

# THE POKER.

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No. 48

## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.*

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

### Toronto University.

We had the pleasure on Wednesday last of attending the convocation of the above University in their new and magnificent buildings. We were much pleased at the large assemblage of ladies that honored the University with their presence, and we take it to be a happy omen for the future.

We also had the pleasure of attending the Annual University Dinner—one of the best of the kind ever held—in the evening, and must say that we enjoyed ourselves amazingly. No pains or trouble seemed to have been spared by the Committee to render the inaugural dinner worthy of the occasion and of the day they celebrate. As usual on such occasions there was plenty of good speeches and good wine. The manner in which His Excellency was received reflected honor on all present, and was marked by a total absence of all political rancor, proving thereby that the gentlemen of the University do not allow party feeling or political leanings to gain the upper hand of them or prevent them from conferring honor on those to whom honor is due. The Professors and Students seemed to perfectly co-operate in recognizing the valuable services rendered by His Excellency to their University and the educational establishments of the country.

We must congratulate the gentlemen of the University on the *esprit de corps* that seems to prevail, and to that feeling we may attribute the origination and successful carrying out of the idea of having an annual dinner.

### A Wedded Life's Felicity.

FIRST YEAR.

*Husband*.—Carrie, darling. We'll go to the Theatre to-night, love

*Wife*.—Just as you please, you darling little sweet pidgeon of a duck.

TENTH YEAR.

*Wife*.—*Husband*. I don't know how it is, but you never think of taking your little Wife out at all now and here I stay, from morning till night, (sob) working, (sobs;) working just like a slave. (crying.)

*Husband*.—Now, Wife, don't make a fool of yourself. I say we can't afford to go—at least I can't afford it for both of us—so I'll go and I'll tell you all about it when I come home. Exit.

BENEDICT.

[We insert your contribution, but sincerely hope it will not meet the eye of Mrs. Poker that is to be.—*R. H. Poker, Esq.*]

### Toronto, Queen City of the West.

Time was when where our city stands  
The oak, the pine and cedar grew,  
And all around were forest lands  
Where bear or wild deer wandered through.  
The Indian sought a'early day  
To find the track of wolf or deer,  
And thus they passed their life away—  
The chase to them the only cheer.

Then Superstition held its reign,  
The sun they worshipped as a God,  
Until from o'er the eastern main  
The Christian on the forest trod.  
And told them that above the skies  
There was a mighty Manitou\* there,  
Who formed all—the bird that flies  
And floats along the liquid air.

But time has changed, and in its change  
Has worked great wonders on this shore,  
No more the wolf is known to range  
Or fill the haunts he did of yore.  
No more the oak and cedars grows  
Where roamed the red deer and the bear,  
But, what does time to us disclose?  
A rising city far more fair.

We gaze a single moment round  
And spires and steeples pierce the skies,  
Where, learning's fanes are found  
To gladden more the longing eyes.  
I have seen the traitor rise  
And try to crush old England's might,  
But there was one above the skies,  
That always aids the just and right.

Soon they were foiled, drove from the land  
Which they endeavored to subdue,  
Where now is that unholy band—  
That dark, rebellious crew?  
Works of art, almost sublime  
That vie with those of olden days,  
Are seen and fostered in our clime;  
Here Genius sheds her brightest rays.

Ontario's waters wash the shore,  
Niagara's voice is heard afar,  
The Pioneer is now no more,  
And Simcoe sleeps—the railroad car  
Rolls o'er the place his footsteps trod,  
Where first he viewed the Don's green sod.

*Toronto, thee we yet shall see*  
The diadem to crown the West,  
When after labour, you and me  
Will have to take our last long rest:  
Our children then will wander o'er  
And mark our footprints by the shore.

HAROLD.

### Dialogue.

*Dedicated to the Matrons of Toronto.*

*Mr. Brown*—(explaining his political views to *Mrs. Robbins* and her three children.)

"*Mrs. Robbins*, *Mrs. Robbins*—all I want is a *dissolution of the Union*."

*Lady*—(passing by) "Oh, the Brute."

### Church Synod.

Our friend *Blubbs* asked us if the Pope had really arrived in Canada? seeing, as he said, "so many priests abroad." We of course explained.

