

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, MONDAY, JULY 19, 1858.

No. 1.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborem.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1858.

"But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stripped from a convicted thief,
Left in the nakedness of infancy."

We again greet our kind readers, who, being all honest, brave men, and fair women, will rejoice with us that Toronto is yet in its senses, and that the machinations of the enemies of peace and good government have been ably counterworked and defeated. The results of the Meeting in the St. Lawrence Hall on Friday, 9th inst., are extremely satisfactory, and we are sure, will be hailed by the whole Province with pleasure.

To improve a leisure hour now and again, the writers of this sheet, aided probably by others, may, from time to time, wield THE POKER. To some offenders the action will be merely admonitory and only in the way of *stirring up*, but upon incorrigible criminals *The Poker* will fall crushingly; so look out all of you.

Gentlemen or Ladies desiring to contribute to our columns can do so by addressing simply, "THE POKER," Box 1109, Post Office, Toronto.

Next week we shall finish the "Drama," when we may also present our readers with a telling account of the Great Demonstration! We have quite a number of racy articles on hand, which will then appear; and, indeed, from the success of our first hurried fly-sheet, we can easily see it would be quite easy to keep THE POKER in action. Our Montreal contributors and others at a distance will please let us have their copy as early as possible.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Trying it on His Excellency.

"Wisely does His Excellency perform the functions of a Constitutional Sovereign, and all parties will be agreed that his course has been marked by prudence and sagacity!" Now, that's another whopper, for you know perfectly well that the *Globe* has abused and insulted His Excellency like a pickpocket and worse, and therefore, as you now agree with the *Globe*, you share the responsibilities of its traitorous assaults on the constitution, as well as of its atrocious and malignant libels of the Governor, the French Canadians, and their constituents. Out upon your gambol!

OUR POSITION.—The *Hamilton Spectator* accuses us of being a Clear Grit sheet.—*Grumbler* 17th.

Well, really, the *Hamilton Spectator* must have been hard up for copy.

THE COMING MEN.

A New Drama in 4 Acts—BY JONAS BRIMSTONE, ESQUIRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—HON. JOHN ROSS, L. H. HOLTON, A. T. GALT, DANIEL MORRISON, GEO. SHEPPARD, HON. JOHN A. McDONALD, HON. WM. CAYLEY, J. S. HOGAN, &c., &c., &c.

ACT I.

A Room in the Rossin House. Hon. John Ross, L. H. Holton, and A. T. Galt.

Hon. J. Ross.—Well gentlemen you must have patience. I respect you both, and have no doubt you could do the state service; but the opportunity must come in a legitimate way, when I shall be glad of your promotion.

L. H. Holton.—"Patience is the virtue of an ass, That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet."

I scorn to wait, and know a trick worth two of that. Can't you, Ross, kick up a row in the Council and get things in a general mess? Out of the confusion after that let it be our business to work out the results we want, and you may be sure to come out right.

A. T. Galt.—Just let me be Inspector General and I shall be satisfied. Holton there can easily buy himself a constituency, and he would make a first-rate Receiver General, while you could resume your old place as Speaker of the Upper House, where there is no work and good pay. Langton could be made Superintendent of Education, and C. E. Anderson, Auditor General, which would be a most comfortable arrangement all round.

Hon. John Ross.—A very nice plan to be sure, but I must decline being a party to it, and to speak truly I shall be glad to give place and escape the raps I get for holding on to the Grand Trunk and the public chest at the same time, but, as I said before, the change must come in natural order. I shan't force it, so its no use to talk. I must now go home. *Exit.*

L. H. Holton.—Well, it's quite clear we can't do anything with Johnny.

A. T. Galt.—No; he likes us well enough but he likes himself better, and don't care to run risks. We must try some other dodge. You know Daniel Morrison?

L. H. Holton.—Of course.

A. T. Galt.—And George Sheppard?

L. H. Holton.—Not so well, but I've studied his face and I'm much mistaken if he's not open to conviction.

A. T. Galt.—Well what think you of Morrison? Is he ductile?

L. H. Holton.—He want's money, for he is an extravagant dog, and then he holds himself to be a perfect oracle. Further, he aims at entering Parliament, so what with his wants and his vanity I think he might be approached.

A. T. Galt.—But are they worth purchasing. L. H. Holton.—They are worth humbugging at any rate, and if we can make use of them, why when they are paid, they can't very well turn upon us.

