

# THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

No. 16

## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experientique laborum.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

### City Nurseries.

It has been our pleasant duty to call the grateful attention of the dwellers of Toronto, both fixed and transient, to some of the "improvements and institutions" for which they are indebted to the superlative genius and watchful solicitude of the two and a half dozen of patriotic, self-sacrificing and exemplary gentlemen, who without fee or reward, save much obloquy, devote themselves to the management of the city affairs.

It is not much that we can do to vindicate them from undeserved censure, and to establish their claims to public admiration and gratitude; but what we can do, we will do, and at "any rate (as Sir E. W. Head says) the temporary sojourners from the other cities and towns, who are open to conviction, will in many cases, owing to our labors, be enabled to carry with them, for the benefit of their own localities some just conceptions of the advantages of artificial dirt heaps, quagmires, and honey-pots; and before long we may have the high praise of having induced an imitation by other places of the "Porcine Street Institution" of Toronto, the beauty and advantages of which we took some pains to describe in our last number.

By the way, we have not yet received from Aldermen Bugg—the trainer of the Romaine horse—an answer to our interesting query, as to the relative advantages of raising pork in the streets, with the concomitant inconveniences we pointed out, and the keeping of the filthy sows and their rooting children: "to hum." The benevolent Alderman will oblige us by bringing his calculations to an early close, and sending us an answer, which we have no doubt will add much to his already well-deserved fame. Perhaps Constable Hogg would kindly assist him.

To-day we have to suggest to the citizens another ground of thankfulness to the venerable civic Fathers. We desire with becoming gravity to allude to the nurseries, which under their fostering care have grown and spread, until every street, lane, and alley is enabled to boast as many as will meet the wants of the inhabitants with spare room for strangers. By nurseries, our readers will see that we do not talk of orchards and things of

that sort, no, not at all; we have a higher range of objects in view. We do not even mean places where stray babies are sent to be suckled and tended in their infant helplessness; nor yet of Orphan Asylums, where tender hearted women weep over the sorrows, and attend to the wants of little boys and girls whom Providence in inscrutable wisdom, or the nurseries we are going to speak of, have deprived of fathers and mothers. These institutions are doubtless good so far as they go, but the City Fathers are not responsible for them in any way—they have nothing whatever to do with providing for orphans. The Nurseries we have to deal with, and on account of which we claim, for the gentlemen who oversee (overlook?) the interest of the city the greatest praise, are those admirable establishments which consist in many cases of—

1. Four bare walls, and generally a very filthy floor. (It may be that six-penny pictures of prize-fights, horse-races or half-naked women grace the aforesaid walls.)

2. A deal counter covered with shabby oil cloth or painted some dirt colour.

3. A long bench, and two or three old wooden chairs.

4. A shelf behind the counter with three coarse glass decanters, and three or four black bottles supposed to contain brandy, gin, rum, whisky, and wine, but in fact, all containing whisky mixed with abominable compounds, and coloured to represent all the liquors.

5. A ten gallon keg of beer.

6. A jug with water, a dozen small tumblers, and a pail to wash the glasses.

7. An old cigar box with a few plugs of tobacco and a few pipes.

8. Sometimes there is a square hole behind, answering to a room, where will be found a deal table, a bench, and a pack of cards.

As nearly as possible, we have described the city nurseries, some of which are specially authorized by the benevolent City Fathers to carry on their philanthropic operations, while a large number do so out of mere good will, and without particular recognition, let or hindrance. The legal and understood objects of these establishments is to afford lodgings to travellers, and to provide them and their horses with food and attendance while they sojourn in the city, all of which requests are sure to be had by any reasonable number of applicants, as appears by the description just given—provided always, that both the men and the horses can eat whiskey and sleep out of doors.