*From an unpublished Work,*

### Entitled—"De Art ob Cook'ry."

BY A CULLUD PUSSON:

*Late Chief Cook an' Bottle Washer—Man ob all Work—to de King ob de Fee Jee Islands.*

*Hint to bredren and sistern—If buckra no like de tings, all de better for de privilege call'd, "pass em in de kitchen!"*

**FOWLS**:—If you have for kill um, twiss de necks, no bleed um, caus' dis spoil de 'p'exion; den soak um in hot wata, so tear oph de big feeders, but lef' in de pen feeders—to make um taste of little bit musk. Dat berry nice. When you go for clean um's inside, bus' de 'testines an' de crop, so let dutty run ober um, d's gib high flavor—berry fine! No wash um, mind, or you spoil de whole 'ting. Jus' maul um about, make um tenda. Toss um in de pot, so let um stchew da.

**LOIN' MUTTON**:—Roas' um in slow ubben, lef on de skin, for keep in de joose—no cut de joints—put um on de table, wid blunt knife, and de debil can't carb um. Shoulder of mutton, same way. N. B. If want graby, pour col' wata ober um, but no salt.

**MUTTON CHOP**:—If de meat well fat, t'row um into de pan, so let um boil in dere own fat, until de meat turn wite, an' taste like one taller kandle. But, if flesh poor, put *leettle* water in de pan, so let um soak dar till you want um.

**LEG MUTTON BOIL**:—No wash um, boil um slow, slow, slow; an' no skim de dutty oph de wata; keep um dar until he tuff and slimy, an' tast' of soap—berry nice. If he done right, black blood will stop in middle.

**BEEF ROAST**:—Dis will do much in der same way as mutton; if him lean, let um soak in slow oben; if he fat, put um in red hot oben, so melt oph eb'ryting to de bone.

**BOIL OR FRY FISH**:—No scrape oph de scales, lef' some for tickle de gums, an' when you clean um, no 'split um down to de berry las' fin; lef' little bit dar, to hol' dutty, an' gib flavor. No scrape de black stuff from de back, for same reason.

**POTTATUS AN' ODDER VEG'UBLES**:—Put pottatus in plenty cold wata, boil slow, berry slow, 'till he like bees wax, den he done. Cabbage, same way, till he tuff an' flabby, like wet parchment. French Beans, boil in iron pot, an' greasy water; lef' on de strings, for dat keep in the joose.

**EGGS BOIL**:—Put him in wata for five minits, nebber min' wedder water hot or col'. Time dus de bus'ness!

**TOAS'**:—Cut slice a bread; take one peece, an' burn de edges all roun'; take one nudder peece, so burn de middle black, an' lef' de edges white—dis look berry neat; but, if you want for make um berry fine, take red hot Poker, an' so mark de bread across, 'till he look like de black an' white stripe, on de what-you-call-um! Wild Zebra-Jack-a-a-as,—dis berry, berry, pretty.

**Fragment of a New Geographical and Political Catechism.**

We give the following as a brief specimen of a new work, with entirely new ideas, which is about being got up by the editor of the *New York Times*. Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun; but even Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamed of such a nation as Yankeedom, where they produce something new every day. For the purpose of enlightening our readers we give them a specimen of the new ideas at present being brought out in that land of white, lawless liberty, and black, merciless slavery. We may mention that although we are inclined to be quizzical at times, we throw aside our quizzicalities for the present, and beg to state that the answers in the following catechetical specimen are the literal words and ideas copied from the editorial columns of the *New York Times*, which is one of the most influential and respectable papers in the *glorious Union* (?) If such ideas begin already to flow from a respectable source, what may we expect from the smaller newspaper fry in that land of cheap newspapers and cheaper principles:—

Q.—What should the English Government understand at the present moment?

Ans.—That a great power has grown up on this side of the Atlantic, of more consequence to England than all the treaties that were signed between Lipsic and Waterloo.

Q.—What in reality is England?

Ans.—England, indeed, is a part of the United States.

Q.—What power in the world has England most reason to tremble before?

Ans.—The United States. No power in the world holds over any other power so vast and strenuous a control as is laid by the United States upon England.

Q.—Is the United States a generous, forbearing nation?

Ans.—Yes. She has no motive and no wish to go to war with England.

Q.—What does this forbearance exhibit?

Ans.—It shows the noble generosity and dignified sufferance of a great power towards a weaker and dependent one.

Q.—What should be the conduct of England under such circumstances?

