

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

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No. 18.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experientiae laborum.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

Profession and Practice.

A real son of St. Crispin when, during the present Toronto Assizes, asked his occupation, said, "Professionally a shoemaker, properly a cobbler."

How good we feel when we read of this real gush of honesty from the mouth of a poor cobbler. Were he as ugly as George Brown, we could poke him in the ribs till doom's day or hug him till death should us sever.

Outspoken honesty is not a thing of every day. It is a plant of rare growth, and we are sorry to confess in Canada an exotic. How many are there who if they were to speak the truth would speak as did our hero of the last? How many doctors might say, "Professionally a doctor, properly a quack!" How many lawyers, "Professionally a lawyer, properly a pettifogger!" How many clergymen, "Professionally a parson, properly a knave!" How many public men, "Professionally a politician, properly a scoundrel!" &c., &c.

Our very brain begins to wander, our sight grows dim, when we reflect on the humbugs there are in every profession, trade, and calling under the sun,—and over it too in all probability.

Is there a greater humbug in creation than the sanctimonious, long-faced, pale-faced, drawing busy-body, who manifests the greatest anxiety about your eternal welfare, while he is doing you out of your earthly substance? Is there a greater humbug in or out of creation than the very humble individual who touches his hat to you, and smiles and fawns at your every look, but is all the while meditating on some infernal plot, to ruin you for ever? Is there a greater humbug in the land of humbuggery than the man who is daily preaching about corruption, and ruin, and decay, while he is only envious of men in place and power? Is there a greater humbug among the softer sex than the lady who is glad to see you when you call upon her unexpectedly, at the same time wishing you 't'other side of Jordan? No, there is not; and upon these assertions we stake our wide and honestly acquired reputation.

Fellow laborers in this land of humbug and deceit, we call upon you to aid us in our task. Be not too personal,—but outspoken. Be not too sanguine,—but pure and honest. Be not too self-important—but meek and just. Do these things and we warrant you a reform so far as our influence extends, and this, let us tell you, is wider than some folks suppose.

Them Murtherin' Fashins & Crinerleens.

MY DEAR FRIEND MISTHERR POKER,

Begorra, but I'm a fether thinkin' its quare times these we're livin' in, and thim new fashins that the ladies are takin' up wid, puts the comether on me intirely, as they does. Now the divil a born man has a greater likin' for thim swate little craythers thin myself; and if I do say a word or two agin thim, its beca's a bit of wholesome advice might be a fether doin' thim a dale of good; and I would not for the wide, wide worreld lose favour wid one of thim through it, but I can't help givin' a bit ov my moind where I think it's wanted. What would my poor ould mother, (blessings rest her sowl,) who used so often to say till me, "Paddy, it's a wicked and de-saitful world yer a goin' intill, take good care ov yourself, ahone,"—what would she be a fether sayin' till herself, to see how things have changed since she was a gurrel,—faith, she'd be at a grate less to know what to call thim quare little craythers that spread themselves the whole way across the side-walk, wearing tight little jackets round their waists, that makes thim look for all the worreld as if they had just come out bran new from a turning lathe, and as if a wee push on the shouldther would make thim break in two at onct; thin they are niver satisfied unless they're carrying about wid thim the contents of a whole box iv dry goods, and they does be a fether stretchin' thim out so wide below, that I niver look at thim widout thinkin' of a hay-cock wid a pitch fork stuck in the top iv it. Sorra a word iv a lie in it at all, at all. Thin agin, it's meself that's a courtin' Biddy Flannigin, as nate a girl as iver broke bread, though it's meself that says it; and didn't I go round the back way into the kitchen a night or two ago, and didn't I stare to see Biddy "fined in" in a murtherin' big ring-fince, that looked as if it was put there on purpose to keep intruders at a grate distance, and she whisking her tail around the room just as if she wor in an awful

