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THE
MAGIC LANTERN.

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



MONTREAL:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY P. GENDRON, PRINTER.
24, St-Vincent Street.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Nothing is more cheering and pleasing to a philanthropic mind, than to have the assurance, that when the Public body is nearly exhausted with *bilious* attacks, or severe afflictions of the *chest*, that Christian sympathy has not deserted us in disgust, and that able heads are at work to contrive remedies for our distresses.

How satisfactory to have even a crumb of comfort, and to know that there is not a single want, real or imaginary, an ailment of any description, or "hard up" case, that is not humanely provided for by the active and benevolent exertions of our good citizens. We are led to these remarks from a careful perusal of our City papers. We boldly venture to assert there is not a single case of affliction, to which there is not a glaring advertisement specially directed. To the afflicted in bodily diseases, most particular and minute directions are addressed, proving beyond doubt, that for a trifling outlay of the precious metals, miraculous cures may and have been effected. While to those, (and their name is Legion) who are oppressed by pecuniary difficulties, the Government have generously volunteered their valuable assistance, by an issue of debentures on their own credit, which by the bye, is the only measure that is creditable to them, or in which the People place any confidence. In conjunction with the powerful hand of the Ministry, the Commissioners of the Bankrupt Court, are by the most praiseworthy and amiable exertions, liberating thousands from their unfortunate extravagance.

The *disinterested* and generous philanthropy of our retail merchants deserve in an especial manner our sincerest gratitude. They, with a feeling that would reflect honour on a martyr, are actually *selling*, (not their customers, but) their old stock "below cost price," to suit the times, and accommodate the public, but not themselves. Professional gentlemen are not behind the spirit of the times, or in the least degree wanting in these benevolent feelings, and beautiful traits of charity which add honour to them as a class. Among a host, we observe the advertisement of Dr. Bernard, who proposes "a remedy for the hard times" *in spite of our teeth*. On the other hand his aimable confrere Dr. Picault with a goodness of heart, which like virtue is its own reward, has discovered that the Plantagenet waters will dissipate our grievances, and encourage us to live and hope for better days. One Paul Sabourin, a disinterested individual, affirms, that he is ready to declare upon oath, (and we would take Paul's word for less,) that the moment he ceases to drink the mineral waters

from the Plantagenet springs, he becomes incapable of attending "to his business." Now, if Paul can do "business" by drinking the Plantagenet, is not the effect wonderful, and is not the Doctor a public benefactor in these dull times. We say then, let one dozen of the Plantagenet be addressed to each Mercantile establishment, and we guarantee that every clerk in the City, will like Paul Sabourin, be able to attend to his "business," and commercial prosperity will again flourish.

And while we thus expatiate on the virtues of our own citizens, let us not forget that we are much indebted to strangers for sympathy and consolation in our afflictions. Since our last issue an English Bishop with pious zeal and angelic charity distributed among us, with liberal bounty, a flood of notes, worth a ship load of Mr. Hinck's debentures. Many, also, of our Irish friends have been provided, (not by Mr. O'Connor, or the Loyal Repeal fund,) but by a real Irish gentleman, with the means to visit their native land. We confess, that we availed ourselves of this gentleman's liberality, for the times are too hard to go by steamer, and had the happiness of spending "one hour in ould Ireland." We would have remained longer, but business of an important character connected with the *Magic Lantern*, precluded the possibility of doing so. We however assure our readers, that widow Machree rejoiced to see us, and moreover, introduced us to Rory O'Moore, Kate Kearney, and other popular characters. We were strangers and they *took us in*.

We might enumerate many other instances of this feeling of sympathy, so prevalent at present; but enough is said, to convince our readers, that after all there is not a real want or hardship to be mentioned, for which a generous public have not already provided a remedy. We feel grateful, though we do not need these things, as we have the gratification to labour under an exuberance of good humor. We would cheerfully recommend to all a careful perusal of our columns, as an infallible remedy for *bilious* disorders and affections of the *chest*.

