

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

No. 42.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

Glances from a "Pink-Eye."

(BY A "SPECKLED TATER," IN THE GALLERY,
FRESH FROM THE GREEN SOD.)

Well, here I am agin to injiy the fun—whisht! who's this? Bedad, I know that one; isn't it Misther McGee. Musha, how in the wide world at all, at all, did

MISTHER M'GEE

git into the Parlymint. Och, but he's greatly changed, the craythur, since I saw him on the ould sod! and more's the pity, that any Irishman 'ud go for to make so liddle of the place he kem' from, as to jine with that dirty ould blatherin' Schotchman. If his heart was only in the right place, he'd take the shine out o' them—he would! It's an ould sayin' and a thru one, that "the boy that stole the horn-book came to the scaffold," an' mebbe it's hung Mr. McGee will be yit, an' all bekase he wasn't punished in his young days. Ah, look at the murtherin' hang-dog scowl on that face that used to be as open as daylight—wisha, wisha, and gramachree! "Oh, my country! my country!" av yer finders only had sinse an' prudince, it isn't this way ye'd be—oh, wirra sthrua, wirra sthrua! I suppose this is

MISTHER GALT,

that's so tindher with the "cratur." Faix, it's meself that could sup a tumbler of poteen wid him fur that same! Arrah, lukkid the "free-and-aisy" way he slices the other party and lays thim so nately on the shelf. How comfortable he is settled down in his sate, like a hen on a dozen of eggs; faith he looks "quite at home," so he does; an' his face, just as plain as a, b, c, says "go ahead, Mr. Brown, you may stumble and blunder as much as you like, for all I care, an' I won't disturb myself, or let the cowl'd air to the sate av me briches, to plase you." But, for all that, when he sees the poor "Divil" pitch head over heels into the Bog of Mishtakes, he's too warn-hearted to let him stop floundherin' there. This must be

CARTHER,

the Frinch tarrier. Bad luck to me, if he hasn't a vice just like an ould, an ould tin-can, tied to a dog's tail, and that's the trooth! Never mind him, I tell you he knows what's what, an' the "way the wind blows,"—be the same token, it's a "bad tarrier that can't smell a rat!" Faith, it's a tarrier he is; fur he's snarling all the time he's tearin' the briches off uv Misther Brown's *understandin's*. When he gits thim off, and laves him bare (like a Kilty's), I'll lay a wager its a fine *understandin'*—we'll see!—ay, faix, would ye.

Address to Niagary.

Oh! thow grate, tarnation grand Niagary,
In orful terribleness makin' such
An 'orrid splutterink and dreadful howlink;
Roarink like mad—screechin' and hollerin'
As if you were a-going to perdishun
In those abysses that you fall inter,
Jumpin' and bilin', ker-splash, ker-wallop,—
Yer quite enuff ter frighten anny mortal
Who looks upon yer most ranktank'rous pranks.
Go in, old feller, hard as yer kin lick,
And swipe along yer buttermilky sheets
Of foamink waters, frothin' up and splutterink,
Witer than enny egg-nogg I ever seed;
I like ter see yer cuttin' up yer didoes,
As ef ye'd say, "Look at me, boys, and see
'Ow I could flop ye ef ye dared ter tri
Yer hands with me at eether side or back-hold."
Yes, Niagary, while squintin' at yer splashink
And 'orful roarinkes, yer do not know
Wot sublime tho'ts enwrap my skeered feelinks,
And make me wish I was a mud-turtle,
Or sum other kind of fish, so that I mite
Git underneath yer, thar to satisfie
Myself 'ow 'eavey yer wood fall on me; but
I rayther think that I would slip yer up.
Go in, old hoss, jest as yer like it best,
With all yer rumblin', tumblin', jumblin' fumblin',
Yer crashin', dashin', splashin', splashin' noise,
And I will laff at yer, fur I am safe
From all yer screechin', hollerin', bellerin',
Tearin', harum-scarum, blarum frolicses
And kicken up yer heels, here on dry land,
Where I kinder guess that I will stop,
And put my thum upon my nose and say,
"Ole feller, don't yer wish that yer mite git me?"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

What are the Police doing?