A. T. Galt.—Then how much are you prepared to disburse? You know I am in a better position than you, for having a seat, I am eligible to office, but it is not a very usual thing to make a minister of a discarded member, so you will have to pay most.

L. H. Holton.—Discarded! Well, yes, but you should have waited until I showed an unwillingness to bleed freely before you applied the term.

A. T. Galt.—Perhaps so, but how much will you put down.

L. H. Holton.—Why, if necessary, \$2000!

A. T. Galt.—\$2000 fiddlesticks! Why man, £2000 wouldn't do it.

L. H. Holton.—The ———! and do you expect me to give £2000 without security that it will yield anything?

A. T. Galt.—Aye, I do, and £500 more. I will add £500 which will make things all right, but of course we will take security on the stock. Are you agreeable, and will you undertake the negotiation, or will I?

L. H. Holton.—Well, if there's no other way I'll lay down the dust, but you must try to purchase the fellows cheaper, and you had better be the negociator, for you have a smooth oily tongue and the ability to affect great purity of motive and benevolence of feeling, whereas my ugly mug sometimes suggests to me that I look like a scoundrel. I must leave you now for I go off to Montreal in an hour, where I must always be if possible, for fear ——— should sell the *Argus*. Let me hear from you soon. *Exit.*

A. T. Galt [solus].—I must go and see John Ross again, and John A. McDonald; perhaps I may succeed in getting Cayley to resign quietly, in which case Holton may suck his thumb. "The devil take the hindmost." I know Hogan only wants a pretence to come round and that something equivalent to a wood contract will satisfy him, that, with the substitution of A. T. Galt for Wm. Cayley, the Ministry would merit his confidence. Then he will probably bring Dorland and Wallbridge with him. At any rate I will offer him £500 for himself and a £100 a piece for as many as he can bring along. No, I'll only give him £250 for himself and £50 a piece for the others, and he will be equally flattered since it makes him worth five Dorlands all the same. *Exit.*

ACT II.

John Sheridan Hogan [alone].—What an ass I was to be sure to fraternize with Brown, especially when I was in the power of Morrison, about that infernal wood contract with that

black leg McGaffey. O! if I had but some decent excuse how I would pitch Gritism to the four winds. Really I feel perfectly miserable, for \$6 a day, for four or five months, is, after all, no great affair, and then rot it, even that may be reduced to \$4, but by "George," I'll get my pay weekly, so if the allowance is reduced they will have to wait my convenience for reimbursement. But really I am very down in the mouth, for my creditors dun me most unmercifully, and especially on account of my election expenses, which, if not paid, will certainly ruin me in the County of Grey. [Rings the bell.] Here, waiter, bring me a gin sling, and mind you, let it be a double dose, for I shall want Dutch courage to-night in the House, in order to face that fellow Talbot.

A. T. Galt [enters as if by mistake.] O! I beg a thousand pardons Mr. Hogan, I mistook my way. [Pretends to go.]

J. S. Hogan.—Well, hold on Mr. Galt, how is your health Sir?

A. T. Galt.—Well, remarkably well, Sir; how is yours Sir? Really, Mr. Hogan, you are a prodigy of energy and fortitude, and I must tell you that I marvelled at the calm and quiet dignity with which you met the slanders of that ferocious Irishman, Talbot, the other evening. Upon my word I regret we can't be on the same side of politics, for if I love anything in this world it is the company of gentlemen. Yes, Sir, and you must permit me to say, that for that reason it is I specially deplore the harsh necessities which keep us asunder.

[Mr. Hogan blushes like a beet-root, and thinks it would not be difficult to come to an understanding.]

A. T. Galt.—Give us your fist, and look you, Mr. Hogan, if I can be of any service to you, command me. For instance, if you should ever happen to have any little speculation in hand and required an indorsation or the use of a few hundreds, you know where to call.

J. S. Hogan.—I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Galt, and since you are so frank with me, I will tell you, that if you can manage to work Cayley out and put a certain A. T. Galt in, you may depend upon my accepting the arrangement as satisfactory. As to the little accommodation you so kindly spoke of, I don't know a man from whom I would more readily accept the obligation, and as I am short on a note due to-morrow, I will relieve you of a small sum if you please, for a day or two.