The animose youth, who assumes the part of the monkey to the ministerial organ, and goes through his tricks just as his master dictates, is much aggrieved because our humble sheet ventured to allude to his loyalty. We assure him it never was our intention to make him smile, but on the contrary to wince for his many tergiversations. We never indulged the hope of seeing either a *laughing hyena*, or a monkey devoid of impertinent mischief. As regards our wit, it costs us and the public little. We never, for a

moment, could compete with the *Pilot* for a good joke. Who could match that excellent joke, "the *Pilot's* loyalty," and many other *jeux d'esprit* of a similar character which are to be found in its columns: It is true, that sometimes we are droll, and at times otherwise. We remember once to have written as drolly as we could; the result was, the printers could not compose our effusion. They were completely prostrated by loud and violent exercise of their risible faculties, and one poor "devil" went into convulsions. Since that unhappy occurrence we never did, and never shall, write as humourously as we could.

We understand that some watchful scoundrel observing the time Mr. Dwight of this City left his shop availed himself of the opportunity, and took thirty watches on tick.

NOCTES LANTERNANÆ.

No. 4.

SCENE—The Laboratory.

Present—Gregory Goosequill, Esq.
Timothy Linkinwater, Esq.
Hector Tupe, Esq.

Mr. Goosequill in the Chair.

The Lantern adjusted.

Mr. Goosequill.—We are again met, to take the interests of our fellow-citizens into consideration, but unfortunately, without the wisdom of our chief to guide us.

Mr. Tupe.—Poor old sir Peter, I fear that fall over my back hurt him more than he was, at the time, aware of. It is lucky for us that he has effected a conciliation with the Magician.

Mr. Linkinwater.—Our friend Mr. Jonathan is sometimes testy in his remarks. He should have spared the Magician though. We shall have a desperate criticism of the manners and customs of some of our fellow countrymen when he returns from his expedition. He once observed of a portion of Lower Canada which he visited, that it was the finest country he had ever seen spoiled by the people who inhabited it.

Mr. Tupe.—Some of our fellow subjects are certainly deficient in a knowledge of Agriculture as a science, and seem to lack enterprise in many things. Yet they by no means want talent.

Mr. Goosequill.—A happier day is, I think, dawning upon them. The poorer class have been accustomed to spend much of their substance, in the grog-shops. This Temperance movement is I believe a fortunate one for them.

Mr. Tupe.—I am no Teetotaler, yet I am most happy to see this reform, the homes we see made desolate, the wretched beings whom we see ruined, and the graves we see filled by the effects of the poisonous drugs which are commonly sold at dram shops, are enough, quite enough to make men hail as a godsend, and say God speed to the present movement among the labouring classes.

Mr. Linkinwater.—How strange that Magistrates, men who are the heads of families, and should be the leaders of society, go on year after year licensing these haunts of sin and wretchedness, these hotbeds and nurseries of crime.

Mr. Goosequill.—It is affirmed. I believe, upon statistics, that the refusal to licence these places has proved the certain means of increasing the unlicensed traffic. These licensed dens are frightful enough, but the unlicensed still more so, and I believe there are a great number of the latter in our City. Yet we have laws, authorities, police and a Police Court! Still the thing goes on. There are informers too, even lawyers, nay, that's too far, an attorney has, I am informed, furnished information in as mean a manner as the dirtiest dog of them; yet where are the convictions? Echo answers, where? Some say that the Magistrate has a dislike for this kind of work, and does not like to soil his gentlemanly ex-military fingers with anything so dirty. I trust he is much too honorable a man, to forget his duty thus. He should remember that Justice is blind, and does not see the qualities of the parties seeking redress. There is some screw loose in this machinery however, and it should be looked to.

Mr. Tupe.—I believe "Squire Mat" has something to do with these affairs. I hope the absorbing interest he has felt about "spring fees," has not made him forget this branch of his business.

Mr. Linkinwater.—Strange whispers are abroad, that men in Her Majesty's pay are to be bought and sold, that *Black mail* is levied, and the ends of justice defeated, that functionaries pocket the price of the exemption of others from merited punishment, and disorderly people get free. Now although I can readily believe that all this is not true, yet the Courts of Justice, their officers, and the servants of the Crown should be above suspicion. Unless men can go to a Court with some feeling of certainty that their wrongs will be redressed, they will choose to suffer them, rather than have them increased by the "authority of Justice." No wrong is so intolerable, as that inflicted in her name.

