

# THE POKER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

No. 45.

## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.*

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

### The Orator of the West

For a long time we had lost sight of this distinguished individual, the Right Hon. James Spencer Sinstone, who was so well known to our citizens—the author of the *Torontoiad*, in which most of our public and business men flourished—the publication being now before us, we will give one or two quotations, just to recall him to memory. The Cadi was not forgotten by the Poet, he thus sings of him,—

Opposition, sure, all men wou'd spurn it,  
For who would not vote for dear Mayor Gurnett;  
The council can't produce I swear,  
One so suited for the place of Mayor.  
Tho' Uggan's magpie tongue and addled pate,  
Concocted the most rasal Billingsgate;  
So have I heard fulfil in Regent's Park,  
A yelping puppy at the Lion bark.  
A pretty Mayor you'd make, masha in troth,  
I'd like to satirise, but then I'm loath;  
Not for want of room, but modesty,  
So natural to genius and to me,

And

Hail Mrs Dunlop—Princess of the west,  
By angels and by poets be cared.

Again,

This poem of which the orator so many tells,  
And which the Babylonian and Toronto fill,  
Are stamp'd on sheets from Eastwood's mills.

The next is dedicated to ex-Alderman Beaty.  
He says—

His leather is superior and well tann'd,  
The only raw skin merchant in the land.

If any gentleman would have  
A decent cut or shave,  
There's none in all the city round,  
Like Mr Hickman can be found:  
Ye ancient gents who wish to dance at jigs,  
Require, you know, profuse tight fitting wigs.

George Platt  
You are—renowned both near and far—  
The Daniel Lambert of the Bar;  
You're open hearted, mild, and free,  
Just what a landlord ought to be.

At some future period we shall take the matter up, and give a few sketches of the worthies whom he has immortalized. However, at present, many of his old friends will be glad to know, that he is now in London, England, where he has a larger field for his genius, publishing the *Londoniad*, and has much improved, and is most successful. There are many Toronto men to be met with in the great metropolis, some, who have been very successful, while others have not. Within the recollection of every one is Chas. Khan, a Yankee dentist, who graduated or finished his profession, at that ingenious school called Sing Sing, where he was sent for excelling in the art of penmanship. He afterwards came to Toronto

and made some money. *Lady Elgin* at this time was suffering with tooth ache, which this Khan extracted, so much to his Lordship's satisfaction, besides making some false teeth for himself, that he advised him to go over to London, and gave him letters of recommendation and introduction, to the nobility. Jonathan, who has always got a great share of cheek, or rather impudence, pushed his way on, established himself at the most fashionable part of the West End, has got two black tigers, and is living in great style. Some domestic disagreements was the cause of his not taking his wife with him, but it was said that he supplied her place with a young woman who lived at ——— in the city, who is now with him. This fellow is always out when any gentleman from Canada calls on him, as he dreads exposure. Such are the ups and downs of life, and this goes to show, no matter how honest or honourable a man be, unless he has got introductions and cheek he had better stay in Canada. There are some other worthies we shall again give. Prophets have no honour in their own country.

### McGee's Army on the March.

[The following letter was found near the Post Office]

ME DHARLING PETHER.—It is wid the most intiuise gratification that I take a howld ov me pin to lit yez ad no that the redimpshun ov the mither sod, the "Gim ov the oshun," is on the punt of bein' got at last, fur were about to march to the overthro' ov the Tories, divil burn thim, in Cannady, under General Magee—wan of the Magee's of Ballymurtherem,—who's thraivin' 3 hundred thousand ov the flow'r ov the couthry, dacint boys from Connemorra some ov thim.

