

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1858.

No. 3.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

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THE CRISIS.

Mr. POKER does not think it is British practice to manacle an enemy, and then to pommel him until he cries enough, yet such was the course pursued by the House of Assembly towards the Ministry in the matter of the Seat of Government. By a deliberate vote of that respectable body, after several years spent in futile attempts to fix upon a place, it was

Resolved, 1st. That the itinerating system, tinker fashion, was bad, and that it must at once cease, *ergo* a place must be chosen.

2nd. That Quebec be the place; when, lo! the Legislative Council turns Turk and says, "you have contemned us for many years on this subject, and toted us from place to place, without even saying 'by your leave,' so we will spoil the game and refuse to go to Quebec." And they did. Thus poor Quebec was swindled out of its rights.

Then 3rd. Seeing no place could be chosen, the Government proposed to refer the matter to the Queen, and the House of Assembly agreed, by a good majority, clinching the decision by a vote of £225,000 for the erection of the public buildings, in whatever spot Her Majesty might choose. To this the Legislative Council unanimously agreed, we believe, so the decision became the law of the land.

4th. The Queen chose Ottawa, and the Government, being bound by their oaths to administer the law, had no choice but to give effect to Her Majesty's will. The candid reader will please note the fact. The law, peculiar as no other law was, in respect of having invoked the personal co-operation of our beloved Sovereign as an umpire, bound the Ministry hand and foot, and so they were told by both sides of the House, for Mr. Ouimet, one of their own friends, publicly, in his place, informed them that *they*, of course, must carry out the law, but that if they did he would withdraw his confidence. This, then, was the position. *Here was a law which was binding until repealed*, not upon the Government merely, but equally so upon every member of the Legislature, and indeed upon every loyal subject.

5th. The House of Assembly are indisposed to obey, but insist that the Government, to save the credit of the country, we suppose, must do so. Mr. Dorion, however proposes a course

which might have been adopted with propriety, viz., 1st To address Her Majesty, gratefully thanking her for her royal condescension in acceding to the urgent request of her Canadian subjects, in choosing a place for the Seat of Government, but at the same time acknowledging that the country regretted she had selected Ottawa. 2nd Informing her that the Legislature had at last fixed upon a place; viz., Montreal, and asking her to drop Ottawa and substitute Montreal.

6th. But Mr. Dorion was not sincere, and only made this motion to embarrass the Ministry on the Supplies. He was told he might move his resolution at any other time, and a promise was made to the House by the Ministry that ample opportunity would be given. Mr. Dorion, however, pressed, his first resolution, and it had to be voted down. The second he purposely abandoned.

7th. On the day agreed upon to bring up the subject, Mr. Dorion refuses to do so, but gets Mr. Thibaudeau, a new convert to Opposition views, to bring up the very motion which had been before negatived, well knowing it could not be put, as the same motion cannot be acted on twice in one Session, so the Speaker ruled it out of order, as he was bound to do.

8th. Thereupon Mr. Brown tells the Lower Canadians they had been sold by the Ministry, and several of them take offence, in other words fall into the trap prepared for them by Messrs. Brown, Dorion, and Thibaudeau.

9th. But the Ministry to show they were sincere express a willingness to allow the subject to be brought up at once in a shape which would permit of its being discussed. Mr. Dunkin takes up Mr. Dorion's own forsaken resolution proposing Montreal, and praying the Queen to be graciously pleased to substitute that place for Ottawa, taking in fact, the very position Mr. Dorion himself had first taken, but afterwards for party purposes abandoned.

10th. To show the utter insincerity of their expressed desire to settle the vexed question, Mr. Brown moves, that it is inexpedient to spend money at present for the Seat of Government at Ottawa,—he could not it appears go the exact length of flinging back Her Majesty's decision contemptuously in her face; at any rate he could not do it in person.

11th. Mons. Piché, however, has no such qualms—he hardly yet proposes himself as an adviser of the Crown—so he moves, substantially, that Her Majesty's decision is unworthy of respect, and "that Ottawa," in opposition to that decision, "be not the Seat of Government." Mr. Brown forgets that *he* proposes himself as a Minister, a part of whose duty it will be to maintain the Queen's dignity, and administer her government according to law, and he backs

M. Piché's amendment to his own amendment, and in amendment also of Mr. Dunkin's Resolution, *which Resolution was first proposed by Mr. Dorion*, Mr. Brown's right hand man and helper in forming an Administration. The Government being, as before said, under the absolute obligation to uphold the law, abide by the Queen's decision, which is law, and are beaten!

