

ated with a yard of crape. Pious gentleman asks him if he intends to insult him. Captain shrugs his shoulders. Pious gentleman looks uncomfortable, and calls for a cab. Just then wheel-man brings three very old hats, and apologizing very humbly, proffers them to make a selection. Pious gentleman never thinks of gratitude, and makes a stiff exit. Shabby lady produced four cents, and recovered her old cotton parasol. Made a triumphant exit. Amidst a confusion of tongues, and the rolling out of barrels—combined with the din of the steamer's bell—I rushed into a cab—Scrogge and his book forming the subject of my reflections.

Now, Mr. Poker, from the foregoing experience I have planned the following maxims of steam-boat Philosophy—hoping that they will be approved of by all those who have a regard for their own personal comfort:—

1. Always be on board ten minutes at least before the boat starts. You may thus avoid leaping, and most probably getting ducked.

2. Secure a comfortable seat upon the upper deck, that is, if you have an eye for the sublime. To have abundant room put your legs upon the seat, and puff a cigar. Sitting sideways is also a capital dodge.

3. Avoid being close to the wheel-house, or any other house that may have windows. You may not be possessed of funds enough to meet an unexpected bill. Mind No. 1, or rather no-one.

4. Beware of all Shabby ladies, with or without babies. Never sit near them under any consideration. But if you like you can stare such an one, and in such case be assured that you will be asked what you are looking at. This will be amusing the passengers at your own expense. It is a nice game when played well.

5. If you wish to be amused, plant your cane on somebody's toe. If the owner has corns, the aspect of his visage will delight you.

6. If a passenger demands you to make room, resent it with a scowl of authority. Style it an outrage. Be as comfortable as you can, at the same time it will amuse you to observe the uncomfortable position of your neighbours.

7. In taking your fare out of your vest pocket, endeavour to poke your elbow into your neighbour's eye. Always have change, and look excited. An apology will set it all right.

8. Mind your hat on all occasions. If necessary carry it in your hand. If an opportunity occurs to knock off a fellow-passenger's hat into the river, do so. But be guarded if you attempt it on a gentleman from Ireland. An apology seldom sets it all right with them.

Yours, in my arm chair,

TITMUSE.

Titmouse House,
Quebec, May, 1859.

"An Inevitable Question."

Under this heading we find, in last Saturday's *Grumbler*, the following:—

"Commend us to newspaper correspondents for clearness and intelligibility, it is quite a relief to meet with a dish of arrant nonsense occasionally."

Mr. Poker cries "hear, hear," to the latter part of the above, and would beg of the *Grumbler* not to disappoint him of his weekly relief, by failing at any time in their usual issue.

Royal Lyceum.

It seems that Mr. Marlowe is determined to spare no efforts to make his establishment one that will afford peculiar gratification to the drama-loving portion of our community. Besides the extension of the engagements of Miss C. Thompson and Mr. Bass, Mr. Marlowe, in conjunction with them, has treated the public to the Shakespearian rendition of Mr. Howe. A trio of "stars," of no small magnitude, must place the Manager under a very heavy expense, which still further shows that, though he should suffer a pecuniary loss, he will make his place one, where an intelligent person can secure a few hours of intellectual recreation. Under these circumstances it is almost unnecessary for us to impress upon an appreciating public, the manner in which they ought to return a compliment so favorable to their intelligence.

As usual, we are enchanted with the performance of Miss Thompson—we do not see how it is possible for a person to be otherwise than enchanted with, or by, a fairy—instead of wearying of her representations, as is the case with most actors after becoming familiar with them, we still find something original in them to admire; as Mr. Bass, said, "she does indeed bid fair to become one of the leading ornaments of the stage." Mr. Bass and his eccentricities have made us laugh by the hour, yes, "by a full hour, by the Shrewsbury clock." Mr. Howe portrays the malignant passions of those undying conceptions of the great dramatist (Richard and Shylock) in a high degree of perfection. The bitter malice of the uncompromising Jew, is exhibited with an energy that does not fail to make the beholder shudder, and at the same time, bring the observer's silent maledictions on his head. By the members of the general company, the minor parts were ably sustained, and the wonder is that they were so well done, considering how very seldom they have an opportunity of exercising their talents in the Shakespearian masterpieces. Might, Mr. Poker, without being considered impertinent, venture to suggest a little more animation in the general performances of Miss Glenn; it only requires in light characters, a corresponding degree of vivacity to make her acting above mediocrity. Mr. Poker would like to pay a tribute to the merits of most of the other actors, but space, at present, will not allow him.