Under this caption I saw a letter the other day in the *Colonist*, complaining of being knocked down, a cap stolen on King Street, and never a Policeman to come to the rescue. Now what does this correspondent mean? He calls upon the authorities to look after the efficiency of the police and all that sort of thing. Surely the writer must be a green-horn or he would know that we have got a new Chief of Police who is stirring earth and heaven to make the force efficient. He has them drilled every day to march, and salute their Chief in a proper military manner; he has also compelled the men to furnish themselves with new stocks, button-stocks and brushes, &c., &c., all out of \$6 per week; and he himself wears a flashy gold band round his cap, and glories in the conscious pride of being the "observed of all observers." Looking at all these brilliant improvements, what can the correspondent mean? If new stocks, polished buttons, and saluting their glorious Chief cannot make an efficient police force, nothing on this side of Clear Grittism will; but I for one say it shall; and propose, with all my heart, three times three, and "one cheer more" for the New Police Man; and I trust all your readers will join with me; if they don't "bad luck to them."

QUIZ.

New Bills Introduced.

(NOT PRINTED.)

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Hon. Mr. Prince.— "An Act to prohibit the sharpening of carving-knives oftener than once a month, under penalty imposed on persons having in possession deadly weapons."

Sir E. P. Tache.— "An Act to render lawful the receiving of a challenge, and to visit with fine and imprisonment the sender of one."

Mr. Patton.— "An Act to abolish the office of *Sergeant-at-Arms*."

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

Mr. Robinson.— "An Act to punish cruelty to animals."

Mr. Gowan.— "An Act to enable members of Parliament to accept Commissionerships at \$10 a day."

Mr. Benjamin.— "An Act to enlarge members' chairs," which he finds too small.

(The last was referred to Committee.)

Fishey.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

In the Assembly, Mr. Cauchon rose to a question of order. Some *offishous* individual had *boned* the evidence taken before the Fishery-Committee and published it. The report was more-over garbled; this was enough to make any one feel *crabbed*.

Mr. Price—It was he who had given the evidence for publication, the report was perfectly correct.

Mr. Cauchon—With a *hook*:

Mr. Price—The evidence before the Committee on Public Accounts had been published, and he objected to make *fish* of one and *foul* of another.

Mr. Speaker ruled *de bate* (the bait) out of order, and the House proceeded "to business."

Left Sitting!

(VIDE PARLIAMENTARY REPORT, *ad finem*)

The *Globe* informs us that on Thursday, 14th instant, somebody or something "left sitting."—Was Mr. Brown carried in a chair after his insane display of indignation? Did Mr. Brown or Mr. Brown's reporter leave the House in indignation, while it was sitting (important information) or—? or—? &c., &c., we have it: "The ministry attempt to drive it through with their Lower Canada majority." It was the ministry, then, that "left sitting" in an omnibus, having failed in their "attempt to drive it through" the House (!?)

The Markets.

The Fish Market is rather *low*, but its situation is probably owing to the popular delusion that 'if near the water, fresh the fish,' or the stock may be low owing to its being Lent, and not returned.

The demand has been chiefly for French houses, and a good many small fry have entered the market on their own *hook*.

Beef has been *high*, notwithstanding the limited demand during Lent, while Mutton and Veal move off slowly and suspiciously. Sales chiefly *live stock*. Venison has been *dear* all the past week.

The *Fowl* markets have been fairly sprinkled with bipeds of different species, but chiefly with geese, and to judge from the prices asked, we have no hesitation in saying that a good many got plucked.

Pork has been quiet and scarce; we only met with one *Cauchon* of a decent size, and he probably did not exceed 2 cwt., including *bristles*!

Vegetables for home consumption and soup meagre, have been in demand and ruled high—sellers refusing to yield.

Fruit has been scarce, with the exception of oranges, and the Orangemen have had the market to themselves since the 17th ultimo.

Flowers are rarely met with, but occasionally one meets with a *Rose* and a *Gowan*, which have owed their appearance to the genial influences of "the House."

Flour of low qualities is scarce, the market having been cleared by the city bakers, and bread has risen accordingly.

Butter is "salt," but improves by washing. Dirty, for servants, scarce.

Groceries are plentiful and impudent, the supplies chiefly of light weight. Low priced Teas have been in demand for French houses, the better qualities are not to be met with.

Liquors of all kinds have *gone down* freely, but are only sold on limited time. Operations chiefly *rum*.

The Dry Goods Department has been attended by a *fair* lot of purchasers, and a good many parcels have changed hands. Hoops are low, and the fashions are altered. Brown Frock Coats have been introduced.

Money scarce.

