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**THE**

**MAGIC LANTERN.**

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Reflect each passing folly as it flies  
Censure the fool and laud the truly wise.

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**MONTREAL:**

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY P. GENDRON, PRINTER.

24, St. Vincent Street.

THE LANTERN

VOL. 1.

MONTREAL, MARCH 21st, 1848.

No. 2.

To the Courteous Reader

As will be seen from our pages, the spirits in our Lantern still burn brightly.

Since our last issue was in the hands of the printer, several falls of snow have taken place, together with some other occurrences of minor importance, such as the election of a gentleman ironically termed speaker, because he speaks less than any other individual in the Assembly. The funeral obsequies of the old and the introduction to the world of the new Ministry, which latter appears to be a promising youth and likely to be a great comfort to his harassed parent, who was brought to the verge of ruin, by the misconduct of his deceased brother. He has all the experience of an old head on young shoulders, and the soul which animates him, having for the last four years been transmigrating among the inferior animals such as the Hyena, the Bat and the Bull Frog, will now endeavour by good conduct, to avoid in future such a degrading metempsychosis. We will now leave him for a fortnight, trusting, that he may be a good boy, and knowing, that he will take care of himself, not to mention relations and friends.

The convex glass of our double-refracting humbug-penetrating lantern, actually grew dim, when the discriminating duty, on imported widows was promulgated. After profound deliberation we came to the conclusion, that the ex-minister who proposed it, had through the recent catastrophe become soured to the world and proposed the measure in a fit of spleen at the species; how is he to manage in a case where a woman, embarks a wife, and arrives on our shores a sorrowing widow, is he to take advantage of the judgment of God in this case, to exact tribute; we hope not.

But perhaps we mistake the motives of the worthy ex-minister, he may be actuated by a laudable desire, to protect the home made article, very good! but in our opinion, Free Trade ought to be the order of the day and our Factories in Griffintown and the Emigrant sheds, are now in such a thriving state, as to defy competition. If this tax be instituted, an addition to the protective force will be necessary, of course entailing additional expense on the already almost bankrupt province; on the arrival of each Emigrant ship, an officer, will have to search the trunks of the passengers, to see, that no lurking widows be buried beneath the relays of Cor-de-roys, notwithstanding which widow smuggling will be carried on, and no mistake, so says our Magician and we believe him.

The Municipal elections, strange to say, passed off without effecting the shimmering interest in the slightest degree, timber being in no demand.

Among the lucky candidates, we at last see our respected townsman Mr. Smith, it is but fair he should at length succeed, for his aspirations to municipal distinction have been as constantly directed in the now successful direction, as is the needle to the Pole, we wish him much joy of it, and hope it may suit him as well as he fits others.

Seely the swindler is reported dead, though the possessor of sundry lottery tickets, our Magician forgives him, may he rest in peace.

We have been induced to reduce the price of our paper by several cogent reasons, some of which we shall give. Firstly,—several of the carrier boys burst their breeches pockets by the reptition of copper coin under which they suffered, while but a few numbers of the paper were sold by them. In charity to these poor little individuals, we hope that our patrons will be induced to buy five copies each, and thus be enabled to make their payments in silver. Secondly,—A large amount of copper currency has, by these means, been withdrawn from circulation, and several parties have sent us threatening messages, complaining of our wickedness in causing this scarcity. The sale of marbles and tops have been surprisingly diminished from this cause. Thirdly,—We wish all classes to benefit by the extended information to be gleaned from our pages. Ours will serve the purpose to which Diogenes applied his Lantern: our patrons will find it serviceable in daylight, wherewith to find an honest man. In the words of a famous naval character, "when found" they will please "take a note of" and report to us. Under the new regime. The man who has no "Lantern" in his "house" is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Medical Intelligence.

The river is still very low, and unable to rise, though the cold applications we mentioned in our last have some what strengthened it. Yet its constitution, naturally consumptive, must very shortly break up.

Tournaquet Lodge, Grimly  
March 13th, 1848.

Dear Magician O' the Lantern,

Permit me my dear fellow to offer you my most sincere congratulations on your exceedingly luminous

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

Believe me,

Ever yours,

TOM SCALPEL.

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

"The Crowner's Quest!"