It is the intenshun ov the General to divide Upper Cannady into lots ov 5 hunderd akers aitch, and sint fur all the Connot boys, wid a sprunklin' frum Wicklo', to divilop the resorces ov the couthry, as he sed in a speach to a score ov the boys at Biddy Blake's tay party. Ye way make ver mind asy Pether ashore, fur I've great influence wid the rite hand man ov the General, sorra less thin Bishop Hughes ov New York,—crass John, as they call him, by raisin ov dacincy,—and ye'll get a spot yet fur a garden. Awbl but the General's a fine man, an' such a spaker: begorra he's a jule. An' av ye seen the way he puts the *comether* on a big *bosthoon* ov a scotch *omadawn* called Galorious George, ye'd ax him to dhrin! Meself, and Mither Gould, and Pat Houlabin is to be kurnels, divil a less, an' Jim Brady, ov Knoekentumblin, is to be dhrum maigor, an' we're all the wear beautiful goold ippiloptics, wid soords, an' to turn the Lord Liftenant out ov the couthry to the thune ov "the Peeler an' the goat." We're hoarse wid singin' the "Pathrist's Prayers" made for us by

the General, to keep us in mimory ov the glory ov ould Ireland; there's wan varse that dhraws tears from the whole ov us:—

Faix we're dacint boys an' brothers,  
An' we cant endure no others,  
For we're sons of—Irish mothers,  
Lord be praised.

Shure it spakes to the hart, but look at this wan, to be painted beside Saint Pathrick on the banners:—

Onward fast ye band ov glory,  
Let them tell in after story,  
How we bate aitch murtherin' tory,  
Lord be praised.

And this that makes poor Diddy McQuirk take to dhrink whiniver he thinks ov it, an' he's niver done singin' it:—

We'll gain glory, fame, an' *potheen*,  
Whin we give the rogues a scutchin',  
Soon their goold we will be clutchin',  
Lord be praised.

Rite to me Pether *avourneen*, an' give me love to Norah Driscoll, ov the crass-roads the red haired wan ye kuow, an' tell Barney O'Shea, the crather, to lave the peelers, an' come here an' list. An' long live to yer souls.

Your thrue frind,

BLAKE DARCY,

Kurnel of the Pathristic Invincibles.

To Pether O'Hare Gager,  
Ballyshandry,  
Ireland.

### "To Proprietors of Newspapers."

A certain paragraph in a cotemporary, has elicited the explanation from our publishers, Messrs Thompson & Co., that they receive exchanges from every paper in the Province, which the *Poker* is sent to. That latter expression is incorrect grammar, as the preposition should be placed before the relative which it governs, but, as we pretend to be gifted with a "spirit of discernment," we select a sentence in the closing paragraph of our exceedingly smart cotemporary's theatrical notice of last No. for our precedent, and following such an illustrious example, we cannot certainly go far astray. In consequence of the Publisher receiving our exchanges, a great number of them, unfortunately, do not at all times come under Mr. *Poker's* notice. Publishers will please accept Mr. P's apologies for his unreflecting paragraph in allusion to their short-comings. However, we are not so "weak-minded" as to wish, on every silly occasion, to blow false notes on our trumpet to sound our own popularity; we leave that part of our business to be performed by a discriminating public, and it has so far been done favourably towards us, that Mr. *Poker* must embrace this opportunity of inscribing, without all the bombastic fluttering of our strong-minded neighbour, his sincere thanks for the support extended to him since his first advent as a "bantling" under most unfavourable circumstances.

## Stray Leaves from the Portfolio of a Walking Philosopher.

### NO. II.

MR. POKER.—As I was leaning back in my arm chair after mailing my last paper, it occurred to me that a vast deal of the most interesting portion of my history was omitted, or rather remains to be told. I do not allude to my travels in Europe, nor yet to my hair-breadth escapes and adventures in the numerous capitals of the old world. No, I do not refer to this portion of my life, as my continental adventures would fill volumes, and I am sure, if ever I publish them, they will be eagerly sought after. Without more ado, I will proceed to acquaint you of my present mode of living and the style of my lodgings.

Now, do not imagine, Mr. Poker, that I who have been reared in splendor and magnificence—I who have been introduced to the high-born and the beautiful of all climes, live like the inhabitants of this city, in a beggarly condition. Not so. I am none of your stingy, and to use an uncouth phrase, "grab-all" citizens—or penniless adventurers. I am none of your low creatures, picked out of the gutter—a nobody's son! If I place my name upon a subscription list, it is not because I have a supper, a couple of balls, and etceteras in view. I pray you, do not tell me that I am throwing out hints, or I will drop my pen!