Patents of Invention Granted.

{ PATENT HUNBUG OFFICE,
TORONTO, April, 1859.

MR. HOGAN.—For an improved pair of *Curling Tongs*.

MR. MCGEE.—For a patent weapon called "The McGee Pike." Orders for 300,000 received.

MR. PICHE.—For a "*Legislative Vocal Calliope*," warranted to go up to high C.

MR. GOWAN.—For a *Panacea for all ills*. One Commissioner at \$10 a day can conduct the whole business.

MR. CIMON.—For "a patent way of obtaining situations for brothers and other relations," called "The Nationality Evoker and Provider."

THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.—For an improved "*body supporter*," to prevent persons when bowing from snapping in two.

Lines dedicated to the Prince of Toronto, by Policeman X of Y Division.

Cheer up my dear public no longer deplore,
The reign of poor Sam and the bull-dog is o'er,
We have got a new Chief, all creation he flogs,
So let Sam now descend to his favorites the dogs.

Some people may sneer, but no taste they evince
In sneering at one of perfection the Prince;
He's an ornament now and will let in a pinch
As a block for displaying the "cut" of a Finch.

What a dandified strut, what *h*-elegant *h*-air,
What a cockneyfied lisp, what a languishing stare;
Such loves of mustachious all curled with such grace,
Such beautiful whiskers adorning his face;
Such a cap and such trowsers all laced o'er with gold,
All stamp him as run in nobility's mould.

Yet blinded by envy some plebians declare
That his brains have been wasted manuring his hair;
At hearing such statements I always feel pained,
For how can so heavy a swell be hair-brained.

When Sam was in office he still might be found
At the Court of Police all the season around,
But our new Princely scion makes known his behest
On notes from his office all stamped with his crest;
If you call at his sanctum to ask for his aid,
He refers you to subs of a much lower grade,
While in wonder you're lost such being could choose
An office so paltry as Chief of the Blues.

Then hurra for the Council that bent on reform,
Are busy as pigs on the eve of a storm;
Fifty pounds from poor Gurnett they stripped at a vote
And applied it to buying our new Chief a laced coat;
'Tis thus that our Council with equity rules,
Putting trust in a Prince, yea the Prince of the

Hudson Bay Territory.

It was with great pleasure we read the Speech of the Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet upon the Hudson's Bay Question—he takes a wise and statesmanlike view of it—knowing the difficulty there is in overtaking such a question, he deemed it wiser that Her Majesty's Government should deal with it in a prudent spirit, in the spirit of civilization and the spirit of colonization. It was impossible that Canada, with her limited influence and power, could assume the control of that country. If Great Britain offered them the whole territory it would only involve them in endless expense. They were the children of the British Empire, and they deserved to be dealt with as such. She should take upon her to settle this question, so that their rights hereafter may be determined without doubt. We have every confidence in the views of the Hon. Mr. Vankoughnet, who we have always considered, one of the wisest and most honest statesmen of the day. There is no man who has or could fill the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands in a more able and efficient manner. The amount of work, and the satisfaction given to all parties who have had business in the Department, is beyond conception. This arises, not only from his ability, but from his gentlemanly deportment, and the harmony with which he works with all those who are under him. It is to be hoped, if the Government moves to Quebec, that at all events our Upper Canada Crown Lands Department will remain at Toronto, —do away with all agencies, and let this one office transact all the business, which will put an end to jobbery and dissatisfaction.

Old Brass.

A man on Queen Street advertises for old brass—we think if some of the members were sold, they would fetch their *full value*.

Toronto Assizes.

BEFORE JUDGE OLDSTICK.

Allen versus Wiman.

Many incorrect versions of this great case having gone abroad, we deem it our duty to supply a correct report for the benefit of our readers, the world at large.

On entering the Court Room on the eventful morning, we found it crowded to excess. Cat calls, and loud cries of "Allen hold up your head, there's money bid for you," resounded from the densely crowded mass. Hardly had we taken the seat which the Judge offered us, by his side, when Mr. Allen rose up and addressed the jury in the following words:

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

It is with extreme reluctance that I appear as Plaintiff in the present case. Nothing but an earnest desire to preserve the sacredness of personal character from insult could have induced an individual of my retiring habits [cries of oh! oh! indeed] to occupy such a position. Mildness, benevolence, and politeness, form the basis of my character. Judge then of my astonishment when I found myself the subject of a series of malicious attacks from an individual so mean, so contemptible as the Defendant. I look upon him as a ruffian, as worse than a ruffian, a Clear Grit, a defamer, a—a—a cut purse. [Here the Judge called Mr. Allen to order, and asked him if this was a specimen of his boasted politeness.] My Lord I can prove the assertion from black and white, for as the poet says:

"He who steals my purse steals trash."