flurry about nothin' or nobody. "Biddy, darlint," says I. "What is it, Paddy?" says she. "You're not afraid of me," says I; "for you, I takin' sich care to pack yerself away in thim quare onmentionables," says I. "Now, Paddy, quit you're makin' fun iv me," says she; "dout yer see it's the new fashins?" says she; "dosen't the mistress, and the young ladies, and all the fine gentry and quality wear thim; and hav'n't I as good a right as thim whin they sets figure off to such advantage. Besides, dosen't the boys like to be lookin' at thim,—I know, Paddy, you're aching this minit to be hugging me," says she. "Faith you're right there, achusla," says I; "if I only had the manes of gittin' nigh enough till ye, Biddy; but I'm afeard I'll only have to content meself wid just lookin' at you from a respectable distance this time." Biddy looked sly, and didn't much like the turn things wor takin', but I wanted to cure her of followin' the fashins, and felt as if I would lave widout givin' her a hug. "Whisper, Paddy," says she. "I've got something to tell you." "You'll have to spake loud," says I, "for I can't git clost enough to whisper,"—didn't I know all the time what she was wantin', and didn't I bother her, and tell her that I would niver kiss her agin until she left off wearin' such murtherous big "hoops," but she said she would sooner give up the kissin', so at last I had to cave in, for I claim to be a sensible man, and think it's best let the wimin have their way; but divil a bit iv me can make out why in creation they will always be runnin' neck and heels a fether thim quare fashins.

Yours, &c.,

"PADDY MILES'S BOX."

Private Bill Legislation.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given: that the undersigned intends at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature to introduce a bill entitled, "An Act to confer a pension of £ per annum on Mrs. Bilton, for many years adviser on constitutional law and appls-women to the Legislative Assembly."

SKEFFINGTON CONNER,
L.L.D., Q.C., M.P.F., &c., &c.

Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1858.

LAST OPERA.

Duet from the New Opera of Ta Politica.

PARTS TAKEN BY MESSRS. BROWN AND MCGEE.

BROWN—(Music with five flats.)

Sadness steals o'er me,
Sorrow and gloom;
There seems to wait for me
Some terrible doom.
Friends have departed,
Supporters have fled,
I'm near broken-hearted,
Would I were dead.

MCGEE—Whence all this sadness?

Drive it away.
I come to bring gladness,
Cheer up!—I say.
I have good news to tell you,
In power we'll soon be;
'Twas good luck that befel you,
When you made friends with me.

BOTH TOGETHER—(Brown singing seconds.)

Sadness begone! come exultation!
Victory, victory, soon we shall claim,
Soon we shall reach the long wished for station
And praise shall be given to D'Arcy's great name.

BROWN—But, oh! my heart not yet is gladsome,

MCGEE—Gladsome soon thy heart shall be.

BROWN—Where are my friends? but late I had some,—

MCGEE—I am more than all to thee.

BROWN—Yes, ah yes,—I must believe it,

Still my loving friends I mourn:

My heart is sad,—then do not grieve it,

Will my friends no more return?

(The last line sung with great feeling.)

MCGEE—Away with grief! with grief away!

Soon we'll hail the glorious day.

BOTH—(Brown again takes the seconds.)

Hail, hail, hail

'Thou glorious coming day,

Hail! hail! hail!

Why dost thou still delay?

We're ready, ready now,

Pockets now of cash are void;

Saddened is each Grit's brow,

Hands now wait to be employed

Diving deep—into the chest,

Where the public moneys rest.

BROWN—When will that bright day arrive?

Will it ever, ever come?

Perhaps I shall not be alive,

Brown may then be in the tomb.

MCGEE—Never mind, if you die,

Some one will your place supply.

BROWN—D'Arcy, dear, you make me cry,

D'Arcy, dear, you make me sigh,

Could you bear to let me die?

MCGEE—No, I only wished to try,

If you loved me:—haste and dry

Both your eyes; on this rely,

None will prove more true than I.

BOTH—We'll banish all sorrow, no more shall it reign;

And Brown shall be Brown, the great chief-tain again.

Though many have left him, and ceased to be friends,

He still retains one on whose strength he depends:

The name of his ally is D'Arcy McGee,

And D'Arcy and George two great heroes shall be.

They will lead a brave army of Grits to the fight,

And each shall give tokens of prowess and might.

But D'Arcy must lead, he must always be first,

Ere the battle begins,—when the foe are dispersed:

Yes, D'Arcy, brave D'Arcy, must still lead the way,
And Geordie can follow, and Geordie obey.

