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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:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY P. GENDRON, PRINTER.

24, St-Vincent Street.

KIND READER.

We owe you an apology for our absence, during the long interval that has elapsed since our last greeting.

As excuses are now considered a legal tender, we must also with others, but with greater justice, attribute our desertion to the sad effects of the "hard times," who could be merry amidst misfortunes, and who could laugh when all around were weeping. Our paper which was once considered the best in the city, and passed current every where, was, by the threats and denunciations of a large moneyed institution, stopped in its circulation and protested against; the consequences are easily guessed. We will not dwell upon our picture of that institution, it was our Do(o)m(e).

Many of our old friends have however pitied our misfortunes kindly encouraged our views, and earnestly solicited us to resume our reflections; with such inducements, and also the promise of all necessary endorsements, for a renewal of our paper we venture once more before you as a candidate for your favor.

Be therefore indulgent, accept our good natured salutation, and each and every one of you, imagine yourselves again heartily agitated, by the active agency of our editorial fist.

We are ambitious to please you, even if our lucubrations afford only sport to our enemies.

Our modest sheet will not promise much, but what it does promise, that will it fulfil.

We cannot immortalise ourselves by wonderful feats, extraordinary reformations, or bloody revolutions. We are humble individuals. We cannot like Empedocles jump into Etna, or set fire to a Public Edifice; if we were seeking fame on the latter score we would not hesitate a moment, to put the brand to the cupola of the Montreal Bank, and thus become an immortal benefactor to the fine arts. We cannot kill hydras or destroy Unicorns, congregate a meeting of monsters, in the hay market, explain Responsible Government; tame Hyenas, invent a new pattern for pikes, or murder the Queen's English in seditions orations.

All we wish to achieve, is to speak the truth boldly, and send our impressions to you for approval.

In our first number we defined the position we intended to assume, and we have had no reason since, to change that determination.

As regards politics we are neutral. We will bide our time patiently, until the rogues that are "in" fall out, when according to the old proverb we, and all honest folks will get our rights.

We long since cut party politics in disgust. As we were not born a prophet, we could not, for the very life of us, know two days a head, what course any of our public men would pursue, or on whom to depend. It would indeed require a smart telegraph, to communicate the numerous changes and reforms our present Government contemplate. We have indeed made up our minds that politics is a mere game of cross corners, in which, at the end of each year, every man changes his place, to the opposite direction.

The game has often puzzled us, and we will not bewilder our readers with an explanation of its intricacies, or the reason of these changes, or how some who have changed places and are "in" affect the warmest attachment to our Sovereign Lady the Queen her Crown and Dignity, who a few month past, refused to be enrolled in her Militia, exulted in the defeat of her troops, and gloried in rabid attacks upon her chosen Representative in this Province. Or how others are now so contented with their "situations" in life, who have hitherto confessed themselves the most abject slaves in existence, and "hip-hip hurraed" destruction to the Saxon, and the Government that prevented them from being "great, glorious and free."

But enough—enough, we are tired with such professions, such charlatans, such liberal patriots, such Reformers, and such ARDENT REPEALERS.

We will speak more of such things, at a more convenient season.

The truth will be told of all without fear, and without metaphysical abstraction, we will not disguise our opinions of men and manners.

It is our hope and will be our endeavour that our sentiments may not be shrouded in mystery, as impenetrable and caliginous as the liberality and loyalty of the present administration. We pledge ourselves that all abuses, public delinquencies and small measures will be exposed in the Market place, as a caution to evil doers.

In conclusion we must respectfully intimate to our old friends, the great obligation all are under to Printers, and the consequent duty they owe to these able functionaries, of compensating them for their valuable services with, stipulated sums of the precious metals. We also further state, for the information of our readers, that checks on the Montreal Savings Bank are taken at par.

We would also further intimate to our readers that if our Publication meets with sufficient encouragement, our pages will be adorned with well finished "wood cuts;" at present we can only treat them to those admirable "cuts," that are visible on the pages of our present number.