Mr. Eccles.—Yes; its not probable its contents ever amounted to more than two-and-six, and that in copper coin.

Mr. Allen—My Lord, I look to you for protection from insult and interruption, I said before, that the lump of benevolence in my head was as large as an ordinary cabbage.

Mr. Eccles.—Then you acknowledge yourself a cabbage head.

Mr. Allen—How dare you address such remarks to me. Let me tell you, sir, that I, sir, am an Irish Barrister, sir, that I have conducted cases in the Four Courts, sir, a spot, sir, where you daren't show the tip of your red nose, you mutton-chopped ignoramus. Aha! you feel that thrust. It does me good to see you look so chop-fallen. Yes; I repeat it. My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, my benevolence has gained me many a mark of esteem; wretches without a shilling to help themselves, have presented me with *bedsteads* and bed-room furniture of a more brittle nature, out of pure gratitude for my exertions in their behalf. I accepted them because I did not wish to wound their feelings by a refusal. No base love of filthy lucre ever entered my sympathizing bosom. The community, anxious to bestow some mark of respect for my philanthropy, have applied to me the envied, the honorable, the—the—the sacred name of the *Burglar's friend*. [Mr. Allen's tears now flowed freely, even the Judge was moved, and subdued sobs were audible from the direction of the Jury box. Having wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve, Mr. Allen proceeded.] And these contemptable cubs, the editors of the *Grumbler*, have made my name as notorious as that of Townsend. They

have succeeded in alienating the only relative I possess in this country, I allude to Mr. G. S. Allen, who, when I first arrived in this lawless town, gave me an asylum under his hospitable roof.

Mr. Wiman—He ought to have kept you there.

Avant! base ruffian. I scorn you. I, the last great representative of the Irish bar, the successor of Burke, Curran, and Philips, can afford to treat a reptile like you with the indifference you deserve. My character, and the unsullied mantle which has descended to me, are safe in the hands of a Jury of my countrymen, who will do justice to a forlorn orphan alone in a foreign country. I will now proceed to call witnesses to support the truth of my statements and vouch for my moral and religious character.

George Platt, was acquainted with the Plaintiff. Did not look upon him as insane. Had heard him called a *bedlamite*, which he supposed was merely an allusion to the bed Mr. Allen obtained from the burglar's wife. Plaintiff had frequently wept in his presence because the *Grumbler* sought to deprive him of his bread. Did not think this would be much of deprivation, as he lived upon beef, beer, and potatoes, though it might affect his standing with his baker, but couldn't say positively. Plaintiff was in the habit of dining at his house. Allowed him to do so because some of his boarders were fond of a roast, so he served him up to be roasted.

Cross examined by Mr. Eccles—Does the Plaintiff keep a poney at your stables, and does he poney up regularly for its board? Relate a scene which took place in your yard recently, in which the Plaintiff ran his poney against time and your old cow. Did the poney run away, and did you assert that it ran away with his wits.

Mr. Platt—He does keep a nag at my stables, in partnership with Dr. Tumblety. The doctor pays Mr. Allen's share and his own also; Mr. Allen pays the balance. He ran his nag against my cow, for which he deserves to be cowhided, but not against time. I held the time in my hand and he did not run against me; had he done so I would have brought him up for assault. Never said that the nag ran away with his wits, did not think he had any to run away with.

(To be continued.)

Turning Things to their Legitimate Use.

The Brantford *Times'* account of the murder of the mail-carrier, states that the wadding used, which was taken from the head of poor old Adams, was a piece of the *Globe* newspaper, dated, April, 1859! I wonder if it was a piece of the "*Spicy Number*" which was placarded through the city lately as containing a variety of executions, and a grand polytechnic display of murders, these being first-rate recommendations for a "Family Paper!" The old carrier found it "*spicy*" enough in all conscience!—Quiz.

Birds.

A man on York Street advertises *Old Country Birds*. Among some that he offers is a *Chaff Finch*. Would the Corporation not sell theirs; but as *Brunel* has sold the Corporation, and one of the other members has *Sheard* off, they have no one left to undertake the *Sale*.