Over and above the accommodation of travellers, these excellent institutions undertake to train up lads to be the common pests of society; husbands and fathers to become ferocious brutes; and wives and mothers sottish profligates. These things are so well known and it is so notorious that out of ten of these nurseries nine are able to give bed and board in the streets to travellers, and whiskey to boys and girls; that we need not spend time in pointing out the remarkable agreement there is between what they are, and what the law presumes them to be. For all these benefits we are indebted to the City Fathers, and every time we pass one of these filthy holes and hear the curses and blasphemies issuing therefrom, we bless the watchful guardianship which guarantees their daily increase and undisturbed continuance.

### Another Phase of the Crisis.

Passing down King Street on Sunday morning last, our attention was attracted by some poetical effusions inscribed with chalk upon the shutters of three of the prominent puffing houses. Under the supposition that they would interest many of our readers, we dotted them down in our note book, and submit them for their benefit.

No. 1.

#### THE LION AND THE MONKEY.

When a man to a town for a show takes a lion,  
'T is usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;  
But here in Toronto the reverse may be seen,  
Golden Lion *without* and the Monkey *within*.

No. 2.

#### THE OLD KING IN A NEW CHARACTER.

In ancient times behind the chair,  
Of every monarch stood  
Some poor fantastic fool, whose jests  
Gave savour to the food.

But we in modern times surpass  
This very ancient rule;  
Combine both characters in one,—  
The OLD KING and the FOOL.

No. 3.

#### A BULL FROM BARNEY.

Says Barney to Pat "in last session's campaign,  
While you was off buying t'other side of the main,  
As shure as I hope a soft bed to die on,  
I had a grate fite wid the big wooden lion.  
Havin' kilt the goold monsther I put on his hide,  
And like Hircules, fought the owld King till he died.  
No, he didn't quite die, that's a bit of a blunder,  
But was glad, my dear Paddy, at least to knock under."  
To this bowld assertion long Patrick the twin  
Replied, "Barney Bouchal, I'm glad that you won,  
Troth, that fable of Asup's at length come to pass,  
That the hide of a lion was worn by an ASS."

## THE BALL ROLLS.

### IMMENSE FEED IN MONTREAL. BROWN-DORION CABINET EATEN ALIVE!

(Specially Reported for the *Poker*.)

On Thursday last, 4th November, the good old city of Montreal witnessed the assemblage of an immense body of the leading politicians of the country. All met together to address themselves to the great issues before the country. The feeling of indignation against the Governor General was intense and unanimous. The reception of Mr. Brown was most enthusiastic. He spoke for forty-eight hours without sleep or drink. We lose not a moment in laying before our readers a report of the able speeches delivered on the occasion. The fate of the Cartier-Macdonald corruptions is now signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of our reporter and other incredible witnesses.

After the usual loyal toasts of Her Majesty and the Royal Family had been proposed and drunk, the Chairman (Timothy Twoface, Esq.) gave the Governor General, amidst a storm of hisses. Nobody drank to this health, and everybody was pleased that nobody had done so.

The next toast was that of our guests, "The Brown-Dorion Cabinet," coupled with the name of Hon George Brown. (Tremendous applause which lasted for several days.)

Mr. Brown then rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, to-day we are assembled to express our detestation of the most unscrupulous Governor that ever had a Head on him. To-day we are met to condemn the most profligate and corrupt ministry that ever had a tail to it. [A voice, "Brown-Dorion you mean," and hisses.] No, gentlemen, but one if possible much worse. [Laughter.] Canada will never be safe till my Cabinet is again in power. We would have been in power this day if it had not been for a most disgraceful piece of jugglery. [Hear, hear.] Had it not been for the monkeries—hem—I mean mountebankism of that incorrigible rogue [A voice, "yourself," and loud cries of order, order] John Macdonald and his vile crew, my honourable friends Messieurs Dorion, Drummond, Holton, Lemieux, and myself, would to-day, instead of being seated here on pine boards, have had Cabinet seats. [Applause.] But, gentlemen, the day is coming,—nay, is come, [if not past] when we shall be Cabinet ministers. [Cheers.] We shall again, in spite of the machinations of the enemies of fair play, be again the governing spirits of this great country. [Loud cheers.] We shall again be in a position to save the revenues of this province, [aside, "for my own use,"] and redeem the credit of this the brightest jewel of the English Crown. [Loud and prolonged cheers, which lasted for four hours.]

