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MULTUM



IN PARVO.

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DANCING THE POLKA.

Bob at the Ball.

Broad banners high were waving
 Over beauty bright and pure;
 Fair girls were hearts enslaving
 With their glances so demure;
 Young snobs their mugs were laving,
 (Tho' the lush was rather poor:)
 Where they held the feast of Jean Baptiste,
 In the Halls of Bonsecour.

I saw him—with his choker
 Rather soiled about the gills—
 And he scowled upon the Polka,
 And he frowned on the Quadrilles,
 With a drowsy eye that spoke a
 Mind oppressed with mortal ills,—
 In fact, like one who'd lived alone
 On anti-bilious pills.

He came again—how altered!
 How *recherché* was his style!
 And his footsteps, tho' they faltered,
 Yet his face was all a smile:
 I think he must have maitled
 In the intervening while,
 For he skim'd the floor like one who'd more
 Of Bacchus than of bile.

Sweet Polka strains were playing,
 As a matron form he bore,
 On his arm gently swaying
 Round and round that giddy floor—
 Such agility displaying,
 Such a gallant air he wore,
 That they called on Robert B. . . . n
 With "*Bravissimo! Encore!*"

Yet again he was before me
 In the cold grey morning—he—
 Fierce engaged in battle foamy
 With Policeman Forty-three,
 Who, in classic phrase, said, "Blow me
 If I set the buffer free—
 He's been and done more tricks than one,
 And now he'll come with me!"

[The above lines and drawing were picked up in the House yesterday, and immediately transmitted to the Satirist office. Presuming that our readers will share in the deep gratification we experience in finding that Honorable gentleman, notwithstanding his vigilant watch over the stable door of the ministry, is still light-hearted and gayest of the gay, and particularly pleased with his *Bon-secours party*, got up chiefly with a view to minister to his pleasure, we have gladly availed ourselves of the precious gift we possess.

The likeness is supposed to have been designed, and the lines to have been composed, by the facetious friend of the Honorable Polka dancer, the Member for the First Riding of York,—they having been taken from a seat on which that gentleman had, only a minute or two previously, been sipping his customary brandy and water.]—
Ed. Sat.

Too Bad.

It is really too bad to see gentlemen led by their excessive zeal into the most extreme contradictions of character and conduct. All the world knows that the Member for Toronto is in general remarkable for his consistency, and the calm and dispassionate manner in which he reviews every possible bearing of a subject, before he commits himself into it; seldom pronouncing an opinion until he has dived into, and made himself familiar with its intricacies and its mysteries. His liberal views being therefore so well known, it could not fail to create the utmost surprise in the House, when, in the course of his opposition to Colonel Prince's Bill, he, a few evenings since, taxed the Member for Lincoln with his great partiality for American institutions and American commercial progress. This from a Member who is well known to have recently made a large investment in American stock, and is more than suspected to be even at this moment trading in American bottoms, does, it must be confessed, savor a little of inconsistency. True, the Member for Lincoln does not make this a matter of accusation, but, on the contrary, perfectly approves of a connection which promises the most fruitful results to the country; yet he feels at least that *merit* has not met with that support which ought to have been tendered by so acknowledgedly capable and liberal a dealer in international produce.

The O'Connell of Canada.

Filled with dismay at the indignation he has created in the minds of the outraged widows, by attempting to *infringe upon their natural rights*, the Solicitor-General apprehending an *appeal to arms* from some of the Amazonians, to whom he had rendered *any thing but justice*, has sought refuge from the peril, by making it murder to kill, in what is usually called *single*, but what we term *double combat*. We have no doubt the honorable gentleman would have the worst of it, in a personal encounter with even the weakest of these formidable widows, who, if we may judge from appearances, would soon leave him scarcely a leg to stand upon. But surely from him the proposal comes with any other than a modest solicitor's grace.

What a chivalrous body of men, to have supported this resolution almost unanimously! and what a heart-rending picture of their own dead bodies, mourning and frantic widows, ragged, bare-footed, and vermin-headed destitute brats, the Solicitor-General must have drawn, to subdue the souls of

eighty-four rough specimens of humanity to more than woman's weakness. Yet who shall say that there was no brow among that host obscured by gloom at the announcement of the abolition of that pleasant little morning's amusement, without which life is tame and uninteresting in its very security? Who then had seen the expressive glance exchanged between the eloquent Member for Megantic and the taciturn Member for Quebec, would have pitied the self-sacrifice with which they abstained from an opposition which they knew, alas! would *only end in smoke*.