12th. Query, Can such a result be called a defeat? Was any Government ever expected to pursue a policy contrary to the law of the land, a law not yet six months perfected? Was ever a Government beaten by a Legislature, because they maintained the honor of the Sovereign and the Majesty of the law? We don't think such a thing ever happened in a British Legislature before, and we therefore ask our readers again, **WAS IT BRITISH FAIR PLAY WHILE THE GOVERNMENT WERE BOUND BY THE LAW, TO VOTE THEM DOWN FOR NOT BREAKING IT?**

YORKVILLE, 22nd July, 1858.

MR. POKER,—Our patriotic Legislators are yet hard at work for the good of—themselves—I mean of the country. Bless me, how easy it is to make a mistake. This is the 22d week of their labour, and, I suppose, they will make the two round dozen before they stop. By that time they will have received \$1000 each, and \$8 over, exclusive of travelling expenses, that is \$80 more, each. Supposing these worthy gentlemen pay \$1 per diem for board, (doubtful) and \$20 for travelling expenses, they will net \$900 each by the Session! Now, MR. POKER, is it not remarkable that so many clever men should be found willing to sacrifice half a year for the trifling sum of \$1000—full that with stationery? Happy land! that can boast of 130 philanthropic individuals willing to exchange the comforts of home, and the profits of the farm and workshop, for \$7 per day. (They are paid for Sunday which makes \$7 for each working day.) Why, I verily believe most of them could earn \$1 a day at home, and some few \$1½, yet they consent to stay here for \$7 a day! It shows what an elevation of moral excellence human nature may aspire to and attain, whence under the ennobling instructions of such teachers as Messrs. Brown, Foley, and Hogan. Happy Canada! happy people, to be privileged with pouring your hard earnings into such patriotic hands.

Yours, very profoundly, &c..

SAMUEL SNOBSON.

Mr. Brown's speech at the Demonstration, in our last, originally appeared in the *Prototype*. The credit was inadvertently omitted.

Extraordinary effects of the Ministerial Crisis.

Passing down Church street on Friday morning, at 20 minutes to 10 o'clock on our way to Wellington Street, as we neared the Crown Lands Office, we heard sounds as of lamentation and woe. It seemed as if hundreds of Thomas Cats were holding a concert in the Department, with the accompaniments of hand organs and Highland bag-pipes. Having a partial acquaintance with one of the deputy messengers—the fetcher of beer—we took the liberty of going in to enquire into the cause of the uproar, and the sight we beheld, will not be soon forgotten. Our susceptible heart could never stand a woman's tears, indeed, if ever we should commit the indiscretion of taking a wife, we believe that whatever cause of anger we might have with her, the first symptoms of moisture in her eyes, and the first quiver of her lips, would disarm us; but if she were to throw her lovely white arms around our neck, *Poker* hearted as we are, we should at once forgive the offence and seal the pardon with a kiss on her beautiful coral lips. We can't even bear to hear a child cry, and when "pop goes the slipper," pop goes the *Poker*; in a word, we cut and run. Our sympathizing readers will then be prepared to estimate the shock to our feelings, when we beheld forty-seven grown up men, some of them with the frost of years upon their venerable heads, bowed to the earth in unspeakable anguish, and which found vent, in most cases, by loud wailings, and on the rest by a low moaning sound, very much like the Irish wail over the dead. One single sentence revealed the cause of all this sorrow. *Monsieur Cauchon* was to resume his place as Head of the Department; ; — This was a disease for which we knew no cure, and with sad heart we went on our way, brooding with excess of melancholy over the sorrowful changes in this weary world.

We then went round to the Post Office for our letters as is our usual custom, and thence into King street, when we observed a crowd opposite the *Colonist* office, and sad, as we were, our curiosity was excited, particularly as the crowd shouted by fits, as if something very amusing or very clever was being enacted. Well now, dear kind sober reader, what do you think the fuss was about? Do you give it up? Well, it was this: George Sheppard had lost his mental balance, he was drunk with joy, and for an hour he danced and capered about like a wild Indian. Sometimes he would throw a forward somersault, sometimes a backward one, lighting sometimes on his feet and sometimes on his head, and between every freak he sang:

John Macdonald, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You were a Minister of State,
But now, Cracky! you aint:
And John Macdonald my Joe!
I've helped to do you Brown,
As I suppose you know,
'Tis known all over town!

