

THE POKER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

No. 46.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

Ye Pic-nic at Sunnyside on ye Queen's Birthday.

DIARY OF JONAS SOPHTY, ESQ.

Did wake up in ye morning in a great state of ferment; did make haste to dress and shave myself; did cut my cheek in ye hurry; did swear I would never be in a hurry again; plaster on my cheek looked bad; did take three hours to dress. Started for ye place of "hosting;" on ye way did call for my friends Goosey and Blubbs; did find Goosey and Blubbs waiting for me; Goosey was in ecstasies; he was determined to create a sensation among ye ladies; was in ye same mind myself; Blubbs wondered if ye Committee would have any brandy at ye Picnic; he would take some along and be sure; thought I would look in ye looking-glass before starting; did look in ye glass; did look seven times; did wonder if ye Committee would have looking-glasses in ye house at Sundyside; all three started for ye place of meeting.

Arrived at ye place of meeting; found ye last "buss" ready to start; inside of "buss" occupied with ye crinoline and ye dear little Albert hats; did long to get inside; Goosey did say he would get inside; did try to get inside, but ye able manager, Mr. W., did politely inform him, that "ye interior was devoted exclusively to ye ladies;" Goosey did think ye ladies looked sorry at being deprived of his society; did begin to think Goosey a "goose;" knew all the time that it was I they were sorry for. Blubbs said it was a "demmed shame" to deprive the ladies of our society; manager called out "all-a-board;" did think it time to secure a passage; we did then mount aloft; Goosey did let his legs hang over ye side of ye "buss," to be as near ye ladies as possible; did find some other jolly fellows taking a "deck passage" as well; did undergo ye process of broiling during ye route along Queen street; dust was insufferable; Blubbs said it was dry work, and did have recourse to ye brandy; did take a "swig" myself; did pass ye bottle round; did all take a "swig;" ye folks on ye sidewalk did stare; no doubt thought us ye three best-looking fellows in ye party; felt sure they did; Goosey did shove his head behind me to keep his face from ye sun; would not let him; jolt of ye "buss" did make Goosey's legs knock ye hat of one of ye ladies; lady did screech; Goosey did assure her it was entirely an accident; young lady appeared satisfied; knew she was not; if it had been me she would have been; during ye route wondered if ye horses would run

away and break our necks; did not think they looked like "runaway" horses; was not sure; ye gentlemen to pass ye time away did get off ye "Buss," and walk with ye ladies' parasols to keep ye heat of ye sun rays off ye face, while others did sing with all ye might "Rule Britannia" &c.; did mentally curse them.

Arrived at ye Sunnyside; did get down from ye deck of ye "buss" in a state of dissolution from ye intense heat; did long to immerse myself in ye lake; did find a large crowd already arrived; did look at all ye ladies; did think ye ladies were the prettiest I had ever seen; did not see one bad-looking lady there; knew I was bound to create a sensation; was determined to create a sensation; did think ye gentlemen of Toronto were fine fellows; did think ye Committee were gentlemen; had no idea they were gentlemen before; next to myself and Goosey, would particularly recommend them to ye ladies; did think seriously of calling ye attention of ladies to ye Committee; did see ye gentlemen of ye press there; did see ye editor of ye *Poker* and his friend "Dobbs;" did see ye editor of ye *Grumbler*; did think ye editor of ye *Grumbler* was an ugly man; did think ye editor of ye *Poker* was uglier; ye editors appeared to be great guns among ye ladies; wondered how ye ladies could fancy such ugly fellows; thought there was no accounting for tastes; did make known my cogitations to Goosey and Blubbs; Blubbs said he would go round ye corner of ye building, to meditate upon them; Goosey and I did follow, to watch Blubbs meditate; saw Blubbs abstractedly meditating with ye brandy-bottle to his mouth; did think he had meditated long enough in solitude; did beg to be allowed to share his meditations; did share his meditations, and arrived at ye conclusion—"that ye brandy was good."