Ans.—Before she ventures upon any steps that may lead her into a dangerous maritime struggle, she must prepare herself for the consequences of such a course upon her relations with the United States.

Q.—If she neglects this imperative duty what may she expect?

Ans.—She will be judged and held responsible by America.

Q.—If England is wise at the present moment what course will she pursue?

Ans.—She will conciliate America, and regain that moral (?) rank among the nations which she has seriously compromised by the foolish policy of her rulers and the recklessness of her Press.

We give this as a fair specimen of the cool impudence of the most unprincipled and greatest nation of humbugs in the world. The *Answers* are an exact transcript of the words in the columns of the *New York Times*. We shall hail the publication and the widest dissemination of

the new catechism with much pleasure, and with the intense interest which the importance of the subject merits. We are glad to learn too from a confidential source that George Brown, with his usual euterprise, is to have early proof sheets sent to him by the American publishers, so that the work will be published here at the earliest moment. At his own expense, too, Mr. Brown will send a copy of the work to every member of the British Ministry, together with a copy of the *Written Constitution* he is preparing for Canada, so that poor dependant England may realize the value of the adage "Forewarned, forearmed."

How happy should we Canadians be when we reflect on how far we are from England, and so near to the United States. Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes! What though her Statesmen are the laughing stock of modern civilization, and her Press the most wretched rag manufactory in the world; still the former are the wisest mankind has ever seen, and the latter the most pure and incorruptible,—even although three cents can sometimes change the tone of an editorial—"Hail Columbia, happy land!" On this side of the line we shall never know what peace and prosperity are until we become part and parcel of meek, unassuming Yankeedom.

Citizen gentlemen of the United States, and you their noble brothers on this side of the line, ye glorious Grits, pray ye morning, noon and night in the words of the great Carlyle, "O beloved brother blockheads of mankind let us shut those wide mouths of ours!"

**Ontario.**

Roll on by day Ontario,  
Thou'rt beautiful by night,  
With the moon and stars reflecting  
On thy waters sparkling bright,  
While the zephyrs calmly sleeping,  
And dares not to awake  
One ruffle on thy glassy breast,  
Most calm and tranquil lake;  
Ontario, Ontario, thou art Queen of the Lakes,  
Upon thy shores in solitude,  
The thoughtful mind partakes  
Of feelings inexpressible,  
Of joys beyond compare.  
If we gaze upon Niagara,  
We see great wonders there:  
I oft have wandered on her banks,  
And heard the mighty sound  
Of that stupendous cataract,  
Through forest wild resound,  
And thought upon the wonders,  
Wrought by that power on high,  
Who made sun, moon, and all the stars,  
To light the azure sky.  
It was he who formed the deep abyss,  
O'er which the waters leap,  
And bid the waves forever,  
Their changeless tenor keep;  
They long have kept their course unchanged,  
Ere humankind has trod  
Upon the land then a wilderness;  
Ere the ploughshare turned the sod,  
The lonely Indian wanderer,  
That lingers by her shore,  
Says it has been long ere his time,  
Or e'en his sires before,  
And that oft his father worshipped it,  
At early dawn of day,  
While the rainbow shone upon its brow,  
In the sunlight's golden ray.  
Adieu, adieu, Ontario,  
For I may see no more,  
Thy bright waves calmly flowing.  
Or hear Niagara's roar,  
Yet I'll think of thee when far away,  
I'll think upon thy strand,  
And of thy woods, thy fields, and floods,  
Thou mighty forest land.

HAROLD.

**Correspondence.**

MR. EDITOR—

After a long silence I again address you confidentially, on a subject which is very dear to me. From my former letter you must have discovered that I am in love; that my heart has gone from under my control; that my affections are placed on some fair lady. To my own great sorrow, I also have found it out. But the strangest part of my love affair is, that, as yet I have been unable to find out who is the object of my affections—who is she. I know that I am in love and you so too, Mr. Editor. But that does not satisfy me. I want to know with whom—aye, there is the question—with whom. If you can tell—for I hear editors know everything—please inform me at once, and thereby you will relieve me much. Even since I became aware of the melancholy fact, I have been wandering around like one distracted. To such a degree did my infatuation carry me that I, a few evenings ago consented—which I now sincerely repent—to join a party of young men who were going to serenade a ladies' school. I thought I might, perhaps, catch a glimpse of her on whom my lost affections had fixed themselves. However, having set out, we duly arrived at our destination, and took up a position directly in front of the residence of the fair angels. There, for fully half an hour we expended a large amount of breath, seemingly to no purpose. During that time our eyes were directed earnestly at the different windows of the house, roaming from top to bottom, to see if any signs of life appeared within.