I can say with no small amount of pride and satisfaction, that there never was a meeting at Quebec, at which I was not present, and I never went home after one, but that I made myself comfortable over a cup of tea, and a couple of nicely toasted rolls, after which, I sit down to my desk, and write down all that I heard or saw, staying up generally till three or four o'clock in the morning. I rise up late, and sit in my dressing gown and embroidered slippers, smoking cigarettes at a couple of guineas the pound, twirling my exquisite moustache, turning over the leaves of Reynold's last novel, or Pennyson's new poem. Sometimes I chat with my landlady, and carelessly listen to her plans for my comfort. Now Mr. Poker, I inwardly detest landladies and boarding houses keepers in general. Impossible to be more disgusted than listening to their schemes at such moments! Now and then they throw in a graceful compliment, and I confess it sometimes taxes my ingenuity to discover what a landlady would not do. I joke to Mrs. Fidget, (that is my landlady's name) about it. One day I told her that she might drive a good trade in the next world, if she would arrange comfortable quarters for those friends whom she was destined to leave behind. She held her tongue, so I suppose she didn't see the joke.

It is always essential that I should appear rich before the species; the richer I appear the richer I shall be under their roof. About noon I dress. Always have my gloves rubbed, and boots oiled. My dress is on all occasions a matter of study, and after a variety of looks and so forth in the toilet glass, I step into a cab, or rush along the street a perfect dandy. Methinks I hear somebody say, that I keep a cab as a matter of policy? So does Sir Edmund Head. Besides, what's the odds, when I pay up like a king. Now, the reason some people keep a cab is obvious to all. Everybody knows that a cab-holder—one who is

extravagant in his expense, easily finds enormous credit. But, Mr. Poker, I wish you and your readers, that is the world, to understand that I am not one of these. My income is handsome—very handsome indeed—out of which I can give the most brilliant dinners at the Diogene Club, champagne suppers at home, make presents of jewelry to the pretty actresses, see them behind the scenes after the performance, to acknowledge their thanks upon my knee, (I dare not make this confession to the members of the Club.) and smooth their jetty locks, buy cigars, diamond pins, gloves, and other elegant trifles. Now, ain't I to be envied. Let scoundrel's sneer. Let them call me adventurer, if they like, behind my back. Adventurer quotha? So is every member of Parliament—so is every man who has made his own fortune! Me an adventurer, indeed! Bosh?

The tailors and the jewellers all contend for the honor of my custom, and seem anxious only to supply the goods, entreating that I speak not of payment when I make my purchases. But I make them understand that I take no credit. They all address me in the following words—indeed it would seem that they have a mutual understanding upon the matter—"Oh! Mr. Titmouse, I'll set it down in the book, don't pay now, allow it to stand over." But I never allow it to stand over. My friend Cutchild, says he does. He has told me over and over again, that he could not withstand such entreaties. To encourage such tradesmen Cutchild always gives large orders, and let his little accounts stand over till Christmas. Thus, he says, he is very popular, very. The reason is obvious—Cutchild keeps his cab. Some day he may slope. For the sake of his creditors—I hope not.

I will conclude this paper with an incident in the life of my friend Cutchild. He is not a member of our Club. But he is a member of the "Devil and his ways, and the African conversion Society." By them he was lately prevailed upon to give an address at their hall. He did so—and the subject was upon "the whole duty of man." He is since looked upon as a most unspeakably pious young man, overflowing with the cream of good deeds. Sometime since he was elected President of the Society, for which kindness he wrote a tract called "Light shining out of darkness"—and dedicated it to the many pious members thereof. Since which time he attends church thrice on Sundays, and to appear as pious as possible, he carries a bible in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other—and takes care to stick a hymn-book out of each pocket. Now, Mr. Poker, you will naturally exclaim that he makes a great impression upon the mind! I rather think so. When he reaches the house of prayer, the beadle leads him to his pew, which is close by the pulpit, and when service commences, his responses, especially his "amen," are deep and very striking—indeed they tend to edify half the congregation! But our Club have resolved to expose his "week-day" habits—to unmask him! We meet twice a week to laugh at his follies—and the follies of other men—ay! and the absurdities of women! To censure their vice—and if possible, to benefit the world. Let those who scorn the virtues of life, and laugh at the great and glorious principles which form the foundations of society, seek a speedy reform—let them

check their pride, ambition, and self-conceit, before they are brought under the notice of the Diogene Club, and lashed in the POKER by

TITMOUSE.