Hail! the day of battle, hail!

Victory its sure to bring;

George and D'Arcy shall prevail,

Let them now in triumph sing:—

Sadness flee!—come no more;

We shall see our troubles o'er;

We shall see our joys begun,

Haste the rising of the sun;

Which that day shall usher in,

When the victory we win.

Hail coming day!

No more delay,

Give us our prey,

Hail! hail! hail!

Anent the Banquet!!!

A SCALY PROCEEDING.

"The Banquet given in the City of Montreal, on Thursday last, to the members of the (defunct) Brown Dorion Administration was on a scale of magnificence, such as had never before marked a political demonstration in any part of the province."—*Globe of Monday last.*

Our contemporary will, we hope, pardon us if we inform him that the above is unadulterated nonsense. First a thing is spoken of. [Banquet.] Secondly its situation is given. [On a scale of magnificence such as, &c.] We have seen maps drawn on a scale of one mile to an inch, but never heard before of a banquet drawn on a scale of magnificence. With our contemporary, however, a miss is as good as a mile. With him the miss is a misstatement. A more shabby affair than the said demonstration never occurred in Montreal. According to his own showing, a room calculated to accommodate 3,000 persons was not more than one-sixth filled. Our belief is, if the truth were told, that it was not one-tenth filled, excepting the ex-members of a defunct administration, all of whom are notorious, there was not at it a single man of note from Upper Canada.

A SERIOUS OMISSION.

Though the Grit Newspapers take particular pains to inform their readers of the presence at the banquet of—

Skeffington Conner, Esq., D.C.L., Q.C., M.P.P. &c.

They forget to mention—

Mr. Poker, Esq., A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.J.K. &c.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

The *Globe*, like a true Banshee, fanfaronading about the Montreal Banquet, said,—

"When a few minutes later the members of the late administration (an attempt at wit by Jove,) and other guests were conducted into the hall, they were greeted with several rounds of the most tumultuous cheering, which completely drowned the Orchestral music."—*Globe of Monday last.*

Immediately after the "banquet!" we learn from our reporter that Coroner Jones held an inquest on the remains of "the orchestral music," when the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against "the several rounds of most tumultuous cheering." Verily Montreal is a pretty place for the Seat of Government!

A TRANSPARENT FALSEHOOD.

Mr. Bristow, one of the secretaries of the Montreal "banquet," at the "banquet" announced that,—

"He had received letters of apology from several distinguished friends [clear grits] who had been prevented from various causes from attending, but who sympathized heart and soul in the object for which they had assembled together."

Passing over the absurdity of talking of an "assemblage together," as if there can be such a thing even among grits as an assemblage where men do assemble otherwise than "together," we take issue on the secretary's assertion. His statement that his Clear Grit absentees were with him "heart and soul" is simply untrue, because a Clear Grit with a soul is a being that does not exist.

MOST WONDERFUL.

Mr. Conte, the caterer, served up a very excellent dinner on the temperance principle,— "the cup that cheers but inebriates," supplying the place of intoxicating liquors."—*Globe of Monday.*

Now we like that. How jolly it must be to partake of a dinner on the temperance principle, where one can get in the place of "intoxicating liquors," a cup "that cheers and inebriates." We after this go in for temperance dinners as well as the Grits.

The Remnants of the Feed.

MONTREAL, Nov. 9th, 1858.

MR. POKER,

Dear Sir,

In your issue No. 17, you gave a very full, happy, and complete report of the "grand feed" of the Brown Dorion Administration, which account was highly pleasing to your numerous readers in this city. Some circumstances connected with the feed which have since come to light, your voracious reporter from this city thinks ought to be chronicled among the most interesting events connected with the "grand demonstration." The committee, all hopeful, expected that all Canada, its brothers, and its wives, and its little ones would be present, and consequently contracted for too large an amount of provender, for the 600 hungry mouths assembled; (many of whom, to put themselves in condition, had been starving for two days previously;) which being over the committee to save too heavy a draw on their own pockets, sold to the St. George's society, who are to have a concert and ball this evening. These remnants are to garnish the tables of a committee of ladies under the generalship of the S. L.—ce Hall, Head Lackey, Marshall John C.—r. The foregoing refreshments are those provided for the profanus vulgum, which being translated, means the Vulgar Crowd. Those for the *haut ton*, which being translated means the "Codfish Aristocracy," are to be provided by a celebrated flesher of the city, who is well known by his braying.

