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THE  
**MAGIC LANTERN.**

"The black huzzars of literature, we neither give, nor take quarter ;"  
"From the knaves, and the fools, and the fops, of the time ;"  
"The drudges in prose and the triflers in rhyme."



**MONTREAL:**

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## TO OUR PATRONS.

Here we are again, despite the times, which are now admitted to be "harder than a horse can kick." Money is scarce, and truth and honesty are at a discount. That we are right in our allegations, every thing around us proves. Nothing but the most overwhelming desire to enlighten our fellow mortals, could ever induce us to purchase a copper's worth of oil, for our Lantern. We fear we shall ultimately become martyrs to our generous feelings, and philanthropic efforts, and probably be transported to one of the Boucherville Islands, for the free expression of our patriotic sentiments. We care not, the truth must and will be uttered of all, until Beelzebub himself becomes of a purple hue from mental agitation. We must chime in with the tone, and spirit of the times. This is the age of revelations and revolutions. It is the new Era. The downfall of Kingcraft, Priestcraft and Mobsraft is proclaimed and accomplished, throughout the civilized world. What the revolutions have done, and are effecting in the old world, the "hard times" are doing among us. Our Flour-ocracy and cod-fish nobility are crushed in their aspirations, and lofty insolence, by the tremendous pressure of the times. Men whose ancestry might be traced to a flour barrel, now flourish no longer, their harvest is over, and cod fish aristocrats have gone down *with a hook*.—Those who, in former days, went the whole figure, are now reduced to nothing. Nice young men, and purblind puppies, can now see clearly how their road lies, without the use of glasses. Proud toned demoiselles are now transformed into kitchen belles, and snobs have a faint recollection where their grand parents resided. These and many other facts we might relate, as the consequences of the bad times. It is painful to dwell on such sad lessons. All is however as it should be; it is a severe but useful caution to many, not to be carried away with sudden affluence, or to aim at that position, which nature, education, birth, and manners never intended they should occupy. Good people, leave gentility alone for a season, and stick to your counters and ledgers. Your fathers made their money by so doing, follow their good example, and real gentlemen will support you, and sustain you in your honest industry. Be frugal, and leave carriages and liveries to those who are able to support them. It is enough for you, to support yourselves. Take our advice, and the hard times will ere long disappear, so mote it be.

The intelligence from Ireland is of a ferocious character, and must be very gratifying to the military conductor of the *Courier*. We hope he was all his

accoutrements burnished and ready for action, in case the Repeal Brigade crosses our borders. We will subscribe handsomely for a new pair epaulettes, to grace the shoulders of our Hero, if he will only contract to do our share of the fighting; we being of a timid and peaceable nature. We hope no person will adopt the French system here, and free us from our bondage by shooting us through the gizzard. Nor do we think that Ireland would much benefit by the introduction of these French fashions. Big talk about big guns is all mighty fine, but we can assure our readers, that "small potatoes" are very abundant here this year, as well as in Ireland.

A very pleasant gentleman called at our office last week. He introduced himself as Mr. Gubee. His manners are exceedingly affable polite and gentlemanly. He complained much of the facetious gentleman of the *Transcript*, and considers that he is much injured by that witty Editor. He poured into our Ear all his grievances. He declared, among other things, that he was the last of his race, and wept bitterly at this affecting announcement. We thanked God for it, if they were all as sensitive as he appeared to be. We must say in justice to Mr. Gubee, that he enquired particularly after our family, but, being a bachelor, we saved him immense anxiety on this point. We will match him against Tony Lumpkin to wile a Bird from a tree.

COL. GUGY.—This distinguished individual, has again been unjustly used by the Press-gang of this Province. The *Pilot* having expressed some doubts of the loyalty of the valiant Colonel, he has very properly instituted an action against that journal, for Libel. Every one is sensible of the injustice of the accusation, for all acknowledge the attachment the Colonel on all occasions manifests for *his Sovereign*, and we venture to affirm that no one will stick longer to the *Crown* than he will. Why, the very boys in the market bear testimony to his love, even for *Coppers*. Of the result of the verdict we care little; to us it is like the fight between the raitlesnake and the skunk. We care not which wins.

