

The Noisy Monkey.

We really do not know who the noisy and conceited animal is, or wherefore he assumes to himself such airs; but we never visit the menagerie without having our ears riddled with the pert commentaries of one of the creatures, on the exhibitions of his fellows,—he, peradventure, having not the slightest talent for exhibition himself. He reminds us of the well-known lines,—

"Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark, &c."

The Member for ———.

What a revolution has been effected in the *coiffure* of this amiable personage since the first number of the "SATIRIST" made its appearance. Every body must have remarked him at church last Sunday—in- stead of the fretful quills of the porcupine, he absolutely exhibited a well curled and well oiled head of hair. There is some hope of civilizing him after all. All he now wants is power to his delicate voice.

The Hon. Bob Acres.

This gentleman, although his *thirsting* is appeased, is still *hungering* after the sweets of office, and pronouncing that the only course for the Governor General pursue to save him- self from obloquy and censure, is to dismiss his Conservative Ministry, and call in the party to which he (the Honorable Bob) belongs. We perfectly agree in the remark that followed—namely, that when the Governor General *does* adopt that course, little else will be left for him to do in Canada.

British Canadian.

The "SATIRIST" honors a concealed foe, but cannot too severely condemn the un- polished bluntness of him who while wound- ing, or seeking to wound, subjects his enemy to the additional pain of knowing from whose bow the poisoned arrow has been sped. And then there is no science, no room for dexterity in these open encoun- ters. They smack too much of the John Bull, and are without the pleasing excite- ment, the interesting treachery of the bowie knife.

Then there is a satisfaction in feeling that the very character we have thrown around ourselves for candor, honor, and truth, shields us in a great degree from suspicion, and renders still more interesting and piquant the wound we, in the very exuberance of our playful fancy, amuse ourselves with in-

fllicting on him who we have cavalierly sup- posed not sufficiently to have paved the path of our ambition.

All we shall at present remark to the heavy Dutch lugger that sails under false colors, and conceals all evidence of its real disposition, until it is *safe from danger or overthrow*, is, that the clever correspon- dent of the *Cobourg Star* showed his usual good sense when he pronounced the "SATIRIST" to be a witty paper—so witty indeed that the obtuse and literal critic ap- pears not to have had the brains to under- stand that, what he calls offensive, was in reality but a *jeu d'esprit*. For once the "SATIRIST" has written somewhat serious- ly, but when men are too dull to compre- hend wit, plain and vulgar English must be spoken to them. We have no doubt we shall be understood now.

The Drawing Room.

We were not ourselves present at this *cram*, being much too poor to afford to pay the seven and sixpence and ten shillings. [How is this, Mr. Mayor?] which the cab fellows every where demanded, but we learn from those who were that it was—

A pleasant party altogether,
And well attended for the weather;
Women deck'd with plume and bustle,
And, far the noblest, lady ———

One gentleman quaintly observed so great was the squeeze that although the Countess held the Drawing-room, the Drawing-room would not hold the people.

The Flare-up at Toronto.

A pamphlet, from the pen of that much injured officer, Colonel Fitzgibbon, whose hissing, like that of the Roman goose, saved the capital, has recently made its appear- ance, and places the burning of Gibson's house in its most *glaring light*. We have not time or space to notice the deeds of heroism performed, and intended to be per- formed, by the celebrated actors in this— what will we call it?—something between a drama and a farce—but shall recur to it next week. In the meantime we will con- tent ourselves with remarking that it seems to have been a mistake altogether to sup- pose, as has hitherto been the case, that Sir Francis Bond Head was the highest in authority in Toronto at that period. There was a greater than he, and that was Colonel Fitzgibbon, and if we do not make this ap- parent in our next, it will be because our mode of reasoning from facts must be in- correct and inconclusive. We shall, more- over, make it appear, even from his own