Mr. Galt hands him £— and refuses to take an I. O. U. They then drink a bottle of champagne, that is, Galt takes about a thimbleful and Hogan the rest, and each departs well satisfied with the evening's work, Hogan muttering as he goes—

Well, well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.

[Conclusion next week.]

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We think that our Dramatist is in error in his facts, as he has probably discovered before this, for we must inform our readers that this article has been on hand for full ten days, but we give it in order that the public may see the opinions which prevailed on a certain subject some time ago.]

Sheppard's Second Soliloquy.

(When he had rattled and felt melancholy.)

To fib or not to fib, that is the question;
Whether it be better to pursue the wrong
And gain the poor applause of fools and Browns.
Or to admit I made myself an ass, (see *Montreal Gazette*.)
And sold myself and them? To turn again
Once more, and by that act recall my friends,
And help to save the State from grasp of rogues
That long for plunder? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To turn;—to cut
The Grits!—but then their howls? Aye! there's the rub;
For from this honest act what loss may come,
When I have shuffled off the clique again,
And given up the Holton bribe with which
They me debauched? That is the horror
That makes George Sheppard fear to do what's right.
For who would bear the taunts of one's own soul,
Th' averted eyes of friends Conservative,
The country's scorn at my apostacy,
And the degrading familiarity,
That every day involves, with vulgar clowns,
When he so very soon the farce could end
With a confession? Who would persevere
To fib and gas and fib again, and tell
Each day successively, false rigmaroles,
But that the Galt and Holton gold in store,
Brown's patronage—when e'er he gets the reins—
Defies one's conscience, double locks the jaw,
And makes one rather stand the sneers of men,
Than honorably resolve on duty.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by yellow bribes in hand,
And editorials full of sound and bosh,
Amuse the Grittish ear, disgust my friends
And stamp the *Colonist*, apostate, vile.

Compliments.

Mr. George Brown presents his compliments to Captain Moodie, and begs to express his regret that that gentleman should feel it impossible any longer to accord him his enlightened and effectual support. Mr. Brown takes this opportunity, however, of thanking Captain Moodie for past favors, and purposes making suitable acknowledgments day by day in the *Globe*, as Captain Moodie will see. Meanwhile, it will doubtless be satisfactory to Mr. Moodie to learn that Mr. Brown has provided a substitute in the person of George Sheppard, Esquire, of the *Colonist*.

Mr. Daniel Morrison's compliments to Mr. Sheppard, and "begs to insinuate to him, in the most delicate manner in the world," that it was no part of the bargain that the editors of the *Colonist* should act as flunkeys to Mr. Brown, as Mr. Sheppard intended to do at the meeting in St. Lawrence Hall, and Mr. Morrison wishes Mr. Sheppard to understand that he cannot permit any such conduct in future.

THE POKER begs to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. McKinnon of the *Times*, whose character for veracity is so well established, that when people want to know the precise truth of any matter about which he has written, they exactly reverse his statements.

Mr. Matthew Ryan has much pleasure in thanking Mr. McGee for his readiness in speaking to his abilities as a writer for the press, and begs to inquire whether he can serve him in any way in that line? Mr. Ryan at the same time begs to express his sympathy with Mr. McGee, who, though known as a lecturer of superlative talent, was ignominiously voted an intolerable bore on Friday evening the 9th inst., in the House. Such alas! is too often the reward of merit.

The Sabbath Bill.

We go for some such law, John Ross, Phillip what's his other name—Vankoughnet, the gallant Colonel who wants to fire the last shot at the Yankees, Mr. Paul Knowlton, and anybody else to the contrary notwithstanding. We reverence the Lord's Day, and we don't care one pin's head about Railways or Canals, or inconveniences or the interests of commerce, or the opinions of anybody, great, little or middle-sized, if they interfere with the duty of keeping it holy. The *Leader's* philosophy on the subject, we abhor; the *Globe's* convenient silence about Captain Moodie's *Fire Fly* trips on the bay, we reprobate as a mean truckling to a hypocritical expediency; the *Colonist's* unceasing opposition we equally condemn. We take it that the command to "keep holy day" is imperative, and that only works of mercy and absolute necessity should be permitted thereon. We would allow the mails to be lodged in the Post Office in order to relieve the conductor, but not delivered, and steamboats to progress up to a port or to a lock, but no further. If the passengers and crew have not the grace to seek out a church the sin be on their own heads. In case of accident, storm, or detention, &c., let boats or cars make the nearest station or port and stop there, unless indeed there be nothing to eat in the neighborhood; but we presume there are no such stations or ports. That's *Poker* doctrine. Having said this much we must now note the progress of the bill. It was lost at the second reading, the mover of the motion to stop it having succeeded by a majority of 5. The bill was dead and should have been so considered, but its mover, unmindful of the ethics of Parliament, took advantage of the kindly feeling which had purposely refrained from giving it a six months hoist, and so was guilty of a breach of good manners and christian feeling alike. However, the "venerable member" as he is usually termed, seemed to believe in the dogma that "the end sanctifies the means," so he pretended to ignore the delicacy of the objector, though he was clearly reminded of it, and brought up the measure a second time. This is the first part of our story.