Was introduced to Miss —; did think Miss — ye prettiest girl at ye party; did begin to feel myself getting in love; felt it coming over my feet, and running in at ye tops of my gaiters; did tell Miss —, that Sunnyside was ye prettiest place I had ever seen; Miss — did say "yes;" did say ye company were nice; did say ye lake looked blue; did say ye grass looked green—to all of which Miss — did say "yes," and asked me if I did not see anything else green? I did say "Oh yes, ye trees;" had forgotten ye trees, Miss — did laugh; did laugh myself; did not know what we were laughing at; Miss — did laugh louder; did think she was such a funny girl; did tell her she was ye most amusing girl I had ever known, and asked her if she did not think Sunnyside a nice place; she did say "yes, and everything does look so fresh and green;" did think her reply very poetical; did feel myself getting over knees in love; did pass Blubbs and Goosey; did think they looked enviously at me; did feel myself getting over my waistbands in love; did propose to take a further

walk around ye grounds; did walk; did meet Goosey and Blubbs with a lady each; they did walk in same direction as myself; did come to a creek; ladies would like to cross ye creek, it was so nice; thought it was rather muddy, myself; did insist upon handing ye ladies across ye mud; did step on a mossy stone for that purpose; moss did give way, and precipitated me in ye mud; did poke my arm up to ye elbow in ye mud; ladies felt sorry for my misfortune; did turn their heads the other way, and pretend to cry; think they did laugh; Goosey came to assist me out of ye mud; did pull Goosey in too; sad accident; could not help it; felt sorry; Goosey did swear; ladies did laugh, did get out with some trouble; did try to laugh; felt inwardly vexed; ladies did laugh very loud while Goosey and I scraped ye mud off each other, with two sticks; did give up all idea of going over ye creek; did return with ladies; was introduced in form to ye other ladies; did say that "ye Sunnyside was a nice place; did say ye lake looked blue; did say ye grass looked green; ladies did agree with me in everything; glad to think they did appreciate my conversational powers; one of ye ladies did find out that she had lost her pocket-handkerchief at ye scene of ye disaster; Blubbs did volunteer to go back for ye handkerchief; offered to accompany him; would not hear of such a thing; Blubbs did go alone; did think he was gone a long time; did feel over my shirt collar in love; did get over head and ears in love; did feel uneasy about Blubbs; did venture to excuse myself to ye ladies, and go in search of him; did find Blubbs looking for ye handkerchief; did see him sitting on ye grass at ye foot of a tree, with ye brandy bottle in his hand; did look around him from where he sat; not seeing anybody, did take a drink; did like ye way Blubbs searched for ye handkerchief; determined to assist him in ye search; did assist him; thought searching for handkerchiefs a pleasant occupation; search over, went back to ye ladies; Blubbs had ye handkerchief, and returned it; was mortified to find one of ye ugly editors in tow with Miss —; could not relish ye idea at all; was introduced to some more young ladies; did say ye Sunnyside was a nice place; did say ye lake looked blue; did say ye grass looked green; Miss — did look at me and did laugh; did laugh too; ye ladies did propose a walk to ye shore of ye lake; did go to ye shore of ye lake; did tell ye young ladies again that ye lake looked blue; young ladies talked of skipping stones on ye surface of ye water; did say they would like to see some one skipping ye stones; did volunteer with Goosey to skip ye stones for ye amusement of ye ladies; did jump down ye bank, and began skipping stones; did wear out ye fingers of my kid gloves; did almost sprain my arm skipping stones for ye amusement of ye ladies; ye ladies did laugh and praise my skill; ye editor did grin; Goosey got envious of