N. B.—Any person who wishes to correspond with us, may direct their letters *pre-paid*, to "the Diogene Club, Post-office, Quebec." As President, I am requested to state, that a Committee has been appointed to inspect all papers submitted, as may contribute to censure the follies of the day, and advance the public weal.

T. T.

Titmouse House,  
Quebec, May 9, 1859.

### Lines on the War in Europe.

The sky of Europe is gathering dark  
With the storm of contention and war;  
A tyrant and despotic would quench the fair spark  
Of its peace, and its happiness mar.  
Each breeze waits us o'er  
From that far distant shore  
The voice of the dread coming strife.  
The rapid array,  
And the arm for the fray,  
Whisper darkly "war, war to the knife!"  
And the oak of Britannia rides proudly again,  
The foe of oppression the wild surging main.  
And there, with those nations, in terror and fear  
Awaiting the fall of that night,  
It is doubting, alarm, whilst the star of peace here  
Is yet smiling unclouded and bright.  
And long o'er us may  
Its calm silvery ray  
Shed its glorious light on our plains,  
In serenity, far  
From that tumult of war  
That would darken our hearths with its stains.  
But should it, unhappily come to our shore,  
We have arms that can strike for the homes we adore.  
Yes, dear are our homes—our mountains unstained,  
Our fields and our valleys of snow—  
And we'll never behold their bright pureness profaned  
With the footsteps impressed by a foe;  
And the green of our trees  
Waving bright in the breeze  
Will not smile o'er the rude foeman's head;  
N! so never 'twill weep  
O'er the graves where we sleep  
Its night tears of dew for us dead,  
And sigh o'er the place where our ashes will rest,  
Than bloom for us, living, the fallen, oppressed.

HARRY SWEETPEACH.

### "Vox et Præterea Nihil."

What is our modern patriot's weight  
In crowded legislative hall?  
Or raised above the noisy crowd  
At out-door meeting's senseless brawl?  
Or when in editorial chair  
He scrawls scurrility at will,  
To please his rabid readers' taste?  
*Vox et præterea nihil.*

What is the value of his cant?  
"Reform," "Retrenchment," and so forth,  
His "Principles," his "Honor," "Faith,"  
And all the rest, what are they worth?  
Who take them at the seller's price—  
Must have a most uncommon skull,  
The wiser and the better think  
*Vox præterea nihil.*

QUIZ.

### The Difference.—Interesting Conversation in High Life.

Smart Little Miss.—There! pa, you will keep reading your nasty old *Poker*, and will not so much as look at my *Grumbler*. But I am sure you will now, pa, because Macaulay, Bulwer and Dickens are contributing to it. Won't you, pa?  
Sensible Old Gent.—Fudge, child! Fudge. They put in anything to please children.

## Promenades.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY R. H. POKER, ESQ., TO  
THE CITY COUNCIL.

**CIVIC DADDIES**—Allow me to give you a few hints on your duty as to Promenades, &c., in this city. In the first place, on King and Yonge sts., the sidewalks *should* be kept clear of boxes, bales, &c., &c. In the second place, there ought to be a firm and even footing for pedestrians, on the aforesaid streets *especially*. It is not very pleasant to find yourself prostrated at the feet of a trio of young ladies, by the elevation of the end of a plank which you are about to cross. Amongst other inconveniences, you sometimes find yourself a couple of feet above the average level, and, next step, descend from your lofty situation, to sprain your ankle, or break your neck, two feet below. Moreover, we would warn you not to "rize our dander," by *daring* to spoil the "College Avenue," with these hints and reflections suggested by them, we leave you *for the present*.