In vain did we, with ears distended, listen for the slightest movement. No creaking of shutters no suppressed whisperings, no heads. In vain did we pour forth the most melodious strains. In vain did we give in capital style, "gems from the operas."

At last a shutter was pushed back; a window began to open slowly, when to our great surprise and horror, there issued from the corner of the house several dark forms, accompanied by what to our excited imaginations, seemed a ferocious Bull-dog. With hoarse yells they bore down upon us, putting to flight not only all thoughts of singing, but also the whole of our little party.

With headlong impetuosity we dashed across the field that separated us from the road, tumbling over stones, stumbling over roots of trees, wading through puddles; yet allowing nothing to stay our progress till we reached the highway.

By that time our pursuers came up with us, and stayed our further flight by such exclamations as "what are we running about Ned, Tom, &c."

To our great surprise and horror we found them to be a party of our friends who had been serenading in the rear of the building, and who on hearing us had come around to see their rivals.

We explained our flight as best we could, all making excuses of some kind or other. Nothing, however, grieved me so much as my being deprived—with my wonted ill luck—of the felicity of seeing the fair one at the window.

Yours, &c.,

ANTHONY BASHFUL.

"How is your soul?" said a Village Parson to a verdant Bumpkin, the other day. The Bumpkin, looking at his boot, replied, "Pretty well, I thank you."

**"ANSWER TO THE GRUMBLER."**

**Those Russian Guns once More.**

"Those Russian Guns again," as our friend the Grumbler says. But our would-be cynical friend does not, after all, chronicle the great Upper Canadian triumph with the minuteness which so important an event demands. Why did he not employ his great historical contributor, Lord Macaulay, to do the work? He gives the gold-banded Captain Prince all sorts of glory, and the Count—to use his own nomenclature—a redundancy of silly sneers. But why did he leave out Lieutenant General Paterson, of the Toronto Horse Guards, and his *Fuo Totum*, Sergeant-in-Chief Cull, also of *that ilk*? As he has done so, bad luck to him, we are compelled to raise our voice, and proclaim aloud to all whom it may concern—and that, of course, is the whole "breathing world"—that Lieutenant General Paterson, *alias*, "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," with his Aide-de-camp, Sergeant-in-Chief Cull, *alias*, "matches a bawbee the box," together with all they could muster of the Company—fourteen men—did essay in a most noble, heroic, glorious manner, to escort the guns to the place appointed them by the "Reform" City Council assembled.

Lieutenant General Paterson, *alias* "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," was mounted on a splendid charger with flowing mane, like the steed bestrade by death in the Apocalypse. He seemed prepared to display the spirit of *Marmion*—pluck to the last—"On, Stauley, on!" "But, ah, how weak are man's resolves!" Courage and Clear-Grittism never go together. The Clear-Grit hero of the posse failed as lamentably in his escort enterprise as did his great, frothy chief in the patching of his ministry. Although mounted in all the pride of chivalry, with the great Sergeant-at-arms-and-legs Cull to point the way to glory, when near Church Street he was forced to leave one of the guns behind. For all that he, poor bleeding hero, was able to accomplish, the Russians might have come and taken their guns back again. But in the hour of need the Count came to the rescue, and saved "Cauld kail's" glory. O General Paterson! General Paterson! "why did ye die!" Alas! alas! as Edgar Allen Poe says

"Is there, is there no balm in Gilead!"

O, wurra! wurra! General, why didn't you take *Lady Macbeth's* advice,

"Screw your courage to the sticking-place  
And do not fail!"

QUIZ.

**A Bad Hit.**

Charles Augustus, (smilingly contemplating and patting the calf of his understandings,)—  
Rather a fine calf this, Sister.

*Flora's* Emilie—Yes Charly, boy, (?)—There's a good deal of calf about you.

Charles Augustus (has suddenly an appointment.)

"Just So," "Just So."

We understand that the Clerks of the different Departments have applied for a quantity of Brandy and Cigars on their removal to Quebec—Fatboy in particular.