Mr. Goosequill.—A community is in a bad state, when that protection which is the very essential principle of civilized life, the protection of the laws, is denied to its members. When criminals, either in great or small things, are allowed to escape with impunity, and laugh in the faces of those whom they have wronged; when juries are ignorant, prejudiced or corrupt, and public functionaries rest under the suspicion of partiality, prejudice, or turpitude; then should all good men exert themselves, lest society be resolved again into its elements; for towards that point they are undoubtedly tending. It behoves us to consider well the applicability of these observations to ourselves, and not allow public opinion to slumber while we are thus robbed of our rights.

Mr. Tupe.—Ay! Let those who feel that our eyes are upon them, and that our remarks apply to them, beware: we have means of acquiring information that they know not of, and when they least expect it, we will expose them.

All.—We will! (a noise on the stair, enter Miss Bagstock.)

Major B.—Your most obedient, gentlemen. Joey B. rough and tough Josh Bagstock salutes you; well known and frequently noticed by their late Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and York, mentioned in a very unfair manner, travestied by an acquaintance, Boz.

Mr. Goosequill.—To what cause are we to attribute the honor of this visit?

Major B.—Joey B. is sly sir, devilish sly, Josh B. sees; the late Duke of York once remarked of him that he saw; he found you magical gentlemen out. Tell you the circumstances, quite romantic, or dramatic. After friend Dombey broke, as you are informed by Boz, Club quizzed old Joey B. most unmercifully, couldn't endure it. Soon after the native, immensely black fellow, most remarkably valuable in his way to J. Bagstock, died sir; some particularly meddling fellows raised a story about effect of blows on the head, as if blows on the head would hurt a black man. Altogether was too much; J. B. wasn't to be gammoned, came off to America—couldn't endure the States—Joey B. sir is tough, devilish tough—but couldn't stand tobacco spittle and all that, left the Yankees and came to Canada—fell in with Gubee—peculiarly nice man, told J. B. about you; Joey B. had a great desire to see you—found you out, and here is Josh Bagstock very much at your service.

Mr. Goosequill.—Really Major Bagstock, I do not know of what service you can be to us just now.

Major B.—Joey B. is sly sir, famous for procuring information, he could make disclosures that would startle you. His late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent remarked of Josh B. that he had a devilish startling manner of giving information. He's not to be done either, since Dombey has betrayed him—but Dombey has quite gone to the devil, and lives with his daughter in some out of the way place. Friend Gubee wished Joey B. to call and ask you to deny the assertion that the *Transcript* put forth that he has bitten a mad-dog—quite preposterous, highly scandalous conduct on the part of the *Transcript*. Were Gubee not peculiarly situated he would institute an action for libel. Here is friend Gubee's letter. Josh Bagstock rough and tough as he is, will no longer intrude, he has the honor of wishing you a very good evening.

All.—Good evening! (exit Major B.)

Mr. Tape.—What a visitation. Really Dickens must have seen him in a less ferocious state than he is at present. Travel must have increased his peculiarities. I started once or twice to catch his eyes lest they should fall on the floor.

Mr. Linkinwater.—I wish he had stopped longer. I would have enquired for Miss Tox. Let us hear Col Gubee's letter.

Mr. Goosequill.—It is addressed to Sir Peter, but as we are made acquainted with its object, I think we may venture to open it. (opens letter, reads.)

"No street Yesterday Morning."

My Dearest Sir Peter.

"Excuse me for troubling you. How do you do. Have you quite recovered, I was excessively pained to hear of your accident. Should be more careful; your life is most precious to us. My last

"came to hand. "Postage not paid," eh! very good that. How do you like the Major? gallant fellow; between ourselves, expects a colonelcy in the Irish Brigade! We public men must suffer much for our country. I have a favor to ask of you. These strange rumours—Me inflict a canine injury! wouldn't have thought that people would have believed it, but friends seem to be growing cool. Would have denied it before, but you know prejudice of other journals. Proud of your columns—columns of the line, Ha! ha, ha! *Transcript*, witty dog—at it again." Hydrophobia! Did you ever? Yes you will now, do dear-dearest Sir Peter unequivocally contradict such a maddening report, and I will lovingly appeal to the "Mothers of Canada," "a test in the virtue of which" &c. Ta ta! Mrs. Harris sends compliments.

Your &c.,

"GUBEE."

Mr. Goosequill.—It is time we should adjourn. This letter needs no comment.

Good night gentlemen. (exiunt omnes.)