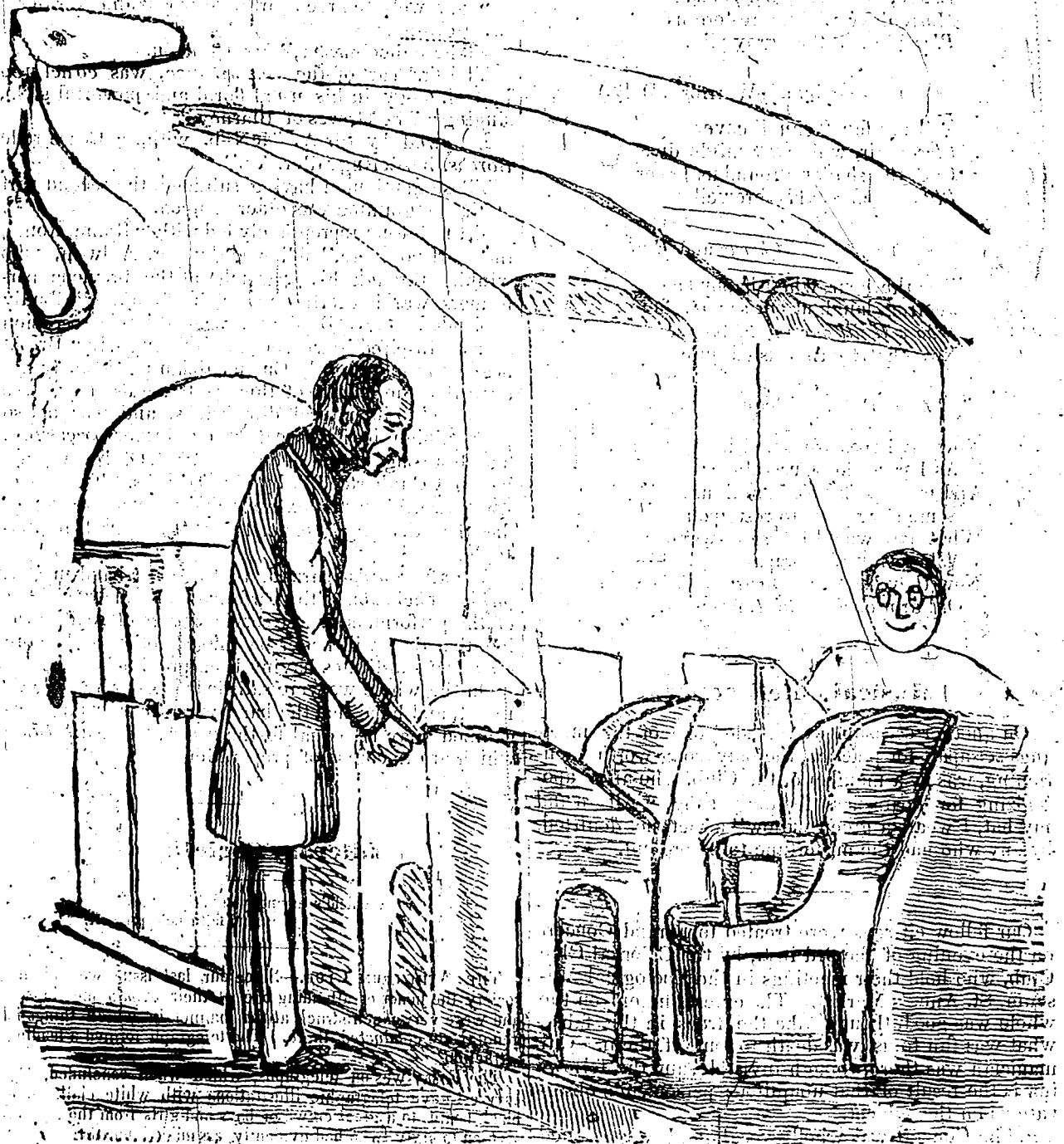
A fine rowdy-dow was kicked up here the other day. A poor unfortunate subject was washed up from the vasty depths of our extensive fresh water puddle, and landed high and dry under the front best bedroom window of the worthy collector of water rates. As may be imagined, this very efficient functionary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

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

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

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

# THE MAGIC LANTERN.



(D—ly-sings)

Deem it folly and call me weak,  
While the burning-tear starts down my cheek;  
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving, that old arm chair.

DEATH SONG OF THE "CONSERVATIVE INDIANS."

Tune—"Isle of beauty."

Chorus.

Opposition, crow not o'er us,  
Leave, oh! leave our plans, a while  
Morn alas! will not restore us  
Places lost in that grey pile.

