

Query.

Who's "been and gone" and spoiled the *Streetsville Review*? Some *Jackass*, I suppose.

INQUIRER.

[We think it must be either a Dutchman or an Irishman: if this be the case "Inquirer" should not be too severe on account of any incomprehensibilities that may occur therein, as we are all aware that an Irishman is allowed to speak twice and a "Dytchman" until he is understood.—R. H. Poker, Esq.]

Mr. Poker goes to Church.

On Sunday last, Mr. Poker feeling piously inclined, dropped into a certain Church, in the neighbourhood of Temperance street, the name of which is needless to mention, and was forcibly struck with the singing.

The choir consists of two ladies and three gentlemen. The number, dear reader, may appear small, but we can assure you that the smallness of the number is fully made up by the largeness of their attempts,—Anthems, Chants, &c., in addition to Psalms and Hymns, receive a fair share of their attention. On this occasion an Anthem was performed, and as the principle lady singer could not reach the higher notes, we were treated to a sublime screech, while the rest of the choir joined in anything but harmony; this ended, then came the Hymns, and here the Leader displayed his skill and knowledge of music, in selecting tunes that neither the choir or any one in the audience could sing correctly.

The Mission.

"It is ridiculous, therefore, to attempt to convey the impression that the Imperial Government, of its own choice, selected Mr. Talbot from the mass of *Parliamentary doughfaces* to fulfil the functions of Special Ambassador to the Court of New Brunswick."—*Globe*, June 8th, on *Imperial Patronage*.

Parliamentary doughfaces, eh! Geordie. Of course we know you include yourself. What a world is this! But a short time ago Mr. McGee was to be intrusted with a mission from the Court of Canada, not to New Brunswick, but to Ireland, Belgium, and we verily believe to the world's end, to seek information respecting our *Common Schools*, all, all at Canada's expense, and he (Mr. McGee) a member of Parliament too. How quiet we were then—how mute—how discreet. But now Mr. Talbot is intrusted with a mission from the *Imperial Government* only to New Brunswick, and the *Globe* having no fuel takes up this for copy. Who violates the *independence* of Parliament Act we wonder.

To Correspondents.

TITLEBAT TITMOUSE, Esq.—We are indeed sorry to part from you.

FRANCISCO.—We will always have an eye on them.

ALEXIS.—Always glad to hear from you.

H. SEYM. H.—Thanks.

RUSTY QUILL.—No go.

CANUCK.—What's the matter, eh

QUIZ.—Much obliged.

Retrospection.

"Let me sleep my last sleep in the land of my birth."

The breath of Spring, its first bland breath,
Pays on my glowing cheek once more,
And calls up Scotland's hills and heath
Frequented and beloved of yore.
The carol of the April bird
Light perched among the topmost boughs,
Brings back the thousand songs I heard
In gowany glens and knows.

Strange, that the morning of the year
Can wake the retrospective sigh,
And call up scenes to memory dear
That bring the moisture to the eye;
Makes memory of our early days
More closely with the heart entwined,
Auld Scotland's bairns, her banks and braes,
And heart-loved Auld Lang syne.

My Fatherland! thy hallowed dells,
Thy hawthorns flinging fragrance round,
Thy glens and glades, thy flowers and fells,
The dark fir woods thy scenes which bound;
Thy bonny, fragrant heather dyes,
Thy mavis' lay, thy laverock's trill,
Come haunting Scotchman's hearts and eyes
Go wander where they will.

Scotland! I've been o'er land and wave,
On dashing sea and mountain dun,
I've heard Canadian winters rave,
And melted under Afric's sun;
Through England's landscapes I have been,
With spire and village spangled o'er,
And Erin's many charms I've seen,
Traversing shore from shore.

I've passed Trafalgar's gory bed
Where Briton's bravest fell; and where
Dark Mount Abyla lifts his head,
And Calpe shows his forehead bare.
I've seen Spain's daughters—things of light—
In arborescent wark and flowery grot,
But through all changes—dark or bright—
You never, never were forgot.

Land of the sage, land of the free,
Whose mountains proudly kiss the clouds,
In dreams you'll ever follow me
Till I am folded in my shroud;
And now midst April's breezes bland,
Across the ocean thee I hail,—
Long may thine ancient glory stand,
Thine arts and arms prevail.

And for "the right" thy sons still be
Firm as the crags which guard thy shore,
Bold, to defend the true and free,
As tempests in thy woods that roar;
But kindly soft as Summer's wing
At "gloamin'" on the yellow broom,
And genial as the parting Spring,
Midst home and beauty's bloom.

Thy meadows green, thy mountains gray,
Thy winding wilde, thy daisied dells,
Long, long may they each Seventh day
Re-echo far thy Sabbath bells;
And, however baffled bigots rant,
Or sneering scoffers pages fill,
May the Bible and her "Covenant"
Be Scotland's watchword still.

A SCOTCH CALLANT.

Royal Lyceum.

We have had the pleasure of, this week, witnessing Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in some of their great histrionic representations. The thrilling acting of the latter we have seldom seen paralleled, and it is with some satisfaction we can record the undoubted appreciation of their talents by the crowded benches that have appeared at the Lyceum since their *debut*. *Lady Macbeth*, on Wednesday last, was rendered with fine, and as our ancient *confrere*, that oracle of wisdom, the *Globe* would say, "intensely thrilling effect." Mrs. Wallack has studied the individualities of the character, and many points, seemingly insignificant, are brought prominently forward to good advantage. The general character was rendered with a masculine strength and energy that, with

the connected incidents of the piece in which she figured, almost inspired the beholder with terror. *Macbeth*, by Mr. Wallack, was performed in such a manner that to say it was well done would convey but a faint idea of its excellence. As for the usual lady and gentlemen performers of the Lyceum, we cannot help but remark the improvement they each succeeding week exhibit. Mr. Hill's *Dominie Sampson* was an original piece of sedate, grotesque humour, if we may use such term, and told greatly in his favor. Mr. Marlowe's *Guy Mannering* was rendered in a masterly and polished manner, but we have seen him in characters that displayed his versatility to much better advantage.

We understand that to-night will be performed Lord Byron's beautiful play of "Werner," dramatized from one of the "Canterbury Tales" by Miss Harriet and Sophia Lee (no relations of Mr. Simcoe Lee), and which, in the words of his Lordship, "made such an impression on him when he first perused it, that it contained the germ of all that he had since written." Would it not be exceedingly gratifying to the admirers of that great writer to see the representation of the piece that gave birth to those gloomy conceptions of the "Corsair," "Lara," "Alp," &c.; that formed the presiding spirit of a poetical genius so remarkable, a genius that shone so resplendently during its existence, and at which time, in the words of a critic, "it seemed as if the world held only one great poet."

Fair Journalism.

The *Quebec Gazette*, in recounting an accident that occurred there of a man falling out of a calache on the pavement, thus concludes: "He was hurt pretty much, to what extent we don't know." Such papers ought to be abolished.

[Advertisement.]

Ha! ha! ha! No. 30. Ho! Ho! Ho!

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