

# THE POKER.

"GENUS DURUM SUMUS EXPERIENSQUE LABORUM."

VOL. II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

No. 5.

## The Proverbs of the Poker.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

### CHAPTER II.

**B**EWARE! O thou great leader of the Grits, of that which thou doest: remember that falsehoods and equivocations always return home, wide as they may wander.

The more difficult it is to attain one's ends, the more honor to him when he does attain them; *if the means he has used are honourable.*

Every dog has its day, even rabid dogs; but the latter are either shot, drowned, or hanged at last.

I made the Grit thank me, praise me, and promise to reward me, for making him egregiously an ass.—*D'Archy McGee.*

"Lop off those useless excrescences," as Brown said when he pruned himself down to be the leader of a motly ministry.

It is said by the great Carlyle, that "no man can explain himself, can get himself explained." Surely the great philosopher had not McDougall in his eye when trying to explain away the rascally sentiment he expressed before his constituents at Embro!

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," as the Montreal *True Witness* said when it set down McGee as a humbug.

The leading Grits are busy; doing they only half know what: flinging the political dice at random, to see what chance may turn up.

Brevity is the soul of wit; therefore, here endeth the second chapter of The Proverbs of *The Poker.*

### QUIZ,

*In his Considering Cap*

## Canadian Celebrities.—No. 13.

*Continued from the Leader of Monday last.*

**T**HE HON. HARRY HENRY, of Irish descent, as his brogue indicates. Mr. Henry is an Upper Canadian, having been in this country ever since he last arrived here. His Father who was born some years before the subject of this notice, we believe never left the land of his nativity. The family belonged to the neighbourhood of Connaught, and are of decidedly celtic proclivities.

Having been slightly educated, the choice of a profession for young Harry became a

question; his mother had in her mind destined him for a respectable member of society, and it is said an accident determined the question on which his future career depended.

It was a drop too much taken in an unguarded moment that determined our Hero to embrace his present profession, as a member of which he has ever shone with peculiar brilliance. Standing at the head of his profession, he has been elected under the ministration of the great George Gurnett, to fill many posts, if not of lucrative advantage, certainly occupying a vast deal of his valuable time. He might have been Attorney General under the Brown-Dorion Administration, only he was not; however, it has been truly said that it is impossible to conjecture what he might not have been, had not circumstances prevented. A man like Mr. Henry never gets tight, without being placed in office under the sitting administration forthwith!

On the 12th of July last, his manly form was seen parading among the Loyal Orangemen of Toronto, an act the liberality of which may be easily imagined when we inform our readers that his education was decidedly doganistic in its tendencies; how much *overcome* he was the next day, we will not here venture to suggest.

Mr. Henry has much experience of the Bench, and is unquestionably eminent at the bar.

During a great part of his *official* life, Mr. Henry had had charge of the Crown Lands, although his attention in that Department has been confined to superintending the garden of Governor ALLEN, no one can say what he *might* not have done. Many things have been within his reach, but he has had his reasons for not putting forth his hand to grasp them.

Many who know him best believe that office has but a slight hold upon his affections, and that if he felt himself at liberty to consult his own inclinations only, he would devote all his life to his peculiar profession. There is no doubt that he injured himself by imbibing to a considerable amount; that however is a fault more of the *head* than heart.

### On dit.

That the *Globe* and *Freeman* are to be united, and published under the title of the "*Siamese Twins*;" George Brown editor, and D'Arcy McGee, proof-reader.

## Read and Blush for Humanity.

**O**NE of the meanest transactions ever perpetrated, has come to our knowledge within a few days. A Dry Goods merchant on King Street, East, credited a young business man in a western city to a certain extent. Like many others, this young man failed in business, and finding that he could not obtain employment in Canada, he left for the neighbouring States. His wife, (who was in ill-health) and child returned to her parents in Toronto.

This Toronto merchant, a few days ago, sent his account to this sick lady, although he had previously rendered it to her husband, and when asked by her lawyer why he had done so, knowing her inability to pay her husbands' debts, he replied, he did so to "annoy her."

In the opinion of Mr. Poker, the man who is so lost to all manly feeling, would rob a hen roost at mid-night, or take by process of law, the milk from a babe, that he might "annoy his unfortunate creditor." We know of but one place for him, and that is the *Common Council*, as it would disgrace a tree to hang him therefrom.

## The new Governor General.

"*Ab uno disce omnes.*"

### SYNOPSIS OF A LATE GLOBE EDITORIAL.

Cobden is to be our Governor General. Horray! Head is going back to England to his "*Shall and Will.*" Horray! we are going to do as we like. Horray! horray! Brown is to be Premier. Horray! horray! horray! The ministry is to be banished to Anticosti. Horray! horray! And, in fact, we are to have a thorough renovation of Canada, from one end to the other. Horray! horray!

## A Great Lawyer.

It came to pass in the reign of Queen Victoria, that a great lawyer whose name was Allen, appeared in the City of Toronto, and became famous. For the mighty doings and sayings of this wonderful man of law, see the Police chronicles in the newspapers of the day *passim*. But, as you read, remember that the poor fellow is sorely pressed for "filthy lucre," and learn not to

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,"

but to

"Pity the sorrows of a rogue more than a fool."

QUIZ.

QUIZ.