We intended making some remarks on the incendiary meeting, lately held under the patronage of our sapient corporation, but our witty friend of the *Transcript* has forestalled our market. We may mention, that we have received several communications from our fair friends, respecting the annoyance they have suffered in their evening promenades, from sparks emanating from the garrets of our public offices. We hope that Alderman Guky will attend to this grewance.

## NOCTES LANTERNÆ.

No. 2.

SCENE—Our Laboratory.

Present—*Sir Peter Porcupine, Knt.**Gregory Goosequill, Esq.**John Jonathan, Esq.**Sir Peter in the Chair,*

The Magician having adjusted the Lantern, departs.

*Sir Peter*—Well gentlemen, it seems our Patrons are not much disposed to aid us in our enterprise.*Mr. Jonathan*.—Say rather we have no patrons. A paper such as ours, can have no patrons where there is no public opinion. Where the rebel and the rake, the swindler and seducer, the forger and the fool, occupy the first places in society, where such characters as these are fawned on and flattered, can you expect that we, who assert a determination to speak naught but the naked and undisguised truth, should meet with a cordial reception. The fop who wears red cloth, with gold lace upon it, is more esteemed than he who tells us of our faults, the scoundrel who has cheated our fellow citizens out of their money, and has thus become rich, is more admired and sought after, than one whose probity and truth have brought him nothing, but an honorable name. To such people, the first accents of the truth-teller, showing them their faults and follies, seem the snarls of a bilious and ill-natured critic; and are treated as a simple ebullition of the fellow's spleen.*Mr. Goosequill*.—True, too true. The more reason why we, who fight against this order of things, should be true to ourselves, and each other, which now we unfortunately seem not to be.*Sir Peter*.—How so, most learned counsel?*Mr. Goosequill*.—These empty seats should explain the reason.*Sir Peter*.—I really can't guess your meaning.*Mr. Jonathan*.—Your cursed *Noctes* did it, sir. Why, the article was prozy enugh for the *Herald*. Then, tho' it may seem strange to you, we all have some objection to be shewn up for your peculiar glorification. I don't care a fig for myself, but there are my friends *Mr. Tapp*, *Mr. Goosequill*, and the Doctor, who were all more or less snubbed and interrupted, don't like it over well. It isn't fair play. We ask due notice, and an opportunity to correct mistakes, before you again publish our sayings.*Sir Peter*.—So be it; and now to business, let us call in the Magician, and take some observations.

(The Magician enters.)

Most mighty sage, we wish to see some mortal, freed from the humbug of habit, and conventionality.

The Magician adjusts the Lantern: a figure is reflected. The Magician writes.

*All*.—The Delegate!*Sir Peter*.—How he struts and stares, and seems to think he is thinking. The smirk he wears in public tho' is gone, he seems straining with some tremendous thought. He ruminates; as Shakspeare has it—"He stalks up and down like a peacock, a

stride and a stand" and "bites his lip with a political regard as who should say, there were wit in his head, an' 'twould out." Whether is he preparing a speech for the Irish Brigade, or a placard for a monster meeting? There he goes like a shot from a cannon.

*Magician*, (presenting a paper).—Here, sir Editor, are his thoughts.*Sir Peter*, (reads).—"Well, I didn't get nothing in Canada, but a ducking, and a laughing at. I guess I was rather a sucked in young man. Och, O'Connor, O'Connor, what 'ill ye say to the Irish Brigade. I'm very much afeard they'll be askin' you to pay yer own expinses. Well, I did the best I could and the best could do no better. Ah, old boy, I'm afeard that won't go down. What'll I do! Oh, hang it. I'll butther'em; give a touch of the rale Melasian blarney. Won't I stuff'em. The people ready to take up arms—the soldiers bowed to me—the officers received me with enthusiasm. There's that chap, Adjutant General—what's his name—Gubee, was my bosom friend. Then the number at the meeting, 10,000—that's a leetle too strong, say 7 or 8,000—I'll not mention the rain, ough, it was only a trifle. Now for it."