my success; did make up his mind to do something big, and tumbled in ye lake; ladies laughed loud; Goosey did swear some, but appeared to laugh; Blubbs proposed we should return to ye house; carried unanimously; escorted ye ladies to dinner, while Goosey hung himself up in ye sun to dry; was asked by Miss —— to bring her a plate of ice cream; did get ye ice cream; was in such a hurry to serve her that I stumbled, and ye ice cream fell in her lap; felt exceedingly cheap; did snatch at ye ice cream with my handkerchief, and dashed it on ye ground; did fling it in Miss ——'s parasol, that was lying open on ye ground beside her; did feel cheaper; everybody laughed; Miss —— did laugh loudest; could not believe that I was Sophty; did fancy I was Gocsey; fond illusion dispelled by hearing my name called by Blubbs; received ye lady's pardon without asking it; dinner over, did dance on ye green with strange young lady; did say Sunnyside was a nice place; did say ye lake looked very blue; did say ye grass was green; first figure over, did say again that ye Sunnyside was a nice place; young lady acquiesced; second figure over, did say ye lake looked blue; did think it a fortunate thing we had ye lake and Sunnyside as topics for conversation; did wonder what we would have done without them; during ye dance, did tramp on ye young lady's foot, and hurt her so that she could not dance; broke up our sett; felt very awkward; could not find language to apologize; went in search of Miss ——; found her alone; she assured me I did create quite a sensation among ye ladies; felt very much flattered by ye assurance; determined to keep up ye impression; enjoyed myself all afternoon; made Blubbs jealous twice; laughed at Goosey's garments undergoing ye process of evaporation; all went off swimmingly; at half-past nine made arrangements for going home; did go in search of Miss ——; found her escorted by another gentlemen; was dreadfully jealous; Goosey, Blubbs, and I, did pile on ye top of ye omnibus; did sing "God save ye Queen" all ye way home; Blubbs had replenished his bottle; did think that the best part of it arrived home; did go to bed, and did dream all night of pic-nics, pud-muddles, stone-skipping, ice creams, and Miss ——es; did wake up next-morning, and longed for a second edition of ye pic-nic at Sunnyside.

The Whippoor Will.

The evening fell on wood and lake,
The Whippoor Will told from the brake
That day was passed and night once more
Held sway upon the forest shore;
The wolf poured forth its midnight howl,
And echoed back to him the owl,
But on my ear a chime beat still,
It was thy notes, poor Whippoor Will.
Why singest thou so sad a song?
Has Will been from thy nest too long?
Why dost thou now in mournful strain
Call for vengeance oft in vain?
Whip not poor Will, poor Will will come
Back, like all poor Wills, to his home,
For Will will find, like all through life,
There's none like his own sweet wife.
Take my advice, dear wives, don't fret,
Be kind to Will, he'll love you yet.
Don't whip your Wills,—don't will your whip
And drive Will to some other lip.
Don't wear your crinoline so wide
That Will is driven from your side.
Will is a man and has some feeling,
And loves his wife beyond concealing.

HABOLD.

Scene from a Clear Grit Tragedy:

ENTITLED

A ROW IN THE CAMP.

The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition seen seated in the Editor's Sanctum, Globe Office, King Street, old Mr. Brown seated in the next room, Gordon writing at a desk.

Brown, George, (musingly)

Ha! ha! ha! Now my triumph is complete,
I hear with joy, my Gordon, the welcome
News of discontents, fightings, murmurings.
In Cartier's camp. The time is now at hand,
When I shall leap into my proper place!
Soon shall the house of Brown be raised on high,
Soon shall the people me on shoulders bear,
To highest honors in this favored land;
And soon shall I, with lavish hand confer,
The chiefest and most goodly offices,
Upon my well tried friends. The power I
Shall surely have. With discontents abroad
Among our foes; with united forces
On our side, we shall defeat Macdonald,
Cartier, and all the blasted crew. Our way
Is clear. But late Dorion assured me,
That his friends were staunch. With one effort more,
If we all join, we shall most surely oust
This Government, and reinstate ourselves.
My long sought end shall be attained at last,
And I shall be Premier of Canada,
A little longer than before, I hope.
But who comes here? 'Tis Drummond, by my faith.
My friend, I bid you welcome.

Drummond (distantly).—Sir, (Brown stares) I ask a moment's private conversation.

(Looking at Gordon.) Request this stripling to withdraw awhile,

While I inform you for what end I come.

Brown, G.—Dear Gordon, please retire.

(Gordon retires, and the Leader devil comes in at the open window.)

Drummond.—Now in strictest privacy to yourself,

My visits import I communicate:

*To you I bear, the compliments of your
Late (Brown gasps) Colleagues. Your late colleagues
I respect,*

*And inform you of their resolution,
with you no longer to associate.*

*We, of Eastern Canada the champions,
Can no longer brook your lies and slanders,
Your cool brazen faced equivocations,
Your contradictions of what is most true,
And despairing of your reformation,
We now, for ever, cast you overboard,
Degrade you from the office of Leader.*

[The devil hearing mention of the Leader office, pricks up his ears. Brown G. on hearing it, jumps off his chair and shouts "bloody wars!"]

Brown pater fr. m inner room,

O George, George, I pray, do not be profane.

Drummond continues.