Hip! Hip! hourrah!

The same day in the afternoon we went to take our lunch at the Terrapin, but we could hardly proceed three steps without meeting excited people from Kingston, Hamilton, London, Brantford, and ever so many other places, East

and West, who shook us by the hand, slapped us on the shoulders, poked us in the ribs, and in a variety of other ways demonstrated their rapture at the long desiderated chance of thrusting their sticky fingers into the Public Chest. How many bottles of champagne they had quaffed in prospectu, it is not for the *POKER* to say, but we would advise our friends who deal in the article, to keep a good stock on hand, for so soon as Messrs. Brown and Cauchon are installed there must be a series of glorious jollifications.

There is another side to the picture, sad chop-fallen faces, aerial castles in ruins, endorsements not worth a rap, promises demonstrating their affinity to pie crust, curses not loud but deep, trimming of sails and a tremendous lot of lies in explanation of past anti-Brown opinions and speeches.

"But all those things you know, must be,
After a great victory."

The way our Fisheries are Ruined.

An enthusiastic old friend, deeply versed in hooks and lines, bobs and sinkers, landing nets, flies, minnows, &c., sends us the subjoined log of a ten days' fishing by a young friend. We gladly insert the statement since it affords us the opportunity of calling the attention of the Hon. the Commissioner of Crown Fishes to the reckless war upon the finny tribe, now waging by these gentlemen, and especially upon the most valuable of them all, the Cat Fish. While we cannot fail to admire the skill and success of Bill Snob, public duty, that most sacred of all duties, compels us to enter our protest against the wholesale slaughter, and to ask, with a respected cotemporary, "Whither are we drifting?"

(Printed by Request, for Private Circulation.)

10 DAYS CAT-FISH FISHING ON REES' WHARF, In June and July, 1858, BY BILLY SNOB.

No. of Days.	No. of Fish.	Weights.	Length.	Remarks.	
1st	1	1½oz.	3 inches.		
2nd	2	1, 1			
3rd	4	1, 1, 1½, 2¾*	3, 2¼, 3¼,	* This is the largest Cat-fish ever killed on this Wharf with the Rod.	
4th	3	1½, 2, 2½			
5th	4	1, 1½, 1, 1			
6th	3	1½, 2, 1			
7th	4	1, 2½, 1, 1			
8th	3	1, 1, 1¾			
9th	2	1½, 1			
10th	2	1, 1			
Total....	28	36½oz.			Average weight, 1½oz.

These fish were all killed on a single hair, and with Maggots after my own pattern, from Dexter, the Butcher.
W. AUGUSTUS SNOB.

THE SHANTY, July, 1858.

ARDENT YOUTH.—"Well now, don't you confess that the *Grumbler* gives evidence of considerable talent?"

OLD INCORRIGIBLE.—"No, I don't."

ARDENT YOUTH.—"But you know that the paper just now, is only in a state of incipency."

OLD INCORRIGIBLE.—"Ah! I go in for that; but you must spell that last word with an 's' after the 'in.'"

THEATRE ROYAL,

Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS;

Or, a to Journey from the Opposition to the Ministerial Benches.

Dramatis Personæ:

GIANT DESPAIR,.....GEORGE BROWN.
Obstinate.....W. L. MACKENZIE.
Pliable.....GEORGE SHEPPARD.
Feeble-Mind.....LEWIS WALLBRIDGE.
Presumption.....J. S. HOGAN.
Little-Faith.....DR. CONNOR.
Simple.....DUNBAR ROSS.
Ready to Halt.....J. SANDFIELD MACDONALD.
Carnal Policy.....D'ARCY MCGEE.
Self-Conceit.....J. CAUCHON.

The Delectable Mountains....The Treasury Benches.

Leader of Orchestra.....M. Piché.