On Sunday the 3rd inst., SOL had shone in extraordinary splendour on this sublunary scene, and both animal and vegetable life seemed oppressed and overcome with his rays. In the cool of the day, or at that time of the evening when it should be cool, a fine venerable old christian gentleman was walking in his fine grounds, viewing his fine flowers and rejoicing at his fine success on the Sabbath bill. The fine flowers, however, were hanging their heads oppressed with heat, and their looks of melancholy touched the heart of the fine old gentleman. They were thirsty, everything in fact was thirsty; the earth was athirst and the atmosphere seemed athirst, for no moisture could be distilled from the clouds. The fine old gentleman's heart yearned over his flowers, and finding a watering pot at hand he emptied its contents in a genial shower upon them. How they thanked him is best known to those who love flowers. "Here Pat" cried he, "bring me another pailful," and Pat, obedient to the fine

old gentleman, replenished the pot and the flowers drank their fill. But three sons of Belial were looking over the fence, and when they caught the fine old gentleman's eye, one of them very truculently said "Is that the way you keep the Sabbath you old ———"

Moral.—Example is better than precept.

P. S.—Since the above was written the bill has been hoisted up for three months, and the "venerable member" is therefore immensely disgusted.

The Fall of McMicken.

"Alas for Parliamentary frailty! Mr. McMicken came and saw and fell. He supported them at the outset steadily, as others did, we, ourselves, included, for the purpose of trial, and he supported them still," &c.—*Colonist*, 13th July, 1858.

We were so struck with the above that we thought we could not do better than commemorate poor McMicken's melancholy fall in a short Epic. Let future politicians take warning.

BOOK I.

Sing to me, Heavenly Muse, of him whose fate
It was to fall,—and tell how in the past
The Parcae watched his birth, and still untired,
Began to work out that sad destiny,
That now has been fulfilled; for when he fell,
The grand event that was to mark the life
To him allotted in this darksome orb,
Was then accomplished. Tell, O Muse, I pray,
How Clotho stood, the distaff in her hand,
And when 'twas known that one more stranger soul
Was born, subjected to a changeless fate.
She turned, and gazed upon her sister's face,
To see what destiny was his, whose thread
Was still unspun. But ah! a darkening shade
Reats on the brow of Lachesis,—one glance,
And Clotho reads his destiny is to "fall."

BOOK II.

Some years have passed, and still the sisters three,
Clotho, and Lachesis, and Atropos,
Preside in silence over human life.
Full half McMicken's thread has now been spun—
A few more revolutions of the wheel,
And then he falls.

BOOK III.

Descend we now to earth;—our hero stands
In Legislative Halls,—his voice is heard
Defending right, opposing what is wrong,
Whene'er his vote is asked, he quick obeys
The wishes of the country that he serves,
And votes as well as speaks for what is right.
Who will deny my statement, let him ask
The "Colonist," that herald of the truth,
That long upheld McMicken and the cause
For which he strove. Read o'er its sheets,
And you will learn he voted for the men
Who, then in power, ruled with sagacious sway,
And in their well-marked policy gave proof
Of honour, talent, and integrity.
McMicken had his friends—he was but one,
One single warrior in the noble host,
That followed in the Ministerial ranks;
Around him were companions he could trust,
Whose honour he respected, men of worth,
Who so had gained upon their countrymen
That they were sent as chosen delegates,
To give their counsel for the general weal.
McMicken felt, moreover, he was right;
And knowing this he ever was prepared
To stand or fall with those good principles
That common sense and conscience both laid down.
But he must fall,—the bright prosperity
He now enjoys, must vanish as a breath,
The smile of Fortune must too soon be turned
Into the blackest frown she ever gave
A hapless mortal. Nought will it avail
That he has friends who give him warm support,
Nor yet that he retains a conscious sense
Of his own rectitude; no, he might be
The brightest ornament that ever graced
A nation, or awoke the patriot's pride,—
He still must fall for fate hath so decreed.

