

shewing, that Colonel Fitzgibbon, so far from being entitled to reward for what he did, has merited the severest censure.

The King of Prussia and the "Satirist."

What strait-laced, starched old fogies these German Monarchs are, as little capable of comprehending wit as is the *Honorable Gentleman* who rejoices in the proprietorship of the leaden *British Canadian*. The following paragraph we copy from the *Dublin Warder*, a most excellent paper which, by the way, we strongly recommend to the reading public in Canada, as well edited, and containing information on almost every subject of general interest. We of the "SATIRIST" have ours, as every body else may have his if he desire it, from the *Courier* office.

Censorship of the Press in Prussia.

The Prussian Government lately addressed strong complaints to the Senate of Hamburg against a little satirical journal called *Mephistophiles*, which had turned into ridicule the speech of the King of Prussia, on the opening of the Diet. Accordingly, the Senate called the writers of the periodical before them, and after hearing their observations, condemned to a fine of 150 francs, and a month's imprisonment. It also ordered that the journal should be suppressed and that one of its contributors, a Dane, should quit Hamburg."

Could such an infamy be perpetrated by any other than that German stock from which our own liberal sovereigns are derived? We believe not. Give us in preference to these witless drones, the spirited little Isabella of Spain who avows her resolution to wear the breeches common to her entire regiment of cavalry, rather than permit her imbecile and, it would thus appear from this, impotent husband to resume them over her. It is fortunate Lord Elgin is not the King of Prussia, or the tiny wings of the wasp who stirs up the cauldron on our first page might be so clipped as to cause them to shoot forth with additional vigor; and we will venture to affirm that, not only His Excellency, but the whole of the House of Assembly have derived far more amusement and instruction from our version of the speech, which was read but *not written* by His Excellency, than from that dull original in the formation of which, doubtless the honorable proprietor of the *British Canadian* had a leading hand.

As for the Member for Frontenac, he was particularly delighted with it, and has expressed himself as being desirous of hugging the writer to death in his ardent embrace,

for having so vividly called to his attention that—

His hair was given, not to stand on end
Like the sharp bristles of some grunting friend,
But softened, oily as the brain within,
In wavy folds to show its substance thin.

The Two Canadas again.

We had always thought that Canada had been made by the Act of Union, one country—united by the same interests—acknowledging the same fundamental principles of government, and bound, each section of it to the other, in a chain so indissoluble that no circumstance could rend it asunder. We frankly confess the error under which we have labored for the last five years. All we had fancied is a mere illusion—United Canada is, or are, two Canadas still. The interests of one-half are violently opposed to the interests of the other half, and vinegar and water might be expected to mingle together with as much prospect of success, as a healthy and vigorous offspring to grow from the consummation of this repugnant marriage.

All this was revealed to us in the course of a domestic broil a day or two since by the violence of the somewhat ancient and snuffy wife against her young and tobacco-chewing husband. The virago finally flew in the face of him to whom she had sworn and constancy and fidelity, declaring boldly that unless she were permitted to wear the breeches, he (the husband) should have no rest from her importunities. Now, for the sake of peace, we believe the husband, although not quite liking, to denude himself of his own comfortable covering, would consent to share in the *petticoat* government of his "frau," provided she would discard from her favor certain rivals with whom she has long been known to have kept up a guilty intercourse, and with whom she makes no secret of intriguing even up to this day, and lavish her affections upon those who are legitimately entitled to them. In this manner, of course, and only in this, could a proper reconciliation be effected, and her past aversion and defection be overlooked.

Our Corner.

The publication of this week's SATIRIST has been delayed, in consequence of the illness of our woodcutter. The Speaker's Hat was made in half the time it has taken to copy the interesting scene on the Champ-de-Mars.