"O Death it's my opinion

"You'll ne'er take such a thingamy bob.

"Into your dark dominion."

"BURNS."

A DIRGE.

If Barney, wretched and forlorn
With humble mien, and Phiz careworn;
Should sneak back to us all alone
Sans hopes, sans Pikes, with altered tone,
In accents tender to him speak
Say Barney, are you getting weak?

O think of those he left behind,
And treat him like a brother kind,
T'was Pity, that such friends should part
And few have such a Dev(i)l in heart.
Ah, Barney in our optics keen,
Percevest thou there aught that's green?

He must return with changed mind,
Then keep your feelings close confined;
Goodness, gracious, gracious goodness
Don't be guilty of such rudeness:
What! His mother sold her mangle!
Dont believe it. That is scandal!

Barney's last news was a damper,
Half his rebel pluck did scamper,
On hearing of "Ould Ireland's" fate
They say, he squat him on a seat:
Fet don't, when Barney next does spout
Cry "Does your mother know you're out."

Alas, how blind poor mortals are,
Who could have thought or seen so far,
When he was called a Dev(i)l in name
"Of lies the sire" he'd one day shame,
Is he mad? we know none like him,
Prithee dont let Gubee bite him.

"SKETCHES BY JACK."

III.

THE MODERN YOUNG LADY.

As beauty varies according to taste, notwithstanding Hogarth's *line*; so the personal attractions of the Modern Young Lady must be decided by the conflicting tastes of her numerous *benighting* swains. Be she tall or short, lank or stout, she generally has a standard of her own at which she aims; and what nature has failed to accomplish on that score, she invariably supplies by art.

She is just eighteen; although the testimony of Betty, who was her nurse, and who remembers the year, month, week, day, and hour she was born, makes her exactly *twenty two* past. Is accomplished, and has received an elegant, and finished education. Has studied profoundly *subtractive addition*, which teaches her to add one year to her age, for every four. Deems the English language an ungentle study; and always thought it extremely troublesome to learn to spell. Was in all above ten years at school; and thinks the French edition of Chas. XII has very peculiar attractions. Has a great love for coloured Embroidery and fancy Wax work, and is well grounded in Music, and the use of the Globes. Is not aware what is meant by a *plain seam*; has, however, heard of "*Hood's Song of the Shirt*," but could never bear the vulgar idea of attempting to make a shirt; once, however, sewed on a pearl button for Pa, and trusts to goodness she will never require to do so again. Doesn't know whether a spool of cotton No. 14 or 40 is the finest. Can't say whose Needles are the best; heard it once whispered by a certain old lady, that those with her Majesty's Bust and silver eyes, are the most popular.

Has in her possession a rosewood workbox, which contains a silver bodkin, and gold thimble; has used the latter occasionally when embroidering a footstool; but has no idea what the bodkin is intended for, and hasn't moral courage sufficient to display her ignorance by inquiring. Thinks a pair of curling tongs much more indispensable than a pair of scissors; finds the latter sometimes useful in clipping stray hairs from her little "Fan's" nose. Has seen Miss Timmin's old aunt both knitting and darning, and thinks both processes proper work for old ladies; has more than once got the "good old lady" to knit her *Scarlet* purses as specimens of her own, we shan't say what; and as presents for whom, we shan't say who.

The Modern Young Lady is rarely seen in the Kitchen; but when she condescends to appear there, she creates a great sensation among the domestics. Thinks she could make peppermint and acidulated drops; at least, she possesses a receipt for both; once bribed the cook to let her try her hand at a pudding, to astonish "Ma," and "Pa," used on that occasion cayenne pepper, for seasoning, instead of ground cinnamon; thereby creating the internal ignition of the whole family by inflammable combustion; at the risk of losing the "company's insurance" from culpable ignorance.

She has presided at the Tea table during Ma's illness, after which she is always confined to her room for a week, with an affection of the right wrist and shoulder blade, to the serious augmentation of "household expenses," caused by medical attendance.

She can't bear children; thinks them "nasty troublesome things." Can not do any little necessities for her younger sisters. When going into Town she sometimes listens to their importunate requests, and enjoys them over by a few fair promises; which are sure to be forgotten. Has no sympathy at all with children; excepting in the "be sure and dont tell Ma" style. Never dreamt she was a child herself.