Library of Parliament.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RAT, A "COLONIST" OF CANADA; portraying its peculiarities, extreme versatility, and ravenous propensities. Illustrated by numerous cuts, (at conservatism and honesty.) By George Sheppard.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND RIFF-RAFF OF CANADA; Being the rise, progress, and decline of the Wallbridge family. Together with with a *fac simile* of the original sword with which Wallbridge pere fought his way to Canada, and also of the original tariff of Attorney's charges, with which Wallbridge fils fought his way to his large landed proprietors. By Lewis Wallbridge, M.P.P., "one of your most extensive landed proprietors, and none of your Riff-raff, d—n it."

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE: OR WHO TOLD THE LIE?—A collection of choice sayings and epithets, culled *all over the Globe*; with a short essay on the impropriety of duelling, and on the advantages of a devout mind, by "a Ravening Wolf," bound in *Sheep*. (Supposed Author,—George Brown, M.P.P.)

HOGAN'S ARBORETUM CANADIENSIS; being an original and succinct description of the woods and forests of Canada; the value of cord-wood; together with a scale of prices and statistical tables, showing the profits of wood contracts with Railways, or other public bodies,—By J.S. Hogan, M.P.P.

N.B. The Author vouches for this work as not of the same nature as his Essay on Canada, and really to be original.

EARLY PIETY—in loose covers, and adapted for general circulation at the Bar,—by Dr. Connor, Q.C. Second thousand.

N.B. This must not be mistaken for the old work of Mrs. Hannah More, being an original production of the learned Counsel, who evidently thirsted and drank deeply at the Pierian Spring, *with the chill off*.

RISE AND FALL IN PRICES; containing a curious dissertation on the contrast in the Government value of the Author's head, in 1837 (£500) and in 1858, (£ nil.) A rare work, containing an

interesting chapter, written in 1837, "on the unpleasantness of contemplating suspended animation." By Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, M.P.P.

THE SIAMESE TWINS: OR, THE DOUBLE MAJORITY.—A Medical dissertation on the difficulties arising from one Twin being some inches taller than the other, and an attempt to propose an operation for its relief. By Dr. Thibaudeau, M.P.P.

I SAY, AND I DO SAY.—The idea borrowed from "Shall and Will," and chiefly compiled from Mavor's Spelling Book, Lindley Murray, and The Child's Own Book.—By J. S. Hogan.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE AND GOOD BREEDING. By the Hon. Joseph Cauchon. In common binding, greasy and much soiled.

The above works are not to be had, but the authors are for sale on easy terms—cash, credit, or office.

Lusus Naturæ.

It is rumored that the following dialogue lately took place between Mr. George Sheppard of the *Colonist*, and a friend:

Friend.—Well, Sheppard, anything spicy in the *Colonist* to-day.

Sheppard.—I rather think so. I have invented a new tale about the Ministry.

Friend.—Don't trouble yourself again. No one will believe you. You are generally known as the *Rat without a Tail*.

Draft of a Speech for His Excellency, on closing the Session.

Respectfully submitted for His Excellency's approval by his obedient humble servant, Mr. Poker.

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN & GENTLEMEN:

It is about time you should evaporate, and I am sure that many of you—especially of the Honorable Gentlemen—are tolerably disgusted with the duties of legislation, so called, hence it is with infinite pleasure, that I avail myself of the opportunity of bundling you off.

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN:

I feel bound to say, that generally you have behaved with propriety, and exhibited a proper respect for, and appreciation of, the honorable and important positions you occupy; yet I may be permitted to say, that a little less Upper Canadianism on the part of the "venerable member" would be desirable, a little less solemnity on that of the hon. gentleman for Brockville, a little less irascibility on that of him from Hamilton, and a little less of verbiage from the gallant Colonel, who illustrates the character of an English gentleman, and a Queen's Counsel of sixteen years' standing. Trusting these gentle hints, *a la Poker*, will be received in a kindly spirit, I shall look for the desired improvement next Session.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY:

I hardly know whether or not to thank you for the supplies granted to carry on the Queen's Government, for they have had to be drawn from you as with a screw auger, yet, as they have been voted, I tender you the accustomed acknowledgments. It is my duty to say, however, that you have wasted a fearful lot of

money, not less probably than One Hundred Thousand Pounds, over and above what you should have spent, and I cannot help saying, that in these hard times, this was very disgraceful. You have passed some good bills, but with so much reluctance that it may freely be supposed you were sorry to do so. Indeed your conduct altogether—with some honorable exceptions to be sure—has been shocking bad, and I fear very much that the example of wrangling and insulting each other, which you have set to the people of the Province, will have a most injurious tendency.