The next toast was that of the "dejected of Sherbrooke."

Mr. Drummond rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, though the rejected of Shefford, I am here in the place of the ejected of St. Sylvester. [Laughter.] Thanks

to my stars, I shall yet be able to inflict the stripes on that rag-a-muffin John A. Macdonald. [A voice, "Waiter, muffins required here," and uproar.] I hope gentlemen will not interrupt me, for I have important things to say on this occasion. [Cries of "go on."] That, gentlemen, is what I am going to do. Well, this man Macdonald is as void of all honour as—in short, myself. [Cries of "that's true, Drummond," and laughter.] I meant to say, gentlemen, that he has not as much honour as myself or Sir Allan McNab. [Cries of Oh! Oh! Oh! He tried, gentlemen, to jump over my shoulders and down Sir Allan's throat. [Hear hear.] He tried by every dodge for which he is so noted to become premier. [A voice, "And he did it, too"—cheers.] Yes, he did it; but he did not give me the chance to do it. He, gentlemen, is a clever man, but is very blind to the ability of others. [A voice, "Yourself, for instance," and laughter.]

[The Chairman,—“Gentlemen, I beg of you of desist these unseemly interruptions.”]

Gentlemen, [hear, hear,] Gentlemen, [hear, hear,] I must before I sit down apologise to my friend on my right who is seldom wrong [laughter] for the manner in which, in times gone by, I spoke of him. [Brown.—“Let by gones be by gones, old fellow.”] I must,—I must,—[Drummond takes out his kerchief,] admit that I was very ra—ra—rash. [Bursts out into tears.] I was cruel,—very cruel, so I was. [Sits down greatly affected, amidst the sobs of the entire company.]

The next toast was that of "The Honourable without a seat."

Mr. Holton.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion. Though I have no seat I am able to stand, and that's what Mr. Drummond is not. [Marks of disapprobation.] I am, thanks to Mr. Brown, an "honourable." Although Mr. Brown has at times called me "a selfish and corrupt politician," he has enabled others to call me, "The Honourable Luther H. Holton." [Hear hear.] I never mean to disgrace either him or my title. It is true that I once said he did nothing but vex the reform party. I say so still. [Sensation.] He vexed them mightily by making me his Commissioner of Public Works. [Laughter.] Had I continued in office, I should have vexed him in return by giving his brother Gordon fine fat contracts. [Renewed laughter.] This is the sort of vexation that we grits are obliged to endure. [Prolonged laughter.] I fervently hope that next session of Parliament will again see us in our old places. [A voice, "chisseling as usual," and cries of "put him out."] No, gentlemen, no putting out, I beseech you, for I have a sympathy for men put out of any place. [Hear.] Sir Edmund Head [hisses] put me out of office, and I am tender on such points. [A voice, "put out the gas," and laughter.] Thanking you for the honour done me, I resume my—my—not my seat—but my bench. [A voice, "A shoe-maker is Luther," and uproar.]

The next toast was, "The Champion of Liberty and hero of Cabbage Garden exploits."