*By your false assertions in your paper,
By your false assertions in your speeches,
Our constituents are alienated
From us. Can we stand this? or what is worse!
The torrent of abuse you daily pour,
Upon our institutions and our race.
We gave you opportunity to mend
Your ill advised ways. We stood by you,
Although exposed to ridicule and jest
From our opponents. We can understand,
How one under a mistake may labor,
May misapprehend, may be deceived;
But in the matter of the Seigneur's bill,
No such palliation can be offered,
Nothing said in mitigation, Answer,
Is't not so? Ha! Now you begin to writhe.*

Brown, (angrily).—

*By heavens, Drummond, you once felt my ire,
You felt what means I have at my control,
To blacken, destroy, damn, my enemies.
But by this right hand you shall long repent
This abuse of me. You shall pay for it;
And as for your companions, your prompters,
Dorion, Laberge, McGee, and the rest,
I'll snap my fingers at them—disperse them.
I'll teach them to betray their firmest friend,
To taunt me with their ill-timed jibes and sneers.
Macdonald Sandfield, and that Foley too,
Are with you in this foul conspiracy,
To overthrow me. Tampering with my friends,
Bribing Grit Editors to write me down.
This then explains, Was'er man surrounded
By such enemies. In guise of friendship,
They joined my short-lived Administration,
Supported me, voted for my measures,
And called me the Honorable George Brown.*

*Called me Premier, and then dubbed me leader
Of the Opposition.*

*Drummond.—Exactly; and now from that position
We degrade you. I hope you understand.*

Brown, G.—Too well.

*Was't for this I've spent my life's best years?
Was't for this I've lied and scattered broadcast
O'er this country the seeds of religious
Discord; caused blood to flow; hate to replace
Friendship? Was't for this that I assumed
The hypocrit's garb—put on religion
My ends to accomplish?*

[Here he bursts into tears.]

*Drummond.—Ay weep! weep! Your sorrow I rejoice in.
Revenge is sweet, and I am now tasting
Its sweets. Don't remember Brown how I felt
Your ire—the means you used to blacken me
Before the world? Don't yet understand my
Meaning? Well, then, I'll explain. In return
For what I felt you experience this.
I did it, I brought this about. Is't well
Done? Did you think I joined your Grit party
For other purpose than to destroy you?
No, by heavens, no!—I did not do so.
For what did McGee take you under wing
But to strangle you? With my assistance
He has nearly done it. And now farewell.*

*Brown.—'Tis well. My way is clear, To-morrow's morn
Shall witness of an agitation the
Commencement. To repeal the Union
Shall henceforth be my party's battle cry.
Since those Frenchmen have thus deserted me
'Tis my only hope to at once begin.
Ho Sheppard, faithful scribe, where art thou now
To obey thy master's bidding. Hasten,
Use words of fire and fitting epithets
To bring those French quickly to their senses.*

[Sheppard enters.]

*Sheppard, show this vile renegade the hole
The carpenter made for his egress, and
Facilitate by any means you like
His exit from this peaceful sanctuary:
A pedal application might assist
His downward flight to yonder stoney pave;
Should he but hesitate spare not thy boot,
And shouldst thou in the operation kick
The sole from off it, come to me and I
Will give thee the "wherewith" to get it pegged again.*

Drummond.—Ha! is it so?

*I'll see you blest if I will leave this place
Before that I get ready, for, indeed, I am
Not in a hurry to depart. I think
That I, with your permission, sir, will seat
Myself until 'tis time to get my dinner.*

[Seats himself in Mr. Brown's arm chair.]

*I think they told me at my lodging house
They had some Irish stew done up with unions,
(A dish of which wondrously fond am I,
Beef-steak and garlic, with some mashed potatoes,
They a'so had preparing for the meal,
What think you of this latter dish—but stay,
I had forgot that haggis and oatmeal
Were those on which you are most qualified
To offer an opinion.*

Brown.—Sir, this levity's unpardonable;

*I must request that you at once will put
Your boots, and not force the unpleasant task
On us pitching you down stairs.*

Drummond.—By no means, sir, when I to go feel inclination

*I'll "pitch" myself "down stairs" and save you
trouble.*

Brown.—Sheppard,

Now must we use the sad alternative.

Sheppard.—I'm rather frightened—but wait I have it.

