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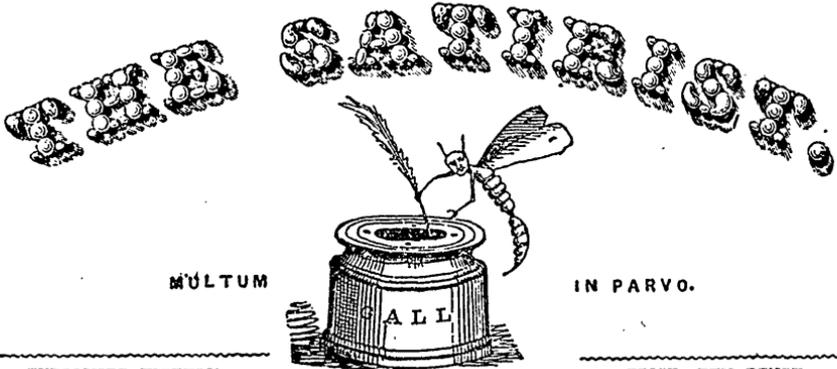
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Mr. D. B. Papineau.

This celebrated performer on the Ear-trumpet gave a concert a few mornings since, at the late residence of the Hon. P. M'Gill. The attendance was remarkably good—indeed every body went, because nobody was permitted to be absent.

The selection was as follows:—

ARIA—on the Ear-trumpet, by Mr. D. B. P:
"Hours there were."

CHORUS—by the Department:
"D—n my eyes if ever I tries."

FANTASIA—on the Ear-trumpet, by Mr. D. B. P:
"Secrets were not made for three."

CHORUS—by the Department:
"Get out of the way Old Kentucky."

FUGUE—on the Ear-trumpet, by Mr. D. B. P:
"Tho' I leave you now in sorrow."

TRIO—by Gentlema Amateurs:
"Adieu thou dreary pile."

On the whole Mr. D. B. Papineau's performance was perhaps more startling in execution than pleasing in effect. It was marked by a decided want of harmony throughout, and one or two passages elicited a suppressed groan of disapprobation from the audience. We would recommend Mr. D. B. Papineau, therefore, either to give up his performances altogether, or to modify his music—that is, change his tune—lest in his endeavors to "exalt his horn," he may haply find himself emerging from the "small end" of it.

It was remarked by one of the audience, that Mr. D. B. Papineau would probably soon find a "wasp in his ear,"—with which teasing little insect he is now accordingly troubled.

Parent and the Devil.

The French word *Parent* signifies, as every body knows, a relation. All extremely artful men are said to be relations of the devil: therefore if there can be found on earth one more cunning man than another, he is essentially *his* (the devil's) *Parent*. Charon himself, subtle as he is, would refuse any *connexion* with such a "doubtful subject," and if he approached him with a bribe to induce him to be "a passenger in the same boat," would, we are quite sure, desire him to "cut his *Styx*."

Size-Ace,

OR, THE FRACAS ON THE QUAI.

As E—n landed in her noble Lord's embrace,
 A Seedy hat was dashed in LeM....'s ample face.
 The Ajax-fisted cashier "knocked with interest down,"

And paid with sterling pound upon the silver crown.

What is the difference between the proprietors of Donegana's and Daly's Hotels?

The one takes his customers *in*, and the other takes them *out*.

WHISPERINGS OF A PHANTOM! OR FAREWELL ADDRESS TO LORD CATHCART.

This was one of the most touching evidences of public esteem for a Governor-General on record, and cannot fail to have its due weight in England, particularly at the Horse-Guards. As the present number of *The Satirist*, nearly as short and pithy as one of the Duke's letters, may from that very fact claim the notice of his Grace, it may be as well to explain for his information and satisfaction the very flattering manner in which it was "got up."

The whole proceeding was one of no ordinary kind. The custom usual in these cases of calling a public meeting for passing resolutions and adopting an address, was dispensed with, and an extraordinary course, marking the extraordinary merit of the Earl, adopted. The following may be relied on as the true state of the matter.