D'Arcy McGee arose and said,—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, When I surveyed this beautiful room, a thought struck me. [A voice "Did it hurt you?" and laughter.] It is this, Gentlemen, that so sure as there are nails in that roof, this dinner is a nail in the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet. [Cheers.] From this room our sayings will spread throughout the length and breadth of this province; and according as they spread will corruption cease,—will liberty rise,—will corruptionists fly,—will freedom flourish,—will justice triumph,—and will the province be saved. [Long and continued applause.] There is a paper published in Toronto called the *Poker* which now and again gives me some mortal pokes, but I am not dead yet. No, gentlemen, it will require more than the *Poker* and the *Leader* to convince those who do [not] know me that I am disloyal to my Queen. It will require more than the writings of any ministerial scribbler to convince me that I am disloyal. No, gentlemen, I am neither disloyal to my Queen nor to my Church. I am not disloyal to my Queen, for I only rebelled against her I am not disloyal to my Church, for I have made my friend Mr. Brown almost a member of it. [A voice, "That's the talk my darlint."] From being the "Protestant champion" of Upper Canada, he is now become a sucking-dove. [Laughter.] He would no more speak of our sacred edifices dedicated to religion and learning as monkeries than fly into the air. He would no more speak of the ceremonies of our sacred religion as "mummeries" than cut his right hand off. He would no more speak of our holy ladies, sisters of charity, as "prostitutes," [sensation] than cut his head off. [Great cheers.] No, gentlemen, he is a changed man, and you may thank me for the change. Gentlemen, I hope through Mr. Brown's aid, now that I have subdued him, to put down every Orange Lodge in Upper Canada. [Confusion.] I hope, in a word, to make Upper Canada as thoroughly Catholic as it is now confoundedly Protestant [Cheers.] These things, gentlemen, I shall do through my able and dear friend, Mr. Brown. [The two embrace each other very affectionately.] O, Brown, Brown, you are a splendid fellow. [Cheers.] Mr. McGee sat down much affected.

The next toast was "The Good-for nothing."

Mr. Lemieux, who was to have replied to this toast, was so sound asleep that all efforts to awake him proved unavailing.

The dinner broke up about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, and all who had been present were carried to their hotels by the police.

### Rather Indiscreet.

An enthusiastic but over jealous admirer of "The Indian Herb Doctor," says, "that his medicine is good for anything and failing everything else—even for the bowels of the earth." For once we agree with an admirer of the learned quack. Numbers now in the bowels of mother earth if on earth could testify that he sent them where they are.

## The Tax Gatherer.

I saw him in the street,  
His book beneath his arm;  
Oh! how my heart did beat!  
How great was my alarm!  
I saw him coming near,  
Oh! agony intense:  
His book betrayed no fear  
Of modesty nor sense.

He looked just like a *dun*,—  
You saw it in his eye,  
A veritable son  
Of scheming Mercury.  
And then that dreadful book,  
Dreadful it seemed to me;  
My frame with terror shook,  
Yet 'twas no use to flee.

I thought me of the day  
When Tyler led his band,  
Refused the tare to pay,  
And spurned th' unjust command.  
Could I not do the same,  
Refuse to pay the tax;  
And when the hireling came,  
Go meet him with an axe?

Ah, no! it would not do,  
My courage it might fail,  
And very likely too  
I'd find my way to jail:  
That would not suit my case,  
I had to go to work;  
Perhaps, I'd lose my place,  
For I was but a clerk.

Nearer the being came,  
He now approached the door,  
It seemed to me my name  
He was pronouncing o'er.  
But ah! he's going past!  
He isn't going to call!!  
Another look I cast,  
It wasn't him at all!!!

## The Weekly Comet.

Such is the name of a sublunary stranger that has just made its appearance in Montreal. So long as it keeps to its own orbit, we shall be glad, with others, to gaze upon its course; but should it ever needlessly come in our path we shall, according to our nature, give it a hit. By reason of the greatness of its parallaxes we judge it is a sufficient distance from us for us to give it a wide berth. Let it take us for its sun, and let its path be curvilinear and concave towards us,—the orbit of course being in such case parabolical. Though not at present particularly bright, we indulge the hope that it will improve as we, the sun, drive off the clouds which now surround it.

## Mrs. Blunt.

On Thursday evening, we were present at the reading of this talented and estimable lady. She, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute, read in the Theatre of the Normal School, to a very fashionable, large, and intelligent audience. We need not say that she was well received. The frequency of the plaudits, which greeted her from an audience so well able to judge of her pretensions, is the best testimony that she can have to the good opinion entertained of her.