The Modern Young Lady, when at home, can sing well with Pianoforte accompaniment. She is passionately fond of Music, and practices three or four hours every day. Never sings in church, it is "unfashionable to do so." Is suffering always from a cold when asked to sing in a promiscuous company. The Piano is a delightful

instrument; and is beautifully adapted to the display of the physical conformation of the feminine hand. The names of Thalberg and Liszt she has seen in print. But Hadyn, or Handel, Meyerbeer, or Beethooven, Mendelssohn or Weber she has never heard of. She thinks the "Battle of the Prague" a noble piece; and can play the "Bohemian and Enniskillen quadrilles"; the "Tweddletenthum and Viehnosé polkas" and the "Pugsley airs." Can sing the "Sighing Lovers" and the whole of one of Moore's Melodies; and thinks its author must be a "bewitching man."

The Modern Young Lady is fond of walking during fashionable hours; and is generally to be met with on the shady side of the street. She sails rather than walks; and is not aware that motion is an attribute of grace. She dresses well, though not according to correct taste. She evidently thinks herself handsome, which can easily be gathered from the expression of admiration which radiates her countenance when passing a newly cleaned plate glass window. She never knows or salutes a friend of her *brothers* when out; although she has taken tea with him "at home" the evening before; she can however recognise a military uniform at a considerable distance.

The Modern Young Lady is permitted to do her own shopping; in so far as bordering-blond, ribbons, or even a pair of gloves are concerned; but she often visits dry goods stores without wanting any thing. Never gets all she wants in any one store, at any one time. Has no objections to "look at" all the newest styles in dresses and shawls; and thinks it the duty of clerks to show goods, and not to sell them. Thinks them well repaid by waiting upon her; she enters and retires, without having the politeness to say, "how dy'e do," or "good bye;" without any desire to refresh her own lineal obtuseness by recollecting that her father was once a clerk and her grandfather a porter.

The Modern Young Lady never evinces much literary taste; she is, however, rather fond of *light reading*, and therefore gets "Pa" to take the "Literary Garland" for her. She thinks it an excellent medium for gaining information, and would have no objections were it published fortnightly. She has studied the "Adventures of an Aid-de-camp," and "Ranthorpe," and is at present reading "Sir Theodore Broughton." She has heard of Mrs. Ellis, "*Women of England*," but is not acquainted with Jay's, "Morning and Evening Exercises" or J. A. James' "Anxious Enquirer." She thinks some passages in the "History of a Flirt," delightful; but never could believe that Woman had any "Rights and Duties." Has never heard of Dr Gregory's "Legacy to his Daughters," but has often had prescribed for her "Gregory's Mixture."

She is very talkative and prefers a military subject. She can speak fluently on the past campaigns of the 52th; of the present conquests of the 19th; and frequently gets into the most felicitous raptures regarding the future prospects of the "79th coming to Town."

The Modern Young Lady loves a ball room; and if she can only persuade her brother or his friend to accompany, and leave her there, she will work her way spittingly through its mazy whirlings. She is easily recognised, as she is generally on the floor during the greater part of the evening; and her dress and manner ever betoken an attempt at effect. Is remarkably gratified if she receives any commonplace attention from gentlemen in military uniform; and it is the very goal of her bliss to dance with one. She rates the honor not according to the qualities of the man; but his rank in the army. Ensign, Lieutenant, and Captain, are her positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of excellence; and an A. D. C. is her "seventh heaven."

The Modern young Lady has thought of marriage, and according to her own account has received "a dozen offers," but never accepted one. Builds fond hopes of one day basking in the sunshine of matrimonial bliss; which according to her views consist of idleness, luxury, and ease. Pictures frequently the colour of her future carriage and horses; the personal appearances of her coachman, and cook; the

number of rooms in her house, and the different descriptions of dress she will then wear. And thus, while her day thoughts are wasted on "trifles light as air," and her evening hours passed amid the frantic glare of life's frivolities, time flies on, and fails not to imprint his foot marks on her appearance; and, despite her desperate opposition, years are added to her already wan countenance; she is left without friends, and fortune, and compelled to glean a precarious subsistence by means she once thought "vulgar." So the Modern Young Lady lives, without ever tasting one of the blessed realities of life, and dies an old maid in a garret, to be buried,

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,"

REVIEWS.