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, croaking, 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

kindness; with biting scorn, with scoffing and derision, we would wish to have nothing to do, but where we see folly like a turkey cock strutting about in fancied greatness, or ignorance like an ass obstinately pursuing its desires to the hindrance of the more wise but feeble, there be assured we shall give no quarter, as we ask none. Some sores require caustic and the knife, and as skilful physicians we shall use them when we think it necessary. But mid the thunders of our displeasure shall be heard,—

Sir Peter. Pooh, pooh! sir, no thunders here, if you please. You fly too high young man.—Some of our patrons will be tempted to add here, “the brayings of our ass.” You are rather prosy too. Give us life; man, life, a skip-and-a-hop-and-off-we-go sort of style. Still your article is not wanting in good ideas, which may be worked up to advantage. Has any other gentleman any thing to offer.

Mr. Jonathan. I, sir.—have—I believe something which will be to the point, and rather pointed, though I can't say whether it will suit your taste or not. I will give you an opportunity to try its consistency.

Sir Peter. If it fulfil your promise, it cannot but prove acceptable.

Mr. Jonathan. Then with your permission, and that of my friends here I will read it.

Sir Peter. Go on sir.

Mr. Jonathan Among the cursed humbugs of the day, the greatest is the profession by certain parties to appreciate merit, which they will not reward, though they have the means at hand. It is the greatest in its vileness, as it is in the extent to which it is practised. We are a sad instance of this practice. People acknowledged our merit, but took mighty good care not to buy our print. We set out with a determination to put down humbug, and became one of its first victims. But this was, could be, only for a time. We fell through weakness, and became the drudge of this taskmaster of the world. But his oppression was too great; the labour imposed upon us too heavy, to be long borne in silence; strengthened by the suffering we endured, by the very toil which was intended to crush our spirits, we rose against our enslaver, we asserted our liberty, and are prepared to maintain and defend it. Aid us reader with your pence, it is your cause we fight, as well as our own, the common cause of common sense and mirth. Shriek not from us in this hour of trial, or you will be must be set down, an ass? Yes! and more, as a miserable, sneaking, hypocritical, d—d—

Sir Peter. Stop sir!

Mr. Jonathan. Maker of—

Sir Peter. Stop! I say.

Mr. Jonathan. Never-to-be-acted-upon—

Sir Peter. How dare—

Mr. Jonathan. Professions.

Sir Peter. Have you at last stopped sir?

Mr. Jonathan. I have done.

Sir Peter. Done sir, done say you, done, I should say it was time sir; allow me to tell you that you are most damnably profane!

Mr. Jonathan. *Claudius accusat machos!*

Sir Peter. Well, well, sir. We'll pass this. We were both perhaps a little hasty, though your profane expressions were written, sir, when you should have been coolly thinking of propriety, mine uttered in an unguarded moment. But do not let us soil our columns or our meetings with profanity.

Mr. Jonathan. I wrote it, sir, coolly, and could as coolly defend it, but I am ready to expunge it, if our friends here desire it. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me.

Sir Peter. Thank you. Your paper is certainly spirited, and truthful. But you seem, gentlemen, to have all forgotten, that one of our objects is to move mirth, of the three objects we should have in view, you seem to have paid attention to but two; against hypocrisy you have vented your bile, you have railed *en passant* at vice and folly; let us now hear, mingled with these strains, what will wake mirth.

Mr. Tape. I, sir, have done my utmost, my little utmost, to work a little trifle in verse, a very trifle sir, into shape for our paper. It is not of course quite like Tom Hood's, or Douglas Jerrold's, but, sir, I crave your kindness, for my first effusion, and hope that it may haply prove suited to your taste.

Sir Peter. And I hope that all this apology was not necessary, if it were, I would give little for the verses. Hand them up sir. (reads)

MICKEY F***'S LAMENT

OVER THE

DESERTION OF A LATE RAPALE LEADER.

A Historical Ballad founded upon recent events.

Sure would ye hear, how Drummond dear
Did chate uz Pat's so sadly o';
It's all too bad, its mane be dad
To thrate us all so badly o!

He shouted first, as if he'd burst,
He was a great repaler o'.
But och be jud, tis clare as mud,
He did it for a faler o'.

Och sorra a bit of me iver saw his like. He looked as if butther wouldn't melt in his mouth. Divil a bit could yez tell him from an honest man. Didn't he give it swately to the Guv'nor and Government and all thim divils. Och its a pity, so it is, that he's such a desaver. How nicely he used to come out with.

