

THE POKER *Richmond Hill*

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Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

Great Rejoicings---"Small Favors thankfully received."

The re-election of the senior member for Toronto seems to have taken his friends all over the country by surprise, which surprises us very much, since they had the most solemn assurances of the *Globe* that "the whole city" was in his favor, and since Mr. Cameron was derided for his gullibility in allowing himself to be put in the ridiculous position of a candidate. What the dickens do they shout about, since their organ-grinder-in-chief has been found a false prophet, and since, too, the Honorable George has just saved his distance, and that by the happy intervention of night and "the Dogans." On Friday evening he was 175 ahead; at 10, A. M., Saturday, he had 230 majority; but at 5 P. M., he was almost one hundred less than that, with a couple of hundred leisurely conservative electors at the polls, who were prevented from voting by the catechetical proceedings adopted to put off time. And then again, where is the cause of jubilation, O ye Grits, ye dyed-in-the-wool broad Protestants, ye haters of the Dogan, ye revilers of the priest, when your candidate had to bend the knee to Rome, and humbly sue for the help *which he got at the price of his independence*. Think of this, ye roarers against Separate Schools, ye howlers of "to hell with the Pope," ye who drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory"; think that George Brown was elected by five hundred "Dogans," and consequently was in a Protestant minority of 350 or more. And when you have conned over these facts, light up your bonfires again, bring your yellow bands and insignia, and pitch them in, for they are of no further use. Ha! ha! you have cause of rejoicing, indeed, for your master has found his master, whose master again will know well how to make George drink to the dregs the cup of abominations he has so long held to the lips of the poor Papists,—and small blame to him. Verily, success was the greatest evil that could befall George, and instead of its being a cause of joy, he at any rate knows that it is one of sorrow, and that a day of fearful retribution has at last overtaken him. The man, Mr. Poker thinks, is truly to be pitied, not glorified.

ON DIR—That Mr. Brown refuses to write to D'Arcy McGee for fear of committing himself, and that he objected to speak with him in the presence of witnesses.

Unfounded Rumor.

In our extra of last week we alluded to a rumor then current, that "in a day or two, or perhaps in less time, the Irish Roman Catholics would be re-baptized as Dogans, their priests as scoundrels, their nuns as harlots, and their religious houses as brothels." We then said "the thing is not credible," and it affords us the most intense satisfaction to be able to say that, though a week has since passed, we have not had, either in the editorials of the *Globe* or in its scissorings, a single case of seduction or rape by a Roman Catholic priest; not a solitary instance of foul play by an ecclesiastic at the dying bed of some penitent Dogan, not a Bible burning, not one programme of a Purgatorial Society, not a persecution of Protestants, not a Corrigan assassination, not an extract from Dr. Cahill, not a fling at Bishop Hughes, not a single ribald joke about Mary Charbonnell, not an insolent diatribe on Father Bruyere, not a letter from John Holland about the worship of dolls, not a quotation from Parson Climie about the brutal Roman Catholics, not a caricature of the Pope; no, not one of these things! Hurrah! we are in ecstasies; for we had almost despaired of "justice to Ireland," and of tolerance to the "Papists." Our harp was on the willows, and we were ready to give up all hope of anything like fraternization among the several races in the Province; but thanks to D'Arcy McGee and George Brown, we have at last a cessation of hostilities, and henceforth the Pypers and the Learys, the Hollands and the Donoghues, will embrace and hobnob, while the *Echo* and the *Mirror*, the *Witness* and the *True Witness*, the *Guardian* and the *Freeman*, will unite in proclaiming a grand political millenium.—Amen, we say.

The Governor General.

The *Globe* insists upon it that ten weeks' ago when His Excellency made up his mind to spend a part of the summer at Spencer Wood, near Quebec—as was then announced in the public prints—he contemplated running away from the consequences of an event of which neither he nor any other man living ever dreamt of. We respectfully submit to Mr. Sheppard that this is going it rather strong, and that some small appearance of probability should at least enter into his writings.

ON DIR—That Mr. Brown when he comes to power will not take in Lemieux or even Drummond, unless he is ordered by D'Arcy McGee; but that in fact he will renew his attempt on Sicotte, who has an awful hold on the Jean Baptistes.

ON DIR—That Mr. Benjamin is disgusted with Orangeism and public life altogether. He wants to be shelved at once.

Fashionable Intelligence.

A deputation of Free and Independent Electors of the County of Grey, waited, during the past week, at the Rossin House, before John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M.P.P. for that County. They were ushered to the Bar of the House by the Black Rod, (a swell darkie, six feet high) and met by their Hon. Representative. The Chairman of the Deputation presented a *Bill*, intituled "A Bill for Monies expended, and services rendered, the keeping open of divers Houses of Entertainment at the late Election for the County of Grey, and for the supply of certain Spirituous Liquors, and hire of Teams at the different Polling places in the said County"; and drew Mr. Hogan's attention to the provisions of the Bill detailing a system of taxation on his Sessional allowance of six dollars a-day, to meet these contingencies of the very *civil service* (hitherto unrequited) of the Electors.

Mr. Hogan said he was not quite sure whether the right to initiate a measure proposing taxation could emanate from them; but the forms of the Parliament of which he was a member, required that the Bill should be "read a second time that day six months," after which it would "lie on the table."

One stout gentleman somewhat indignantly remarked that Mr. Hogan ought not to lay his head on his pillow until he had arranged the bill before him. Mr. Hogan, however, very facetiously replied to the remark of the unfortunate countryman by saying, "it was nothing new to him (Mr. Hogan) to live by day and sleep by night on tick."

The deputation then withdrew, after which they visited some of the public buildings in Toronto, and spent some time at the Division Court office.

Captain Eccles has recently ordered from the *Globe* Tailoring Establishment of George Brown, a full dress suit of Clear Grit Reversible Cloth. The style is to be of the most recent and fashionable cut, sleeves *a la gigot*, and pantaloons *a la pegtop*. The gallant subaltern of the Clear Grit chief requiring an extra size in consequence of his being "the bone and sinew of Canada." Captain Eccles does not wish it to be generally known, but the order is for the purpose of enabling him to be prepared at any moment to "grace His Excellency's drawing-rooms," Mr. George Brown having promised him an introduction.

ON DIR—That Mr. Holland is deep in the study of Theology with the view of taking holy orders. Report has it also that his convictions in relation to Romanism, have been considerably modified, and some of his friends fear that he contemplates a journey to the eternal city. Mr. Brown hopes it is true.