List how—he fell! The mighty *Colonist*
(Whom late I called as witness of my truth,
And who indeed was no mean warrior
In that great cause McMicken had espoused,
Whose prowess every enemy had felt,
Whose dread attack shook all the hostile ranks,
And spread dismay in every truthless heart.)
This valiant warrior was found one morn
Waging fierce warfare 'gainst the very men
Whom late he had defended with such might.
Mute astonishment one moment seized
The Ministerial host; but was there one,
One recreant soul that thought 'twas best to flee
For safety to the Opposition ranks?
Not even one,—our hero stands as firm
As all the rest; but now his arm is nerved
With greater vigour for the coming fight;
Stern resolution settles o'er his face,
And in his new-born confidence he bids
The *Colonist* defiance.

BOOK IV. (THE FALL.)

O deed too rash! what tongue can well express
Its direful issue?—for when it was known
Amongst the enemy, that not one sword
Had followed after him whom they had hailed
As leader of a host, one who would bring
So numerous deserters to their camp.
That victory must soon benignly rest
Upon their banner! Disappointment reigned!
Then rose the *Colonist*, and in a voice
That much imported, thus addressed the host;—
"Fear not, men the fools who fondly think
They can oppose our might,—these same shall fall.
I say it!—'tis enough!—and never more
They rise,—their ruin is as firmly fixed,
As is the truth and honour of my soul."

And thus he fell, and thus was fate's decree
Sadly fulfilled in his sad destiny.

TERESA.

Trying it on Jean Baptiste.

Hear the *Colonist*! Lower Canadian French
lend us your auricular organs!—"the liberal
minded French," "and in receiving simply
fair play from them, there would not be
a more contented community than Upper Canada
in the world"!!!! [Why the dickens were
not the Upper Canadians quiet then, when
the Parliamentary majority was a dual one
and they had not even ground for the ghost
of a complaint? Yet some of them howled and
yelled "No Popery," "To hell with the Pope." &c.
They characterized the nuns as prostitutes,—
see Mr. Joseph Gould's speech—and generally
did what they could to convulse the country?]
"The French race are regarded as proverbially
chivalrous, and taking a mean advantage is not
one of their characteristics;" very true, O
King! and they are always proving it to you
unmoved by the abuse of the *Globe*, as they will
be by your cajoleries. "They have odds in their
favour to the number of twenty," [now that's
a whopper.] Good Mr. *Colonist*, it is not much
worth your trying on the soft sawder, for Jean
Baptiste is not such an ass as all that comes to,
nor is it because you have ratted that he is
going to follow suit.

A BAD SAINT.—It is our impression, however,
that when all is known, the *Colonist* will be
found to be no Saint. To us, at least, sermons
from saints in crape have always seemed among
the worst exercises of pharasaical mockery.—
Such a sermon the *Colonist* in its last issue read
us. We cannot take it for gospel; and we are
certain that when the truth is known, the defec-
tion of this paper will do anything but harm
the Ministerial cause.—*Montreal Paper*.

Very Sad.

The friends of *The Grumbler* will be sorry to
hear that one day last week he had an alarming
fit of indigestion. Doctors Sheppard and
Hogan were immediately called in, but the
danger being imminent, they summoned the
physician in ordinary to the Grit body politic,
George Brown, C. G., Champion of B. P. P.,
when a consultation was held upon the case.
For some time it was impossible to determine
the peculiar nature of the affection under which
the patient was suffering, for he could only gasp
out "thep—thep—thep," every gasp being fol-
lowed by the most hideous contortions and
howls. The doctors were in despair. Doctor
Hogan at last made the sick man open his
mouth, when, sticking fast in the gullet he ob-
served something which elicited the exclamation
"the blasted little fool has been trying to
swallow *the Poker*!" How they got the poker
out we have not heard, but it seems they did,
and that, though much prostrated by the opera-
tion, there are some hopes of the patient's recovery.
Mrs. Sairey Gamp, albeit unused, as she said,
to attend upon crazy people, consented to look
after him, for she said "that he was but a baby,
a little baby, in fact, a very little baby after
all."