## University College.

MR. POKER,—Having received a neat piece of pasteboard with my name inscribed thereon, and informing me that the convocation of the University College would take place on Monday, Oct. 25th, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p.m., I resolved to grace the Assembly with my presence. I accordingly sallied forth, decked out to my own satisfaction, and, as I thought, to that of all others in like case offending. After crossing sundry fields to the dissatisfaction both of my inside and outside, I found myself in the renowned College Avenue; and after using my poor legs until they were tired, I found myself at the door of a sort of dwelling house, the walls whereof are very shaky. After looking about me to see where I should enter, (for there was no one near,) I entered one of the numerous doors, and was astonished to find a group of the porters talking in a corner about the question of Representation by Population, in which talk I joined. When our conversation had finished, one of the white choker's of a tremendous size—a huge piece of white calico,—offered very politely to conduct me to a seat in the "Hall," to which I bowed assent. He and I proceeded up an endless flight of stairs, and after a long peregrination we arrived at our destination. When I peeped in, what was my astonishment instead of seeing the grave and reverend sages that I expected, to see nothing but tents with poles stuck up in them called ladies! I thought I would be able to get in; but when I looked about me, I found that the seats were all occupied, and that certain new arrangements were taking place, in the form of putting little boys out of their seats to make room for more ladies, to the great disgust of said little boys, whose loud lamentations of "What business have the women everywhere where the men are. Wherever we go, whether in the parliament house or elsewhere, where they should not be they are found, and where they are wanted they cannot be found." Then came a rush of young Shavers up the stairs, kicking up such a rumpus that much interrupted Mr. Moss, Mr. Herschfelder, Mr. Foneri, and others who were holding a confab in the French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish and Syriac languages; all of which I, like the speakers, pretended to understand. In I went and got a seat. But presently a regiment of "tents with poles in them" came up the stairs, and one of them took my chair, and spilled me down stairs. Such roars of laughter I never heard. I picked myself up, and amidst cries of "Presento vobis hunc vios," "Ita do fidem," &c., and other exclamations of rage, resolved to go home, which I did in disgust and vexation of spirit. YOUR REPORTER.

## The Musical Trumvirate.

The musical world situate, lying, and being in the city of Toronto, has three leaders of of Oratorios, each with good points, as the following shows:—

The most insolent is Mr. Carter.  
The most savoury is Mr. Onions.  
The most poor is Mr. Lazare, (anglice Lazarus.)

## The Floral Concerts.

Anything more beautiful or more chaste than these concerts we have not for a long time either seen or heard. The novelty was much heightened by the pleasure which we derived from the really excellent manner in which the young ladies acquitted themselves.

The opening chorus "We are the Flowers," together with the semi-chorus "Rest thee here"—which, however, we believe, was performed as a chorus—were almost perfect. Then followed the Duet between the Rose and the Lilly—the Lilly being taken by Miss Clara Hamilton, and was rendered with much taste and feeling. The solo following "O! Gentle Peace," by the Recluse, which part Mr. Hickok took, was well performed. We may mention also the duet by the Heliotrope and Mignonette "Tis not beauty," and that by the Violet and Lilly "Sister Flourets," as being worthy of commendation. The song by the Rose "The balmy odours which we bear," was, like all Miss Wright undertook, performed in a manner that would have done no discredit to a professional singer. We cannot refrain from mentioning especially, however, that the interlude consisting of a song by the Rose, with a flute accompaniment to represent the Nightingale—went beautifully—played by Mr. Schenk, whose powers as a flutist are so well known. The Touch-me-not, by Miss Brocoski, excited great admiration. The song by the Rose, "Filled with gratitude and love," so deservedly encored on both occasions, and the duet by the Lose and Recluse, "I bless th' land," were gems. Other pieces which much pleased us were—The Chorus of Heather Bells—the Semi-chorus of Poppies—the Chorus and Echo "Long live our beauteous Queen," and the Semi-chorus "Receive thy Crown," in which the principal part—evening—was performed by Miss Hamilton.