Repale, repale, repale oho!
Well get repale for Ireland o,
And we, so jolly, shouted loud
While he put on the b arney o.

He wanted sticks, he wanted licks
Put on with the shillalah o;
No Tory chose, to show his nose,
Whin we march'd in so gaily o!

Ye see he wanted to get elected for the Lasheen canal, so we b'hoys kem in with our sticks, and elected him as nately as iver yez seen, while he sung out.

Repale, repale, repale oho!
Well get repale for Ireland o,

And we, so jolly, shouted loud-
While, he put on the blarney o'.

The second hate sure, we were bate
By cursed L. P. S's O';
The white cravats, they scar'd us Pats,
And gev us striped dresses o'.

Och, that was a murtherin time; och, we had no chance at all, at all, for the big beggars of young Tories had larned our trade better nor ourselves, and thrashed us all to smithereens. But sure Drummond was good pluck for all that, and tried to console uz, when he wint off to Pornuff, with shoutin'.

Repale, repale, repale oho! &c.

The last time sure, he gev the fure
T. Holmes that had kem over o';
We got him in, but as for tin,
We never got a copper o'.

Och sure that was the beginnin' of his desate; sure there was Holmes that used to be a great Tory cum over to be a Repaler, and we thought that if we gev him a lift, we'd get lushins o' money, case d'ye see Holmes used to be in the Bank of Muntrahawl, and didn't work for nothin'. But divil a bit of it. Didn't they git a bloody lot of Frinchmen (sure Drummond always liked them Frinch too well) to help fight an' never ped them nor uz. Ye may be sure we weren't more nor half plased, when he tried the ould shout of.

Repale, repale, repale &c.

His frinds got in, and o', what sin!
He tuk an offish tricky o'.
An offish got, he cares no jot
For swate repale or Mickey o'.

Ochone! ochone! what a chate he was to be shure.
He used to spake so illigantly, But as long as he keeps his offish, divil a much'll he shout again.

Repale, r pa'e, rapale oho';
We'll get repale for Ireland o',
Nor we so jolly, shout so loud,
When he puts on the blarney o'

Sir Peter.—Very Good sir, very good, and a fair exposition, I doubt not, of the feelings of these people at the desertion of their leaders. Perhaps however it will, hardly do, to publish it just now. However I will think of it, and will endeavour from your hints to write a leader.

The clock strikes twelve, the magician enters, and removes the Lantern, and the meeting breaks up.

THE MONSTER MEETING.

The citizens of Montreal will not easily forget, and Blarney Devlin will always remember the meeting of "the monsters" in the hay market square. Our readers are well aware that the square is usually occupied as the *tattle show* of our agricultural societies, but why it was selected as the most appropriate place for a meeting of Repalers is beyond our comprehension. If the object of Blarney were to make a "holy show" of himself, the chairman and their country, the choice

was admirably successful. Want of space surely could not be pleaded as an excuse, for thanks to the kind consideration manifested by the chairman the *whole* meeting assembled on the *platform*, to hear the big gun "of the New-York Repeat Brigade." The Report of the "Big gun" was terrific even as far as Griffin-town where at present the sound still vibrates. How cheering to hear the *sound* of American sympathy, bursting forth from the mouth of a *pop gun*.

What an awful warning was there proclaimed to England to beware of the "Magic Bullets" of the roaring artillery of the New-York Republican Union, such cautions are not to be laughed at. We feel fully persuaded that, were it not for the fortunate intervention of a smart shower of rain which effectually *damped* the powder of the "big gun" the British Empire would ere this have been annihilated, and the Americans have paid their *debts*, both of which events our Magician informs us will occur at the same moment. In fine, the meeting reminded us of the remark Curran made in respect to a corporation "if had neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be saved."

We are indebted to our Shefford correspondent, for the following account of the late election, in that place.