P. S.—We cannot excuse the profanity of Dr.
Hogan, but it is a pernicious habit he has, and
one of which, we are afraid, he will not be
cured so long as he consorts with the rabble.

"HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."—We hasten
to inform our respected contemporary, *The*
Grumbler, that his lamentations over our de-
mise were premature. We feel grateful, indeed,
that our reported escape from the trials and
afflictions incident to this wicked world [pro-
cured us the honor of his notice; and especially
pleased are we that so humble an article as a
Poker should have waked up his slumbering
harp in *memoriam*. As a *quid pro quo*, we would
gladly celebrate the virtues of our *confreere*, but
we fear that the evil company he keeps will
thwart our good intentions.

EXPLAIN WHO CAN.—Our attention being at
the time the Western mail came in on Wednes-
day otherwise engrossed, we over-looked the
leading article in the *Toronto Colonist* of that
day, with the ominous caption "*Whither are we*
drifting?" At the earliest opportunity we gave
it a careful perusal, and regret to discover that
our able contemporary has been all through the
session, and, in fact, ever since it "Jumped Jim
Crow," laboring under a somnambule delusion,
and has just now only realized that the country
is going to ruin—and that Macdonald, Cayley
& Co. are nothing more nor less than what
Brown and the *Globe* "cracked them up to be,"
—i. e. "not a bit better than they ought to be."
The sudden, startling evanishment of the *Colo-*
nist's fitful dream of ministerial infallibility is
marvellous in the extreme, and gives rise to the
suspicion that the hallucination must have been
interrupted by a smart thump upon its back
from ministerial "maulers."—*Kingston Daily*
News, June 2.

For Sale or Hire.

The well known showy hack mare, *Granny*. This faithful animal hardly needs description as she has been driven and ridden in Toronto by all parties alternately. She will work in a cart and draw dung and rubbish, or hitch on to a state carriage with equal temper, providing that she be fully fed; but it must be understood that she has a capital appetite, hence, if sold, the buyer must be prepared to give her fodder [pap] enough. If not sufficiently fed she gives notice of her necessities by vigorous kicking, and more than once when hungry has pitched her rider. The last exhibition of mettle was an attempt to smash the official barouche which she had been hired to draw, but she was unharnessed before any harm was done. At present she is working for Gawky and Co., Railroad Contractors, who happened to require a thorough bred beast not averse to dirty work; yet as her owners think an animal of her appearance and spirit should earn more than she is now doing, they are open to offers to purchase her out and out, or to hire her service at so much per week or month. No hire contract, however, to be for more than one month, [seeing that her owners are always in the market] and the contractor to accept the incidental risk of her bolting.—References as to her qualities are permitted to Sir Allan N. McNab, Baronet, Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, John Sheridan Hogan, Hon. John A. McDonald, Wm. Kingsford, and Messrs. Holton and Galt. Apply at the stables, King Street.

N. B. A deposit of £2000 to be made in the Commercial Bank as security for her owners before a tender can be entertained.

IMPUDENCE.—Our "devil," who, by the way is a most free-and-easy, if not impertinent imp, comments on the above in the following sublime effusion:—

"Money will make the mare to go,
Whether she have good legs or no,
Or make a man to jump Jim Crow,
Although he have a gouty toe."

HOLIDAY FRIENDS.—No sooner had Mr. Macdonald's protegee, the Editor of the *Colonist*, hoisted the opposition standard, than, forthwith his example is followed by several minor organs—the Grand River *Sachem*, the *Brampton Standard*, the Stratford *Examiner*, the *Ayr Observer*, and many other newspapers of the same class. Their conduct reminds us strongly of the anecdote related of the Paris Policeman who held Pierrri in custody, on the night of the 14th January. While confusion reigned, and it was not known whether the Emperor had escaped the missile directed at his life; the guardian of the public morals, with a view of conciliating one who might wield the sceptre of power, in case of accident, said,—“Sir, should anything unforeseen occur, I hope you will recollect that I have treated you like a gentleman.”—*Quebec Herald*.

A certain editor remarked to a worthy Alderman that “he was sorry to see him ratting.”—“For goodness sake,” said the other, confidentially, and in a low tone of voice, tipping his friend on the shoulder, “don't let anybody hear you talk of ratting, if you have any fear of tar and feathers before your eyes.”—*Atlas*.

