

# THE POKER.

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## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experientiae laborum.*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

### Profession and Practice.

A real son of St. Crispin when, during the present Toronto Assizes, asked his occupation, said, "Professionally a shoemaker, properly a cobbler."

How good we feel when we read of this real gush of honesty from the mouth of a poor cobbler. Were he as ugly as George Brown, we could poke him in the ribs till doom's day or hug him till death should us sever.

Outspoken honesty is not a thing of every day. It is a plant of rare growth, and we are sorry to confess in Canada an exotic. How many are there who if they were to speak the truth would speak as did our hero of the last? How many doctors might say, "Professionally a doctor, properly a quack!" How many lawyers, "Professionally a lawyer, properly a pettifogger!" How many clergymen, "Professionally a parson, properly a knave!" How many public men, "Professionally a politician, properly a scoundrel!" &c., &c.

Our very brain begins to wander, our sight grows dim, when we reflect on the humbugs there are in every profession, trade, and calling under the sun,—and over it too in all probability.

Is there a greater humbug in creation than the sanctimonious, long-faced, pale-faced, drawing busy-body, who manifests the greatest anxiety about your eternal welfare, while he is doing you out of your earthly substance? Is there a greater humbug in or out of creation than the very humble individual who touches his hat to you, and smiles and fawns at your every look, but is all the while meditating on some infernal plot, to ruin you for ever? Is there a greater humbug in the land of humbuggery than the man who is daily preaching about corruption, and ruin, and decay, while he is only envious of men in place and power? Is there a greater humbug among the softer sex than the lady who is glad to see you when you call upon her unexpectedly, at the same time wishing you 't'other side of Jordan? No, there is not; and upon these assertions we stake our wide and honestly acquired reputation.

Fellow laborers in this land of humbug and deceit, we call upon you to aid us in our task. Be not too personal,—but outspoken. Be not too sanguine,—but pure and honest. Be not too self-important—but meek and just. Do these things and we warrant you a reform so far as our influence extends, and this, let us tell you, is wider than some folks suppose.

### Them Murtherin' Fashins & Crinerleens.

MY DEAR FRIEND MISTHERR POKER,

Begorra, but I'm a fether thinkin' its quare times these we're livin' in, and thim new fashins that the ladies are takin' up wid, puts the comether on me intirely, as they does. Now the divil a born man has a greater likin' for thim swate little craythers thin myself; and if I do say a word or two agin thim, its beca's a bit of wholesome advice might be a fether doin' thim a dale of good; and I would not for the wide, wide worreld lose favour wid one of thim through it, but I can't help givin' a bit ov my moind where I think it's wanted. What would my poor ould mother, (blessings rest her sowl,) who used so often to say till me, "Paddy, it's a wicked and de-saitful world yer a goin' intill, take good care ov yourself, ahone,"—what would she be a fether sayin' till herself, to see how things have changed since she was a gurrel,—faith, she'd be at a grate less to know what to call thim quare little craythers that spread themselves the whole way across the side-walk, wearing tight little jackets round their waists, that makes thim look for all the worreld as if they had just come out bran new from a turning lathe, and as if a wee push on the shouldther would make thim break in two at onct; thin they are niver satisfied unless they're carrying about wid thim the contents of a whole box iv dry goods, and they does be a fether stretchin' thim out so wide below, that I niver look at thim widout thinkin' of a hay-cock wid a pitch fork stuck in the top iv it. Sorra a word iv a lie in it at all, at all. Thin agin, it's meself that's a courtin' Biddy Flannigin, as nate a girl as iver broke bread, though it's meself that says it; and didn't I go round the back way into the kitchen a night or two ago, and didn't I stare to see Biddy "fined in" in a murtherin' big ring-fince, that looked as if it was put there on purpose to keep intruders at a grate distance, and she whisking her tail around the room just as if she wor in an awful

flurry about nothin' or nobody. "Biddy, darlint," says I. "What is it, Paddy?" says she. "You're not afraid of me," says I; "for you, I takin' sich care to pack yerself away in thim quare onmentionables," says I. "Now, Paddy, quit you're makin' fun iv me," says she; "dout yer see it's the new fashins?" says she; "dosen't the mistress, and the young ladies, and all the fine gentry and quality wear thim; and hav'n't I as good a right as thim whin they sets figure off to such advantage. Besides, dosen't the boys like to be lookin' at thim,—I know, Paddy, you're aching this minit to be hugging me," says she. "Faith you're right there, achusla," says I; "if I only had the manes of gittin' nigh enough till ye, Biddy; but I'm afeard I'll only have to content meself wid just lookin' at you from a respectable distance this time." Biddy looked sly, and didn't much like the turn things wor takin', but I wanted to cure her of followin' the fashins, and felt as if I would lave widout givin' her a hug. "Whisper, Paddy," says she. "I've got something to tell you." "You'll have to spake loud," says I, "for I can't git clost enough to whisper,"—didn't I know all the time what she was wantin', and didn't I bother her, and tell her that I would niver kiss her agin until she left off wearin' such murtherous big "hoops," but she said she would sooner give up the kissin', so at last I had to cave in, for I claim to be a sensible man, and think it's best let the wimin have their way; but divil a bit iv me can make out why in creation they will always be runnin' neck and heels a fether thim quare fashins.

Yours, &c.,

"PADDY MILES'S BOX."

### Private Bill Legislation.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given: that the undersigned intends at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature to introduce a bill entitled, "An Act to confer a pension of £ per annum on Mrs. Bilton, for many years adviser on constitutional law and appls-women to the Legislative Assembly."

SKEFFINGTON CONNER,  
L.L.D., Q.C., M.P.F., &c., &c.

Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1858.