

## The Banquet.

In Montreal, a Grit feed was got ready,  
 No later than last Thursday night;  
 And for once, all the "faction" kept steady,  
 Not even Mick Foley was tight.  
 For that sad vagrant, scandal has hinted  
 That of late he's grown fond of good cheer;  
 That when the wine's not being stunted,  
 Neither Brown nor the Scots does he fear.  
 But this time they restricted his diet,  
 By desire of the "Bothwellian Chief,"  
 That order he'd keep and be quiet,  
 While Brown poured out his budget of grief:  
 And he was still but with one transgression,  
 While the rest of them ranted and sware,  
 Till they thought they had made an impression  
 On the minds of the men who sat there.  
 Then in order they rise and quick "mose,"  
 When they heard their dread chief's command,  
 And the guests "cheered" till they saw the door  
 Close  
 On the Grit and the whole of his band;  
 Then uprose a queer looking "rum 'un,"  
 And said with a horrible leer,  
 "Tho' with Grits we're nothing in common,  
 "Still its good for us to be here."  
 "Tho' for Connor and Brown we care not a fig,  
 Like all others who've got any sense;  
 Yet of grub and good drink (d'ye twig?)  
 We get plenty quite free of expense!

CARACTACUS

## The English Opera.

So long have we been accustomed to see and to hear of Italian Operas only, that the writing of the words "English Opera" seems strange. And yet on Thursday evening we had the pleasure at the Royal Lyceum of witnessing the performance of "Il Trovatore" in English, in a manner very little inferior to any Italian Opera. The occasion was the benefit of Miss Annie Milner, a lady of many charms, not the least of which is a charming voice. Her impersonation of Leonora was exceedingly truthful. Mr. Guilmette as the Count di Luna was also remarkably happy in his conception and performance of the character. The troupe as a whole is a good one but much of its success is due to the conductor and director of music, Mr. H. C. Cooper, who by his performances on the violin, excites the astonishment and admiration of every audience. In one thing the troupe fails signally, and that is in acting. However good the singers may be, an opera be it a well performed opera, must be well acted. It is quite out of character in an impassioned duette to see one performer brimful of action, and the other with her hands crossed as if she were hand-cuffed. But upon the whole we were much pleased. The concert which preceded the opera was in itself ample value for the price of admission. The audience was composed of the beauty and fashion of the city; and crowded as it was, from floor to ceiling, was a sight as magnificent as imposing. Our attention was not a little distracted by the incessant tittering of some ladies whom we know well, and whose want of manners, not to say want of taste, greatly surprised us. Persons so inclined ought to have a little respect for the comfort and feelings of others. And an opera, where all is breathless attention, is not the place for a rioting *tote a tote*. Enough.

## Miss Julia Hill.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of being present at the concert of this estimable young lady. A person more truly pleasing we have never seen perform before a public audience. A pianiste of greater promise it has never been our luck to hear. She deserves, and deserves richly, the many and great encomiums that have been bestowed upon her by the highest authorities in the musical world. She plays with exquisite grace, and is entirely free from the mannerism that too often characterizes public performers. Her style is perfectly natural, and as charming as it is natural. On more than one occasion she was encored by the audience, which was as numerous and as respectable as we have ever seen assembled in St. Lawrence Hall. The evening was quite an ovation, and one which the amiable subject of our critique justly merited.

Our limits will neither permit us to criticise the concert more in detail nor do justice to the remaining performers, Madam Wookey, Mr. Lazare, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Selby, Mr. Schenck,—all of whom, being well known to our readers, we need not say, acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The gentleman who presided at the piano-forte [Mr Hugh Clarke, we believe] also acquitted himself satisfactorily.

The only fault which we have to find with the concert is that it was too long. The audience was in some measure to blame for this, owing to the absurd habit Toronto audiences have of encoring almost everything good, bad, and indifferent.

Lady Head was present during the entire concert. We were glad to see that Captain Retallach had so far recovered from the trip "up the Severn," as to accompany her. Col. Irvine, however, was also present to look after him, which he did very faithfully. The latter A.D.C., we must not forget to state, looked for all the world as if he were ready and willing, upon the shortest possible notice to return thanks for the ladies in his usual eloquent and imposing manner.

## Both Important and True.

A copy of George Brown's Portrait has been sent to the Rogné's Gallery in New York. The following is the letter from Sergeant Lefferts, who originated the gallery, acknowledging the receipt of the portrait, which by permission we publish.

NEW YORK,  
 Corner Broome & Elm Streets,  
 November 9th, 1858.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_,  
 Toronto,  
 Canada West.

DEAR SIR,—

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending me the last portrait, which I duly received on the 6th inst. Nothing will more tend to check crime in our larger cities than the free interchange of the likenesses of noted

felons and other law breakers. As it is, photography in the service of detective justice has effected a world of good. I am a thorough believer in the science of physiognomy. There is no mistaking the hideous lineaments of vice and crime in the subject you have just sent me,—whose name you tell me is George Brown. You omit to state for what crimes [he is most noted; but the malignant misanthropic look which he bears brands him as a noted villain. Villany is stamped on his face. Although he strives to exhibit a well counterfeited innocence, I can see through it, and it is just one of those peculiarities which make the fellow more dangerous to the public. I should take him to be a most daring and energetic scamp possessing very great subtlety, only equalled by a studied disregard of truth and honesty. He, I should say from the smoothness of the face, is a most specious fellow,—one who hides his motives under actions the very opposite to his intentions. Is he in the penitentiary or other prison? I should hope for the safety and well-being of society that he is not at large. Let me hear from you soon.

Believe me,  
 Dear Sir,  
 With great regard,  
 Yours truly,  
 J. LEFFERTS.

## Patents for Inventions.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to grant Letters Patent for the term of fourteen years to "the 'cute gentleman who originated the idea of the Ottawa dinner" for "a contrivance for squeezing plunder out of a corrupt and imbecile government."—*Globe* Nov. 8th, 1858.

## To Correspondents.

PADDY MILES'S BOY.—A thousand thanks. You are the broth of a boy.

HARRY SWEETPHACE.—May your shadow never grow less. We thank you.

BIG JIM VINEGAR.—You are too sour. Cannot insert your epistle.

CARACTACUS.—Your first not inserted, though rhyme pretty fair, because too personal; but your last inserted with thanks. Persevere.

SAMBO SQUASH.—We decline to blacken the character of Mr. ——— Levy no black mail, go to the Globe.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sorry to reject, but offends the laws of propriety.

SQUIB.—Thanks. Shall be glad to look to you as our Montreal correspondent. Shun personalities, unless your subject is a public man; then if grounds, pitch into him like fork lightning.

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