

black leg McGaffey. O! if I had but some decent excuse how I would pitch Gritism to the four winds. Really I feel perfectly miserable, for \$6 a day, for four or five months, is, after all, no great affair, and then rot it, even that may be reduced to \$4, but by "George," I'll get my pay weekly, so if the allowance is reduced they will have to wait my convenience for reimbursement. But really I am very down in the mouth, for my creditors dun me most unmercifully, and especially on account of my election expenses, which, if not paid, will certainly ruin me in the County of Grey. [Rings the bell.] Here, waiter, bring me a gin sling, and mind you, let it be a double dose, for I shall want Dutch courage to-night in the House, in order to face that fellow Talbot.

A. T. Galt [enters as if by mistake.] O! I beg a thousand pardons Mr. Hogan, I mistook my way. [Pretends to go.]

J. S. Hogan.—Well, hold on Mr. Galt, how is your health Sir?

A. T. Galt.—Well, remarkably well, Sir; how is yours Sir? Really, Mr. Hogan, you are a prodigy of energy and fortitude, and I must tell you that I marvelled at the calm and quiet dignity with which you met the slanders of that ferocious Irishman, Talbot, the other evening. Upon my word I regret we can't be on the same side of politics, for if I love anything in this world it is the company of gentlemen. Yes, Sir, and you must permit me to say, that for that reason it is I specially deplore the harsh necessities which keep us asunder.

[Mr. Hogan blushes like a beet-root, and thinks it would not be difficult to come to an understanding.]

A. T. Galt.—Give us your fist, and look you, Mr. Hogan, if I can be of any service to you, command me. For instance, if you should ever happen to have any little speculation in hand and required an indorsation or the use of a few hundreds, you know where to call.

J. S. Hogan.—I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Galt, and since you are so frank with me, I will tell you, that if you can manage to work Cayley out and put a certain A. T. Galt in, you may depend upon my accepting the arrangement as satisfactory. As to the little accommodation you so kindly spoke of, I don't know a man from whom I would more readily accept the obligation, and as I am short on a note due to-morrow, I will relieve you of a small sum if you please, for a day or two.

Mr. Galt hands him £— and refuses to take an I. O. U. They then drink a bottle of champagne, that is, Galt takes about a thimbleful and Hogan the rest, and each departs well satisfied with the evening's work, Hogan muttering as he goes—

Well, well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.

[Conclusion next week.]

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We think that our Dramatist is in error in his facts, as he has probably discovered before this, for we must inform our readers that this article has been on hand for full ten days, but we give it in order that the public may see the opinions which prevailed on a certain subject some time ago.]

Sheppard's Second Soliloquy.

(When he had rattled and felt melancholy.)

To fib or not to fib, that is the question;
Whether it be better to pursue the wrong
And gain the poor applause of fools and Browns.
Or to admit I made myself an ass, (see *Montreal Gazette*.)
And sold myself and them? To turn again
Once more, and by that act recall my friends,
And help to save the State from grasp of rogues
That long for plunder? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To turn;—to cut
The Grits!—but then their howls? Aye! there's the rub;
For from this honest act what loss may come,
When I have shuffled off the clique again,
And given up the Holton bribe with which
They me debauched? That is the horror
That makes George Sheppard fear to do what's right.
For who would bear the taunts of one's own soul,
Th' averted eyes of friends Conservative,
The country's scorn at my apostacy,
And the degrading familiarity,
That every day involves, with vulgar clowns,
When he so very soon the farce could end
With a confession? Who would persevere
To fib and gas and fib again, and tell
Each day successively, false rigmaroles,
But that the Galt and Holton gold in store,
Brown's patronage—when e'er he gets the reins—
Defies one's conscience, double locks the jaw,
And makes one rather stand the sneers of men,
Than honorably resolve on duty.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by yellow bribes in hand,
And editorials full of sound and bosh,
Amuse the Grittish ear, disgust my friends
And stamp the *Colonist*, apostate, vile.

Compliments.