Solo by a 'Warrior' (D-ly.)

Still my fancy can discover  
Places fair, where we might dwell;  
Dark the shadows round us hover,  
Place oh place, alas farewell.

Chorus and Exit.

'Tis the hour, when happy faces  
Jeering, laugh at our sad plight;  
Who will fill our vacant places,  
Now that we are ousted quite!

D-ly, Soliloquises.

Now my hopes are round me breaking,  
As I pace the house alone;  
And my eye in vain is seeking,  
Some snug place to rest upon.  
What now would I give to wander  
Where my old companions dwell;  
Now they're in, my heart grows fonder,  
Old arm chair, at last, farewell.

Musical Intelligence.

On another occasion we attended one of the meetings set apart for practice, the only song worth mentioning, was by a member of the Club, who after apologizing for hoarseness feelingly sung, "All round my hat, I wear a green willow" a fact, not doubted, by any who had the misfortune to be present.

Our fellow citizens were treated to a Grand Concert on the evening of the 3rd inst., by the Colonial Glee Club, who hold their meetings in the Zoological Museum, St. Anne's Market. The entertainment on the whole was good, though like the frogs in the fable, what was fun to us, was death to some of them. Our magician was there, though invisible, and the following is the result of that ubiquitous personage's observations on the subject.

"The Concert was wholly vocal, and was opened with a song from C-l. P—e, "I care for nobody since nobody cares for me", which was tolerably well performed. Mr. B-d-g-ly followed with the beautiful air "farewell those visioned seats of bliss"—the singer evidently felt what he so beautifully sung. Mr. D-ly next presented himself before the audience and almost melted them to tears by the pathetic manner in which he performed the well known and ap-

propriate ballad, beginning "I love it, I love it, that old arm chair, &c." Being rather cramped for space, we will refrain from further remark on the first part of the programme, giving our readers merely a synopsis of the bill of fare.

"The devil ran away wi' the exciseman," Mr. C-ly."

"Farewell ye green earth, ye woods and ye skies" M. McD-n-l-d.

"The Schoolmaster," Mr. C-m-n. The first part of the performance, was concluded by C-l. G-gy, in his usual florid and powerful style, singing "The Groves of Blarney."

Followed by Sir A. McN=b, with, "Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer, &c."

These gentlemen having subsided, the second part of the programme was entered upon.

Mr. L-f-t-ne appropriately led with, "Rome, Rome, thou art no more," followed by Mr. A-lw-n, who winking through his spectacles at the previous performers, warbled forth, "La claire fontaine," loudly applauded. Mr. B-l-d-in, who on this occasion seemed inspired, gave vent to his feelings, in "Bright beams the morning." Our magician particularly noticed that the length of this gentleman's phiz, was shortened to its natural dimensions, and was not so peck-sniffian in its aspect as on former occasions. The last song of the evening was, "Oh! give me back my Arab steed," by Mr. H-k-s. The effect was powerful in the extreme and we venture to predict that the singer has not exerted himself for nothing.

We afterwards learned, that the new band master, on the conclusion of the performance discharged eight of the performers, whose services were of so little value, that they will never be missed, other and more competent substitutes having been provided.

On the whole we were satisfied with our Magician's report, and hope that the band, which has been reorganized may be equal to the new and difficult tunes which are in course of preparation.

Literary Societies.

"A child's among you taking notes"

"And faith he'll treat ye."

THE ATHENIUM CLUB.—Since our last issue we did this society the honor of attending one of their weekly meetings—and were very much struck at the manner in which things in general are conducted there. The telegraph formed a leading attraction.

The Essay was on telegraphs, which was concluded, the essayist gave telegraphic illustrations with white chalk on a black board, to a great crowd of boys and girls from the ages of sixteen to sixty, who had evidently assembled for the purpose of telegraphing not by copper wires, but by natural signs.

We expected that the debate which followed, would have been upon the utility of telegraphs, which being a question only permitting one side, would suit admirably for the members of this society.

However, it happened to be upon "Capital Punishment" and as it progressed the audience as well as ourselves had some "Capital fun"—but, then, the telegraph came in again. Members were telegraphed to rise, telegraphed to speak and



telegraphed to "shut up"; and we are told that a Yankee time piece which sat like an Owl in a window, is constructed and goes upon the telegraph principle; certainly the time ticked was told by telegraph.