Ha, ha, ha! Go thy way, strange compound of Irish and Yankee cunning. Thou art but one more Jackall, preying upon the credulity and goodness of heart of your unfortunate countrymen. Good magician, will you show us some of our own townspeople now?

The Magician readjusts the Lantern, another figure is shown. The Magician writes.

*All*.—Skerret!*Mr. Goosequill*.—How he pouts his lips, and wags his head, and swings his arms! How those little eyes sparkle with vexation! Poor Skerrett, victim of the hard times, and the bad taste of our city. I fear your game is a hard one.*Sir Peter*.—True! shame on our inconsistency.Tom Thumb comes here, a little monstrosity who has been taught some apish tricks, and his levees are crowded. The circus comes with a lot of fellows ready to make the most uncomth and hideous contortions of the human frame, and a clown ready to chant his never changing chorus of obscene and vulgar jests, their tent is crammed to excess; a mountebank comes with feats of Legerdemain and jugglery, and a gaping crowd run to witness his deceptions; even the *élite* do not fail to pay him a visit, and mark their approbation of his cleverness. But let good singers, good musicians, lecturers on science, or actors of the legitimate drama, present themselves, and all is apathy. Bah! we're not half civilized yet.*Mr. Goosequill*.—I understand that Skerrett has very unwisely, offended some of his staunchest friends, by ill-natured remarks before the curtain, and, I fear, has made himself some enemies.*Sir Peter*.—I am sorry to hear it, for he has been accustomed to bring out some of the best pieces of our dramatic literature, in a manner never before equalled in Montreal. Let would-be moral reformers talk as they will. The enacting of good plays, conveys many a good lesson, as well as amusement;

and if good plays were properly patronized, bad ones would be soon off the stage, and we should hear no more of its degradation, or of the immorality which it fosters.

*Mr. Gopsequill.*—Yet how many fellows with pursed up lips, and what is intended for a pious sneer, prate to us, about the conscientious scruples they have against going to the theatre; that the actors fall into all manner of vice and dissipation, that the actresses are exposed to temptation, are made to display their persons, and act in such a manner as to destroy that delightful modesty, which they assert to be the parent of all virtues.

*Mr. Jonathan.*—Delightful fiddlestick, the parent of all bassviols, poor drivelling fools! Are actresses not women? Are they not frequently women of a high order of talent, have they not feelings and affections, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, virtues and failings, like other women? And are they to be excluded from the pale of society, by the speers of a set people half donkey and half zealot? Exposed to temptation! So are we all. The more honor is due to those who pass the ordeal unscathed, so are chambermaids at inns, sempstresses, shopgirls, every woman with a pretty face. They expose their persons too:—so do our lady friends at balls, soirées, and temperance tea-parties. No lady rides through our streets on horseback, but she is stared at by a crowd, and how many fops go to church, think you, for the sole purpose of staring at the ladies. Remodel society, make our men all monks, and our women all nuns, people our earth with spirits pure from fleshly stain, and then rail at the theatre. Our virtues would be of a very negative quality, if tried by no temptation. More good is done by fitting men to resist temptation, than by keeping them out of its way.

*Mr. Goosequill.*—By your leave, I'll tell you an anecdote of one of our actresses. She is the daughter of a widow, with several children, all of whom she supports from her salary. One season, when playing in a garrison town, a young officer paid her a good deal of attention, which she neither rejected nor encouraged. He made her some presents, which she accepted. One evening he went to the theatre tipsy, and demanded admittance to the greenroom, to see her; this was refused by the manager, who (the gallant persisting in the demand,) handed him over to the tender mercies of the police. Next day, he called upon the lady, to lay his complaint before her, and, after endeavoring, for some time, to excite her indignation against the manager, he asked her to quit the theatre, and ended by making her dishonorable proposals. She rose, went to another room, returned with his gifts, placed them in his hands, and much to his shame and mortification, shewed him to the door in a very quiet and dignified manner. Such is but one instance of many, which might be related; and puppies, who are thus treated, are wout in revenge, to brag of their *liaisons* with the very actresses, who have thus repulsed their advances.

*Mr. Jonathan.*—Ay, this is the "delightful modesty" I like, not that which consists in silly blushes, which mark the inward consciousness of what is wrong, coupled oftentimes with a fear of nothing but appearances.