On Tuesday evening next, Mr. Bass will receive a Benefit from the citizens of Toronto, on which occasion Miss Thompson will appear in conjunction with Mr. Bass for the last time.

Miss Davenport, (the greatest actress in America,) and Mr. J. Nickinson, are engaged, and will appear on Wednesday.

Rather a Mistake.

It is quite evident that our cotemporary, the *Grumbler*, is getting short of fuel. For several weeks it has become gradually more stupid and more wearisome to read. The editor of the *Grumbler*, we imagine, never shot further from his mark than last week when he gave insertion to an article, very badly written, entitled "Who is he?"—an article that displayed a certain amount of ill-feeling, not to say very bad taste, on the part of the writer. The article we refer to was nothing more nor less than a short resume of a letter written by the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. Now, without diving into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statement, the one put forward, it strikes us very forcibly that the *Grumbler* had better leave the English Press alone!

The Queen's Birthday.

Our Civic Daddies and Corporation *Loafers*, being all well *Bred* men, distributed a number of *Loaves* (but forgot the few small fishes) to the hungry multitude on the Queen's Birthday.—Truly it was a great effort to be so liberal. They would have roasted an ox, but unfortunately they had not one to roast, if an *Ass* would have answered the purpose, they could have found plenty among themselves to select therefrom. *Bugs* and other sucking insects are found to adhere to the Corporation garment. Sproat forgot, to bring some of that celebrated *rot gut*—called *ginger pop*—to wash down the dry Bread. No butter was furnished. The poor had to take up the crumbs that fell from the rich Aldermen's table, and eat the bread which they themselves in their taxes contributed to pay for. Why did they not furnish a small portion of meat and vegetables—Finch could have given the *cabbage*—and certainly there are *Butchers* enough in the Corporation to have killed a few porkers, gratis. The Chandler should have distributed some of their short sixteens. The Drummond light has left the Council, or else he would have illuminated them. The worthies—some of whom were inflated with pride and patronage—bestowed tickets, which will get them votes next year, no doubt. If any of the bread finds its way to a member's table, it is to be hoped he will have something to wash it down.

To Correspondents.

TITMUSE.—Your pieces are excellent. We are looking out for the others.

GIMORACK.—Your piece has been laying over for a long time, but will go in.

QUIZ.—Your articles are always welcome, especially the poetry.

CARLOS.—Will be glad to hear from you again.

TONGS.—You are one of our's and the public's *Lions*.

CANUCK.—Ditto.

P(OKE) F(UN).—Always received with "honors."

DOBBS.—Our motto is to purge *Humbuggs*.

FRANCESCO.—Receive our thanks for your very clever hits.

HAROLD.—Byron himself would envy you.

ENQUIRER.—Strutwell's Diary will be concluded in our next issue.

SHOVEL.—Your piece is a lee-e-e-tle bit too *apropos*. Shovel! Shovel! we did not think you were a man of that kind.

University of Toronto.

We have much pleasure this week, in announcing the appointment of Thomas Moss, B. A., to the Registrarship of the University by the Senate. This recognition of his services and talents meets with our hearty commendation. We are confident, when we say, that he will always give the utmost satisfaction to the Senate in whatever situation he may hold. May success attend him.

"The Poker"

Is published every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *POKER* will be mailed to parties in Town or Country, at One Dollar per annum paid in advance. All letters must be post paid.