The Ministry and the Colonist.

“He that depends upon your favors,
Swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland!”

WARNING.—But we would warn the member for Toronto that combustibles are dangerous playthings, and that he may chance to be neither the first nor the last engineer who has been hoisted by his own petard. He might, we think, study with some degree of profit the story of the necromancer who fell a victim to the being of his own creation. It is an easy thing to write the heading of a requisition. To one so hackneyed in the clap-trap phraseology of the day, the concoction of a string of high-sounding resolutions would be as the amusement of an idle hour; but, the floodgates of popular excitement once thrown open, does Mr. Brown or Mr. Burwell think himself able to control the inundation.—*Colonist as it was*.

MADE A MISTAKE.—We fear the *Colonist* will find before long that it has made a mistake. Hasty conversions, like hasty marriages, are generally things to repent of at leisure. Where neither explanation nor reason is assigned for one's taking precisely the opposite course to what he has before pursued, the turn-coat is commonly looked upon as a knave or a fool. As a knave, where to subserve his own private interests, or from personal pique or quarrel he deserts his friends, and rushes to the camp of the enemy: as a fool, if no such discreditable motive actuates him. We do not know in which class to rank the *Colonist*, though we fear the worst.—*Montreal Newspaper*.

WOOD CONTRACT.—We have important evidence as to the Hogan-McGaffey contract in our possession; but we deem it expedient that the evidence should be laid before the House previous to its publication in these columns. We shall see what this man Hogan's public virtue amounts to by-and-by. Let our readers not be impatient.—*Colonist as it was*.

IN AND OUT OF OFFICE.—Lyndhurst tells a good story *apropos* of his surrender of the great seal of the English ministry in 1846. “When I went to the palace,” says his lordship, “I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones, from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, ‘Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England;’ I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty, I had the honor of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the door, a lacky bustled up, and, with a patronising air, said, ‘Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?’”

WHAT IS FAME.—A man who was recently sent to Sing Sing for ten years, for burglary; learning that his portrait and life were to appear in one of the papers, ordered 500 extra copies which he circulated among his friends.

Wanted

A Dentist who will undertake to extract the “tooth of envy” from a very distressed sufferer. Any professional gentlemen who has sufficient confidence in his skill, will please call on the Editor of the *Grumbler* at his office in Toronto Sreet.

We beg to explain, in reference to the above, that our young friend of the *Grumbler* has for some time been troubled with this tooth, but it has become quite insufferable since the appearance of the *Poker* last week. Have the tooth pulled out by all means, young man.

Our neighbor the *Colonist* is mistaken in classing the *Freeman* as an Opposition paper. The *Freeman's* politics are announced to be independent of all existing party combinations. Its general views on Provincial affairs are explained in the introductory article.—*Canadian Freeman*.

TOO TRUE.—The public man who has been the idol of the hour; the statesman, who, above all others, has worked for the benefit of the people, becomes weak, contemptible, useless, a complete failure as a politician, &c., &c., as soon as some leading journal or influential partizan is led, either by resentment, or unfulfilled promises, or the bitterness of disappointed hopes, to denounce him.—*Quebec Herald*.

PERVESSIONS.—The perversions of the Clear Grits are endless, and we should have left it to the common sense of the public here to rank this particular case with others raised by the same party. However, as the evidence of Mr. Pennefather would carry weight abroad, and as the whole of the facts were not elicited in evidence, the explanation which we give will be of use.—*Colonist as it was*.

DANGER AHEAD.—Mr. Brown, at a loss how otherwise to attain the political position on which he has set his soul, has threatened the government and the country with a resort to physical force. The incipient step is already on the anvil. A mass meeting is to be held in the open air, at which all the evils that Canada endures are to be portrayed in the strongest and most exciting, if not the truest, colors. So that, unless there is a slip in its incipiency, through the good sense of the people, rapine and murder, the sure concomitants of civil strife, will not be wanting.—*Colonist as it was*.

There is a cockney youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweatheart, cries “Fire!” directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window and inquires “Where?” When he poetically slaps himself on the bosom and exclaims, “Ere, my Hangelina.”

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF GRITTISSM.—George Brown and George Pyper.

Blessed are they who do not advertise; they shall not have to work.

“The Poker”

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