Such performances are calculated to do good in a mixed community. They soothe and they please, and they in no wise offend the taste, even of the most fastidious; but on the contrary, delight all lovers of the truthful and the beautiful, whether fastidious or not

## Judas Maccabæus.

On Wednesday evening last, the laudable attempt of the Rev. Mr. Onions to popularize music for the million eventuated. The performance took place as previously announced at the Crystal Palace. The audience numbered probably 1,500, at quarter dollar tickets. We should have liked to have witnessed a greater attendance, for the sake of the public-spirited conductor; but hope that he will not suffer any loss. The Oratorio was well performed, and reflects the greatest credit on the conductor and all who took part in it. The Reverend conductor deserves the thanks of the community.

## The Conceited Gawk.

A gawk there is about the town,  
A gawk who wears a lawyer's gown,  
And sports a soiled white choker;  
This gawk we now propose to "spot,"  
Since he's a gawk and knows it not,  
He'll learn it from the POKER.

This poor infatuated gawk,  
Goes every day to stroll or walk  
Where ladies promenade;  
And as they pass he smirks and scrapes,  
But all's in vain, they're sour as grapes  
Or acid lemonade.

Yet gawk is bold and much will dare;  
"The brave alone deserve the fair"  
He says, and still will roam,  
Accosting ladies whom he meets  
Passing along the public streets,  
And asks to see them home.

Now gawk should know this impudence  
Is pretty sure to give offence;  
Some gallant lady's knight  
One of these days may pull his nose,  
Or touch him up with leather toes,  
Or ask him out to fight.

Now, Mr. Gawk don't "go it blind,"  
But stop your pranks, or you will find  
A very ugly joker  
Is on your track to give you fits,  
Much worse than all the gentle hits  
Of your true friend, the POKER.

## Metafusics.

Dr. McCaul, in whom we have learned to pardon any error, however gross, when he speaks of University College, on Monday last described the College library "as much too small," and the College museum "as insufficiently large." Now, Doctor, knowing you are an Irishman, we will, if necessary, allow you to speak a second time. What is the difference and distinction between a thing being "much too small," and being "insufficiently large?" When is a thing in that state that it can be described as "insufficiently large?" We can understand a thing being described as "large," as, in this instance, "Dr. McCaul's self-esteem is large." Nay more, we can understand a thing being described as "sufficiently large," as, in this sentence, "Dr. McCaul's pedantic vanity is sufficiently large." But we cannot understand a thing being described as "insufficiently large." Large in Latin (*largus*) is probably derived from the Greek  $\lambda\alpha$  and  $\rho\epsilon\iota\nu$  to flow plentifully and the learned doctor may intend it to mean a "plentiful flow of University adulation." Perhaps so, doctor. And if so, we make an insufficiently large noise about it.

## Bitter Irony.

The President of University College, when recently seized with a cacoes the universitatis, speaking of an imaginary future, delivered himself of the following: "When that time arrived, when that happy hour came, if the institution would be asked to show proof of her benefits he would probably refer to the *alumni*." The *Poker* has often been told that on the University grounds a sulphate of alumina and potassa (Hyper-sulphas. aluminæ et potassæ) commonly called "alum" abounds, but never dreamt that the learned doctor would be at any time hereafter so far gone as to point to it as a "proof of the benefits" of University College.

A FEW OF THE MANY CERTIFICATES FROM THE  
THE CITIZENS OF MONTREAL TO

## Dr. HUMBUGGERY,

THE INDIAN HERB DOCTOR.

The following certificate was sworn before his worship the Mayor, Henry Starnes, Esq. on some day or other not necessary to be mentioned.

Montreal, Dec. 7th, 1857.

This is to certify that I have been afflicted with a plethora of cash for four weeks. Having been a complete martyr to this infliction I was recommended by some of Dr. Humbuggery's friends to apply to him, which I did, and he has relieved me of all my cash like winking.

(Sworn, &c.) THOMAS NOODLES,  
Nazareth Street,  
Griffintown.