Go home and reflect upon your conduct, and try to repent of it, so that when next you come together, there may be some improvement in your tempers and manners. I cannot individualize the offenders, as there are so many, but I may say the mark of disgrace has been fully earned by the member for Montmorenci, who ought to be ashamed of himself.

I wish you all a pleasant journey, and hope your wives and children will not have cause to mourn over your demoralization.

The New Administration.

LATE NEWS.

The sufferings of Mr. George Brown, in his attempts to form a Ministry on Thursday, were agonizing. At times the patient showed signs of considerable excitement and hope, at others of great weakness and despondency. On Thursday, Dr. Dorion administered a bolus of "Montreal Seat of Government," which Mr. Brown swallowed, though the œsophagus was partially closed in its descent; and, subsequently, Dr. D'Arcy McGee prescribed a black draught which making the patient ill, he rejected "Representation by Population" and the "Repeal of Separate Schools." The only refreshment Mr. Brown partook of during Thursday and Friday was "eating his own words," but the diet appears to have been too rich for his weakened system, and he continued very faint. The attendance of Dr. Sandfield Macdonald brought about an improvement, but it was only upon the express understanding that Mr. Brown should place himself entirely under his management. Further medical advice being required in this desperate condition of affairs, Telegrams were sent to Dr. Young and Dr. Holton, of Montreal, requiring a consultation with them, but they evinced indisposition to attend, unless guaranteed large fees for their professional services. In the excitement of the moment, Dr. Hogan was suggested, but being of no reputation, the idea was discarded. Surgeon Foley advised stimulants, from a personal experience of many years. During the night, the patient's mind wandered, dwelling much on apologies to McGee for his "Protestant Howl."

LATEST BULLETIN.

(Saturday Evening.)

Up to the hour of going to press, Mr. Brown appears to be yielding to great weakness. He has expressed his opinion, that he over-rated his strength, and it is probable that he cannot hold out until Monday.

Carmen Pokerinum.

What soul-stirring music steals over the land,
From Huron's high cliffs to the ocean-beat strand!
'Tis the voice of the people, and "Truth!" is the cry
That is borne on the breeze as it swells up on high.

List to it ye Ministers—ye who preside
O'er the land of your choice and the land of your pride;
Be truthful, and then you'll be sure to obtain
More confidence far than mere talent can gain.

List to it ye men whom the country has sent,
That her interests ye may with all truth represent,
And learn, that if ever your trust ye betray,
Your countrymen's favour is lost in a day.

Ye journalists listen, and see that ye learn
That to tell the plain truth is your chiefest concern;
And whether to this side or that you belong,
Just stick to the truth and you'll never go wrong.

The people are tired of your one-sided views,
And regard as mere trash full one-half of the news
That you tell them of meetings where things were achieved,
Which unless one had seen he could scarce have believed.

They read o'er your graphic descriptions of men—
Some genuine angels, and others again
Who are really so wicked and thoroughly bad,
That to think of their crimes might make any one sad.

They read; but alas! all your eloquent praise
Must fail very oft good opinions to raise,
While reasonless, reckless abuse of a man,
May oft make his fortune when nothing else can.

The people want truth and yours is the task,
To give what with so much reason they ask;
So Journalists, Members, and Ministers too,
Let the people have truth or they will not have you.

TARBESSA.

J. S. H.

The member for Grey,
The bashful "I say."

A terrible oath he hath sworn to-day;
He has sworn by the twist of his corkscrew curl,
That if from his seat the House do not hurl
That wicked John A.

Who blocks up his way.

Then he and his friends, Mr. John S. McD.,
Messrs. Dorland and Burwell and D'Arcy McGee,
Will straightway turn off every jet of their gas,
And sternly resolve with faces of brass,

To illumine no more,

My eye! won't they roar,

By their eloquent speeches, the ignorant Assembly,
Who treat them to nothing but "sass."

TONGS.

Court Circular.

Mr. Dunbar Ross entertained a select caucus at dinner on Sunday afternoon last. Covers were laid for twelve, but only eleven of the Apostles appeared. On a Committee of the whole, some desultory conversation ensued on Mr. Ross' motion, that he himself should be Premier and Inspector General of Canada; but on amendment of Mr. Morin, the Committee rose, reported no progress, but asked leave to sit again.