Before closing, I beg to correct a statement in the *Pilot*, in which it is mentioned that the refreshments were provided by a person named Conte. I am confidently informed that instead of such being the case, they were furnished by a Rouge W.—e M.—t of a name of L.—e. Squibb.

Intercepted Letters.

LETTER 1ST.

From T—s D—y M—G—e to Father B—y—e.

Dear Fathor, I hope you'll forgive this intrusion,
Untimely on your penitential seclusion,
But I feel so delighted I cannot forego,
The immediate pleasure of letting you know,
The striking successes that daily I meet,
In bringing this dreadful G—e B—n at our feet.
I knew I could make the rude rascal behave,
But, before I go further, your blessings I crave;
Your Rev'rence, no doubt, not a little will wonder,
How I managed to make him so quickly knock under.
To write it just now, would not show my discretion,
So I'll tell you, the next time I go to confession;
But I clapp'd on so tightly our Catholic screws,
That I bought him entirely, coat, pants, hat and shoes;
I never, indeed, saw a person so willing
To swallow his nostrums, and grab at the shilling;
I thought you and I loved mammon to follow,
But he, I declare, beats both of us hollow.
I hardly know where I could find such another,
For to better himself he would sell his own brother.
Your Rev'rence can now sleep with peace in your bed,
Since this Protestant champion, our terror and dread,
Is silenced completely from casting reflections
On our mother Church, and her Popish connexions.
I think you'll allow that my plan was the safest,
To make him in all but the name, a real papist.
His favorite hobby, the Protestant horse,
Broken-winded and lame, has forsaken the course,
To your pious horror, he once over-rode
Like a merciless savage, our brethren roughshod.
And the height of his joy was to spread devastation
O'er us the poor objects of his detestation;
But to mount him again, I don't think he will try,
For they each other keep wonderful shy,
Besides he's so tame since I managed to fit
In his Protestant mouth, a Popish curb bit,
And with having the rider tight under my thumb,
He'll trouble us little for some time to come.
Don't you think I've done well for a youthful beginner,
To bind hand and foot this heretical sinner.
I'll venture to say that before the next session
Of Parliament sits, he'll be down to confession.
And Catholic-like without murmurs or complaints,
He'll kneel to the crucifix, Virgin and saints.
However, I now must come to a conclusion,
And crave your indulgence for this long intusion—
Permit me to-morrow to call on your grace
About three o'clock, at your own dwelling-place.

Till then—*au revoir*,

T—s D—y M—G—e.

LETTER 2ND.

FROM G—e B—n TO T—s D—y M—G—e.

(Now for the first time brought to light and reduced to
to Rhyme by the finder.)

—st, A'gst, 185—.

Friend D'Arcy, I hasten to tell you the news,
John A. is just out, and I've stept in his shoes.
Sir Edmund's a brick—he sent for me to-day,
My Ministry's formed, and we all are O.K.
Our plans for the future are all cut and dried,
And Dr—D.D.'s bamboozled to work on our side;
I thought I would find him a hard nut to crack,
For he always has been such a stubborn young hack?
Those hard names he called me in sessions gone by,
Made me doubtful if he were a man I could buy.
But bless you its strange how the magical sounds
When breathed in your ear, of a few thousand pounds,
Brings a man to his senses when self is his aim,
And the chances for pickings are good in the game;
I tipp'd him a wink, and how could he refuse,
When a million I pledged for seigniorial dues;
He looked rather shy, but says I its a fac'
If you doubt it I'll give it in white and in black,
That last was a poser he could not withstand,—
"You're a trump, George," says he, "give us hold of
your hand,
"I always had thought you a tough, crooked stick,
"And never till now knew you were such a brick."
However, I've got him as tight as a trivet,
He's nailed to our craft with that one million rivet.
Besides, I have listed as one of our crew
No other than jolly old sleepy L—m—x,