"Mr. Drummond, as you will have observed, was returned without opposition, for this county, and in a very voluminous speech, to the Electors, in which the terms, "gentlemen;" "proudest day of my life," "esteem it the greatest honor, etc., etc. figured in his usual flowery style; stated that he was happy to say, he had no occasion to find fault with the Governor General, since last he had the honor of addressing them, as that respected nobleman's line of conduct had of late shown a marked regard for the rights of the subject, the administration of justice, and many other noble qualities, which might be attributable to the better Company, he was now in the habit of associating with: that the impropriety and ungentlemanly conduct of interfering in what does not concern him, was constantly impressed on his mind, so that his Excellency had abstained from doing any thing, with the exception of bringing the present ministry in, and desiring M. Ferres to hold his tongue; both of which measures were urged by him and sanctioned by them (the ministry). He also took credit for the manner in which the present liberal Government were managing his Excellency in removing all cares from the old gentleman.

"Diffidence no doubt presented him from stating under what deep obligations, they had placed our worthy Governor in thrusting him so frequently in hot water for the benefit of his health.

"We were rather disappointed in our representative not touching on a subject, so dear to his heart, as *Repale*, perhaps out of deference to the orange parts of his audience.

"On the whole the speech was very well received as he promised every thing he could imagine, (no trifle for an Irish boy), for the benefit of the county, and more than fifty members could perform, unless they sent their sessional allowance of fifty pounds, for local improvements."

We hear from our correspondent at the Caledonia Springs, that the races went off very well. This was attributable to the wonderful effects of those celebrated waters on the nags, to whom it was freely administered; we would strongly recommend our *fast bloods* to "*drink deep*" of this spring, which will materially assist them in outrunning the constable.

We understand the City fathers are in league with the Governors of McG. college to procure the Building on the Burnside property for a house of correction, our boyish reminiscences readily lead us to conceive a *seat of learning* being a stool of repentance.

We are happy to observe that Col G. the member for S. has paid a visit to his constituents; to learn their wants. He also with his usual liberality subscribed £4 to their Agricultural Society at the same time stating, that he proposed contributing the whole of the £50, received by him for his attendance at the last session, to the improvement of their town, which deducting 75 cts. for Cab hire on several wet evenings, and 44 cts. for 7 goes of Brandy, taken whenever he attacked Papineau leaves £45-14s, in his hands at their disposal. He at the same time stated, with his usual candor, that the allowance was only intended to compensate those members who were put to the unusual expense of living in town, but for his part, it had only occasioned him the outlay of the items mentioned above.

THE UNITED IRISHMAN.

We have been favored with a perusal of the first issue of this murky sheet. The Printer was evidently no Reformer so far as his vocation is concerned. The virulent remarks published against "that rag the *Pilot*," seem to us to come with bad grace from those who have hitherto contributed to its columns. But as the Editor truly remarks in his Prospectus. "Change is inherent in our nature" and this solves the mystery.

He flies beyond our ken in the following, "Amid those awakening appeals which at the foot of the throne and within the portals of England's legislature, have in vain sought that redress prompted by a love of liberty and demanded by every sense of justice, it were criminal in us even to be silent!"

Again speaking of the Ministry—"In that unholy alliance which binds them to the Provincial chest they do not scruple to dishonor their native country by reproaching her with the possession of that ignorance and political degradation which have been cruelly imposed by the very Government which so liberally pays them for thus traducing their own flesh and blood." We were astonished that the Editor did not make a "stop" at the aforesaid Public chest, but to our surprise he has not made a "stop" in the whole sentence. We pass over the gloomy picture of Merry England, and proceed to the merry "Monster meeting."

We are certainly convinced that the Editor "saw double" or that his eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of Mr. O'Connor's glazed cap, and vivid eloquence. With regard to the number present we may mention that "2000 or 3000" should be read 500. He gives us the speeches at length from Mr. Bellingham, Mr. O'Connor and our friend Blarney Devlin.

The speech of the delegate appears to have undergone some excruciating compression, at the hands of the man, who gives ink the preference over

letters. The delegate had a most happy faculty of recommending apparent inconsistencies, which puzzled us wonderfully, but was no doubt well understood by the initiated; he did not wish to incite them to treason, not he, the good man, he only wished them to have pikes, but it was only to look at; they were to drill too, but it was, only for their health. They were, "to act" but were not to do any thing. Barney dwelt long on the gratifying fact, that they now had "*a rare gentleman*" to lead them. We thought this somewhat strange, after the warning that the delegate gave them, "*to trample Leadership under foot.*"

We feel perfectly convinced, that the "*United Irishman*" will not suffer from the verdict of any Jury in this Colony. No twelve honest men (among those we have seen on juries, could decipher a sufficient *chain of words*, or sense, to convict the parties of publishing *any thing at all*. Our magician pronounced the sheet innocuous, but not immaculate. We do not fear to recommend it to our patrons for perusal, as affording very *innocent amusement*.

