

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

No. 42.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

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Glances from a "Pink-Eye."

(BY A "SPECKLED TATER," IN THE GALLERY,
FRESH FROM THE GREEN SOD.)

Well, here I am agin to injiy the fun—whisht! who's this? Bedad, I know that one; isn't it Misther McGee. Musha, how in the wide world at all, at all, did

MISTHER M'GEE

git into the Parlymint. Och, but he's greatly changed, the craythur, since I saw him on the ould sod! and more's the pity, that any Irishman 'ud go for to make so little of the place he kem' from, as to jine with that dirty ould blatherin' Schotchman. If his heart was only in the right place, he'd take the shine out o' them—he would! It's an ould sayin' and a thru one, that "the boy that stole the horn-book came to the scaffold," an' mebbe it's hung Mr. McGee will be yit, an' all bekase he wasn't punished in his young days. Ah, look at the murtherin' hang-dog scowl on that face that used to be as open as daylight—wisha, wisha, and gramachree! "Oh, my country! my country!" av yer finders only had sinse an' prudince, it isn't this way ye'd be—oh, wirra sthrua, wirra sthrua! I suppose this is

MISTHER GALT,

that's so tindher with the "cratur." Faix, it's meself that could sup a tumbler of poteen wid him fur that same! Arrah, lukkit the "free-and-aisy" way he slices the other party and lays thim so nately on the shelf. How comfortable he is settled down in his sate, like a hen on a dozen of eggs; faith he looks "quite at home," so he does; an' his face, just as plain as a, b, c, says "go ahead, Mr. Brown, you may stumble and blunder as much as you like, for all I care, an' I won't disturb myself, or let the cowl'd air to the sate av me briches, to plase you." But, for all that, when he sees the poor "Divil" pitch head over heels into the Bog of Mishtakes, he's too warn-hearted to let him stop floundherin' there. This must be

CARTHER,

the Frinch tarrier. Bad luck to me, if he hasn't a vice just like an ould, an ould tin-can, tied to a dog's tail, and that's the trooth! Never mind him, I tell you he knows what's what, an' the "way the wind blows,"—be the same token, it's a "bad tarrier that can't smell a rat!" Faith, it's a tarrier he is; fur he's snarling all the time he's tearin' the briches off uv Misther Brown's *understandin's*. When he gits thim off, and laves him bare (like a Kilty's), I'll lay a wager its a fine *understandin'*—we'll see!—ay, faix, would ye.

Address to Niagary.

Oh! thow grate, tarnation grand Niagary,
In orful terribleness makin' such
An 'orrid splutterink and dreadful howlink;
Roarink like mad—screechin' and hollerin'
As if you were a-going to perdishun
In those abysses that you fall inter,
Jumpin' and bilin', ker-splash, ker-wallop,—
Yer quite enuff ter frighten anny mortal
Who looks upon yer most ranktank'rous pranks.
Go in, old feller, hard as yer kin lick,
And swipe along yer buttermilky sheets
Of foamink waters, frothin' up and splutterink,
Witer than enny egg-nogg I ever seed;
I like ter see yer cuttin' up yer didoes,
As ef ye'd say, "Look at me, boys, and see
'Ow I could flop ye ef ye dared ter tri
Yer hands with me at eether side or back-hold."
Yes, Niagary, while squintin' at yer splashink
And 'orful roarinkses, yer do not know
Wot sublime tho'ts enwrap my skeered feelinks,
And make me wish I was a mud-turtle,
Or sum other kind of fish, so that I mite
Git underneath yer, thar to satisfie
Myself 'ow 'eavey yer wood fall on me; but
I rayther think that I would slip yer up.
Go in, old hoss, jest as yer like it best,
With all yer rumblin', tumbelin', jumblin' fumblin',
Yer crashin', dashin', splashin', splashin' noise,
And I will laff at yer, fur I am safe
From all yer screechin', hollerin', bellerin',
Tearin', harum-scarum, blarum frolicses
And kicken up yer heels, here on dry land,
Where I kinder guess that I will stop,
And put my thum upon my nose and say,
"Ole feller, don't yer wish that yer mite git me?"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

What are the Police doing?

Under this caption I saw a letter the other day in the *Colonist*, complaining of being knocked down, a cap stolen on King Street, and never a Policeman to come to the rescue. Now what does this correspondent mean? He calls upon the authorities to look after the efficiency of the police and all that sort of thing. Surely the writer must be a green-horn or he would know that we have got a new Chief of Police who is stirring earth and heaven to make the force efficient. He has them drilled every day to march, and salute their Chief in a proper military manner; he has also compelled the men to furnish themselves with new stocks, button-stocks and brushes, &c., &c., all out of \$6 per week; and he himself wears a flashy gold band round his cap, and glories in the conscious pride of being the "observed of all observers." Looking at all these brilliant improvements, what can the correspondent mean? If new stocks, polished buttons, and saluting their glorious Chief cannot make an efficient police force, nothing on this side of Clear Grittism will; but I for one say it shall; and propose, with all my heart, three times three, and "one cheer more" for the New Police Man; and I trust all your readers will join with me; if they don't "bad luck to them."

QUIZ.

New Bills Introduced.

(NOT PRINTED.)

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Hon. Mr. Prince.— "An Act to prohibit the sharpening of carving-knives oftener than once a month, under penalty imposed on persons having in possession deadly weapons."

Sir E. P. Tache.— "An Act to render lawful the receiving of a challenge, and to visit with fine and imprisonment the sender of one."

Mr. Patton.— "An Act to abolish the office of *Sergeant-at-Arms.*"

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

Mr. Robinson.— "An Act to punish cruelty to animals."

Mr. Gowan.— "An Act to enable members of Parliament to accept Commissionerships at \$10 a day."

Mr. Benjamin.— "An Act to enlarge members' chairs," which he finds too small.

(The last was referred to Committee.)

Fishey.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

In the Assembly, Mr. Cauchon rose to a question of order. Some *offishous* individual had *boned* the evidence taken before the Fishery-Committee and published it. The report was more-over garbled; this was enough to make any one feel *crabbed*.

Mr. Price—It was he who had given the evidence for publication, the report was perfectly correct.

Mr. Cauchon—With a *hook*:

Mr. Price—The evidence before the Committee on Public Accounts had been published, and he objected to make *fish* of one and *foul* of another.

Mr. Speaker ruled *de bate* (the bait) out of order, and the House proceeded "to business."

Left Sitting!

(VIDE PARLIAMENTARY REPORT, *ad finem*)

The *Globe* informs us that on Thursday, 14th instant, somebody or something "left sitting."—Was Mr. Brown carried in a chair after his insane display of indignation? Did Mr. Brown or Mr. Brown's reporter leave the House in indignation, while it was sitting (important information) or—? or—? &c., &c., we have it: "The ministry attempt to drive it through with their Lower Canada majority." It was the ministry, then, that "left sitting" in an omnibus, having failed in their "attempt to drive it through" the House (!?)