The Queen's Thinker had been gazing at the planets Jupiter and Venus, on the evening when these brilliant luminaries first appeared in the Western horizon; and with the fore-finger of his right-hand resting on the tip of his nose, and his head thrown a little on one side, had suffered himself to be overcome by one of those fits of abstraction which so frequently mark the contemplative mind, when suddenly a shooting star dropped at his side, and assuming the form and voice of the "Perpetual," whispered in his ear these remarkable words: "In a day or two hence, Lord Cathcart—he who has enriched us with copper mines, which the Indians now seek to wrest from us by petition—leaves these shores for ever. The dolts of inhabitants, not appreciating his worth, because they have not shared in the same benefits with ourselves, have neglected, notwithstanding all the hints I have thrown out on the subject, to get up an address. Now, independently of the debt of gratitude we owe our late head for what he has done in the matter alluded to, an address to him cannot but reflect favourably on ourselves. Take the hint, and act."

On uttering these words, the phantom disappeared, vanishing into thin air. The Queen's Thinker rubbed his eyes, and looked everywhere around him—he was at the time standing in the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, whither he had gone to have a better view of the bright Venus, unobscured by any intervening object—but nothing was visible save the sentinel of the 52d, who counted, on his measured paces, the minutes that must elapse before he should be relieved, and one or two pairs of lovers, who were too much occupied to think of any other Governor than

Cupid, or to trouble themselves with any other addresses than their own.

His thoughts, with his eyes, now fell on mundane things, and he reverted to the words he fancied he had heard, and which still seemed to tingle in his ears. He rivetted his eyes upon a pebble at his feet, and struck it lightly, yet abstractedly, with his cane, as thus he mused: "What the devil is the use of a Governor-General at all in this country? They can do nothing of themselves: Draper, that capital fellow,—who has swallowed hog-heads of my best wine, and dearly loves brandy and water and Lafontaine,—is the ruler; and whether the Governor be a man of capacity or a fool, that difference matters not: all are under his thumb, and they cannot make a single important move without him." He reverted to the first—the second—the third—the fourth Governor-General who had swayed the destinies of his adopted country. All of these had obtained some credit for their mode of ruling the Province. He himself had had the pleasure, the gratifying task, assigned to him, of praising them in turn; but the fifth, he for whom he was now called on to exert himself, alas! he was something like the 5th Light Dragoons,—he was a nonentity,—knocked into his own cocked-hat,—less a semblance of a Governor than Sancho Panza, and as gloomy and taciturn and ram-rodged, as the pot-bellied Governor of Brataria, the antipodes in figure to him, was, without even a shadow of pipe-clay or starch. What was he expected to say of him? What was to be done in order to give a denial to the assertion that "Ex nihilo, nil fit"?

The soul of the Queen's Thinker melted within him, as he reflected on the good he might do. The Lachryma Christi—meet beverage for one who is given to star-gazing—had been copiously shed by him; and he generously resolved that the neglected nobleman, neglected by the ingrate country whose multitudinous cords of wood he had so long condescended to warm himself by, and whose tough ration beef had formed the chief luxury of his table, should not leave the theatre in which he had been so unceremoniously supplanted by another, without some testimony, compulsory even though it might be, indicative of regret and all that sort of thing, to console him in his humiliation.

When once the Queen's Thinker fairly embarks in a service for a friend, he speedily goes through with it. No sooner was his resolution formed, when turning his back upon Venus for the moment, he hastened to his office, his heart swelling with generous interest and Lachryma Christi combined. Here orders were given for the immediate preparation of some half dozen slips of parchment; and these having been promptly put into the

hands of trusty agents, carefully selected for the purpose, were soon covered with a goodly numerical array of names, (the very printer's devils having been called upon to sign,) while he himself undertook to obtain the signatures of those of the inhabitants who usually take the initiative in these matters. Many of the leading men positively refused, it is true, to affix their names to the parchment submitted to them; but there was a sufficient number of the same class who, incapable of resisting the eloquent pleading of the Queen's Thinker, and yielding rather to his entreaty, than to a proper sense of what was due to a Governor of Lord Cathcart's merit, lent the necessary colouring of form to the proceeding, and a deputation was procured to present the address.