*[Exit Sheppard by a side door. After a short absence
he returns with a couple of devils bearing a bucket of
type-rinsings, and each having an article known amongst
boys as a "squirt-gun"; at Sheppard's word of command
they discharge and Drummond bolts for the opposite door,
which he kicks open so forcibly as to knock Gordon, who
had been listening at the key-hole, down stairs; Drum-
mond follows at a couple of bounds, and "streaks" it up
street, in all probability to his steak and garlic and Irish
stew, while Gordon retires to the sanctum to bewail the
misfortune of a copious discharge of claret from his pro-
boscis.*

Gammon.

*The Pro-Mayor of Quebec's Proclamation to
celebrate Her Majesty's Birthday in a loyal man-
ner. We think it is high time that Mayor
Boomer is placed on active service.*

Ministers in Ottawa!

GREAT EXCITEMENT OF THE POPULACE!

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

No sooner was it rumored among the good citizens of Ottawa, that the Ministers of the Crown had arrived in their city, and had determined to hold a Council there, than the utmost excitement began to manifest itself, and it soon reigned paramount to everything else. Merchants left their counters and jostled each other in the streets, looking at one another with a wild stare of bewilderment. "Is it true?" "Can it be possible?" "Tell me, tell me! is it actually the case?" and such like interrogations, were hastily put to men on every side. Mechanics left their labor, and women their household duties, to see the elephants. In the hurry-scurry, children were knocked over in the streets; but no one paid any attention to their loud cries or their injuries.—Everybody was too much wrapped up in the great event to pay attention to minor considerations. On poured the stream to the hotel at which the Ministers were holding their Council. Soon the house was surrounded, and the doors were in great danger of being forced, so eager were the unwashed to see the "lions" of the Front Street Menagerie. His Excellency began to feel dubious of his safety,—not from the fierceness of the bad passions of the mob, but from the fierceness of their turbulent regard,—and ordered Major Turner and his militia to turn out and preserve the peace. The militia, who had been preparing for "training-day" (the 24th), turned out in force, armed with the sticks they had used in drilling. Soon ex-member Yeilding—puffing and blowing like a porpoise—presented himself on the gallery of the hotel; his appearance was greeted with a shout that made the welkin ring, a tossing up of caps, &c. As soon as order could be restored, he commenced: "Gentlemen, good and loyal citizens, ahem!—yes, good and loyal citizens, ahem!—His Ex—(loud cheers) cellency (loud and prolonged cheering) has determined to come and live amongst you (loud, prolonged, superhumanly enthusiastic cheering), because he likes you so well (ditto, ditto, ditto, in a higher degree). In a short time he and his Ministers will present themselves for your inspection (most distractedly, frantically, enthusiastic cheering).

In the crowd below, all was in a dreadful state of excitement; land-holders, house-holders, and all other holders, were indulging in the most extravagant speculations imaginable, on the rise of property and rents. Sparks (on Shingles) appeared Book in hand. "Five hundred pounds per foot I'll take for my property near Government hill!" shouted Alderman Rochester. "You are a dashed fool to do anything of the sort!" shouted Councillor Clemow. "I'll take—I'll take for mine," said Alderman Ring, "I'll take—I'll take—a drink!—come boy's let's liquor—three cheers for the Guverner,—hooray!" Terrible was the cheering—awfully deafening was the din of tumblers—gurgling of spirits from the neck of decanters, pattering of "muddlers," and clanking of spoons—never, in any era of the world, was such a scene exhibited. Long and impatiently waited the crowd, until the ministers presented

themselves—and here I was forced to retire, the scene was beyond description, and overpowering to my reason. But, before I close, there is one thing that I would earnestly recommend, that is: for the managers of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, to prepare, with all despatch, at least two hundred chambers in their building, there is no telling how soon they may be wanted.

Them Russian Guns.

In the City Council the Mayor made a speech,
For as much as the guns were now in our reach,
We should send Capting Moodie to bring them away,
And have them up here for the Queen's birthday.

The twenty-fourth's came, the Mayor's at his post,
With policemen a posse, and soldiers a host,
But they can't move one gun, for each weighs a ton,
And they don't know exactly what's to be done.

Tho' the Mayor is strong, as every one knows,—
For he's four feet ten from his crown to his toes—
Not a peg could he move them, alas! and alack!
Tho' he forced till his back was ready to crack.