*Sir Peter.*—Several similar instances have come under my own personal observation. But it waxes late. What says friend Skerrett?

Magician presents a paper.

(Reads) "Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do for the Montreallers. I play the regular drama to an almost empty house, and the few who are present come to criticise, sneer and snarl at every thing. I get up some out-of-the-way affair, and these people are ready to hiss it off the stage. I bring the Operatic troupe and that won't pay. I bring the Viennoise, and the theatre is" fashionably attended, "but unfortunately fashionable people pay me no more than unfashionable. What will suit them? not my stock company I fear. The old hands are good enough: Ollier is a passable substitute for Pardey and Crocker a decent exchange for Palmer: But that agent! (how I'd like to throttle him) for the rest he sends me animals to stock my farm in prospectu, not actors for a stage. What a fool I was to bring horses on the stage, when I had so many asses on it already. But this shall be the end of agency and quacking; I'll never disgrace myself by bringing either species of animal on my boards again. The Legitimate drama, and good actors old boy: then if thou fall'st," Skerrett, "thou fall'st a blessed martyr". But hang it martyrdom won't give me bread, nor Mrs. Skerrett bread, nor feed or clothe the little Skerretts. Never mind it will all come right in the end; it's always the darkest the hour before dawn."

The magician removes the Lantern and all depart.

## SKETCHES BY "JACK."

### MY FIRST PLAY.

"It shall not be thus much longer" muttered I, as I buttoned up to the top my almost threadbare coat; "I shall soon be able to get another;" at the same moment I felt instinctively, for my own copy of manuscript play, which was carefully placed therein.

I hurried out of my lodgings, which were "two pair back," and after slamming too the street door, I stood on the door steps surveying the clouds. It was a cold November's evening; a most inauspicious time to produce a new play; for all the good natured fashionables are out of town, and none but surly critics, reporters to newspapers, play going lawyers, and a sprinkling of stage, stricken illiterate "B'hoys," in it. The darkening clouds, and chilling fog proclaimed the approach of evening. "This night is big with fate!"—escaped my lips, while with a rapid step I hastened to the theatre, there, to witness the performance of my first play. Trembling with hope, and fear, I found myself at the threshold of that huge pile dedicated to the drama; and my heart leapt within me, when I quietly seated myself in an upper box, where I could hide myself as much as possible from the gaze of the public:—for I fancied every eye in the theatre turned towards me; and every time I saw an individual whisper to another, I thought it must be to point out myself, as the author of the new piece. I regarded every musician in the orchestra with an anxious look, and at

every pause in the music, I fancied that I perceived the curtain drawing up. How different, thought I to myself, is my situation to that of an author who has attained popularity, and whose name alone almost ensures the success of his play; for, even if it be indifferent, his friends are certain by their unmerited, and boisterous applause, to save it from that unwelcome reception, which it would otherwise meet with on the first night; while I unknown and without interest, must trust to the good taste, and liberality of the audience for my success. At length, that moment, pregnant with my fate arrived. The music had ceased; the fatal bell had rung; and after the gods had ceased their preliminary thunder, all was quiet. Indeed you might have heard a pin drop. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations of anxiety and suspense which an author alone can feel. The two or three first scenes passed off tolerably well. I watched the varied countenances of the audience; some I thought expressed that they were looking for something better; others that they could not well have any thing worse. The applause was sparing, and gradually diminished, even altho' the performers did their duty. Soon a slight buzz of disapprobation ran through the house, and a person next me asked his neighbor if he "did not wonder how the manager could have the impudence to bring such trash before the public;" and judge of my feelings ye myriad readers of the *Magic Lantern*; when the same good natured friend, remarked regarding one of my best jokes, on the originality of which I prized myself, "our author seems to have borrowed from Joe Miller; I have not heard one joke or pun in the play which I have not read a dozen times before." It was indeed with self denial that I refrained from giving him the lie. At length the stifled feelings of the audience burst forth; and the gods resounded with "peal on peal!" kisses, groans, and cries of "off!" "off!" were heard in every quarter. To add to my misery, the manager stepped forth, eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and, in the coolest manner imaginable, promised the audience that the play would not be repeated.