I thought he would make such a capital rap,
If bainted profusely with lots of our pag
To catch any *moutons* who might make so bold
As to stray from their late ministerial fold;—
To buy them, you know, would be reckoned no oddity,
They always have been a commercial commodity;
I indeed the poor wretches are not over nice,
And like you and I they have all got their price.
But now that I'm in, with things looking so slick,
I'll send "Representation" at once to old Nick,
The Separate Schools we'll lay upon the shelf
Until our arrangements for pocketing pelf,
And filling our wallets with every fraction,
And settled entirely to our satisfaction;
We'll bring them out after when this we have done,
For the present our motto must be "No. 1."
I'll humbug the Orange a little while longer,
Until our new faction has grown somewhat stronger,
For between you and me I must not be too quick,
Or hasty in giving these rascals the kick;
I have a great knack, as the story now goes,
Of leading those asses along by the nose,
And whilst I can use them for a purpose or two,
To send them adrift just at present won't do—
But for fear of intruding, I must put an end,
To this letter that I have thus hastily penned.
The weather up this way looks charmingly fair—
Please give my respects to good Father Bruyere,
I must call and see him when next I go down,
So good-bye for the present, Yours, &c.,

G—e B—n.

LETTER 3RD.

FROM D—c—y M—G—e TO G—e B—n.

—nd, A'gst., 185—.

You're *last* of the 1st, dearest Geordie, my buck,
Is to hand, and I'm happy to hear of your luck,
I hope you'll excuse the bold pardon I take,
But, "George," I call you for friendship's own sake,
E'en though you are premier, I cannot forget
The caucus on Church street, the first place we met,
To practice the art of cabinet making,
For which you and I have a natural taking.
We then were so jolly, so jovial and free,
Don't you mind how you styled me, your "darling
M—G—e."

But now you are in, and Macdonald is out,
So cautious to work, and mind what you're about,
For Mac is a Tartar, not easily caught,
And might manage to sell where you think you have
bought;

For your former mad pranks you must now make amends
By having an eye to my catholic friends.
To begin I think the least thing you can do
Is to send on at once a stray thousand or two,
The receipts are so small from forgiving of sin,
That our priests stand in need of some Protestant tin;
Besides it will prove to us all the sincerity
Of your future regard for our church's prosperity.
The next thing's myself and my humble petition,
You know what I mean—that Irish Commission—
The schools and the people may both go to blazes,
For aught that I care all I want is the wages;
We'll manage to humbug, and both cut a dash,
But at present I'm badly in want of some cash;
So I don't care how soon you send to me here
The papers that bring me a thousand a year,
To tell you the truth, though I dread going back
To the land that so recently gave me the sack,
But you know what a stunner I am at the blarney,
So I'll make it all right with Pat, Mick and Barney.
Excuse this rough letter—I write in a hurry,
Like myself, I dare say you are all in a flurry;
Bruyere's at this moment a sinner confessing,
But the sisters and brethren send you their blessing,
With your time I suppose, I must not make too free,
So believe me, yours, faithfully,

D—c—y M—G—e.

To the Hon. G—e B—n.

Appointments to Office.

His Excellency the Governor General has
been pleased to appoint the Honourable H. H.
Killally porter of lager beer on vice-regal
fishing excursions.

Doctors Differ.

It is an old but cant saying, that "opposition
is the life of trade." It is equally true
when the trade is that of killing, and the op-
ponents are root or herb doctors. True, the
apothegm requires a little alteration to suit it
to its altered circumstances. This we propose
to make. Let it be "Opposition is the life of
the death trade." An opponent of the re-
nowned Dr. Humbuggery has turned up in the
shape of "a German doctor." He, too, of
course is "celebrated;" for all German doctors
are celebrated. Being a "German doctor," of
course like all other Germans he comes from
"the State of Ohio." He is a true philanthrop-
ist, for in the exuberance of good Samaritan-
ism he announces that "invalids and their
friends may consult him free." A straw-
splitting old foggy may construe this to mean
that invalids and their friends are free to con-
sult the doctor, who will then take the free-
dom of charging them pretty well for his
trouble. But this would be a malicious libel
upon his benevolence. The meaning is, and
we desire men of understanding to note it,
that consultations are free, but drugs, the
sure sequiturs of consultations, are charged
so as to include enough to cover consultations.
This will be of course purely accidental, and
a further manifestation of real benevolence.
The doctor in his consultation gives sound
advice. He certiorates the long-eared million
that "all diseases are curable, but all stages
are not; therefore delays are danger-
ous." We endorse this advice. We
remember an old stage of our old friend
Weller that was so incurably rickety, that we
never entered it without being delayed in our
journey, and never took a journey in it that
was not dangerous.