REVIEWS.

LITERARY GARLAND.—For the present month. "A Garland composed of native flowers." Green enough no doubt, and not without a sufficient quantity of sweetness to make it sickish; the first thing in the number being an engraving of a kissing scene. Then some "fragrant" translation from the French, by Edmond Hugomont, of part of a tale, of the times of the Fronde. Some poetry follows, addressed to a wild Dove; we thought doves were mostly *trime* in this country, and called pigeons when *wild*. This dove came to a drawing room window during a snow-storm in December. The writer sighs for its leaving its warm nest, and "the younglings of its love." Nests and younglings in December! we could not get any further with this.—If young ladies will write poetry, and will inflict upon us sentimentality, we certainly would crave their mercy, to spare us from talk like the preceding.

We turned over some leaves and came to another page of poetry on "*romans love*," and this "to be continued." We read; and got a decent dose of squeamish stuff written in the *Byronic* style, a species of composition the most unendurable we know of.

After all these sweets, comes some criticism in the usual style of the publication, on *Jane Eyre*, which closes with "a *jeu d'esprit*, suggested "by reading the book, written under a painting of a rose with its "buds." Read it, we have not room to copy.

BRITISH AMERICAN JOURNAL, OF MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—For the present month. Contains the usual number of medical cases. Dr. David thinks that the magnificent scenery around Quebec is "unquestionably calculated to give pleasure to every mind, whether sane or insane." It was also with much emotion that he beheld the inmates (of a lunatic asylum) "although taken by surprise jump with delight beaming in their *inanimate* countenances."

There are two or three medical Tariffs, in this number, rather interesting to a man who is likely to fall into the hands of the Doctors. The Editor expresses his admiration of the modesty of one Doctor; in estimating his services, of his own accord, at their proper value, by publishing a Tariff, at a very low figure. The Editor however would rate their intrinsic value, at something like 100 per cent less than the Tariff. The Doctor had been often in consultation with the Queen's physician, and the most eminent medical men in London!

It seems a burning shame, so it does, to reduce those pleasant things/fees, but "when the Doctors disagree, who shall decide?" You must e'en settle it yourselves Gentlemen, and we'll pay you as little as we can.

Sold, whoever attended the meeting in the Haymarket expecting to hear sense. Sold—J.—e B.—d when he booked seat A. No. 2 on the Bench on the 1st. of July.

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

MAGISTERIAL DIGNITY.—A fact. A lawyer makes a remark magistrate rises in bad humor, and says that he will not sit to be so treated; he hastily leaves both bench and court, and slams the door after him, spite of the remonstrances of the presiding judge, and the interment of every body in the court. Cools down, is coaxed back by the Clerk of the Crown, and sits again.

A SAGE VERDICT.—Queen vs. several, one of whom a little woman, for riot and assault. Principal complainant, (a man of no small stature, and a magistrate to boot, has called the little woman names, a row ensues and the little woman fights. A jury-man brings in a verdict of "one as bad as the other," which the court will not receive. A second attempt "frivolous assault." A third, (instructed this time by the Clerk of the Crown) "simple assault." Simple enough, yet dear enough for poor defendants, who are fined \$10 a piece. To our taste we would prefer to have a little kicking "in and upon our bodies and say nothing about it, rather than come to this court for redress.

AN INNOCENT PLEA.—A rascally looking fellow, who certainly would not get the *bon Dieu*, without confession, and against whom a charge of stealing pork was proved, when asked if he was guilty or not guilty, replied, "innocent as the child unborn!" The child referred to did not make its appearance during the term.

ANOTHER.—A woman accused of stealing was asked if guilty, or not guilty? Said; "just as the gentlemen of the Jury shall think me." And on being asked when she would be ready for trial said; "just when the gentlemen of the jury will please to try me."