We always thought that in all such societies speaking to the "Question" was the order of the day, but not so in the Athenaeum Club. Its members are too refined and have too much of the popular philosophical air to do so. They therefore prefer to speak from the "Question". They all however, pretend to start from the same point, diverging in different directions, like the diverging radii of a circle.

We may mention that towards the close of the Exercises, an animal known as belonging to the Sknotomama tribe of quadrupeds, rushed into the arena like a Bull into a China shop and began braying in a most brutal manner.

The telegraph had no effect on him. He applied his posterior appendage, with apparent alcoholic action round the membranes of a meek member, much to the merriment of the audience; who were collectively convulsed by such consummate conceit. We understand his teeth were curled, his hair straightened, and his ears pointed for the occasion; nevertheless, he did no damage to any one excepting himself; and was very soon brought to a dead stop by the alluvia of his own frothful fume.

This tribe, of which the above was an excellent specimen, is favorably known to naturalists as something between a Bug-Bear and a Donkey.

We would recommend to the members of the Club, the next time such a quadruped makes his appearance among them that his head's antipodes ought to be aided by "assimilated" animal-ular-attraction in assisting him in finding his way down stairs to the door. We predict he will never return.

**SHAKSPEARE CLUB.**—"The Shadow of a mighty name."—The shadow of this club begins to be so transparent, that the Magician of the Lantern apprehends, it will ere long, vanish. To avert such a calamity he would recommend that it be laid up for a while, and have a little strengthening medicine administered to recruit the energies it has shattered, by the display of so much genius in some of its late debates. To the shadow he would address the words of Hamlet,

"Rest, rest perturbed spirit!"

and to the gentlemen of the club, he does commend himself with all his love.

## Reviews.

**THE LITERARY GARLAND, for March.**—The forte of this Magazine, still seems to be sentimentality. The last sigh of the Moot was so very deep, that it forcibly brought to our recollection, the sound emitted by a Pavier with his mallet, when he drives his stony charge, (to follow the general sentiment of this Magazine) to its clay cold bed.

Jane Redgrave is of a very sombre character, and becomes more moody as it progresses. Really, all this will never do, it is almost as bad, as a dose of warm water.

**THE SNOW DROP.**—We had the felicity to find that the dist of our "Lantern" grew dim when directed towards the "Snow Drop." This little Magazine still bearing internal signs of that primitive purity of which its name is an emblem.

**MEDICAL JOURNAL, for March.**—This periodical we observe contains twelve mortal pages on the state of education in Canada. The editor says he has been flooded with matter. We apprehend he must have had a narrow escape from drowning in the ocean of speculation the subject afforded.

## Miscellany.

**HONESTY IN MONTREAL.**—We beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of our *Umbrella* which we had given up as lost.

**TO MAKE HARE SOUP.**—Boil it with the skin on it, and then you have the real article.

**COL. GOOY'S APPEAL.**—Mothers of Canada! don't let your daughters bestow their youth and beauty upon stranger gallants, or you will be sure to break the hearts and damp the spirits of the gentile native swains.

**QUERY FOR D-LY.**—What is the world to a man after his wife is a widow.

Why is the Magic Lantern like Col. G-gy? Because it has been extensively sold.

When was the cry of Liberty the greatest in the world. Answer. When it spread from Pole to Pole.

**KINDNESS VS COURTESY.**—A certain returning officer was lately brought before the Bar of the House of Assembly, to answer for his conduct at the late Elections. After having been kindly presented with a *walking stick*, was most courteously admonished by a gentleman wearing spectacles, (rather a fatherly looking Gent, no doubt) and told to go home, and be a good boy for the future.

**BUGLERS WANTED.**—Five or six first-rate Buglers may find immediate employment by applying at the office of the *Evening Courier* newspaper, for the purpose of Heralding the approach of that journal on the evenings of publication. None need apply but those who have been accustomed to sounding *wind* instruments.

In reference to the above notice, we would recommend to the gentlemen who may be successful in obtaining the situation, to carry a *Lantern* along with them. They would feel the benefit of having *some* light in their hands.

**GRAND GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.**—The Governor General has displayed at the Parliament House, a vast quantity of Loaves and Fishes, to be contended for in various prizes; the greatest Loafer will receive the greatest Loaf. But the greatest Rebel will receive the highest prize.

The troops and police will be in attendance to scramble; and also, for the prevention of any *one man* from carrying away the whole.