The Bill is a wise one. When two men go out now, it will be no child's play. They will remain on the ground until, like the two *Killkenny cats*, nothing but their *coat tails* are left; for they will deem it pleasanter to be tucked in by the undertaker than to be tucked up by the hangman.

Putting in the 'Tin.'

We of the SATIRIST have discovered an excellent mode of apportioning our charity to the nature of the accommodation afforded us in Christ Church and elsewhere. We have had several pieces of rather dull looking tin *punched* to the size of sixpenny bits. These we carry with us to church,—the tin in one waistcoat pocket; *the tin* in the other.

As every thing in this best of all possible worlds,—even to the “human mending of our souls,” is paid for, we like to apportion our price to the value of the service rendered. If the seat given to us be a good one, we simultaneously open our heart and our left waistcoat pocket just below it, and give the *plate-bearer* silver! If, on the other hand, it be such a seat as we do not like, we slip our finger into that pocket which rests near our liver overcharged with bile, and though we still give our *tin*, we give it not of the same specific value, while we rejoice in the pleasing consciousness that we have sufficiently *paid the piper*, or, in other words the organ-blower, for the hours of *hard sitting* for which we have been *let in*.

We recommend our plan to all those who are desirous of obtaining *high seats* in an assembly in which *grace has latterly much abounded*, yet where the *Elect* of the *Lords* evince anything but that humility which *best becomes the Church*.

The thing is easily done. A *decoy note*, shipped into the silver by the churchwarden as he goes his *solemn round*, and looking exceedingly like a wanton,—that is to say, intended to allure into its toils,—offers every

facility for the purpose. Dropped within its slightly opening folds, your *tiny* piece is concealed from the prying eye of curiosity; so much so, indeed, that not even the grim-looking M... n himself,—whose scowling brow is always bent over the plate, as if watching the amount thrown upon his paper contribution,—could detect the *artificial* from the *real*, or discover, by its *tintin nabulum*, the true value of that of which he is so notoriously fond, that he cannot forbear from collecting it even on the Sabbath.

The Missing Medals.

The *Montreal Courier*, in a recent article on the subject, expresses a good deal of surprise at the non-delivery, to those for whom they were intended, of a number of silver medals which had been transmitted from England to Toronto, for distribution, among certain of the militia many years since, and very innocently asks where they are stored.

We are really surprised at the novelty of this question. Where can the *Courier* suppose silver articles of this kind to be, but in their proper place,—a *plate-basket*? But as the manner and alteration of shape in which they came there is a little curious, we shall endeavour to enlighten the *Courier* with the generally received version of a miracle, which could have been brought about by no other than the *highest Church influence*.

The story reads thus. The medals in question had been for some time lying in the vaults of the Bank of Upper Canada, which, as the result will show, was a regular *hot-el* affair,—and, on search having been subsequently made, were found to have melted away, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of those who witnessed the wondrous transformation, the much more useful and profitable shape of silver forks and spoons. Prayer and exorcism were had recourse to, to purge the metal of all that the devil might have had to do in the matter, and it was decided that they should, to prevent further evil, be strictly preserved within the custody of the Church. We have no doubt that many a man, who was entitled to a medal, has *handed* it before this; and we really cannot see why it has not been more usefully employed in conveying food to the stomach, instead of food to his vanity.

Besides, medals have now ceased to be an exclusive mark of distinction. Every body wears them. Almost every tenth breast in the Rifle Brigade is decorated with one. Had it been the *right*, it might have been assumed that it was for mere good firing at a target; but as it is the *left*,—that which it has been

supposed a crowned head or potentate had alone the privilege to adorn, it follows, of course, that all these are the reward of services in the field.

The Ancients of 1812, and other *long-forgotten days*, are seemingly delighted that the laurel has at last been bestowed upon them by the hand of their Sovereign. What folly! Who is to distinguish between the merit of the old soldier and the young? Suppose a regiment half filled with these crusty warriors to be garrisoned in the same town with the young fellows of the Rifles, not numbering half their years,—how is a civilian,—how is their country, whose approbation they are desirous to secure, to distinguish,—both wearing their decorations on the same breast,—between the man who has riddled his men of flesh, and him who has scattered his men of straw? The hand and will of the sovereign, has decorated the one, the hand and will of the subject the other; but who, save the initiated are to distinguish?

Sheer folly then, ye vain sticklers for the medal on the breast! Much better that they should be "*forked out*."

The Fitzgibbon Claim.

Nothing is more painful than to exercise the calling of a critic, when compelled to take from the *merit of a work*, which has commanded the applause of the multitude, even while it has afforded it unbounded amusement. But duty is imperious, and its calls must be attended to.

