

appearance, and now that you are fairly lit up, it is to be hoped that unlike the man who stuck his candle under a bush, having excited your bonny star above the highest gas lamp in the city, it may prove, if not a light to lighten the "Gentiles," at least a powerful illuminator of the intellect of its inhabitants. That it may by its refulgence shed a warmth on the flinty hearts offrowsy old maids, a kindly glow on the bald pates and heavy visages of drowsy old bachelors, set upon the broad grin every roistering mirth loving urchin, and above all, win many a sweet dimpled smile from every fair girl in your fair city. Such dear magician, is the fervent prayer of your chum, and never failing friend and correspondent, and begging your acceptance of the following mite, under the head of latest intelligence.

Believe me,
Ever yours,
TOM SCALPEL.

To my very dear
and revered friend,
JACK O' the LANTHORN.

"The Crowner's Quest!"

A fine rowdy-dow was kicked up here the other day. A poor unfortunate subject was washed up from the vasty depths of our extensive fresh water puddle, and landed high and dry under the front best bedroom window of the worthy collector of water rates. As may be imagined, this very efficient functionary was rather startled, or as our learned friend Dr. Tigg learnedly bath it, considerably flumbusted, at so singular an appearance at such an early hour, (he had only just got out of bed,) and it is not customary for either male or female humans, to indulge in airings at sunrise on winter mornings. Be that as it may, however, His Excellency, the collector, was considerably nonplussed, for to add to his bewilderment, he had been paying his devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the evening previous, and not being acquainted with the Anti-grog principles of Carbonate of Soda and Tartaric Acid, he was in a complete state of temporary rumsquaddlement, i. e. in a state of beer, or it might be stronger. Finally, however, by dint of opening one eye and shutting the other, by squinting first to the right, then to the left, and bumping his plethoric proboscis against a begrimed window pane, to the infinite detriment of an extensive layer of cobweb, he contrived to make out that the apparition bore a striking resemblance to the human form divine. By a series of subsequent successful experiments on his optics, with his knuckles, and on the aforesaid window pane with the salivated extremities of his digits, he at length arrived at the conclusion that it must be a body. Having arrived at this satisfactory and highly philosophical ultimatum, he at once dived into his unmentionables, hurried through his not over fastidious toilet, and took himself off as fast as his sense of the importance of his mission, and an extra bumper of Glenlivet could urge him, to the dwelling of his honour Mr. Nipperskin, the coroner for the district. As events of this kind dear Jack are always productive of wonderment any where, you

may conceive the excitement created in little Grimly by the collector's astonishing discovery. The coroner called together his jury, the parson of the parish was sent for, and the session was directed to toll the church bell, at least every half minute until ordered to stop, and a special messenger was despatched to Pill Cottage on a three-legged hack to bring down the favorite Dr. Queckemall. Such was the state of affairs when I arrived at the Cock & Anchor, where the Quest was to be held, and where also were congregated all the loafers and blackguards in the neighbourhood, who thronged about the corpse to the infinite annoyance of the assembled jurors. Various were the surmises as to who the defunct was, his name and station, age and race. And finally, above all, as to what he died of. Ah! there was the rub! I was shocked at the conduct of the rascals who surrounded the corpse. The coroner and jury got drunk, this was on Sunday afternoon you must know, and every rascalion in the village, of which there are not a few, must have his joke at the expense of the dead man. The coroner in particular was in high snuff. He looked very large indeed, at least two sizes larger than natural, and wanted to know if a small bottle of Castor Oil which he found in the deceased's pocket was not Prusic Acid, and to show his knowledge of anatomy, he pointed out the lung on the left side as the heart, and anxiously enquired of the doctor if there was not something very queer about it. One of the jury examined the cavity of the Thorax, after all the viscera had been removed from it, and remarked that there was something very strange about it indeed, this was of course to give the spectators the notion that he was deeply versed in such matters. If it had not been for the presence of the unfortunate suicide, I should have gone into convulsions, at the ludicrous efforts of the coroner and jury to keep up their dignity and impress the lookers on, with a no small idea of the immense amount of learning that bothered their brains. As it was, I was disgusted beyond measure, and to crown the farce, the medical men could not ascertain what the man died of, so the learned conclave returned as their verdict, "death from insanity." What think you of that Jack? Who were most insane, the dead man or his jurors? T. J. S.

The effects of the revolution of the 23d ult. we are sorry to say, already begin to be felt even here, having been the cause of delay in publishing the Magic Lantern, after the time specified on the placards. Our engraver being a zealous republican in his principles, felt his revolutionary spirit roused on reading the astounding news brought by the Courier. To counteract which, he fell upon the plan of pouring spirits of another kind down, but without effect. Our cuts consequently remained unfinished, through the misconduct of the canaille of Paris. We hope no more revolutions may occur to disturb the "even tenor of our way."

Oceans of ink have been followed by oceans of blood, royalty appears to have been at a discount, the blouse, a more democratic garment than the ermine, and *vous la république* the order of the day to be followed by *vive la Reine* the first time the Champs Elysées put a tax on tea or sugar. Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe! where would you be now, but for "perfidie Albion?"