Diary of Joseph Vandyke Byron Struttwell, of the No-Something Department, in assisting to get up Private Theatricals at the Hon. Mr. Crequet's, 9, "Melville Square," Toronto.

Picked up by Mr. Poker, on King Street, on Thursday last, at 4 P. M.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Exactly at seven sharp, Murray and Fitzmorrow dashed up to my boarding-house door in a *dog-cart*. Said that they had borrowed it from one of the office clerks, who by-the-bye had only £150 per annum; but yet could keep a horse and dog-cart, as also a *page*. What did I say, *keep a horse, keep it!* Well, I was wrong; for to judge by the sides of the poor brute, where his ribs were sticking out, every one an inch, and also to see the way the poor beast ate up all the leaves that had fell from the trees in front of the house, one would say that he kept himself. But I am wandering from my subject. Murray and Fitzmorrow occupied the front seat, the page sat behind. Murray had asked me to get up; but where was I to go. At last, with great difficulty, the page squeezed himself in a corner, and I took his seat, and away dashed the vehicle down Wellington Street, &c., and every hole we would come to, down we'd go, and up again, so that it would nearly knock me over, and to make matters worse the devilish little page had a copper cigar, at which he was puffing away with all his might.—Now, as I hate cigars, and above all a copper cigar,—one of these cinnamons,—oh, Lord! laugh, I was very sick when we arrived at Crequet's, which we did at 8 P. M. Murray and Fitzmorrow thought that the Square—Melville Square—was at the West End or East End, no further than Church Street East, or no further than Bathurst Street West; but what was their surprise to find that Melville Square was a mile past the Lunatic Asylum. That is the aforesaid Square that our Corporation geniuses talk about, and as for No. 9, Mr. Crequet's, they thought it ought to have been No. 1, as there was no other house on the Square; and as for the Square, it was no Square at all, only a field.—The Hon. Mr. Crequet was at the door. After bidding the *page*—Murray called him *his page*—to return for us at ten, and I after introducing my friends to Crequet, went in, the host leading the way. We entered the drawing-room—great introductory shaking of hands, &c.—great many ladies wanted to be introduced to Murray, as soon as they found out he kept his horse and dog-cart, and more than that, a page. There was something so very "*aristocratical*" in it, as I heard an old lady tell her *young* daughter, who if I am a living man, was as old as Dunbar Ross, and as fat as Lemieux, besides all the *other accomplishments*. Madame Crequet had the management in getting the ladies to take characters. I thought there would have to be a great many characters to give them, seeing there was at least thirty of them; but I consoled myself that we could put them in for *Witches*, or something of that sort. In a few minutes all the gentlemen were assembled that I had secured. Fopton was talking of his uncle, who was some Minister of State at home, and of the large fortune that he expected, and the income he (Fopton) received,

viz, £900 per annum. Leechfield talked of his patients, and of the great fortune he was making Albey and Loverton, of the dancing school they were at last night. Levere and Toptoe, of how they could take characters, and Bombast of the dancing girl (Mlle. Hughes) at the Theatre. Great silence; all eyes turned on the coal fire. At last I ventured to ask Crequet if we were going to do anything about Theatricals to-night. "Oh, yes," said he, "appoint a Committee to select a piece, and to cast characters; in fact, to make all arrangements. Get Fopton to do it." As Fopton was sitting next to me, I gave him the particulars, and told him if he wanted to make a hit in the fashionable world he could do it now, by making a good speech. "Ho haw, tha, his how many Laidees present rath-a-a-r difficult." "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow; the ladies, they'll be talking of your speech for a month to come; up you go," at the same moment I pulled his chair and kicked it, making a great noise, so that all eyes were turned upon poor Fopton. He got very red in the face, and rose—great coughing among the audience, in which Fopton joined.—Hem! ah, hem. Hem, hem, hem! "Laidees aun Gentlemen," began Fopton, "we (pause) aw met aw hea this evening, tua get up aw P'vrat Theatrcalls. Yes, laidees and gentlemen, P'vrat Theatrcalls; vivat Theatrcalls. Mr. Cwrequet has aw kindlee givenen up his howes for that puposs, which wath verry kind oft him. I brieve tha aw usual way is to aw appoint aw Committee, with full pawhers to select aw piece and g'vive cawacters." Of course no one objected; now it was my turn—"I beg leave to submit that Madames Crequet, Lovington, (a widow,) Miss Bluckville, and Messrs. Crequet, Leechfield, Fopton, Fitzmorrow, and myself, be that Committee"—carried, though I could see Loverton, &c., and all the *young* spinsters, were awfully mad because they were not on the list. After some refreshments, the *meeting* (though I could see nothing of a meeting in it) broke up.—On going out, Murray called for *his buggy*; but it was nowhere—the young rascal of a page had left us. After waiting for some time in hopes we determined to walk; but Dr. Leechfield (who had been attending one of the servants, who had got sick with eating too much) came out, and very kindly offered me half of the seat in his buggy, which I accepted, leaving Murray and Fitzmorrow in a towering passion to get home the best way they could.

