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Richmond Hill*

THE POKER.

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THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

THIS POKER is made up chiefly of matter prepared for last issue, which we think too important to be lost, since it throws a good deal of light upon the events of the last fortnight; so we make no apology for inserting it this week.

Gleaning after the Reapers.

MR. POKER has no great ambition to be known as a party man, but when he speaks in solemn earnest, as he takes occasion to do in one article at least in every issue, he likes, if possible, to make one point. Well, the point he desires to make this week is, that the outcry against the recent vote of want of confidence in Mr. Brown's Ministry as unfair, unreasonable, &c., is just simply, so much nonsense; and he wonders very much that any one with a grain of self respect should utter it, or any one with a grain of common sense should be deceived by it. In 1854, when Mr. Hincks was defeated, and he and his Upper Canada friends resigned,—it was not deemed necessary that the Lower Canada section of the Cabinet should resign, as Mons. Morin had been supported by a large majority of his countrymen; the new Upper Canadian Ministers in the Assembly, to wit, Messrs. McNab, John A. McDonald, Cayley, Spence, and Henry Smith had to go back to their constituents, Mr. John Ross, only, who was a Member of the Legislative Council, remaining behind, just as Mr. Morris recently did. Well, did the Opposition then wait until the return of the new ministers, before they proposed want of confidence in them? Why of course not, but they proceeded at once, and if Mr. POKER remembers rightly, the Hon. J. S. McDonald was the person who made the motion. The difference between the two cases is that the motion was lost, while the recent motion was carried by an overwhelming majority—hence the lamentation and woe. True, the men absent in the first case had able Upper Canada friends to do battle for them, which, alas! Messrs. Brown and Foley had not, for the *personnel* of their Administration had taken out every man of debating ability in the Upper Canada Opposition—a very suggestive fact—and they were left to be cared for by Messrs. Patrick, Notman, and Wallbridge, who, Mr. POKER is willing in all fairness to say, were not competent to the task. Yet, as precisely the same justice was dealt to Messrs. Brown, J. S. McDonald, Foley, Mowatt, and Connor, as they had dealt to Messrs. McNab, McDonald, (J. A.) Cayley, Spence, and H. Smith, it is simply untrue to say the treatment was unfair. Indeed, it was the most perfect case of reciprocity, man for man, that could have been arranged.

Carmen Votivum.

Written by the POKER on the occasion of the completion of the great ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH

'Tis done! 'tis done! awhile let silence reign;
Let earnest thought possess each thinking mind;
Your bounding feelings still awhile restrain,
And, captive, every proud emotion bind.

The mind of man a triumph has achieved,
More glorious far than aught on Clio's page;
A prouder trophy has he now received
Than decked his brow since Terra's earliest age.

The vast expanse of Ocean's mighty deep
Can separate no more two kindred minds,
Let tempests rage or else be hushed in sleep,
Thought heeds not now the waters or the winds.

Columbia now and Europe are but one—
One single link unites their distant shores;
Hyperion's bright coursers are outran,
As silent thought the shadowy deep explores.

O wond'rous power of reason! gift divine,
The pure celestial fire that Heaven bestowed,
Which God himself did in our frame enshrine,
When man before him lay a lifeless clod.

O sacred reason! thou that markest still
The heavenly source whence sprung the human race,
A power thou hast to guide man's erring will,
And point him up to Heaven, his native place.

Look forth on nature,—see the forest wild,—
Its shade was cast six thousand years ago;
The sky,—how oft hath it both wept and smiled
Since first it spread a veil o'er things below.

The ocean waves that break upon the strand
Have rolled in grandeur since the birth of time,
'Twas then the hills stood forth at God's command,
And mountain heights the eagle scarce can climb.

But thou, O Man! while forest, sky and sea
And mountain heights have ever been the same,
Hast gained in every age some victory,
And added brighter lustre to thy name.

Then answer, Man, is aught beneath yon heaven,
That to thyself thou canst at all compare?
One common law to all but thee is given,
But thou to more than nature seem'st an heir.

'Tis thine alone to conquer and control
The mighty powers that rule the world beneath;
The things of *time* perforce obey the soul
That God has made incapable of death.

Then bow in awe ye silent sons of men,
Your Great Eternal Father humbly own;
The souls he gave he will require again
When seeing heavens reveal his shining throne.

W. D. L. S.

We are gratified in being able to announce to our Readers, that our first issue of "The Election POKER," has had the desired effect, viz., of stimulating the Honourable George to stand out and show his Colors, or rather *Tints*, they being of too indistinct a character for one to discern easily whether *Orange* or *Green* has the predominance.

In our opinion, they will neither *wash* well nor *wear* well, and we do not think them sufficiently attractive to afford very general satisfaction

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie's Opinion.

THE following speech is no fancy sketch of ours but the *bona fide* article as given by Wm. L. Mackenzie himself, and reported in the city papers at the time. It gives the old "veteran's" views of Mr. Brown's consistency; and as Mr. McGee, Mr. McKinnon of the *Hamilton Times*, and Mr. Brown himself, have often recognized in him an honest man, we presume they cannot very well deny him that praise on this occasion. Feeling, then, the value of this deliverance in the cause of honest politics, we use the speech as a fair hit at the recent ephemeral Ministry.

"The Brown Administration was the saddest compound he could wish to see. For his part, he would say he thought the Millennium must be near at hand. (Laughter.) No man could be more astonished than he was, to see the hon. members that had just got over on the Ministerial side. (Loud laughter.) A few days ago some of them would scarcely speak to each other. (Laughter.) It was an extraordinary spectacle to see two Governments—one after another overthrown—and another about to go, (Laughter.) Why, by and by, there would be no one left in the House but the Speaker and himself (Mr. Mackenzie.) Just as they read of the celebrated Dean Swift and his clerk Roger, being the only persons present to say divine service,—and the Dean commencing "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me!" [Loud laughter.] The members of the last Government had been asking time to form their principles. But he thought it would be a super-human task. [Hear.] They might have received the year they asked, and yet they could not have done it—nor could they have succeeded had you given them till the resurrection.— [Laughter and cheers.] Did hon. members think that the magnificent member for Shefford could have given up his principles, which he had avowed for the last year? No; not a bit of it. (Laughter.) Did hon. members think that the hon. member who printed the *Globe* could have given up his principles? Certainly not! (Laughter.) Yet, could any two sets of principles be more antagonistic? (Hear, hear.) They could never settle them; and he believed it was not principle, but place, which had been looked at. (Hear and cheers.) As he was coming down street that evening he had received an extra of the *Globe*—which, for aught he knew, might have been written by the ex-Premier, Mr. Brown. [Hear, hear.] This extra commenced as follows:—"Outrageous conduct of the Governor-General!"

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The country should not be trifled with.—The present House, if properly guarded, if led by shrewd, respectable, clever men, would take a proper course, and would work together harmoniously for the public good.