Half frantic, I rushed out of the box, and in doing so I overheard two fat, vulgar looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said "well now, it may be bad taste, but I don't think that, that ere piece, be so much amiss, I likes it." It was with difficulty I resisted the impulse of rushing forth, and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway "I could have hugged the greasy rogues; they pleased me!" I soon found myself at my lodgings, sadly musing on the scene which had just passed, and firmly resolving never to send another play, (if ever I wrote another) where it could not be fully appreciated.

This was the fate of my first attempt, when with little interest and less money, I took my production to the manager. But now, having acquired something of a name, and also having some interest, which is every thing to an author, I have several times met with decided success; although many of my productions, which have been successful, were (in my humble opinion) immeasurably inferior to my first play.



Come attend all ye patriots, while I relate  
News so joyful, twill make you all dance;  
I will speak but the truth, and I nothing shall state  
But the liberties taken in France.

I oft held the French forth, as examples most bright,  
While their glories, I've tried to enhance;  
But I then little thought they so nobly could fight  
For the liberty since gain'd in France.

Men and Women and Children, went out to the field,  
And the Children they gave the first chance,  
They were plac'd in the front, that they first might be kill'd  
Where's such liberty, known but in France?

Then the Women, (sweet creatures) the men to excel,  
Look the sharp knife, instead of the lance,  
And the throats of the guards, cut, like Furies of Hell;  
Are such liberties known but in France?

And the brave, too brave Men,—say not they were afraid,  
Tho' each Hero takes care that he plants  
Just before him, his child, and a strong barricade;  
Is such liberty known but in France?

Then arouse ye! Canadians, and Irish. Be free!  
For O'Connor his troops will advance,  
(If it rain not too hard:)—Then we quickly shall see  
Equal liberty here as in France.

Then be Freedom, our Motto, and Liberty's flag  
Let us wave o'er our heads the first chance;  
Colonel Gubee will lead us, then why should we lag,  
Let's have liberty boys as in France.

### THE BANKRUPT COURT.

(A DRINKING SONG FOR TRADERS.)

Come Gentlemen fill to the brim,  
For a toast I am going to give,  
Let's drink it till all grows dim.  
For by it we all hope to live:

The Bankrupt Court!

Our liberal laws have given  
To us traders, a road safe and sure,  
From breakers and storms a haven  
Where we can contentedly moor,  
In the Bankrupt Court.

Tis safe and capacious besides,  
When the winds of adversity blow,

Where hope us cheerfully guides,  
With nothing to pay what we owe,  
To the Bankrupt Court.

Some day that 'tis murky and sad,  
That credit is lost by the way;  
That none but the rogne is glad,  
With a shilling the pound to pay  
In the Bankrupt Court.

'Tis slander! It's pleasant I vow,  
(As all who have tried it can prove)  
And, once having made there our bow,  
We soon again cheerfully move  
To the Bankrupt Court.

We have Butchers and Bakets a score,  
And Tinkers and Tailors besides;  
We have Merchants and Masons galore,  
And Traders in Gin, for our guides  
To the Bankrupt Court.

Come, all that are prudent now,  
Advantage take of the times;  
Your creditors pay, with a bow,  
Or "a song" made of beggarly rhymes.  
In the Bankrupt Court.

In such company sure 'tis nice,  
There cannot be anything low;  
You're freed from all cares in a trice,  
And out you come in full blow,  
From the Bankrupt Court.

REVIEWS.

*The British American Journal of Medical and Physical Science, for August.*

Parbleu! Our cotemporary has evidently caught a ray from our Lantern, and has grown witty. We were constrained, *volens volens*, to laugh at his leader. He reminded us forcibly of some grave ox, broken loose from the plough, and indulging in all sorts of unwieldy antics, as a rejoicing at his escape from his usual restraint. Perhaps the resemblance went farther, and the worthy Doctor had a horn or two in his head at the time.