THE POKER.—The contents of this number were nearly all in type when the "Political Crisis" happened, and as we have other things to attend to than editorials, we had to do like Mr. Brown, and ask a delay till Monday. This little sheet was started to counteract the then manifest partialities of our *amicus*, who, however, has since gone on an other tack. The end having been accomplished, our services are no longer needed, but we have reason to know that THE POKER will not be given up, but on the contrary, that it will be kept in vigorous action, and that a piece equal to its present size may soon be welded to it. The last issue was insufficient to meet the demand.

Great Moral Demonstration.

To His Excellency Sir Edmund Walker Head,
Baronet, Governor General, &c., &c., &c.

May it please your Excellency :

The petition of 3,122 persons, residents, some in Toronto, some in no particular place, and some in the imagination of the promoters of this Moral Demonstration, humbly sheweth,

That at least 17 of the signers of this petition know its contents of their own knowledge, and that 311 adults have some conception of them and approve the same.

That it is the opinion of your petitioners that the present Ministry are a set of liars, gamblers, swindlers, drunkards and thieves.

That your Prime Minister, in especial, is the most infernal scoundrel in the country, and that he has been so designated by a late personal friend—an indictment which he has not had the courage to question by horsewhipping the writer, as he most certainly would have done had he felt conscious of innocence.

That the Inspector General is just as bad in intention, though, perhaps, with less genius, to fulfil his atrocious designs, but that he has embezzled untold sums of the public money, and even now has enormous hoards concealed about his premises, robbed from the people.

That the rest of the lot are not a whit behind either of these rascals, though they have not the same opportunities for plunder ; and

That altogether, the whole crew deserved to be ignominiously kicked out of office, and afterwards tried for treason.

That we have the above information from the *Globe* and the *Colonist*, the *Montreal Herald* and the *Hamilton Times*, and a number of other papers, and therefore it must be true, seeing that none of these prints have ever been known to be inaccurate in any of their statements.

That we have confidence in Messrs. Brown, Foley, Gould, Wallbridge, Burwell, and McKenzie, whom we humbly pray you to call to your Counsels.

That in so doing you will earn the eternal gratitude of your petitioners and very greatly help in averting dreadful calamities which threaten, not so much the country, as some of the individuals named.

That if you do not accede to this prayer, Mr. Burwell will immediately carry out his expressed intention of organizing a Vigilance Committee, who will put you under arrest, and probably lynch the Ministers, &c.

All of which is humbly submitted.

NOTE.—Of the signers, the names of 493 are *bona fide*, but 219 are repeated, 89 names are written three times, 74 four times, 33 five times, and 11 six times. At least 292 are boys under 14, (some of them only 8 years old) 126 are unknown, 79 are known to Mr. Gurnett, 13 are sewing girls in the dry goods' shops and 39 are gentlemen.

QUESTION FOR THE BRITISH "WHIG."—Is the Doctor authorized to offer the services of some of the writers of the *Grumbler* to Mr. Brown, as he seems to have been to offer them to some one who shall be nameless a few days ago ?

The Doctor can answer at his leisure.

A Truthful Tribute.

Respectfully Dedicated to that very facetious Sheet,
The "Grumbler."

Dark shadows of ignorance covered the land,
'Moegst the savans of Europe unheard was our name :
All vacant the niche where our author's would stand,
In that goal of ambition, the Temple of Fame.

But as darkness is thickest when day-dawn is near,
So the shadows but loomed for a glorious morn,
And the name of our country became doubly dear,
When that day-star of learning, the *Grumbler*, was born.

See how with a modesty fair to behold,—
Which is always of genius an unfailing mark,—
Its authors like Junius refuse to unfold,
Names growing too brilliant to hide in the dark.

Away with your Jerrolds, your Hoods and such men,
Lament not the stroke that consigned them to dust ;
Better die in Fame's arms, than live till the pen
Of the "*Grumbler*" had covered their glory with rust.

Now the paper* illumed by their genius is stale,
Its poems are all parodied, patched and refined,
With wit of a nature so subtle, we fail
To discover its point, or for what 'tis designed.