**WORTHY OF NOTICE.**—A friend of ours informs us that he saw in Notre Dame street the other day, two corporation men actually at work. The particular locality was not mentioned.

The new Ministry we believe are at a loss what to do with M. P-p—au. We think that as individual merit ought in every case, to be rewarded, and that as his head in former times had high value set on it by the Province, it should be put upon a marble block in the Place d'Armes.

The Museum Committee of the Mercantile Library Association, beg to acknowledge at the hands of Mr. Fleet, the donation of a green Flint found near the House of Assembly, district of St. Anne's market, a verdant locality, very !!

"The houses were first-class cut-stone residences." The *Herald* of the 11th inst.

We have heard of Lloyd's—Of "first-class" ships—Of "first-class" rail-road carriages. But "first class" cut-stone houses is to us a new style of architectural somnolence, to say nothing of the grammatical phraseology.

The Conservative Members have complained most bitterly of the transformation of some staunch Tories into Rads by the process of *ratting*. We say with the Dutchman :



"De dyfel take de Rads."

FROM OUR OWN CRANK I

AND ADAPTED TO A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

Who dropt from the clouds one fine day?  
Or came from the States as some do say,  
And soon began his pranks to play.

SEELEY!

Who watched me oft with roughish care?  
The better he thought 'twould me ensnare  
By robbing me of my goods and ward.

SEELEY!

When sickness visited me last year  
And of my life I had some fear,  
Who then did look at me so queer?

SEELEY!

Who ran to help me when "tin" was tight?  
And said he'd assist me out of my plight,  
Who took precious good care to "make it all right."

SEELEY!

When trade was dull; who began to cry?  
Look out your goods and "I will buy,"  
Who soon found out there was "green in my eye?"

SEELEY!

Who got up a Lottery so great and "grand"?  
And flashed his "flash notes" with a shavers hand,  
Who soon organized of "green horns" a band?

SEELEY!

Who tried it on? Who's done me wrong?  
Who deadly taught me I was a clown?  
At least for such they've now set me down.

SEELEY!

When honest men no credit could find,  
And their stores with emptiness were lined,  
Why got goods? And with them raised the wind?

SEELEY!

Who handled the brush and razor so well?  
Who an unshaved brother did actually sell?  
And did it so clean and remarkably well?

SEELEY!

Who bade a farewell? a jarring adieu?  
And left no funds for the checks that he drew,  
Which all must admit was too easy to do.

SEELEY!

Who in his rack-race pursued was he?  
When from crying justice he tried to flee?  
Who actually run off and got shot in the knee?

SEELEY!

Who now lies low in a feverish bed?  
With "three thousand pounds" right under his head,  
Who of, it is said will be very soon dead?

SEELEY!

We recommend the above to the notice of Mr. Macfay's Band for the purpose of being set to original music after which to be respectfully dedicated as a complimentary condolence to the "SUFFERERS."

Notice to Correspondents.

A. S. B.—of Montreal.—Our Magician is not to be mystified by glittering gold.

A. D. C. Monkslands.—We most respectfully decline his invitation.

P. Q.—His communication is passable but too personal for our columns.

Mrs. Ramsbottom.—We reciprocate compliments.

MUSICAL.—Our Sympathies are with the ladies.—We think the Brass Band a bore.

F. S.—The Magic Lantern can be had of any Bookseller in the City.

CHINK.—No!

CONSISTENCY.—Had better apply to the editor of the Herald for the information he wants.

J. M. Quebec.—We believe the Montreal Courier is still published: We have not as yet heard of its death.

We have to acknowledge a communication from the Bank requesting us to take off the utensil which completed its DoCo(m)e. We regret much that it is not perceived that that article has already been taken off.

"A member of the Shakespeare Club"—Should write with more calmness. His communication in its present state is inadmissible.

Prices Current.

TIN.—This article has gone up in the market, stocks very light and operators obliged to submit to any terms.

BRASS.—A large business has been done in this metal especially in the St. Anne's market, where an unlimited supply is always on hand.

BEE-WAX.—Very scarce, manufacturers having suspended operations for some months.

EGGS.—Manufacturers fully employed and till Good Friday a fair business may be expected.

CORDAGE.—An advance in the price of this article took place previous to the 3rd instant, owing to there being a demand for government purposes; aided also by that celebrated decision of the Athenaeum Club in favor of Capital punishment.