

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, MONDAY, JULY 19, 1858.

No. 1.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborem.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1858.

"But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stripped from a convicted thief,
Left in the nakedness of infancy."

We again greet our kind readers, who, being all honest, brave men, and fair women, will rejoice with us that Toronto is yet in its senses, and that the machinations of the enemies of peace and good government have been ably counterworked and defeated. The results of the Meeting in the St. Lawrence Hall on Friday, 9th inst., are extremely satisfactory, and we are sure, will be hailed by the whole Province with pleasure.

To improve a leisure hour now and again, the writers of this sheet, aided probably by others, may, from time to time, wield THE POKER. To some offenders the action will be merely admonitory and only in the way of *stirring up*, but upon incorrigible criminals *The Poker* will fall crushingly; so look out all of you.

Gentlemen or Ladies desiring to contribute to our columns can do so by addressing simply, "THE POKER," Box 1109, Post Office, Toronto.

Next week we shall finish the "Drama," when we may also present our readers with a telling account of the Great Demonstration! We have quite a number of racy articles on hand, which will then appear; and, indeed, from the success of our first hurried fly-sheet, we can easily see it would be quite easy to keep THE POKER in action. Our Montreal contributors and others at a distance will please let us have their copy as early as possible.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Trying it on His Excellency.

"Wisely does His Excellency perform the functions of a Constitutional Sovereign, and all parties will be agreed that his course has been marked by prudence and sagacity!" Now, that's another whopper, for you know perfectly well that the *Globe* has abused and insulted His Excellency like a pickpocket and worse, and therefore, as you now agree with the *Globe*, you share the responsibilities of its traitorous assaults on the constitution, as well as of its atrocious and malignant libels of the Governor, the French Canadians, and their constituents. Out upon your gambol!

OUR POSITION.—The *Hamilton Spectator* accuses us of being a Clear Grit sheet.—*Grumbler* 17th.

Well, really, the *Hamilton Spectator* must have been hard up for copy.

THE COMING MEN.

A New Drama in 4 Acts—BY JONAS BRIMSTONE, ESQUIRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—HON. JOHN ROSS, L. H. HOLTON, A. T. GALT, DANIEL MORRISON, GEO. SHEPPARD, HON. JOHN A. McDONALD, HON. WM. CAYLEY, J. S. HOGAN, &c., &c., &c.

ACT I.

A Room in the Rossin House. Hon. John Ross, L. H. Holton, and A. T. Galt.

Hon. J. Ross.—Well gentlemen you must have patience. I respect you both, and have no doubt you could do the state service; but the opportunity must come in a legitimate way, when I shall be glad of your promotion.

L. H. Holton.—"Patience is the virtue of an ass, That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet."

I scorn to wait, and know a trick worth two of that. Can't you, Ross, kick up a row in the Council and get things in a general mess? Out of the confusion after that let it be our business to work out the results we want, and you may be sure to come out right.

A. T. Galt.—Just let me be Inspector General and I shall be satisfied. Holton there can easily buy himself a constituency, and he would make a first-rate Receiver General, while you could resume your old place as Speaker of the Upper House, where there is no work and good pay. Langton could be made Superintendent of Education, and C. E. Anderson, Auditor General, which would be a most comfortable arrangement all round.

Hon. John Ross.—A very nice plan to be sure, but I must decline being a party to it, and to speak truly I shall be glad to give place and escape the raps I get for holding on to the Grand Trunk and the public chest at the same time, but, as I said before, the change must come in natural order. I shan't force it, so its no use to talk. I must now go home. *Exit.*

L. H. Holton.—Well, it's quite clear we can't do anything with Johnny.

A. T. Galt.—No; he likes us well enough but he likes himself better, and don't care to run risks. We must try some other dodge. You know Daniel Morrison?

L. H. Holton.—Of course.

A. T. Galt.—And George Sheppard?

L. H. Holton.—Not so well, but I've studied his face and I'm much mistaken if he's not open to conviction.

A. T. Galt.—Well what think you of Morrison? Is he ductile?

L. H. Holton.—He want's money, for he is an extravagant dog, and then he holds himself to be a perfect oracle. Further, he aims at entering Parliament, so what with his wants and his vanity I think he might be approached.

A. T. Galt.—But are they worth purchasing. L. H. Holton.—They are worth humbugging at any rate, and if we can make use of them, why when they are paid, they can't very well turn upon us.

A. T. Galt.—Then how much are you prepared to disburse? You know I am in a better position than you, for having a seat, I am eligible to office, but it is not a very usual thing to make a minister of a discarded member, so you will have to pay most.

L. H. Holton.—Discarded! Well, yes, but you should have waited until I showed an unwillingness to bleed freely before you applied the term.

A. T. Galt.—Perhaps so, but how much will you put down.

L. H. Holton.—Why, if necessary, \$2000!

A. T. Galt.—\$2000 fiddlesticks! Why man, £2000 wouldn't do it.

L. H. Holton.—The ———! and do you expect me to give £2000 without security that it will yield anything?

A. T. Galt.—Aye, I do, and £500 more. I will add £500 which will make things all right, but of course we will take security on the stock. Are you agreeable, and will you undertake the negotiation, or will I?

L. H. Holton.—Well, if there's no other way I'll lay down the dust, but you must try to purchase the fellows cheaper, and you had better be the negociator, for you have a smooth oily tongue and the ability to affect great purity of motive and benevolence of feeling, whereas my ugly mug sometimes suggests to me that I look like a scoundrel. I must leave you now for I go off to Montreal in an hour, where I must always be if possible, for fear ——— should sell the *Argus*. Let me hear from you soon. *Exit.*

A. T. Galt [solus].—I must go and see John Ross again, and John A. McDonald; perhaps I may succeed in getting Cayley to resign quietly, in which case Holton may suck his thumb. "The devil take the hindmost." I know Hogan only wants a pretence to come round and that something equivalent to a wood contract will satisfy him, that, with the substitution of A. T. Galt for Wm. Cayley, the Ministry would merit his confidence. Then he will probably bring Dorland and Wallbridge with him. At any rate I will offer him £500 for himself and a £100 a piece for as many as he can bring along. No, I'll only give him £250 for himself and £50 a piece for the others, and he will be equally flattered since it makes him worth five Dorlands all the same. *Exit.*

ACT II.

John Sheridan Hogan [alone].—What an ass I was to be sure to fraternize with Brown, especially when I was in the power of Morrison, about that infernal wood contract with that