should be brought before the Public. We'll consider it farther, who next?

Mr. Goosequill. I have also prepared my rite to contribute to our general fund for the enlightenment of mankind, and encouraged by the reception of that of my friend Colic's, I humbly present it for your criticism.

Sir Peter. Read it sir, read.

Mr. Goosequill. Ahem, it begins thus, (*reads*) Let profound silence reign in all the haunts of men! Let dishonesty, hypocrisy and folly hide their heads and bow in solemn silence to the doom we utter. Let senseless gravity and saucy scorn assume the mien they think becomes them. You too, unspotted by the world, you who are untainted by its selfish and coldhearted doctrines, you sages who have learned the vanity of this world's greatness, and you children who have not yet learned its baseness, nor partaken of its vices, all you whose hearts are warm and whose consciences are clear, be you also silent, that you may the better enjoy the banquet we spread before you, a dish it is, equivalent to a calf's head for the sustenance of your body. And when you have tasted, when the palate of your mind is tickled by the dainties you devour, when your features are compelled to relax with the pleasure we create, then laugh aloud, laugh as none but you can laugh, with no sickly, sentimental, cracked, cringing, creaking, crippled, limping laugh, but with one which rings and shows that you are sound, without a flaw. "Let the galled jade wince, your withers are unwringing."

But you place hunter, you demagogue, upstart parvenu, and senseless aristocrat, you timeserving politician, canting hypocrite, blustering fanatic, and you vapid and unmeaning writer, all you who march under the banners of folly, and whose name is legion, read, and digest as best you may, the records of your folly; we pray you, do not laugh, we seek not to provoke your mirth; 't would be a desire too debasing, a task too humbling, a contest too degrading to our manly dignity to pander to your spleen and malice: We would not be the means to wake your devilish mirth for much possessions, we would not hear the grating discord of your sneering laugh for piles of gold. We wish to wake the smile of innocence, and of goodness, we wish to stir men's pity while they laugh, and attune them to acts of wisdom and of