At the close of our paragraph on the subject, last week, we boldly asserted that Colonel Fitzgibbon rather merited censure than reward for his Quixotic efforts to save Toronto from the hands of the rebels. And thus we prove it, even from his own pen:—

At page 20 of the book of claims set forth by Colonel Fitzgibbon, it is expressly stated that the city was saved from being set on fire, by a measure of his own, carried out in *direct disobedience of His Excellency's positive command*, conveyed to him personally.

Now, did Colonel Fitzgibbon ever hear of the drunken Jack Tar, who, in India, carried some fort, and planted on it the Union-Jack, much to the surprise of those who followed him, and beheld the act? and, if he has, does he not know that so far from being rewarded, or even thanked, for the capture, single-handed, of the redoubtable fortress, where he figured as *Jack*, the *Giant Killer*, he was severely reprimanded, and ordered not to carry any more forts in that manner,—a mandate he rather sulkily promised to obey.

But, not to go so far back as that period, have we not an instance in a Lieut. Hunter, of the American navy, who recently captured, with his own ship, and without orders, a strong fortified port on the Mexican seaboard, which had previously resisted the assaults of a whole squadron. Lieutenant Hunter, so far from being rewarded, has been dismissed from the American navy. And wherefore? Simply because he had not lost it to his superior to take the credit of having ordered the attack, and therefore lost his proper share of the glory.

How, then, with these examples before his eyes, can Colonel Fitzgibbon persist in maintaining his claim to reward for the performance of that which, not only he was not ordered to perform, but which he was most positively enjoined not to attempt? It is idle to say, that Parliament voted this money. The Parliament were as wrong in sanctioning insubordination as the Colonel was in being guilty of it; and, although two negatives may make an affirmative, it is not quite so clear that two wrongs constitute a right.

Studies of Nature.

Considering the diffident character of the Montreal publishers, who seem to think that the *Satirist* is a shocking paper, and that its introduction on their shelves might prove the means of putting themselves on the shelf, through the irresistible force of its wit, it is somewhat curious to observe the delicate progress which they are making in the delineation of the beautiful and untrammelled female form. For instance, in one publisher's shop window we see a dying lack-adassical beauty ready to dissolve in the first arms into which she may happen to tumble, with her neck, and shoulders and bosom completely bared; while in another rival establishment, we behold as much of a naked leg and knee as can well be exhibited without subjecting the exhibitors to be taken up by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. By this nice little arrangement, this division of the standard and essentials of beauty, we are enabled to see nearly all of the enchantress that can be desired.

Cool Dress for Summer.

Nothing is more conducive to comfort, during this hot weather, than the removal, by the hands of another, of those cumbrous portions of clothing which impede the buoyancy and elasticity of the lower frame. To perform this operation for oneself, would

be to defeat the object proposed; for the very act must necessarily put one into that heat which it is the object of the removal, by another, to avoid. Nor is it the least luxurious part of the ceremony, that it should be performed by noble hands. The more aristocratic the touch, the more exquisitely delicious will be the sensation. A rough hand is, of course, harsh to the skin; but one of that delicate, that Byronic texture, which recognizes affinity with no other liquid than rose water or eau-de-Cologne infused into the crystal stream, leaves a certain degree of aroma behind it, which, as the cool night breeze waves deliciously over, would, we are assured, afford excitement even to a policeman,—one of those interesting functionaries who (properly following the example of their superiors) are ever to be met with when they are *not* wanted, never when they are.

Funni-graphy.

The venerable head of the "beef steak and onion shop" in St. Gabriel street, congratulates himself, in a Report recently presented to the Executive Council, that he has succeeded in "*securing the services*" of the "*Greffier en Chancellerie*," as a writer in his establishment. He might have added, "*and a professor of funni-graphy*," as the following extract from the original of the Proclamation calling the present Parliament will show him to be entitled to that distinction:—

"*Enjoying you, and each of you, then and there personally to appear, &c.*"

Orthography is certainly *dans un état chancelant* in that quarter.

Cruel Malcolm.

The Member for Lanark, not satisfied with growing fat upon water, envies the poor Commissioner of Crown Lands the gratification of growing thin upon his beef steaks and onions, and seeks his removal from the "flesh pots" of office.—In this instance, we fear, it is the spoiled child dipping its fingers into the *Pap-anew*.

GREAT DISCOVERY BY THE FACULTY.—The medical men in Montreal have discovered a new and most powerful emetic. They have only to whisper in the patient's ear, "Corporation water just from the pipes," and the desired effect is immediately obtained.