Next comes Dr. Coderra, who plays the part of the tyrant-hating Cassius, "in Ereles vein." What tremendous volleys of "wrath and cabbage," come "peal on peal" from his pop-gun. We are surprised, that the Governors of the College of Physicians &c. have not resigned ere this. They must have trembled for their seats, when this Dr. Don Quixote couched his goosequill lance, against their "high opposing powers."

Dr. Crawford furnishes an article (written with that elegance of diction, for which he ranks so high) upon the Aethereal solution of Gun Cotton. This pain-extractor, was furnished by the Doctor Payne. Let the latter personage beware; "a house divided against itself &c." Our friend Dr. Colic, (for whose abilities we entertain a profound respect) informs us, that the profession have been led to believe this an

almost universal specific, and that the druggists have been recommended to advertise it, as a sure cure for Consumption and Corns, Dropsy, Delirium tremens and Dyspepsia, Rickets and Rheumatism, Scarlatina and Scrvy, and many other horrible diseases too numerous to mention.

Dr. Von Iffland informs us, that "we must content ourselves with taking it for granted, that the honorable degree of M. D." follows as a "matter of course," upon the attendance of students at college during a certain number of terms. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." After this revelation we shall look out who makes pills for our editorial stomach.

We should also like to be informed, when the discussion between Dr. MacDonell and his confreres, is to finish; the only fact they have clearly established, is that the patient was finished before the Doctors began. Altogether, this number is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

*Literary Garland.* The August number has been received. It is an improvement upon its predecessors. We find "woman's love" to improve upon further acquaintance, but hope we may not be jilted or deceived by *this* "woman's love."

A CHAPTER ON "HAIRYPATHY."

How interesting to all naturalists, and particularly to the students of Human Nature, is the prevailing mania for the propagation of Moustaches, Imperials, Billy-goat-like beards, and hair plantations, verging from down to bristles. We are surprised, that the Natural History Society does not offer a prize, to the man who will grow the greatest number of bristles, to the square inch, and also to the man who makes himself most to resemble a beast. We have no doubt that numerous competitors would offer. We have felt some alarm on this subject also; but although it is our duty to pacify the minds of the timid, and satisfy those of the enquiring by means of our all-penetrating rays, lest this phenomenon should affright or puzzle them, we have vainly endeavored to find out the cause of these hairy propensities. We have been led to believe that no distinct, discoverable reason exists. A suspicion indeed, did cross our mind, that there was in existence a nursery for fostering a warlike-fierce, looking club, for the reception of O'Connors "Invincibles" (if they come,) and that this mysterious, mischief making Col. Gubee is no other than commander of the same. Now we swear by our beards, which is an oath *in futuro*, that we will never publicly avow a belief, in the heretical creed held about this person's identity, by the *Pilot*; and are far from wishing this political mariner to seize on our idea, for a helm wherewith to weather the storm of another Col's wrath. It is a mere suspicion on our part, and O'Connor's last speech shows how far astray, imagination may lead us. It may be that these barber-us looking sort of people are only marking their determination, not to be shaved these hard times.



POSTSCRIPT.

Last night a *rale* genuine monster meeting came off; no thanks to Alderman Tully & Co, who didn't come to the scratch. As the Market Hall was shut against our agitators, they met in the street, and were addressed by the monsters i. e. the great men of the party, from Mr. McAulay's window. Many of these latter were delivered of promising bulls, much to the amusement of the bystanders, but when a Peacock came out with one more terrible than all the rest, the meeting incontinently took to its heels, evincing a particular desire to examine the architectural beauties of the Bonsecours Church. Some were most devout withal, falling on their knees and in some instances even on their faces before they peached the church. When our crying friend Stanley called, the meeting made default. They came back however when it was ascertained that the bull had no horns. Barney asserted that he had not been bribed, we believe him; the Government are too poor at present to buy him, and we fear whoever makes the purchase at his own valuation, will have a bad bargain. It was decided that Canada should immediately become one of the United States, we expected to wake this morning under the stars and stripes. We will give farther particulars in our next.

**LAW ITEMS.**—On the ult. the event of a Merry-death conferred much domestic happiness on an eminent member of our Bar.

A promising young scion has been engrafted on the Rose of Little St. James street.

