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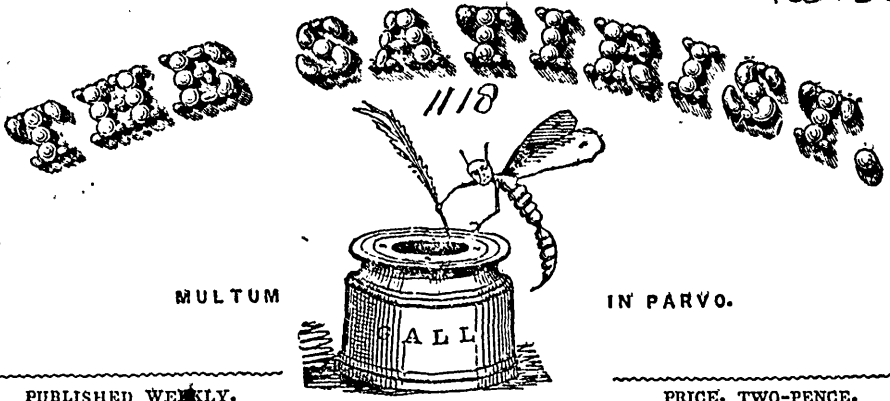
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Having a fling.

The Hat Case.

One of the most heart-rendering circumstances arising out of the late political changes—because it involves a serious domestic calamity,—is the affliction recently sustained by the Hon. William Morris. We allude to the fact of his having, in eager but honorable anticipation, ordered the Official Hat—the badge of legislative supremacy—to be manufactured for his venerable head, by Henderson, Brothers. In the simplicity of his heart, and with an entire regardlessness of expense, did the impetuous old Caledonian dash his order at the head of that respectable manufacturing firm—and how has he been rewarded for his too-confiding rashness? Led by the intrigues of political deceivers, to the reckless expenditure of cash, he is now taxed with the maintenance of an article useless in itself as a portion of modern costume, and totally impracticable as a subject for commercial speculation.

It can be no light matter which would affect the mind of William Morris; but even now, whilst we write, is there a hinge unscrewed in that powerfully constituted fabric.

Last night, when the moon was high, there was a sound of wild melody upon the Champ-de-Mars. A solitary reveller was there, who like a tartaned Gesner, circled madly around a hatted pole; executing as he moved a wild measure to the lilted strain of a melancholy strathspey.

The reveller was William Morris. The hat was the one for which he had paid Henderson, Brothers.

The Widow's Friend.

We understand that all the grass widows of the Province intend bestowing upon the Solicitor-General West a Batchelor's Button each, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude for the untiring efforts of that gentleman to break down their dowers, and encroach upon those rights which have hitherto been enjoyed under the sanction of the law. A "wisdom cap," ornamented with bells, will be added, and, over this, a "rich lacing," the work of their own active and practised hands.

Although unsuccessful in his object, it is satisfactory to know that many other gallant spirits supported the Solicitor-General in this his most liberal view of the "Rights of Woman,"—a view which, were poor Mary Wolstencroft alive, she would certainly propose to have repaid with an embroidered petticoat, rather than the tribute now intended.

The Attorney-General West and the Receiver General, not having the fear of disunion before their eyes, were of opinion with the majority, that such violence ought not to be done to the wishes of the women. On the votes being taken, the numbers were 34 to 14 against the meditated spoliation, so that the Solicitor-General stands nearly alone in his glory, and, with the golden-chained member for Toronto, so well known for the closeness of his attachments, will reap the chief reward.

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!

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—instead 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 himself 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 unpolished bluntness of him who while wounding, 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 encounters. They smack too much of the John Bull, and are without the pleasing excitement, 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 supposed 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 correspondent 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 appears not to have had the brains to understand that, what he calls offensive, was in reality but a *jeu d’esprit*. For once the “SATIRIST” has written somewhat seriously, but when men are too dull to comprehend 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 appearance, 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 performed, 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 content ourselves with remarking that it seems to have been a mistake altogether to suppose, 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 apparent in our next, it will be because our mode of reasoning from facts must be incorrect and inconclusive. We shall, moreover, make it appear, even from his own

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.