Then the worthy Mayor again made a speech.
"Altho' these great guns have come in thro' the breach,
"It is clear that first now we can't take them in tow,
"Begone brave army and don't kick up a row."

Then Ensign Snook and famed Captain Brooke
Made a bow to the Mayor and at once their leave took,
For both they and the sopers and Count Hallowell
Found out at the last 'twas a regular sell.

Them Russian Guns, them Russian Guns,
Taken from Russia by Britain's sons,
Were doomed to stay on the Custom House quay,
If not to do duty they'll have some to pay.

P. F.

Stray Leaves from the Portfolio of a Walking Philosopher.

NO. III.

TITMOUSE VISITS POINT LEVI.

MR. POKER.—One day—the day of the week or the date of the month, matters to nobody—I took a notion to fly the dust and smoke of this dull city, and for that purpose I was standing upon the pier waiting for the proper boat to convey me to point Levi, when my friend, Augustus Montagu Scroggs came along. "wapt in thought." I called to him a dozen times, and gave him half a dozen pokes in the side with my cane, before his mental wrapper fell to the ground.

"Ah, Tit," said he, "here is a work of mine, lately published; accept it with my compliments." On opening, I found it to contain a batch of verse, and on the first leaf was written, in a bold hand, "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esquire, with his friend, the author's compliments." Now, a very warm friendship subsisted between myself and Scroggs, and I was somewhat displeased that he did not submit me the manuscript before he ran the gauntlet of critics as an author. I always looked upon Scroggs as a moon-struck, love-sick, sort of non-descript, and I thought of the enjoyment I would have in reading over his themes of Poesy, on my return to my study. I hastily poked the book in my pocket for future examination, and turned my eyes towards the author, who was leaning against the steamboat office—his eyes were fixed upon me. From experience I well understood my friend's situation. I recollect my own emotions, Mr. Poker, under similar circumstances. I knew that poor Scroggs was clothed in fear and feverish anxiety. I knew his thoughts as well as himself, and I therefore appreciated the new Poet's feelings. Scroggs was distrustful of his own abili-

ties—Scroggs—poor fellow—was very sensitive. I was about to say a comfortable word, when he anticipated me by asking my candid opinion.

"Well, Gus," said I, "after examination I shall—hold on Captain! Adieu, Gus."

Saying which, I made a spring into the boat, and landed on a gentleman's foot. He gave a scream, and said something about corns. I sympathized. I was going upon the upper deck when the boat gave a sudden jerk, and I was unmercifully plunged into the arms of a young lady. Passengers began to scowl, but young lady, (oh, Mr. Poker, such a charming brunette,) accepted apology in a graceful manner, worthy of good Queen Vic. I succeeded in getting upon the upper deck, and was contemplating Cape Diamond in the distance, when a shabby lady, with a baby, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me how far the Railway depot was from the steamboat landing. Would not answer that question, as passengers were observing me. I scowled and moved to the other side of the boat. Shabby lady growled out, "stuck up pride," or something to that effect. In my confusion I sat down upon a gentleman's new hat. He grew indignant. Passengers were amused. I apologized and made it all right. Sudden jerk poked my elbow through window of wheel-house. Heard shabby lady say that I was "intoxicated." Was going to reprimand her for such a remark, when I suddenly found myself in the hands of the Captain. He exclaimed, "For vot, Sare, you broke the vindo?" I remonstrated. Shabby lady said she saw me break it, and I was no gentleman or I would pay for it. Took the hint, and pulled out a ten dollar bill, which the Captain poked into his pocket, Gave me my change, which I subsequently found to consist of a bad \$5 note, two twenty-five cent pieces, and threepence half-penny in copper coin. Shabby lady's baby began to bawl, and she looked savage. I think she spoke to it in the Cherokee tongue. An Irish gentleman looks indignaut, and mutters something about "bringing young spalpeens into a boat to annoy dacrut rispictable folks." Shabby lady very near picks a quarrel with the gentleman from Ireland. Man comes round to collect fares. I handed him six cents. I get a glimpse of Irish gentleman sneaking behind the paddle-box. He evades paying fare. Shabby lady gives two cents. Says she has no more. Collector seizes an old cotton parasol. She endeavours to create a row. No go. Passengers all cry shame! Elderly gentleman in black kids tells another passenger that she is an "unfortunate woman." Shabby lady calls him an inhuman wretch—a brute. She said she was much better than he was, and so forth. He slopes. Baby cries, and lady accompanies it in an outlandish kind of weeping. Tears her hair. Passengers begin to suspect that she is drunk. They look disgusted. Hibernien roars to 'ould her prate, and make her mind aisy! Lady shakes her fist. Boat stops. Several boatmen lift up a plank, and in so doing knocks hat off gentleman in black kids and white tie. They don't apologize. Wind blows it into the river. Pious gentleman looks alarmed. A habitant rushes for a boat-hook. But, alas, tide has carried hat away, and pious gentleman demands satisfaction. Captain proffers him an old "jim crow," which was hanging up in the wheel-house. It is refused: Offers him his own old white hat, which is decor-

