

A Model Editor.

"A fool, a fool, I met a fool in the forest,
A Motley fool." —As you like it.

There is a newspaper published in Cornwall and edited by a person named J. H. Doyle. This individual has thought fit to give our paper a notice of rather a characteristic kind—if all that we hear of him be true. It is unnecessary to reproduce his remarks in our columns, suffice it to say that he *attempts* to assume a moral tone; calling our paper a receptacle for curses, and one not fit to be introduced into a family. Dragging in something regarding the Ministry, he takes occasion to remark that they "would be the better for the application of the lather of regeneration" (!) as he once heard an exhorter express himself.

This is then the person who undertakes to lecture us as to our profanity and immorality. We, in return, would direct *his* attention to his own *blasphemies*; and ask, do persons calling themselves Christians take his paper? But we understand the man with whom we have to deal. Even *his morality* has been called in question by some malicious individuals, and he has been, while resident in Hamilton—if he be the same person—the recipient of a castigation through *Branigan's Chronicles*.

At Ingersoll, we are given to understand, he attempted something in the newspaper line, but failed. Toronto was also honored with his residence for a time. He now turns up in Cornwall as the editor and proprietor of the Cornwall *Freeholder*. We are induced to give a little of his history by the consideration that it is such persons as he who disgrace the "fourth estate." Without education or refinement, persons like him cannot notice their cotemporaries but in the coarsest language; and his argument consists in the use of the foulest epithets, alike unbecoming a gentleman and a brother editor. It is, perhaps, necessary to say that he has treated our paper in the most scurrilous manner; going so far as to threaten the editors with personal chastisement whenever he comes up to Toronto. This we treat of course, with the contempt it deserves. But, should he think fit to do so, we are willing and able to defend ourselves.

Our Frontispiece.

We omitted to state in our last number that the beautiful Frontispiece that adorns the *Poker*, is taken from a design prepared expressly for us by Mr. R. C. Todd, the celebrated English Artist, and engraved by Mr. Thompson of King Street—how well we will not say—(for we care not sounding our French Horn as Mr. Brown and his followers do.)—But we can say what others have said, and that is "that it is the best piece of work that has ever been got up in the Province." It was electrotyped by a firm in Buffalo, through D. K. Feehan's Agency.

Tom McGee, Tom McGee.

Och, Darcy McGee it's no wonder you're down,
Och hone, Darcy McGee;
When Mac would'n't have you, you took up with Brown,
Och hone, Darcy McGee.—SAM. LOVER.

Tom McGee, Tom McGee
Bundle up man, and flee
To the land of John Mitchell and slaves, man;
On a good "fat" plantation,
You'll have no botheration,
But to chime in with John when he raves, man.
In that blest land of freedom (!)
Talking quacks they much need 'em,
For they glory with *bosh* to be crammed man;
So once more try your luck
In republican muck,
For on this side your character's damned, man.
Ha! to beg of John A.
For place, power, and pay.
An' for your pains get the mean knock-em-down, man;
And then out of spite,
To declare black was white,
And hob-nob with "Broad-Protestant" Brown, man.
For this, friends of the "Church"
Hav' left you in the lurch,
A go-between none of them craves, man;
And when Brown's by your side,
Honest men all deride
And proclaim you a pair of poor knaves, man.
But which is the greater,
Statesman, farmer, or waiter,
Without the least doubt put you down, man;
Though Scotchmen are "canny,"
Lang, rattled-tongued Sauny,
By Loyola's been hoaxed and done brown, man.
So McGee poor McGee,
Take your "traps" up and flee,
For, "avec," your Canadian career, man,
'Twixt the *Witness* and *Globe*
'S been a black, bungled job,
So "clear out," sir, you're not wanted here, man.
QUIZ.

Oddities of the Law.

AS TO ACTORS.

Tumbling is not an entertainment of the stage within 10 Geo. II., c. 28, for which vide 6 T. R. 286.

Players are not included in the English Vagrant Act. 5 Geo. IV., c. 83.

AS TO EAVE DROPPERS.

Eave droppers are a common nuisance, and punishable by fine and finding sureties for their good behaviour. Black Com, Vol. IV., 168.

AS TO SCOLDS.

A common scold, *communis riratrix*, (for our law latin confines it to the female gender) is a public nuisance to her neighborhood.—For which offence she may be indicted; and if convicted, shall be sentenced to the ducking stool; whence she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment. Black, Vol IV.

HINT TO THE LAW SOCIETY.

Suffering mischievous animals, having notice of their propensity, to run loose is a public nuisance, for which an indictment lies. Vet 172; Dyer 25; 2 Salk 662.

Recipe for warm weather.

Endeavor to keep perfectly cool. As we wish it to be generally known, we make no secret of it, and charge nothing for the information.

The Spirit Works.

TORONTO, July 13, 1859.

DEAR MR. POKER—

I am a Clear Grit and no mistake, a true blew Brownest, and my blood boils when I read in the *Globe* the rascally way we are treated by the Government. Bedad I am often ready to cry out like the plaintiff in an action for battery, when he heard Counsellor Curran tell the jury what ill usage he got, "Oh murder, sure I never knew till now how kilt and tormented I was." But Sir, the very hair of my head stands on an end when I read to-day in the *Globe*, from what they call the *Spirit* of the Press, and faith, Sir, a heavy press it was on my spirits, I can tell you. Not only do they spend our money says he, but unless there be a separation we are to be saddled with our abandoned wives. Well Sir, the very heart rose to my mouth, for you see Mrs. Downey and myself never pulled well together; Attorney Roe said it was owing to incompatibility of temper. So one fine morning I gave her the slip; showed her the full fronts of the back-seams of my stockings, and never rested until I put the Atlantic between us, and now Sir, because she says I abandoned her, am I to have her strapped to my back—fourteen stone weight and more, and the thermometer at 90. You may talk of ambition that o'erleaps the saddle, but bedad if we could leap from under it, it would be nearer to the point. Now, Billy Costello, who is a bit of a scholar, talks of figures of speech, and of one Katty Cresus, but you may call me an *omadawn* if I don't quit the country before Katty Downey or any other Katty is clapped upon my back. So no more at present from yours truly,

PAT DOWNEY.

An Indisputable Expression of Public Taste.

1st NEWSBOY.—*Daily Globe*, only three coppers—all about Mr. Brown's great speech—only three co-appers!

2nd do.—"*Daily Colonist*, Dr. Ryerson's letter to George Brown, only three coppers!"

2nd do. to 1st do.—"Well, Hankey, how goes der papers ter day?—I haint sold enuff ter buy a chaw of terbaccar."

2nd do.—"Nor I haint sold enuff ter buy a penny cigar and der pea-nuts."

FOLLOWING DAY.—SCENE, KING ST.

1st NEWSBOY.—"*Daily Globe*, all about der Keys and Sickles' Tragedy, only three coppers."

2nd do. meeting 1st.—*Daily Colonist*, all abo—, hello, Fatty, haint dis yer a god-send? Look yer, old hoss, guess this 'ill do yer eyes good (shaking his pocket at him).

1st do.—"Golly, Hanky, guess we kin afford to go to der Lyceum ternight, and have enuff left ter buy der pea-nuts. *Daily Globe*, only three co-op-per-s."