THE B. A. JOURNAL OF MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Our contemporary is peppering away at the Repeal Doctors in grand style. His blood is up and Dr. Codre is *saved* out to an immense number of words, sentences, and paragraphs. Their meaning will be undoubtedly explained to any person who will take the trouble to call upon the Editor. Dr. Mackelcan defends himself very meekly from a charge which Dr. Hall had made against him, but Dr. H. is not disposed to let him off so. His blood is evidently up and he tickles him in great style. After much professional twaddle about bending a man's leg (the poor subject of the dispute being of course dead) the Doctor thunders out an anathema against Dr. M. for a breach of professional etiquette. Poor Dr. M. was so obtuse as not to see the necessity for crooking the man's leg and was ingenious enough to say so. *O tempora! O Mores!* Was there ever such a *spalpeen* in the profession before. Dr. Hall remarks thereupon. "This is the ground of offence." "The conventionalities of professional intercourse prescribe certain rules in these cases" "Were these obligations faithfully and honorably discharged, actions for damages for malpractice" would be recognised "among the things that appertained to a cruder state of society." That is to say, if no Dr. would be evidence against his brother practitioner, these actions would become a thing of the olden time! Really this is, (to use a vulgar phrase) "coming it a little too strong." We should sigh under these circumstances for the "good old times" with some reason. Can Hamnet Hill, Esq. M. R. C. S. L. Bytown, inform us in what manner he managed to cut "from the tibia towards the fibula, from *without inwards?*" He will please post pay the answer. We remark a case reported, of "Paralysis of the tongue from Passion." This will be undoubtedly useful to the profession generally, who really seem the most quarrelsome set of people we know of. If they would take their own medicine, we would prescribe anti-billious Pills for the whole race of them. We are sorry to see by reference to our contemporary's meteorological table that he has been unable to raise the wind. We can say ditto with a vengeance. All our tin seems but a meteor's glare, so soon passes it away and it is gone.

LITERARY GARLAND.—As usual.

LAY OF THE LATE MINISTER.

His day was gone, no longer bold,
The Ex-Minister, from Power had roll'd,
His silken gown and Robes now gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
And Place, his sole remaining joy,
Was now held by an Irish boy,
The last of Tories then was he,
Who sung of English liberty,
For well aday! his day was fled,
His party now, no longer led,
No seat on Bench, where he might rest,
No Judgeship was he yet with bless'd,
No longer courted; and caress'd,
He yet essay'd to do his best,
And sang, to please a Student's ear,
When him, his country would not hear.
And thus the late Minister sung.

The Session was over, in good old St. Ann's,
And each Member had gone to his home,
The House was prorogu'd, mid the waving of faus,
For the Ministry had seen their doom;
An appeal alone, to the country could save
The Conservative Party, from the grave.

The writs were issued, our cause to sustain,
And every effort was made
To defeat the Rads, and return us again
To the Benches right, and paid;
And East, and West, and North, and South,
Dispersed were we, the Land to scout,
To cheer our supporters and allies,
And oppose our coming enemies.

Nought, of the Contest will I tell,
Of the Defeat, that us befell,
Suffice to say, that we were beat,
We leave the Benches, and retreat.
Alas! My hope of the Judgeship is gone.
And thus concludes the late Minister's song.

NURSES HOME.

Little Brat square.

Most Dread Magician.

It is notorious that children from the time that they cut their little "tooty tooties" till long after they are able to "walky palky" in the "Muddy puddy" are the most tiresome, noisy dear little pets as are called bipeds, and various are the freaks and dodges to which nurses and guardians of the young idea have resort for the accomplishment of their object; coaxing and intimidating by turns; and too often applying physical force when patience, temper and eloquence have been exhausted. Now most dreadful magician I am about to relate one of the most marvellous and thrilling incidents that ever occurred since "Jonah swallowed the whale." Nurse came down to the shop (I'm a barber) and told me Baby *would not go to sleep* and that it beat cock fighting; so up I steps and just cries "out go to sleep, or I'll call Gubbeec," and the effect was instantaneous, before the echo of the last *e* had ceased to vibrate the Babby was asleep.

You may give this Publicity
Your &c.

"BARBERISM."

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 ill-natured critique of the Theatrical campaign, having received gratuitous admision 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 dogmatic 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.