**Lines to whom it may concern.**

Hushed be our mirth, and let us stay  
The laugh s' free and light,  
The merry jest that's reigned to-day,  
While all was sunshine bright,  
And let one shadow o'er us play,  
Ere we depart to-night.

Will we, when circling time brings round  
Another changing year,  
Upon this spot of glad some ground,  
A gain in joy appear,  
With hearts that with bright pleasure bound,  
And eyes that know no tear.

We may perchance; but then some eyes  
That smile so gaily now,  
May gaze on us from yonder skies  
Beneath an angel's brow,  
And we may thread the sod where lies  
Some loved companion low.

We cannot tell—the future's gloom  
May bring, perhaps, to me  
The silent slumber of the tomb—  
Perhaps, perhaps to thee,  
And friends in saddened youthful bloom,  
May weep our memory.

Then let one serious shade appear,  
And check our mirthful flight,  
A moment, in this sweet career,  
So thoughtless and so light,  
And give the future one thought, ere  
We breathe our last "good night!"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

**George Brown and his Protestant Horse.**

Once on a time,—not long ago—  
George Brown would take a ride,  
So saddled orthodox's steed,  
As one that never "shied;"  
And mounting, he was off as fast  
As you could say "chou-bang,"  
Verifying the adage of "put a b'ggar on horse-back and  
he will ride to the devil—"  
"Git up thar, and gi'lang!"

He went at a 240 gait,  
For many a goodly mile;  
Passed every tavern on the road,  
Nor stopped to take "a smile."  
At Gilpin's pace he pressed the race  
And ever loudly rang  
Where'er he went, the dreadful cry—  
Frightening every mother's son, man, woman and child  
of every poor Roman Catholic in the country with his  
thundering Protestant voice—  
"Git up thar, and gi'lang!"

The furious steed pursued his way  
Like lightning when 'tis greased;—  
For the first "heat" he "made such time,"  
That no one at him "sneezed."  
Though at this "break-neck" pace, he did  
Not meet with scarce a "slip,"  
Or if he did, it only made  
Him devote a more vigorous application of the "whip,"  
and to cry out considerably louder than on usual occasions—  
"Go in  
Old hoss, and let her rip!"

But on the road he chanced to meet  
With one T. D. McGee,  
Who took the "kinks" out of him "neat,"  
As "neat" as "neat" could be.  
He "led" him gently in a race,  
In which he made the "slip,"  
And losing ground, he sadly found  
That 'twarn't no use, no how he could fix it; to holler  
to the old wind-broken, ring-boned, spavined, splinted,  
wind-galled string-holted, cracked-healed, "heavy" Pro-  
testant Rosinaitte—"Go in  
Old hoss, and let her rip!"

At last, while limping in his gait,  
The weary, o'er-blown nag,  
Like many a better one than he,  
Ran plump "agin a snag,"  
Which fetched him "right straight up on end,"  
And plunged "kerwallop" "bang"  
His rider head foremost into  
A regular nasty, dirty "Brown-Dorian" mud-hole  
where he laid as "flat" as a flounder, wallowing and  
kicking in a bog of filth, shouting like blazes—  
"Git up thar, and gi'lang!"

HARRY SWEETPEACE.

**Reasons for not going to Church.**

- A—Because he has not got a new coat.
- B—Because he has, and it doesn't fit.
- C—Because he feels sick.
- D—Because he feels jolly.
- E—Because he has taken a *drop* too much.
- F—Because he didn't get up in time.
- G—Because he's going to the country.
- H—Because he's going driving.
- I—Because the seats are not free.
- J—Because he hasn't got any coppers to put in the plate.
- K—Because he hasn't any silver.
- L—Because he's bashful, and the young ladies look at him.
- M—Because the singing is disgusting.
- N—Because he's got some letters to write.
- O—Because he's going to see Muggins's servant girl, and can't see her only when they are out.
- P—Because he's engaged in reading an interesting novel, and doesn't want to leave it.
- Q—Because it's cold, and there are no stoves in the church.
- R—Because he's engaged in doing some extra work.
- S—Because he lives so far from church.
- T—Because he went to church four Sunday's ago.
- U—Because he hasn't time.
- V—Because the Preacher is an old man.
- W—Because the Preacher is a young man, and the girls are all looking at him.
- X—Because the Preacher is a married man, and she doesn't care for him.
- Y—Because there are such a number of brats of boys, spitting and chewing in church, they quite disturb her meditation.
- Z—Because he has been reading the *Globe* and *Grumbler*, and has fallen asleep.