The mind of a Bacon could penetrate hearts,
And thoughts that were riddles to others unloose ;
But the "*Grumbler*" with animal instincts imparts
The "*questions*" and feelings that govern the goose.†

Thick as African deserts are studded with springs,
"As roses in quagmires, as pearls in the street,"‡
Are the sparkles of wit which it carelessly flings
In gorgeous profusion, each week at our feet.

Let the man, who unarmed and wand'ring along,
Was attacked by a poodle in some lonely way,
Recall all the frenzy of terror so strong,
That chilled the warm life-blood and turned his hair gray.

He alone understands with what feelings of fear,
The "*Grumbler*" is read by the frightened M. P.'s ;
How the boasts of those gents who endeavour to sneer,
Are belied by their pallor and poor quaking knees.

No subject too lofty or low for its grasp,
Like a spider who seizes an eagle or fly ;
In smiles of true friendship delighting to bask,
And scorning to play for one moment the spy.

Let the college be proud where these Editors gained
A learning whose lustre, reflected, exceeds
The honour which Oxford and Cambridge attained,
As the schools of the mighty who live in their deeds.

In tongues yet unspoken, in climes yet unknown,
Shall their thoughts be translated and eagerly read,
Preserving the name of our Province still young,
When the mem'ry of Greece and her Homer is dead.

Cauchon on Stocks.

The magnificent genius of Monsieur Cauchon was brought to bear on Tuesday afternoon, 27th ult., on the Inspector General's scheme for converting our debt now represented by Debentures, into a Provincial Stock, paying interest at 4½ per cent. The ex-Commissioner jumped at the conclusion that the difference between 4½ and 6 per cent interest would be saved to the Province ! And, in a paroxysm of fear, lest Mr. Cayley should avail of this sum—equal to about £200,000 per annum—proposed it should be thrown into a Sinking Fund for the extinction of the principal ! Would any one have conceived it possible that a man, in whose cranium such a conceit could find a place, could ever have been a Minister of the Crown ? The next feat of Mr. Cauchon will be the lifting of himself up by the hair. Mr. Cayley enlightened him, and we must admit he had about sense enough to see what a goose he was.

* *Punch*. † See *Grumbler*. ‡ Extract from *Grumbler*.

Canals and Railways.

The subscriber desires to inform the Cities and Municipalities of Canada, that he has commenced business as a dealer in Canals, Railways, and other small wares. He proposes opening an office in connection with the Legislative Council in five or six weeks, where persons needing any articles in his line, will always find him ready to supply a Georgian Bay Canal, or a Railway to the Moon, of the best quality, at the shortest notice and upon terms that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction and ensure him a continuance of public favors.

To indicate his ability to do all he engages, the subscriber need only mention that he has recently purchased Aladdin's Lamp, dirt cheap.
ROWLAND BURR.

FELT THE "POKER," EH?—We knew the old gent of the *Kingston Whig* had a thick hide, so we dealt him a smart stroke, but it seems to have been heavier than was necessary for he howls as if in mortal agony. Well, we shan't hit him so hard again if he keeps a civil tongue in his head, and as he now knows what it is to get a lick with THE POKER, he will, perhaps, learn to do so in future. However, if he should continue refractory, and we have to deal him another stroke, he will probably see more stars than he ever discovered in the sidereal heavens.

During an examination a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered no."

To Correspondents.

A's communication, acknowledged in our last, conveyed a rebuke to our fellow-laborer, who asserts the genuine English privilege to grumble, but as we do not wish our sheet to be made the medium of attacks upon him, we shall merely say that the article referred to the censures of the *Grumbler* on the Judges in one of its recent numbers.

We have to thank W. F. S. for his contributions. They evince a very respectable degree of talent, but a little too much, we think, of bitterness of feeling towards our contemporary, the *Grumbler*. We have a very low opinion, indeed, of the claims of that sheet to dictate to others on most of the matters it discusses ; and for this very reason we would refrain from comments on its performances. In the matter of politics, the *Grumbler* seems to us to sustain admirably the character of *Booby* ; its views of things displaying utter inexperience, and indicating excessive greenness on the part of the gentlemen who write up that department. This expression of our opinion will, we think, fully explain the very slight degree of animosity we have manifested towards our contemporary, and will account also for the indifference we shall manifest towards him in future.

"The Poker"

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