That address and the reply have been before the public in all due form, and there can be no doubt that when gravely presented for consideration at the Horse Guards and Colonial Office, it will be the means of procuring for the protege of the Queen's Thinker a new Commandership of the Forces from the one, and an important Governor Generalship from the other.

"What great events from trifling causes flow."

It becomes a fair subject of logical and philosophical inquiry, whether this was the work of the phantom—the "shooting star," or of the Queen's Thinker, and whether the latter was a mere agent of a superior and irresistible power, or, as there is reason to believe, the originator and promoter of one of the highest compliments and marks of esteem that have ever been offered to the Governor of an important Province.

We learn, moreover, that in addition to this tribute of respect paid to Lord Cathcart, on the very eve of his departure, another address strongly expressive of the deep regret experienced by all branches of the military service in Canada at his loss, was numerously signed, and presented to his Lordship by a deputation of Ensigns.

"Quis talia fando," &c.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Wednesday, June 3.—The opening of the House, immediately after the delivery of His Excellency's Speech, which we gave in our first number, was remarkable for the great tact and talent displayed by the very few members on the ministerial benches. In a speech of great eloquence and force, the Secretary of the Province explained away a misapprehension which had arisen in regard to a question touching the transformation of the grave Speaker of the

House into a merry soldier—of a black gown and scull cap—into a red coat and Prince Albert's *abortion*.—Confounded by his logic, not less than by his great fluency of language, the opposition had but little to say; and were frankly compelled to admit the incorrectness of the view they had taken, on hearing the lucid exposition contained in the assurance of the Inspector General—who by the way came almost needlessly to the aid of his talented friend—that the very fact of the Speaker being then *in his chair*, was proof incontrovertible that he was not then *out of his chair*. After this there was no more to be said, and the House having for mere form's sake, called for the production of a few specimens of the Secretary's penmanship, adjourned until Friday. The *disjointed judge-member* for London, and lately the *two-faced head* of these *bodies*, seemed to derive no slight gratification from the brilliant manner in which his late colleagues and pupils vindicated themselves from blame, and escaped from a difficulty which it was at one time feared might overthrow the administration. He evidently deeply rejoiced that they could so well manage without him. Not the slightest indication was there of a desire that they should make it manifest to the opposition and the world that his aid was at all necessary to them.

Friday, June 4.—The subject of the Speaker's ship having been this day resumed, the Provincial Secretary laid his papers on the table, his elbows upon the arms of his chair, and his forefingers and thumbs upon his chin; in which interesting attitude he evinced his usual promptitude in replying to the questions that were put to him. Such was his volubility—his extreme rapidity of utterance, that the shortest word we could distinguish was "stipulations." How he had contrived to string so very few syllables together, as those composing this word, without *discomposing* the thread of his brilliant discourse, is truly marvellous, yet nothing could be less confused than his manner.—He had not occasion, more than five or six times, to turn his head and enquire of his colleagues what he should say. Neither, indeed, was there the slightest desire on the part of any of the Government to withhold information of whatsoever kind, touching the matter in question, from the House. One Honble. Gentleman, whose nose and chin were kindly separated by the sharp points of a collar some three or four inches in height, was especially anxious that no means of arriving at the truth should be withheld—an honest and impartial course of conduct that met with the warmest commendation from the *high spirited member* for Quebec. All went on with great unanimity; and actuated by the sole desire to find and drag truth naked from the well in which she had been so long hidden from their view, the members on both sides of the house vied with each other in their endeavors—the one party to make it out a *Daly* virtue, the other a *Knightly* one. Truth having been with some difficulty drawn out, it was thought expedient "to leave the well alone," and both parties "pledged" themselves that night to leave her on its brink where she yet lay exhausted, and to hear what she had further

to say for herself on the following Monday, up to which day the house adjourned. The judge-member for London was, at the close of the debate, *dressed in a most Princely manner.*

Monday, June 7.—This day was, contrary to original intention, set apart exclusively to the benefit of dealers in Sherry Cobblers and Mint Jupels. It had been proposed that the Answer to the Address contained in the first number, should have been commenced forthwith, but so many coats required to be mended or altered, or to use less metaphorical language, so many *amendments and hatters* were put forth, that it was found that in consequence of the vast consumption of parchment, paper, and ink, by the Queen's Thinker in getting up the Cathcart Address, there was no possibility of accomplishing this until the following day. The House adjourned accordingly. The "SATIRIST," will give the debate on the Speech next week, and in the meantime refers those of its readers who may be anxious to obtain an equally correct and more detailed account of the proceedings of the House to its allies the *Morning Courier and Gazette.*

The New Appointments.