**Victoria Square.**

Our remarks on Public Parks has had the effect of poking up some of the City Fathers, one of whom intends bringing forward a motion—That instead of the city purchasing the McGill Square, they buy the whole of the property, from the south side of Richmond street, to the north of Adelaide, from Victoria to Church street, for a Public Square, and erect the Wellington Testimonial in the centre, with fountains, &c. This would do away with the Glebe Rookery on Church and Stanley streets. Our friend Wakefield, on King street, would be glad, as it would open up a fine view for him; and to the old buildings on Adelaide, Richmond, and Stanley streets, he would have no objection to say, *going, going, gone.*

**A "New" Law.**

We believe it is the intention of some petty Lower Canadian Member, to bring up the following Bill next Session, drawn-out by the party interested, *i. e.* George Fatboy, the Permit Clerk of the C. L. Dept., viz:  
Title—Bill—"An Act to remunerate the important services of George Fatboy, (Permit Clerk C. L. Dept., by Act of Parliament, amended by ditto, under Edward II. &c., &c.) by a Pension of £500 per annum." O: course.

**The "Sign" of the Times.**

A Bailiff's Notice.

## Query.

Who's "been and gone" and spoiled the *Streetsville Review*? Some *Jackass*, I suppose.

INQUIRER.

[We think it must be either a Dutchman or an Irishman: if this be the case "Inquirer" should not be too severe on account of any incomprehensibilities that may occur therein, as we are all aware that an Irishman is allowed to speak twice and a "Dytchman" until he is understood.—R. H. Poker, Esq.]

## Mr. Poker goes to Church.

On Sunday last, Mr. Poker feeling piously inclined, dropped into a certain Church, in the neighbourhood of Temperance street, the name of which is needless to mention, and was forcibly struck with the singing.

The choir consists of two ladies and three gentlemen. The number, dear reader, may appear small, but we can assure you that the smallness of the number is fully made up by the largeness of their attempts,—Anthems, Chants, &c., in addition to Psalms and Hymns, receive a fair share of their attention. On this occasion an Anthem was performed, and as the principle lady singer could not reach the higher notes, we were treated to a sublime screech, while the rest of the choir joined in anything but harmony; this ended, then came the Hymns, and here the Leader displayed his *skill* and knowledge of music, in selecting tunes that neither the choir or any one in the audience could sing correctly.

## The Mission.

"It is ridiculous, therefore, to attempt to convey the impression that the Imperial Government, of its own choice, selected Mr. Talbot from the mass of *Parliamentary doughfaces* to fulfil the functions of Special Ambassador to the Court of New Brunswick."—*Globe*, June 8th, on *Imperial Patronage*.

*Parliamentary doughfaces*, eh! Geordie. Of course we know you include yourself. What a world is this! But a short time ago Mr. McGee was to be intrusted with a mission from the Court of Canada, not to New Brunswick, but to Ireland, Belgium, and we verily believe to the world's end, to seek *information* respecting our *Common Schools*, all, all at Canada's expense, and he (Mr. McGee) a member of Parliament too. How quiet we were then—how mute—how discreet. But now Mr. Talbot is intrusted with a mission from the *Imperial Government* only to New Brunswick, and the *Globe* having no *fuel* takes up this for copy. Who violates the *independence* of Parliament Act we wonder.

## To Correspondents.

TITLEBAT TITMOUSE, Esq.—We are indeed sorry to part from you.

FRANCISCO.—We will always have an eye on them.

ALEXIS.—Always glad to hear from you.

H. SEYM. H.—Thanks.

RUSTY QUILL.—No go.

CANUCK.—What's the matter, eh

QUIZ.—Much obliged.

## Retrospection.

"Let me sleep my last sleep in the land of my birth."

The breath of Spring, its first bland breath,  
Pays on my glowing cheek once more,  
And calls up Scotland's hills and heath  
Frequented and beloved of yore.  
The carol of the April bird  
Light perched among the topmost boughs,  
Brings back the thousand songs I heard  
In gowany glens and knows.