ated with a yard of crape. Pious gentleman asks him if he intends to insult him. Captain shrugs his shoulders. Pious gentleman looks uncomfortable, and calls for a cab. Just then wheel-man brings three very old hats, and apologizing very humbly, proffers them to make a selection. Pious gentleman never thinks of gratitude, and makes a stiff exit. Shabby lady produced four cents, and recovered her old cotton parasol. Made a triumphant exit. Amidst a confusion of tongues, and the rolling out of barrels—combined with the din of the steamer's bell—I rushed into a cab—Scrogge and his book forming the subject of my reflections.

Now, Mr. Poker, from the foregoing experience I have planned the following maxims of steam-boat Philosophy—hoping that they will be approved of by all those who have a regard for their own personal comfort:—

1. Always be on board ten minutes at least before the boat starts. You may thus avoid leaping, and most probably getting ducked.

2. Secure a comfortable seat upon the upper deck, that is, if you have an eye for the sublime. To have abundant room put your legs upon the seat, and puff a cigar. Sitting sideways is also a capital dodge.

3. Avoid being close to the wheel-house, or any other house that may have windows. You may not be possessed of funds enough to meet an unexpected bill. Mind No. 1, or rather no-one.

4. Beware of all Shabby ladies, with or without babies. Never sit near them under any consideration. But if you like you can stare such an one, and in such case be assured that you will be asked what you are looking at. This will be amusing the passengers at your own expense. It is a nice game when played well.

5. If you wish to be amused, plant your cane on somebody's toe. If the owner has corns, the aspect of his visage will delight you.

6. If a passenger demands you to make room, resent it with a scowl of authority. Style it an outrage. Be as comfortable as you can, at the same time it will amuse you to observe the uncomfortable position of your neighbours.

7. In taking your fare out of your vest pocket, endeavour to poke your elbow into your neighbour's eye. Always have change, and look excited. An apology will set it all right.

8. Mind your hat on all occasions. If necessary carry it in your hand. If an opportunity occurs to knock off a fellow-passenger's hat into the river, do so. But be guarded if you attempt it on a gentleman from Ireland. An apology seldom sets it all right with them.

Yours, in my arm chair,

TITMUSE.

Titmouse House,
Quebec, May, 1859.

"An Inevitable Question."

Under this heading we find, in last Saturday's *Grumbler*, the following:—

"Commend us to newspaper correspondents for clearness and intelligibility, it is quite a relief to meet with a dish of arrant nonsense occasionally."

Mr. Poker cries "hear, hear," to the latter part of the above, and would beg of the *Grumbler* not to disappoint him of his weekly relief, by failing at any time in their usual issue.

Royal Lyceum.

It seems that Mr. Marlowe is determined to spare no efforts to make his establishment one that will afford peculiar gratification to the drama-loving portion of our community. Besides the extension of the engagements of Miss C. Thompson and Mr. Bass, Mr. Marlowe, in conjunction with them, has treated the public to the Shakesperean rendition of Mr. Howe. A trio of "stars," of no small magnitude, must place the Manager under a very heavy expense, which still further shows that, though he should suffer a pecuniary loss, he will make his place one, where an intelligent person can secure a few hours of intellectual recreation. Under these circumstances it is almost unnecessary for us to impress upon an appreciating public, the manner in which they ought to return a compliment so favorable to their intelligence.