P.S. Dr. Humbuggery, to whom we sub-
mitted the foregoing, dissents. He says a
rickety stage is not incurable; for as a rickety
stage must be affected with rickets, (rachitis,) his
treatment would be hygienic,—pure air, a
healthy situation, nourishing diet, exercise,
tonics, &c., would afford a certain cure.

P.S., *bis*. As it is only right, proper, and
natural for doctors to differ, the *Poker* declines
to insert any correspondence from the learned
gentlemen in support of their respective
dogmas. In the opinion of the *Poker*, preven-
tion is better than cure; and to this opinion
he intends to stick, though liable, therefore, to
be called a stickler, stick in the mud, &c.

The Mayoralty.

Lines composed "extempore" by Mayer
Boulton on hearing the result of the Con-
vention last week:—

My reign is o'er! what a graceless feat!
They've snubbed me 'neath my nose;
They'll ne'er restore my Mayor's nest,
They'd rather vote for Bowles!

My yearly hundreds from my hold
Escape, Wilson's paws to fill;
They might have voted as of old,
And kept me Mayor still!

GARACTACUS.

The Banquet.

In Montreal, a Grit feed was got ready,
No later than last Thursday night;
And for once, all the "faction" kept steady,
Not even Mick Foley was tight.
For that sad vagrant, scandal has hinted
That of late he's grown fond of good cheer;
That when the wine's not being stunted,
Neither Brown nor the Scots does he fear.
But this time they restricted his diet,
By desire of the "Bothwellian Chief,"
That order he'd keep and be quiet,
While Brown poured out his budget of grief:
And he was still but with one transgression,
While the rest of them ranted and swore,
Till they thought they had made an impression
On the minds of the men who sat there.
Then in order they rise and quick "mose,"
When they heard their dread chief's command,
And the guests "cheered" till they saw the door
close
On the Grit and the whole of his band;
Then uprose a queer looking "rum 'un,"
And said with a horrible leer,
"Tho' with Grits we're nothing in common,
"Still its good for us to be here."
"Tho' for Connor and Brown we care not a fig,
Like all others who've got any sense;
Yet of grub and good drink (d'ye twig?)
We get plenty quite free of expense!

CARACTACUS

The English Opera.

So long have we been accustomed to see and to hear of Italian Operas only, that the writing of the words "English Opera" seems strange. And yet on Thursday evening we had the pleasure at the Royal Lyceum of witnessing the performance of "Il Trovatore" in English, in a manner very little inferior to any Italian Opera. The occasion was the benefit of Miss Annie Milner, a lady of many charms, not the least of which is a charming voice. Her impersonation of Leonora was exceedingly truthful. Mr. Guilmette as the Count di Luna was also remarkably happy in his conception and performance of the character. The troupe as a whole is a good one but much of its success is due to the conductor and director of music, Mr. H. C. Cooper, who by his performances on the violin, excites the astonishment and admiration of every audience. In one thing the troupe fails signally, and that is in acting. However good the singers may be, an opera be it a well performed opera, must be well acted. It is quite out of character in an impassioned duette to see one performer brimful of action, and the other with her hands crossed as if she were hand-cuffed. But upon the whole we were much pleased. The concert which preceded the opera was in itself ample value for the price of admission. The audience was composed of the beauty and fashion of the city; and crowded as it was, from floor to ceiling, was a sight as magnificent as imposing. Our attention was not a little distracted by the incessant tittering of some ladies whom we know well, and whose want of manners, not to say want of taste, greatly surprised us. Persons so inclined ought to have a little respect for the comfort and feelings of others. And an opera, where all is breathless attention, is not the place for a rioting *tote a tote*. Enough.