MARCH.—Committee met to-day at 4 P. M., all present. I proposed Fitzmorrow as Chairman, to get him out of the way, so that he would have no vote. Fitzmorrow, who is a conceited puppy, was delighted; I was appointed Secretary; then arose a discussion about the piece—Mrs. Lovington and Fopton would have a comedy, the rest would have *Macbeth*.—Committee adjourned at 8 P. M., until next day.

MARCH.—Several gents—Murray, Levere, Albey, and Loverton,—called at office to see how we were getting on, and if a piece had been selected, and what characters had been given, and what character they were to have, &c., &c., so that by 4 o'clock I had hardly done anything at work. 4 o'clock.—I left the office with Crequet for the Committee; we resolved to have a vote to-night. Committee met, long discussion until 5 o'clock; vote taken, and resulted in *Macbeth* being selected. Then Crequet and I were appointed a Committee to give characters, and Committee adjourned.

(To be Continued.)

City Council.

Of all the virtuous corporations with which Toronto has been blessed, the one now in existence is certainly by far the most so, if we take their word for it.

They tell us to search among their acts for anything characterised by trickery or party spirit. Now, no one, with even a moderate degree of sense, would ever think of imputing any unworthy motives to them—the nominees of the Reform Convention, who were the nominees of George Brown—no dear, no.

We, in common with our fellow citizens, would never think of imputing shuffling to those who so earnestly condemn it in others. This being our opinion we must not be understood to condemn the recent appointment of ex-Alderman Brunel to the office of City Engineer.

We are aware of his antecedents, of his filling several situations with little credit to himself, and it has been rumored with little good to his different employers; of his having been discharged from the Superintendship of the Northern Railway for alleged incapacity, but we are disposed to make allowances as we know that it is hard to please everybody, and Mr. Brunel may not have that knack.

It may also be true that he has been addicted to jobbing, but is that anything new; is it strange. Men have chiselled and jobbed before him while in the same position. So he is no more to blame than others who were considered better than he is.

Even if he has jobbed, his experience in such matters will be of much benefit to the city, bringing, as he does, to the office in addition to his skill in engineering, a knowledge of the "tricks of the trade." In this way he will be enabled to counteract the schemes of the different contractors, if he act *uprightly*.

Another charge brought against him is, that he is closely connected with sharpers, who endeavor to monopolize the city contracts—well, what of that. The more intimate his acquaintance with them the better for the city, as from them he will obtain a great many useful suggestions which will be of incalculable value.

We think we have answered all the objections that could possibly be made to his appointment, and looking at the case from every point of view we are again compelled to say that the appointment was worthy of those who compose the Council.

It shows clearly that even the Clear Grits have a fellow feeling for each other, and a desire to advance their own partizans, however feeble and humble they may be. We therefore willingly accord to them that meed of praise which the appointment of so well qualified a person as Mr. Brunel (who lately associated with them as Alderman) to the office of City Engineer, deserves. It leads us to expect, that the Council will, for the future, exercise the same discretion in filling all situations which may become vacant, with equally competent men—men equal in capacity, reputation for honesty and general good character to Ex-Alderman Brunel.

I'm getting grey, as the Knight of the Curls said, as he was introducing a Bill for his County.

Muddy Thoughts.

Written in a Muddy State, when up to the Knees in Mud.

BY AN OLD MUDDLARK.