ANOTHER VERDICT.—A man was brought up for obtaining money under false pretences.—Jury, finds "not guilty if he returns the money."

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.—The orator of monster meetings. "I never seen such a case before." Consistent in his hatred of every thing English, he murders the language.

MONTREAL QUEEN'S BENCH.

FARNDEN vs McDONALD.—We are happy to hear that the judges unanimously negatived the motion for a new trial in the above cause. The whole affair was *two bad* and will serve as a caution to Printers not to create similar "little responsibilities" lest they may find berths in the Penitentiary or be confined in the common Gaol, until delivered by Mr. McGinn.

The crown officers at home have thrown so much light on the Precedency question, that they have almost extinguished Day.

THE THEATRE.

We regret to see our theatre so badly attended, as, having an object common with ourselves, of conferring pleasure mingled with instruction; it deserves well of the whole community. We can assure our gentle readers they will not be *ravished* by the present orchestra, although we are not so sure that Miss St. Clair will not dance into the affections of our susceptible swains. We hope those who love us, will help that man of our own kidney SKERRETT.

We understand that Skerrett intends to give a benefit to those gentlemen who received complementary tickets. Their liberal support and constant attendance at every play during the season deserve it. We trust that all who love the Lee—giltimate drama will be present on this occasion.

The author of "Theatrical thoughts" has at present in the Press, his own thoughts. The work is well spoken of, cheap, light and calculated to raise a smile these dull days.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.—The little fellow has been exhibiting during the last week his wonderful intelligence, in answering some leading interrogatories propounded to him by Barnum; what Thomas is in size Barnum is in intelligence; so the public for a *trente sous* have an excellent opportunity of seeing *two dwarfs* at the same time. Some of our tall lady friends were delighted with his manner of singing the following:

"If ever I get married it shall not be for riches
I'll marry a girl six feet high, so she cant wear my breeches.
So take your time Miss Lucy &c.

On one point ladies are all agreed, it is this, that he is "a darling creature;" and we have little doubt, but that many add "ducky."

to the darling He is fond of kissing and kisses all the ladies. Many speak of the delight of these kisses; from whatever source this delight may spring it is certainly not from rarity, for the General is prodigal of his favors.

For further particulars, see his life. From the pen no doubt of Mr P. T. Barnum, who "really takes a pride in accompanying him to the various scenes of his triumphs, and of introducing him to the most distinguished circles."

PHRENOLOGY—Will G. R. in paper no 4. for Transcript, give us a cast of his own head, as we want a bust for our office; and also have some idea of forming a gallery of philosophers.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND, WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!"

We cannot but admire the *extreme caution*, displayed by the Government, in issuing their debentures for the security of their Custom (not yet) dues, and should like to see their calculation, as to the probable importations for the ensuing fall. This does look a practical exemplification, of a belief in the above adage.

REPARTEE PRODIGIOUS—A gentleman in the *Place d'Armes*, having an altercation with a cab-man told him to go to hell. The cab-man replied in broken English, "have you pay the gate?"

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Flour rose last week ten per cent on the arrival of Tom Thumb! The Generals servants required a head dress powdered with the same daily. The preference was given to sour as more congenial with their dispositions, and the smell kept off intruders.

ASHES, (Cigar).—Fell (in front of the theatre) last week.

Soap, in little demand occasioned by the falling off in the use of water by our city Fathers, more of their dirty tricks.

Butter. Fell on the delivery of one of Barney's addresses to the Jury.

WANTED for the Montreal Provident Saving Bank, a person who can keep the Books of the Institution and the money of the depositors. None need apply who cannot produce a certificate of Bankruptcy. Security to the amount of \$1,000 wanted by the depositors.

This is an excellent opportunity for any person of business habits to save money and accomodate his friends. All applications addressed to E. D. at the office of the above institution will be attended to immediately.

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Clients any number will be taken in.—Apply at any door in St. Vincent street.

WANTED

A COURT HOUSE.—Apply at the Judges Chambers, the attention of Messrs. Taché and Co. is respectfully requested.

WANTED

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A Patriot, 13 1/2 St. Lambert street.

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