

DRUG PLACE MONDAY MORNING.

Dread Magician.

I have to bring under the notice of yourself, and the public, a most glaring outrage. A poor Ethiopian lad has been victimised on the altar of science. A joke is a joke; but this is no joke at all. I have been informed that the two summer lecturers in connexion with the medical faculty of McGill College, bent on the laudable purpose of completing their respective courses, and unable to procure a class of regular students, employed a stout son of Erin, to hold this unfortunate Negro boy, while they lectured to him. The effect of this stuffing of all their wisdom into his lone head has been most lamentable. It is said that he has gradually declined; and now having got free, has been compelled to wander forth in search of health. Such barbarities should not be permitted in a Christian land. I hope Col. Gubee, and the Mayor, will see to this, and bring the offenders to condign punishment; unless Dr. G. R. proves upon strictly phrenological principles, that they are insane.

I remain

Your obedt. servt.

A LONG TOM.

THE SONG OF THE BOSS.

In a small back parlour one night,
A poor Boss sat smoking his clay;
In circles of blue smoke he saw
Large bills, but no money to pay.

He thought on the work he had done,
Now placed in the column of loss,
He mutter'd and sigh'd as he puff'd,
"I wish I had never been Boss.

"There's class-leading Robert next street,
The cash system treats with great skill;
He pays for a salt water trip,
But forgets to pay me my Bill.

There's old Deacon Flagg near the square,
Who warn'd me 'gainst good neighbour Bell
Far better, 'twould been if he had
Warn'd me 'gainst his deaconship's sell!

"There's sleek Mr. Cheat, with his frills,
His horse, and his buggy and groom;
Were his bills all paid, it is said
His whip would give place to a broom.

"There's cob-web fantastical Sly
With large moustache over his lip;
I've dunn'd him so oft, I'm afraid
He intends to give me the slip.

"There's A, and there's W and L,
From them I shall ne'er get a rap,
They cherish their bitters so well,
They spend all their tin at the tap.

"Come Customers, come, do pay up—
Your conduct's exceedingly gross,
Consider my hardships and pay—
An ill used and penniless Boss."

RAYS FROM OUR LANTERN.

The greenhorn of the Pilot has been grumbling about the horns of the Herald and Courier. Our Magician has no objection to a "horn" from any body at any time, 'eve supposing it after nine P. M.

HEIGHT OF INGRATITUDE.—Mrs. Malaprop writing a prosaic, illiterate, ungrammatical and illnatured critique of the Theatrical campaign, having received gratuitous adm'ssion during the season, and a share of the refreshments in the Green room.

HANDICRAFT.—The pre-ent Ministry conscious that no honest man believes they are plaine dealers, have lately turned their hand to chiselling. This augurs badly for the shavers.

MYSTERIOUS.—We have not opened Sullivan's last to Mr. Ferres, but judging from its external appearance it contains matter too heavy for our journal. We are glad we are spared this infliction, the Secretary's style being so long and prosy that our memory cannot continue from the opening of a sentence to its close.

OFFICES TO BE LET.—Apply at the Government House.

"LOST."—The Pilot having lost its Irish feelings gives notice, that any Paper found in possession of them, will be punished with the utmost rigour of the Law.

We are in the midst of a Revolution, as the prisoner said to the Tread Mill.

"I'm going out" as the candle said to the socket.

You're a "great bore" as the Railway car said to the Tunnel.

Your a meer (sham) chaum, as the cigar said to the pipe.

You "enlighten us" as the Public said to the Magic Lantern.

THE COURIER'S LATEST.—"I can't see." as the Blind man said.

Why is the Free Kirk, like an antiquated Belle? Because it wants an Establishment.

Why is the Court of Queen's Bench, like a Monastery, where the dead are well provided for? Because it contains two Coffins for one Monk.

Why is the Governor General, like a Lunatic? Because he is an irresponsible person.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAW STUDENT.—There can be a sale without a purchaser, for instance, that of the Repeal association by the Pilot.

A CONSTANT READER.—The reason our paper is not to be had lately at the Principal Booksellers, is owing to its interference with the sale of Punch. We intend soon to establish our head quarters at Dolly's where punch and the Magic Lantern may be enjoyed together.

A LADY.—The verses are too flattering to appear in our own columns. We however admire her taste.—She can have our daguerreotype likeness any time in day light. A clear day is preferable, we are not particular as to the hour.

SCRIBENS.—We don't pay for all our matter, so also do Punch and the other leading journals of the age.

F. H.—Ks.—We are not inclined to accept a Government appointment at present. We hope his suggestion is not intended as a bribe. We scorn such dirty work.

PHILO CHALDEAN.—His communication has been received and is *en delibere*.

THE MARKETS.

Since our last issue, transactions have been few, and intricate: produce has poured into the Market, but seemingly not liking general appearances there, poured out again with buoyancy. Prices fluctuated and were nominated (sales or no sales) according to the whims of brokers. A few sales have been effected and some forced, to raise the wind. Holders show a disposition to sell purchasers. Lard and Butter are firmer than might be expected this warm weather. Pork was fuller from the prospects of a glut from "little Dublin." There has been a demand for corporation victims, (mad dogs,) by Sausage makers, and we have a few sails to report, freights is high. Tin scarce.

PRICE: THREE HALF PENCE.