Miss Julia Hill.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of being present at the concert of this estimable young lady. A person more truly pleasing we have never seen perform before a public audience. A pianiste of greater promise it has never been our luck to hear. She deserves, and deserves richly, the many and great encomiums that have been bestowed upon her by the highest authorities in the musical world. She plays with exquisite grace, and is entirely free from the mannerism that too often characterizes public performers. Her style is perfectly natural, and as charming as it is natural. On more than one occasion she was encored by the audience, which was as numerous and as respectable as we have ever seen assembled in St. Lawrence Hall. The evening was quite an ovation, and one which the amiable subject of our critique justly merited.

Our limits will neither permit us to criticise the concert more in detail nor do justice to the remaining performers, Madam Wookey, Mr. Lazare, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Selby, Mr. Schenck,—all of whom, being well known to our readers, we need not say, acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The gentleman who presided at the piano-forte [Mr Hugh Clarke, we believe] also acquitted himself satisfactorily.

The only fault which we have to find with the concert is that it was too long. The audience was in some measure to blame for this, owing to the absurd habit Toronto audiences have of encoring almost everything good, bad, and indifferent.

Lady Head was present during the entire concert. We were glad to see that Captain Retallach had so far recovered from the trip "up the Severn," as to accompany her. Col. Irvine, however, was also present to look after him, which he did very faithfully. The latter A.D.C., we must not forget to state, looked for all the world as if he were ready and willing, upon the shortest possible notice to return thanks for the ladies in his usual eloquent and imposing manner.

Both Important and True.

A copy of George Brown's Portrait has been sent to the Rogné's Gallery in New York. The following is the letter from Sergeant Lefferts, who originated the gallery, acknowledging the receipt of the portrait, which by permission we publish.

NEW YORK,
Corner Broome & Elm Streets,
November 9th, 1858.

Mr. _____,
Toronto,
Canada West.

DEAR SIR,—

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending me the last portrait, which I duly received on the 6th inst. Nothing will more tend to check crime in our larger cities than the free interchange of the likenesses of noted

felons and other law breakers. As it is, photography in the service of detective justice has effected a world of good. I am a thorough believer in the science of physiognomy. There is no mistaking the hideous lineaments of vice and crime in the subject you have just sent me,—whose name you tell me is George Brown. You omit to state for what crimes [he is most noted; but the malignant misanthropic look which he bears brands him as a noted villain. Villany is stamped on his face. Although he strives to exhibit a well counterfeited innocence, I can see through it, and it is just one of those peculiarities which make the fellow more dangerous to the public. I should take him to be a most daring and energetic scamp possessing very great subtlety, only equalled by a studied disregard of truth and honesty. He, I should say from the smoothness of the face, is a most specious fellow,—one who hides his motives under actions the very opposite to his intentions. Is he in the penitentiary or other prison? I should hope for the safety and well-being of society that he is not at large. Let me hear from you soon.

Believe me,
Dear Sir,
With great regard,
Yours truly,
J. LEFFERTS.

Patents for Inventions.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to grant Letters Patent for the term of fourteen years to "the 'cute gentleman who originated the idea of the Ottawa dinner" for "a contrivance for squeezing plunder out of a corrupt and imbecile government."—*Globe* Nov. 8th, 1858.

To Correspondents.

PADDY MILES'S BOY.—A thousand thanks. You are the broth of a boy.

HARRY SWEETPHACE.—May your shadow never grow less. We thank you.

BIG JIM VINEGAR.—You are too sour. Cannot insert your epistle.

CARACTACUS.—Your first not inserted, though rhyme pretty fair, because too personal; but your last inserted with thanks. Persevere.

SAMBO SQUASH.—We decline to blacken the character of Mr. _____ Levy no black mail, go to the Globe.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sorry to reject, but offends the laws of propriety.

SQUIB.—Thanks. Shall be glad to look to you as our Montreal correspondent. Shun personalities, unless your subject is a public man; then if grounds, pitch into him like fork lightning.

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