As usual, we are enchanted with the performance of Miss Thompson—we do not see how it is possible for a person to be otherwise than enchanted with, or by, a fairy—instead of wearying of her representations, as is the case with most actors after becoming familiar with them, we still find something original in them to admire; as Mr. Bass, said, "she does indeed bid fair to become one of the leading ornaments of the stage." Mr. Bass and his eccentricities have made us laugh by the hour, yes, "by a full hour, by the Shrewsbury clock." Mr. Howe portrays the malignant passions of those undying conceptions of the great dramatist (Richard and Shylock) in a high degree of perfection. The bitter malice of the uncompromising Jew, is exhibited with an energy that does not fail to make the beholder shudder, and at the same time, bring the observer's silent maledictions on his head. By the members of the general company, the minor parts were ably sustained, and the wonder is that they were so well done, considering how very seldom they have an opportunity of exercising their talents in the Shakesperean masterpieces. Might, Mr. Poker, without being considered impertinent, venture to suggest a little more animation in the general performances of Miss Glenn; it only requires in light characters, a corresponding degree of vivacity to make her acting above mediocrity. Mr. Poker would like to pay a tribute to the merits of most of the other actors, but space, at present, will not allow him.

On Tuesday evening next, Mr. Bass will receive a Benefit from the citizens of Toronto, on which occasion Miss Thompson will appear in conjunction with Mr. Bass for the last time.

Miss Davenport, (the greatest actress in America,) and Mr. J. Nickinson, are engaged, and will appear on Wednesday.

Rather a Mistake.

It is quite evident that our cotemporary, the *Grumbler*, is getting short of fuel. For several weeks it has become gradually more stupid and more wearisome to read. The editor of the *Grumbler*, we imagine, never shot further from his mark than last week when he gave insertion to an article, very badly written, entitled "Who is he?"—an article that displayed a certain amount of ill-feeling, not to say very bad taste, on the part of the writer. The article we refer to was nothing more nor less than a short resume of a letter written by the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. Now, without diving into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statement, the one put forward, it strikes us very forcibly that the *Grumbler* had better leave the English Press alone!

The Queen's Birthday.

Our Civic Daddies and Corporation *Loafers*, being all well *Bred* men, distributed a number of *Loaves* (but forgot the few small fishes) to the hungry multitude on the Queen's Birthday.—Truly it was a great effort to be so liberal. They would have roasted an ox, but unfortunately they had not one to roast, if an *Ass* would have answered the purpose, they could have found plenty among themselves to select therefrom. *Bugs* and other sucking insects are found to adhere to the Corporation garment. Sproat forgot, to bring some of that celebrated *rot gut*—called *ginger pop*—to wash down the dry Bread. No butter was furnished. The poor had to take up the crumbs that fell from the rich Aldermen's table, and eat the bread which they themselves in their taxes contributed to pay for. Why did they not furnish a small portion of meat and vegetables—Finch could have given the *cabbage*—and certainly there are *Butchers* enough in the Corporation to have killed a few porkers, gratis. The Chandler should have distributed some of their short sixteens. The Drummond light has left the Council, or else he would have illuminated them. The worthies—some of whom were inflated with pride and patronage—bestowed tickets, which will get them votes next year, no doubt. If any of the bread finds its way to a member's table, it is to be hoped he will have something to wash it down.

To Correspondents.

TITMUSE.—Your pieces are excellent. We are looking out for the others.

GIMORACK.—Your piece has been laying over for a long time, but will go in.

QUIZ.—Your articles are always welcome, especially the poetry.

CARLOS.—Will be glad to hear from you again.

TONGS.—You are one of our's and the public's *Lions*.

CANUCK.—Ditto.

P(OKE) F(UN).—Always received with "honors."

DOBBS.—Our motto is to purge *Humbuggs*.

FRANCESCO.—Receive our thanks for your very clever hits.

HAROLD.—Byron himself would envy you.

ENQUIRER.—Strutwell's Diary will be concluded in our next issue.

SHOVEL.—Your piece is a lee-e-e-tle bit too *apropos*. Shovel! Shovel! we did not think you were a man of that kind.

University of Toronto.

We have much pleasure this week, in announcing the appointment of Thomas Moss, B. A., to the Registrarship of the University by the Senate. This recognition of his services and talents meets with our hearty commendation. We are confident, when we say, that he will always give the utmost satisfaction to the Senate in whatever situation he may hold. May success attend him.

"The Poker"

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