Little St. James Street on a late occasion was crowded with devotees, assembled to witness the taking down of "A. Cross," which had been a particular object of respect in our City, for some years.

We are not astonished at hearing so many of our Citizens give their opinion on a recent article in the *Pilot*, in reference to Col. Gagy, for (taking a hint from the Gallant Colonel) they thus disqualify themselves as Jurors, in the pending action, and avoid having any thing to do with the dirty job.

Why is a man out at Elbows, like a dismissed Bank Actuary? Because he is a (n) Eadie person.

Why is a Dr. like a Pelican? Because he bleeds, to support his young ones.

Why is the mind of Day never at ease? Because it is constantly resting on Bed-(h)-ard.

Why were Skerretts quadrupeds, mules? Because they were a blending of horses and asses.

**A PHYSICAL FACT.**—The Medical Journal has absorbed so much of the Chloroform, which has of late been contained in its pages, that if placed before the face, at the usual distance, it will send the patient to sleep in a few minutes.

The Corporation have offered 100 Dollars reward, for the discovery of any person found committing an act of incendiarism. We are prepared to offer a like amount, to any person finding water to extinguish the flames.

We understand our merchants have invited their brothers in trade of the Upper Province, who happen to be M. P. Ps. to join them in settling a Currency Bill. We strongly recommend them to attend, as they will not fail to receive hospitable entertainment, and must be taken by the liberality of our Citizens, who will lodge them Scott free.

Every person of benevolent feelings must be opposed to the Ministry's intention of doing away with the Bankrupt Court, as that Institution, like the Magdalen assylum is a refuge for the unfortunate.

We would strongly recommend Skerrett to carry his intention of settling on a Farm at once into execution, as with his present company, he will never want for Clowns, the female portion might be

profitably employed in attending his favorite Cabbage, or milking the Cows; his late failure in horses will of course prevent him undertaking the management of that Stock. This move will, we hope, release Mrs. Skerrett and Miss St. Clair from the disagreeable necessity of working double tides, to supply the deficiencies of the drones.

We shall be happy to inform Mr. Ferras, "who is Governor General of Canada," as soon as that honored personage appears in the Disk of our Lamp, at present we regret to state that he is rather in the shade.

**RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.**—A means by which Ministers take credit to themselves for any amount of good, and debit the Governor with a greater amount of bad measures: thus it is impossible for them to become Bankrupt (in character) if they carry out consistently this principle.

**HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.**—We stop the press to announce that a first class Carre has run off the track, and nearly ruined an excellent Bridgè. One of the stockholders is very savage at this accident.

**AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.**—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of two bullets recently discharged against the hard heads of two stubborn lawyers. The bullets appear to us to be as flat as the parties concerned in the proceeding.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. P. S." We must respectfully decline to furnish our Lantern to our City Pappas to light the streets with, in which they choose to dig holes, for our friends to stumble into.

It is already employed in enabling them to avoid *faux pas*.  
"CHLOROFORM."—His communication, with regard to the immoral uses of this article, is too indelicate for our columns.

"INQUIER."—We do not doubt that it is the large importation of "Gun Cotton," which has caused many of our Merchants to burst.

B. D.—We are obliged to him for his information as to the number of persons present at the Hay Market, on the occasion of the July meeting. We differ from him on this point, and fancy he must have squinted at the ragged urchins present. Although we do not doubt the Gentleman's statement, that he "never was accused of murder afore," yet we have sufficient evidence to substantiate the charge made in our last. Were we not heartily sick of the subject, we would insert his letter.

"Be patient as Job" said an accoucheur to his patient. "Ay" she exclaimed "but Job had nae bairns."

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

**ST. ANNE'S.**—Very dirty, may be smelt a long way off.

**BONSECOURS.**—Still in an unfinished state; a goodly supply of rubbish always on hand, at either end.

**HAY MARKET.**—There has been a considerable drain on the old Hay Market this week. We may mention that the Monster meetings have been transferred from this Market to the Bonsecours.

**STOCKS.**—Are worn rather light just now, in consequence of the warmth of the weather.

Brokers and private shavers have been extensively sold much below par by Mr. Carre.

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