The "Opposition" without the ex-Premier, the Hon. George Brown, M. P. P., the editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, and the senior member for Toronto, would be like a gun without the lock, stock, and barrel. Wouldn't like to see the hon. member for Grey (Mr. Hogan); with his hair shingled by Harry Henry; nor would we relish seeing Grittie George with his "Claw Hamer" coat, dancing the smokehouse jig, or Old Bob (Moody) Ridley O. We would hate to see Mr. Benjamin tramp on Dr. Connor's toes, and the latter gentleman pitch into the former's corporation, and give him fits; but we would like to see J. S. Macdonald's coat tried on Mr. Talbot or D'Arcy McGee's three thousand men, that he is going to "fetch on."

G. H. S.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR MR. POKER:

As you are an intelligent, worthy person, and always ready to purge humbugs, I hope, through the medium of your extraordinary and excellent sheet, to be allowed to put down one of the greatest imposters second only to the men that was taken up the other day for passing bad money, and who, if I do not mistake, was some relation to the person I am about to name. Now there is dear Mrs. Tongue-still, who comes now and then to take a cup of tea with me. Well, the room we take tea in,—my dining-room, second flat,—looks upon Mrs. Squibbs, or as she calls herself, Madame Squibbs, and has it painted upon a board, not a tin, but a common board; but I am going from my subject. Poor dear Mrs. Tongue-still and I cannot shut our eyes nor ears neither. We cannot help looking out of our second flat window, and of course as Squibbs's yard is right against it, we must see it. Well, what do we see the other day but a lot of common rags hung out to dry. Well, as Mrs. Squibbs said one day she was the daughter of a lord (in a great secret to me), and that her father disinherited her because she married poor Squibbs, who was only a poor fox-hunting squire, and that she was going in—in—in coginghtoe, because she didn't want any disgrace coming upon the family. Well, of course, we wondered to see them so poor, and again we wonder to see Squibbs getting *dead drunk* every Saturday, and we want to know where the money comes from, and also, my dear, good-natured Mr. *Poker*, if there is such a name in the book with crests and all those sort of things in it, as Lord Pealem; because Mrs. Squibbs said that was her father's name.

My dear Mr. *Poker*,

Always yours,

TIGER-TAIL MARMALADE.

Mr. *Poker* presents his compliments to Mrs. Marmalade, and *begs to say* that if he was her husband he would have her brought up before Mr. Gurnett, and bound over to keep her tongue quiet, and then afterwards before Mr. McGann, to be taught the deaf and dumb alphabet, and make her *talk* only that way with her fingers.

FINCH AGAIN

The Five Prizeman has advertised for five and twenty Tailors (all in a row). The men that left the *Boss* advertise him as reducing wages, &c. He was only bringing the same system to work that was introduced in the City Council, that of *cur-tailing*. We wish him and the Corporation luck. They are a motley crew.

Royal Lyceum.

Mr. Marlowe has re-opened the above place of amusement with new sceneries, new properties, &c., for the spring and summer seasons. The pieces this week have all been of the best description. Shakespeare's comedy of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was produced for the first time in Canada, on Wednesday evening last, and rendered in a very creditable manner. The characters were ably sustained by the several individuals representing them. We must take this opportunity of mentioning the genuine rendition of the character of *Launce* by Mr. Herbert. It is the best thing we have seen since the re-opening of the establishment. All those who wish to enjoy the benefit of a hearty laugh have only to go to the Lyceum and witness the performances of Mr. Herbert and the original comicalities of Mr. Den Thompson.

Ontario Literary Society.

The readers of the *Poker* are invited to a public meeting of this society to be held in the basement of the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 3rd proximo, at half-past Seven o'clock. Thomas Moss, Esq., B. A., will preside. The question "Would the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law be beneficial to Canada," will be debated.

Affirmative: Messrs. A. W. Lawder, James Morris, W. H. Beresford.

Negative: Messrs. G. T. Hobbs, — Blain, J. A. Donovan.

New Postage Law—Quebec Beware.

Mr. Smith is going to put another clause to the new *Postage Law* which will run as follows: "That on account of the tremendous size of the Quebec *Mercury* parties mailing a copy of the same will be obliged to place two postage stamps upon it, and parties receiving the same will have to pay three cents postage.

Mrs. Poetter's Concert.

Mr. *Poker* sincerely acknowledges the compliment paid him by the presentation of cards of admission to the above Concert, but must state his regrets that he was unable to attend, as he understands the performance was in the highest manner satisfactory to all who witnessed it.

"The Poker"

Is published every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *Poker* will be mailed to parties in Town or Country, at One Dollar per annum paid in advance. All letters must be post paid.