Mr. George Brown presents his compliments to Captain Moodie, and begs to express his regret that that gentleman should feel it impossible any longer to accord him his enlightened and effectual support. Mr. Brown takes this opportunity, however, of thanking Captain Moodie for past favors, and purposes making suitable acknowledgments day by day in the *Globe*, as Captain Moodie will see. Meanwhile, it will doubtless be satisfactory to Mr. Moodie to learn that Mr. Brown has provided a substitute in the person of George Sheppard, Esquire, of the *Colonist*.

Mr. Daniel Morrison's compliments to Mr. Sheppard, and "begs to insinuate to him, in the most delicate manner in the world," that it was no part of the bargain that the editors of the *Colonist* should act as flunkeys to Mr. Brown, as Mr. Sheppard intended to do at the meeting in St. Lawrence Hall, and Mr. Morrison wishes Mr. Sheppard to understand that he cannot permit any such conduct in future.

THE POKER begs to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. McKinnon of the *Times*, whose character for veracity is so well established, that when people want to know the precise truth of any matter about which he has written, they exactly reverse his statements.

Mr. Matthew Ryan has much pleasure in thanking Mr. McGee for his readiness in speaking to his abilities as a writer for the press, and begs to inquire whether he can serve him in any way in that line? Mr. Ryan at the same time begs to express his sympathy with Mr. McGee, who, though known as a lecturer of superlative talent, was ignominiously voted an intolerable bore on Friday evening the 9th inst., in the House. Such alas! is too often the reward of merit.

The Sabbath Bill.

We go for some such law, John Ross, Phillip what's his other name—Vankoughnet, the gallant Colonel who wants to fire the last shot at the Yankees, Mr. Paul Knowlton, and anybody else to the contrary notwithstanding. We reverence the Lord's Day, and we don't care one pin's head about Railways or Canals, or inconveniences or the interests of commerce, or the opinions of anybody, great, little or middle-sized, if they interfere with the duty of keeping it holy. The *Leader's* philosophy on the subject, we abhor; the *Globe's* convenient silence about Captain Moodie's *Fire Fly* trips on the bay, we reprobate as a mean truckling to a hypocritical expediency; the *Colonist's* unceasing opposition we equally condemn. We take it that the command to "keep holy day" is imperative, and that only works of mercy and absolute necessity should be permitted thereon. We would allow the mails to be lodged in the Post Office in order to relieve the conductor, but not delivered, and steamboats to progress up to a port or to a lock, but no further. If the passengers and crew have not the grace to seek out a church the sin be on their own heads. In case of accident, storm, or detention, &c., let boats or cars make the nearest station or port and stop there, unless indeed there be nothing to eat in the neighborhood; but we presume there are no such stations or ports. That's *Poker* doctrine. Having said this much we must now note the progress of the bill. It was lost at the second reading, the mover of the motion to stop it having succeeded by a majority of 5. The bill was dead and should have been so considered, but its mover, unmindful of the ethics of Parliament, took advantage of the kindly feeling which had purposely refrained from giving it a six months hoist, and so was guilty of a breach of good manners and christian feeling alike. However, the "venerable member" as he is usually termed, seemed to believe in the dogma that "the end sanctifies the means," so he pretended to ignore the delicacy of the objector, though he was clearly reminded of it, and brought up the measure a second time. This is the first part of our story.

On Sunday the 3rd inst., SOL had shone in extraordinary splendour on this sublunary scene, and both animal and vegetable life seemed oppressed and overcome with his rays. In the cool of the day, or at that time of the evening when it should be cool, a fine venerable old christian gentleman was walking in his fine grounds, viewing his fine flowers and rejoicing at his fine success on the Sabbath bill. The fine flowers, however, were hanging their heads oppressed with heat, and their looks of melancholy touched the heart of the fine old gentleman. They were thirsty, everything in fact was thirsty; the earth was athirst and the atmosphere seemed athirst, for no moisture could be distilled from the clouds. The fine old gentleman's heart yearned over his flowers, and finding a watering pot at hand he emptied its contents in a genial shower upon them. How they thanked him is best known to those who love flowers. "Here Pat" cried he, "bring me another pailful," and Pat, obedient to the fine