

The Neilson Fire Balls.

The venerable Nestor has changed once more from sage to warrior, and devilish wicked did he look during his last attack. He had artfully succeeded in throwing red hot fire-balls from his own into the opposite line, which had well nigh destroyed it; but with some care and management they were thrown overboard just at the moment when an explosion was looked upon as inevitable. The Admiral's flag-ship, with the Blue *Peter* at the fore, closed with the enemy and discharged her broadsides with thundering effect; and before they could recover from the shock the van ship of the squadron—Morris' seventy-four, with "Ogdensburg" emblazoned on her colors—bore up and finished the engagement, taunting them through his *speaking trumpet*, after he had poured in his fire, with having had only "their trouble for their pains," and accusing them of having squandered the public time and money in the fruitless attack.

Fearful Privation.

The SATIRIST is too fond of indulging in Peace to know much about War, and never had the slightest idea of the horrors of the latter until he heard an honorable gentleman's declaration, a day or two since, in the Legislative Council, of the extremities to which the unfortunate people of this country were reduced during their struggle with the United States in 1812. Ah! what was the present famine in Ireland in comparison with that?—Absolute luxury. But let the honorable gentleman speak for himself, and, without drawing *invidious* comparisons, satisfy us of the heroism—the devotedness—of those men, who with empty bellies themselves, were ever generously ready to give a bellyful to their enemies:—

"It was within Mr. C.'s knowledge that members of that honorable House, whose trade was not war, [but flour and pork] had on one occasion been compelled to live upon a *ROUND* of beef and a *ROUND* of bread a day, seeking the softest side of a plank [the rotten one we presume] to lie on."

Misfortune, certainly, makes us acquainted not only with strange bedfellows, but with strange beds; and fearful is the picture here displayed. How those brave men contrived to survive the hardship is, we infer, only attributable to the toughness of their stomachs, which can digest anything—some of them even Neilson's resolutions. This considering the men, and the way in which they had been brought up, beats *hollow* the delicate Guards who, in Spain,

were compelled to rough it on a beef steak and a bottle of porter. Alas! what we suffer for our country!

Legislative Wisdom.

What a pleasant thing is Legislation—what a delightful and consistent race of men are Legislators. The true Brutus spirit animates them—the *amor patriæ* alone directs all their acts. They are absolute devotees—men ready, at any hour, to throw themselves into the *breach* of their *country's* fortunes. They are absolute enthusiasts in favor of right and justice; yet, strange to say, exactly one-half differ *in toto* from the other half in their views of arriving at the same end. They remind one of the story of the Chameleon—one sees it green—the other sees it white—yet both are right. How very good! as Lord Dempkoff would say. Then what a delightful consciousness of self-sacrifice animates their conduct. They generously strive with each other to bear, upon their own shoulders, the heavy burden of responsibility, and to relieve their rivals from all the cares and anxieties which they express themselves confident these latter must entertain, but which *they* again would infinitely rather endure than inflict upon their disinterested friends. What generous—what Damon and Pithias-like devotion.

We really wonder if the Angels ever amuse themselves with witnessing these exhibitions, and following with minuteness the subtlety of adaptation of those powers which God has given to man, enabling him to arrive, by the most sinuous paths, traced over the same ground, at the most opposite terminations. But fie, fie! SATIRIST!—Philosophy is not thy forte.

Legislative Chamber.

This is a splendid apartment—magnificently furnished, but miserably deficient in spitting boxes. Could not some of the large brass buttons, to which we alluded in our first number, be turned up at the edges, and made to supply their places? We think there is one honorable gentleman in the Council who will vote for their introduction on any terms.

Poor Tom Parke.

The "SATIRIST," regrets exceedingly to hear that his old friend Thomas Parke, of Western Canada, and of some little public notoriety, has been sentenced to three years Penitentiary for larceny—ah what a hang-dog world we live in!