Strange, that the morning of the year  
Can wake the retrospective sigh,  
And call up scenes to memory dear  
That bring the moisture to the eye;  
Makes memory of our early days  
More closely with the heart entwined,  
Auld Scotland's bairns, her banks and braes,  
And heart-loved Auld Lang syne.

My Fatherland! thy hallowed dells,  
Thy hawthorns flinging fragrance round,  
Thy glens and glades, thy flowers and fells,  
The dark fir woods thy scenes which bound;  
Thy bonny, fragrant heather dyes,  
Thy mavis' lay, thy laverock's trill,  
Come haunting Scotchman's hearts and eyes  
Go wander where they will.

Scotia! I've been o'er land and wave,  
On dashing sea and mountain dun,  
I've heard Canadian winters rave,  
And melted under Africa's sun;  
Through England's landscapes I have been,  
With spire and village spangled o'er,  
And Erin's many charms I've seen,  
Traversing shore from shore.

I've passed Trafalgar's gory bed  
Where Briton's bravest fell; and where  
Dark Mount Abyla lifts his head,  
And Calpe shows his forehead bare.  
I've seen Spain's daughters—things of light—  
In arborescent wark and flowery grot,  
But through all changes—dark or bright—  
You never, never were forgot.

Land of the sage, land of the free,  
Whose mountains proudly kiss the clouds,  
In dreams you'll ever follow me  
Till I am folded in my shroud;  
And now midst April's breezes bland,  
Across the ocean thee I hail,—  
Long may thine ancient glory stand,  
Thine arts and arms prevail.

And for "the right" thy sons still be  
Firm as the crags which guard thy shore,  
Bold, to defend the true and free,  
As tempests in thy woods that roar;  
But kindly soft as Summer's wing  
At "gloamin'" on the yellow broom,  
And genial as the parting Spring,  
Midst home and beauty's bloom.

Thy meadows green, thy mountains gray,  
Thy winding wilde, thy daisied dells,  
Long, long may they each Seventh day  
Re-echo far thy Sabbath bells;  
And, however baffled bigots rant,  
Or sneering scoffers pages fill,  
May the Bible and her "Covenant"  
Be Scotland's watchword still.

A SCOTCH CALLANT.

## Royal Lyceum.

We have had the pleasure of, this week, witnessing Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in some of their great histrionic representations. The thrilling acting of the latter we have seldom seen paralleled, and it is with some satisfaction we can record the undoubted appreciation of their talents by the crowded benches that have appeared at the Lyceum since their *debut*. *Lady Macbeth*, on Wednesday last, was rendered with fine, and as our ancient *confrere*, that oracle of wisdom, the *Globe* would say, "intensely thrilling effect." Mrs. Wallack has studied the individualities of the character, and many points, seemingly insignificant, are brought prominently forward to good advantage. The general character was rendered with a masculine strength and energy that, with

the connected incidents of the piece in which she figured, almost inspired the beholder with terror. *Macbeth*, by Mr. Wallack, was performed in such a manner that to say it was well done would convey but a faint idea of its excellence. As for the usual lady and gentlemen performers of the Lyceum, we cannot help but remark the improvement they each succeeding week exhibit. Mr. Hill's *Dominie Sampson* was an original piece of sedate, grotesque humour, if we may use such term, and told greatly in his favor. Mr. Marlowe's *Guy Mannering* was rendered in a masterly and polished manner, but we have seen him in characters that displayed his versatility to much better advantage.

We understand that to-night will be performed Lord Byron's beautiful play of "Werner," dramatized from one of the "Canterbury Tales" by Miss Harriet and Sophia Lee (no relations of Mr. Simcoe Lee), and which, in the words of his Lordship, "made such an impression on him when he first perused it, that it contained the germ of all that he had since written." Would it not be exceedingly gratifying to the admirers of that great writer to see the representation of the piece that gave birth to those gloomy conceptions of the "Corsair," "Lara," "Alp," &c.; that formed the presiding spirit of a poetical genius so remarkable, a genius that shone so resplendently during its existence, and at which time, in the words of a critic, "it seemed as if the world held only one great poet."

## Fair Journalism.

The *Quebec Gazette*, in recounting an accident that occurred there of a man falling out of a calache on the pavement, thus concludes: "He was hurt *pretty much*, to what extent we don't know." Such papers ought to be abolished.

[Advertisement.]

Ha! ha! ha! No. 30. Ho! Ho! Ho!

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