"We are sure our fellow-citizens of Montreal will particularly rejoice in the elevation of Mr. Ferrier to a seat in the Executive Council."—*Montreal Gazette.*

"We understand that the Hon. Peter McGill has accepted the office of President of the Legislative Council, with a seat in the Executive. No appointment, we believe, could be more gratifying to the Conservative party of Lower Canada.—*Id.*

The above extracts are from the *Montreal Gazette.* Now with that paper we perfectly agree that great satisfaction cannot fail to be derived from the first named appointment, but we really cannot understand why a similar feeling should be the result of the second. We know of nothing that the Honorable Peter McGill has to recommend him but his abilities, and long standing in the community in which he resides, and over which indeed he may be said to preside; whereas, on the contrary, Mr. Ferrier has the advantage of having rapidly kicked the humble "bucket" of his fortunes overboard, and "dipped" so deeply into the arcanæ—the mysteries of science and literature, that the "grosser" pursuits of life have ceased to yield the slightest "profit" or amusement to him.

Political Conundrum.

Why is the Hon. J. A. Macdonald like a high turned-up trump?

Because he checks the adversary's game.—No, not that.

Because he is the last winning card.—Good, but not so.

Because he is at the bottom of the shuffle.—Out still.

Because he never shews himself until the last.—Excellent; still that is not the thing. D'ye give it up?

Because he has the honor to regulate the play of the whole pack.

The PATTYPANS of Gaspe.

In a recent list of contributions to the Scotch and Irish relief fund obtained in the magnificent District of Gaspé—celebrated for its bald-eagle-headed Rats—appear the following names and subscriptions. Where PATTYPANS are so numerous, and the means for filling them so ample, Lord Grey would have done much better to have persevered in his views of Emigration, at least to Gaspé:—

	s.	d.
Mr. Benjamin PATTYPAN.....	1	3
Miss PATTYPAN.....	1	3
Miss Jane PATTYPAN.....	1	3
Miss Sophia PATTYPAN.....	1	3
William PATTYPAN, son of Richard PATTYPAN.....	2	6
Mr. Richard PATTYPAN, Senior.....	1	3
Mr. Richard PATTYPAN.....	0	7½
Master Richard PATTYPAN.....	0	7½
Master Joseph PATTYPAN, } Master James PATTYPAN, }	0	7½
Mr. John PATTYPAN, Junior.....	1	3
Mr. Abraham PATTYPAN.....	2	6
Mr. William PATTYPAN.....	2	6
Mr. James PATTYPAN.....	3	9
Miss Annabella PATTYPAN.....	2	6

Total PATTYPANS, great and small, 15.		
Produce of PATTYPANS.....	£1	3 1½
Advertising names of 15 PATTYPANS, at 4d. per line.....	0	5 8
Balance remaining for SCOTCH and IRISH FUND.....	£0	17 5½

The Glass Case.

Where is Glass the most securely placed to avoid injury from a (Heu!) hard ball?

Beneath a flannel petticoat, or a flour barrel—both are non-conductors of fire.

Our Corner.

The "lament of ———, on the departure of the ——— Regiment," we have received, but must decline inserting. The "SATIRIST" wars not with the weak, but is ever ready to grapple with the strong.

We have received from Deak William Henry a letter which, with a likeness of himself, and his "piano notes," shall appear next week.

Those who are desirous of contributing articles to the "SATIRIST" may address them under cover to "The Printer." Nothing, however, that is not intrinsically good will be inserted in the columns of the paper. Although we do not profess to give much at a time, what is given shall be good,—as it is, the "SATIRIST" is worth double its weight in gold.