## THE FOLLOWING LETTERS SREAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1857.

DR. HUMBUGGERY,—I am indebted to you for such a cure as it would be ungenerous to withhold. I feel I am only doing my duty in publicly stating my gratitude for the benefit which I have received from the use of your vegetable pills, which when swallowed by my dog "Dash," caused him to spring up a fine garden of cabbages, carrots, and potatoes, so good and so plentiful that I have not had occasion to trouble market gardeners ever since.

WILLIAM GREEN,  
Assist. Clerk, Market,

Montreal, Dec. 10th, 1857.

H. HUMBUGGERY, M.D.,—SIR,—You are a great benefactor to suffering humanity. For a long time, I have been without a hair mattress to my bed, but one evening having by accident let fall an uncorked bottle of your valuable hair restorative, the entire floor of my bed-room was next morning covered with a luxuriant crop of hair.

ROBERT O'HARE,  
Bleury Street.

Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1857.

DR. HUMBUGGERY. Dear Sir,—It is due to you that I should state how much I am indebted to you. I owe you everything, and intend to continue your debtor as long as I live. One evening I incautiously left your medicine on a table in the kitchen, and before morning every rat in my house was as dead as a door nail.

HENRY RATCLIFFE,  
McGill Street.

## Royal Lyceum.

Since the opening night our lovite, Mr. Nickinson, has put upon the boards of the Royal Lyceum a long and interesting array of pieces. From the grand holiday performance of "The Forty Thieves," to the great drama of the "Three Thieves," and all manner of farces, the acting of the new company is good. Miss Frost deserves honourable mention. We notice a great improvement in Miss Sarah Lyons, and commend her to the public as a rising actress.

## A Real Steeple Chase.

A correspondent of the *Colonist*, who was out all night some night in the middle of last week, tells strange stories of our Church Steeples. One he says while "apparently piercing the sky, tells of sturdy independence." A second "speaks eloquently of suffering for conscience sake." A third "tells plainly of the Geneva Caps and Gown." A fourth "owes its ornamentation to female influence." A fifth "is a standing protest against that barbarianism, which not unfrequently has made religion a stalking horse" [who ever saw a church steeple otherwise than standing;] A Sixth, that of St. James Cathedral "is not remarkable for height," [Should think not as St James Cathedral has none at all.] Something must be done to keep these steeples in order, for if they are allowed to be telling stories, speaking about conscience, owing debts, and standing upright, and doing other equally absurd things there is no saying how much the peace of our good city may be disturbed. The "Deputy Chief" should be authorized by Cadi Gurnet to arrest and imprison them before they do mischief—then one "chief" can set them at liberty.

## The Sea Serpent at the Sault.

A correspondent of a city Journal, writing from Sault Ste. Marie, during the present month says, "we have just arrived here in the teeth of a tremendous north wester." We have never before heard the Sea-serpent called a "Tremendous North Wester." But call him what you will we had rather not travel as the *Colonist* correspondent appears to have done—in his teeth.

## To Correspondents.

DR. T—TY.—Cannot admit your advertisement. Unlike the *Globe*, we decline to defend quacks for a consideration. Have returned your \$50 by post.

THOMAS H. & NEVY.—Are not to be deterred either by threats or bribes from exposing humbugs.

GOLDEN TOM CAT.—Decline your patronage.

YOUR REPORTER.—Rather too severe on the sweet creatures the ladies, but inserted with this apology.

UNCLE TOBY.—We have not the pleasure of knowing your niece, but we presume she must be nice.

ELEGIAC.—Thanks as usual. Nothing like a good tilt against real humbugs.

SWEET WILLIAM.—We decline to publish your letter. 1st. Because it is too long. 2nd. Because there is nothing in it.

## "The Poker"

Is published at 7 o'clock every Saturday morning, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *POKER* will be mailed to parties in the country, at \$1 per annum, paid in advance. Address: "The *Poker*," Box 1109 Post Office, Toronto. All letters must be post-paid.