

THE POKER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

No. 45.

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Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

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The Orator of the West

For a long time we had lost sight of this distinguished individual, the Right Hon. James Spencer Sinstone, who was so well known to our citizens—the author of the *Torontoiad*, in which most of our public and business men flourished—the publication being now before us, we will give one or two quotations, just to recall him to memory. The Cadi was not forgotten by the Poet, he thus sings of him,—

Opposition, sure, all men wou'd spurn it,
For who would not vote for dear Mayor Gurnett;
The council can't produce I swear,
One so suited for the place of Mayor.
Tho' Uggan's magpie tongue and addled pate,
Concocted the most rasal Billingsgate;
So have I heard fulfil in Regent's Park,
A yelping puppy at the Lion bark.
A pretty Mayor you'd make, munsha in troth,
I'd like to satirise, but then I'm loath;
Not for want of room, but modesty,
So natural to genius and to me,

And

Hail Mrs Dunlop—Princess of the west,
By angels and by poets be cared.

Again,

This poem of which the orator so many tells,
And which the Babylonian and Toronto fill,
Are stamp'd on sheets from Eastwood's mills.

The next is dedicated to ex-Alderman Beatty.
He says—

His leather is superior and well tann'd,
The only raw skin merchant in the land.

If any gentleman would have
A decent cut or shave,
There's none in all the city round,
Like Mr Hickman can be found:
Ye ancient gents who wish to dance at jigs,
Require, you know, profuse tight fitting wigs.

George Platt
You are—renowned both near and far—
The Daniel Lambert of the Bar;
You're open hearted, mild, and free,
Just what a landlord ought to be.

At some future period we shall take the matter up, and give a few sketches of the worthies whom he has immortalized. However, at present, many of his old friends will be glad to know, that he is now in London, England, where he has a larger field for his genius, publishing the *Londoniad*, and has much improved, and is most successful. There are many Toronto men to be met with in the great metropolis, some, who have been very successful, while others have not. Within the recollection of every one is Chas. Khan, a Yankee dentist, who graduated or finished his profession, at that ingenious school called Sing Sing, where he was sent for excelling in the art of penmanship. He afterwards came to Toronto

and made some money. *Lady Elgin* at this time was suffering with tooth ache, which this Khan extracted, so much to his Lordship's satisfaction, besides making some false teeth for himself, that he advised him to go over to London, and gave him letters of recommendation and introduction, to the nobility. Jonathan, who has always got a great share of cheek, or rather impudence, pushed his way on, established himself at the most fashionable part of the West End, has got two black tigers, and is living in great style. Some domestic disagreements was the cause of his not taking his wife with him, but it was said that he supplied her place with a young woman who lived at ——— in the city, who is now with him. This fellow is always out when any gentleman from Canada calls on him, as he dreads exposure. Such are the ups and downs of life, and this goes to show, no matter how honest or honourable a man be, unless he has got introductions and cheek he had better stay in Canada. There are some other worthies we shall again give. Prophets have no honour in their own country.

McGee's Army on the March.

[The following letter was found near the Post Office]

ME DHARLING PETHER.—It is wid the most intiuise gratification that I take a howld ov me pin to lit yez ad no that the redimpshun ov the mither sod, the "Gim ov the oshun," is on the punt of bein' got at last, fur were about to march to the overthro' ov the tories, divil burn thim, in Cannady, under General Magee—wan of the Magee's of Ballymurtherem,—who's thraivin' 3 hundred thousand ov the flow'r ov the couthry, dacint boys from Connemorra some ov thim.

It is the intenshun ov the General to divide Upper Cannady into lots ov 5 hunderd akers aitch, and sint fur all the Connot boys, wid a sprunklin' frum Wicklo', to divilop the resorces ov the couthry, as he sed in a speach to a score ov the boys at Biddy Blake's tay party. Ye way make ver mind asy Pether ashore, fur I've great influence wid the rite hand man ov the General, sorra less thin Bishop Hughes ov New York,—crass John, as they call him, by raisin ov dacincy,—and ye'll get a spot yet fur a garden. Awbl but the General's a fine man, an' such a spaker: begorra he's a jule. An' av ye seen the way he puts the *comether* on a big *bosthoon* ov a scotch *omadawn* called Galorious George, ye'd ax him to dhrin! Meself, and Mистер Gould, and Pat Houlabin is to be kurnels, divil a less, an' Jim Brady, ov Knoekentumblin, is to be dhrum maigor, an' we're all the wear beautiful goold ippiloptics, wid soords, an' to turn the Lord Liftenant out ov the couthry to the thune ov "the Peeler an' the goat." We're hoarse wid singin' the "Pathrist's Prays" made for us by

the General, to keep us in mimory ov the glory ov ould Ireland; there's wan varse that dhraws tears from the whole ov us:—

Faix we're dacint boys an' brothers,
An' we cant endure no others,
For we're sons of—Irish mothers,
Lord be praised.

Shure it spakes to the hart, but look at this wan, to be painted beside Saint Pathrick on the banners:—

Onward fast ye band ov glory,
Let them tell in after story,
How we bate aitch murtherin' tory,
Lord be praised.

And this that makes poor Dinny McQuirk take to dhrink whiniver he thinks ov it, an' he's niver done singin' it:—

We'll gain glory, fame, an' *potheen*,
Whin we give the rogues a scutchin',
Soon their goold we will be clutchin',
Lord be praised.

Rite to me Pether *avourneen*, an' give me love to Norah Driscoll, ov the crass-roads the red haired wan ye kuow, an' tell Barney O'Shea, the crather, to lave the peelers, an' come here an' list. An' long live to yer souls.

Your thrue frind,

BLAKE DARCY,

Kurnel of the Pathriotic Invincibles.

To Pether O'Hare Gager,
Ballyshandry,
Ireland.

"To Proprietors of Newspapers."

A certain paragraph in a cotemporary, has elicited the explanation from our publishers, Messrs Thompson & Co., that they receive exchanges from every paper in the Province, which the *Poker* is sent to. That latter expression is incorrect grammar, as the preposition should be placed before the relative which it governs, but, as we pretend to be gifted with a "spirit of discernment," we select a sentence in the closing paragraph of our exceedingly smart cotemporary's theatrical notice of last No. for our precedent, and following such an illustrious example, we cannot certainly go far astray. In consequence of the Publisher receiving our exchanges, a great number of them, unfortunately, do not at all times come under Mr. *Poker's* notice. Publishers will please accept Mr. P's apologies for his unreflecting paragraph in allusion to their short-comings. However, we are not so "weak-minded" as to wish, on every silly occasion, to blow false notes on our trumpet to sound our own popularity; we leave that part of our business to be performed by a discriminating public, and it has so far been done favourably towards us, that Mr. *Poker* must embrace this opportunity of inscribing, without all the bombastic fluttering of our strong-minded neighbour, his sincere thanks for the support extended to him since his first advent as a "bantling" under most unfavourable circumstances.