**TO GENTLEMEN PEDESTRIANS**,—*Gentlemen*,—Do not, to use a vulgar expression, "get rumbunctious" at us, for daring to submit to you 'an Etiquette for Promenade." In the first place, the gradn rule, a scriptural one by the bye, is "keep to the right;" for then you facilitate your own progress if you are in a hurry, and do the same for others if you are not, &c. It is highly proper to look at all who pass, *especially ladies*, but so as, and so long as, not to appear "sassy." You need not flee from hoops, if you come in contact with them. You need *not spit upon the sidewalks*.—*Gentlemen*, good bye.

**TO LADY PEDESTRIANS**—*Ladies*—Do not, please feel insulted by our pre-umption, but listen, meditate, then judge. A Lady, like the Queen in Chess, has every move or mode of procession, but she had better "*keep to the right*." If you have extensive hoops, do not tempt the passers by to maltreat them. Do not look at a gentleman for *five minutes*, or he will consider himself entitled to look at you for *five hours*. Those who break the common rules of *propriety*, or "Etiquette" if you choose, are not entitled to admonition further than the above, since they *call themselves "ladies"*. *An Revoir*, ladies.

## Outburst of Loyalty.

Some genius or other writing to the Quebec *Gazette* about the Celebration of the Queen's Birthday, says:—

"There are still loyal hearts in the ancient capital who love the good old nation, and who trust that with God's help she may come out of any dangers with which she may at present be menaced, stronger and mightier than ever. May God defend the right! May good come out of the machinations of despotism. Let us, then, have a right hearty British demonstration on the 24th. High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, all Churchmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, let them unite in the exhibition of firm and loyal feeling."

What, in the name of common sense, has the Churchmen got to do with it. He says, "May God defend the Right." "May good come out of the machinations of despots." What does he mean? Surely no one has dared to take "ye ancient capital." Somebody enlighten us.

## "Actually a New Brick House."

*Sir Edmund Head has actually agreed that a new brick building shall be erected at Quebec—Globe, of 13th May.*

Light up your wits, ye glorious Grits,  
And listen to my lay,  
About a "Job" which in the *Globe*  
I found the other day.  
'Twill ruse your ire, both son and sire,  
In broad-cloth or in blouse.—  
They mean to erect at d—d Quebec  
"Actually a new brick house!"

Oh, had it been a timber screen  
To shield them from the sun,  
With benches placed around with taste  
Where folks might see the fun;  
Then they'd behaved, cash would have saved,  
D ne nought our wrath to rouse,  
But "T'ick'ry" still, preach as we will,  
"Actually a new brick house!"

Or had it been not paltry, mean,  
A work of solid stone,  
And crimson rolled, with fringe of gold,  
Around the *Governor's* throne;  
Then we might view the structure new,  
And even the cost espouse,  
But only mark "Cor u tion" dark,  
"Actually a new brick house!"

But cease the song, remembrance strong  
On Galt is thrwn away,  
Or on sneering *Mac*, worst of the pack,  
Or terrier *Cartier*.  
Still ever *Gri* will battle yet  
Despite their frowning brows,  
'Gainst this last, worst of works accurst,—  
"Actually a new BRICK house!"

QUIZ.

## Lines on the Great Cock Fight between Toronto and Detroit.

AFTER CAMPBELL SOME CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE.

When on Detroit the sun was low,  
Within the cockpit all was slow;  
No chanticleer was there to crow  
His proud defiance cheerily.

But soon it saw another sight,  
When by the earliest dawn of light,  
Came hurrying crowds to view the might  
Of roosters fighting gallantly.

Around the ring large bets were laid.  
On every victim's heel a blade  
Was buckled, soon in blood to wade,  
Affording food for revelry.

Then rushed the cocks to battle driven,  
And far upon the winds of heaven  
Floated the feathers from them riven,  
Mid oaths and blasphemy.

The combat thickens, bantams brave  
Go in and win or find a grave.  
Toronto all your banners wave,  
And charge with all your chickenry.

Few, few shall part where many meet.  
A bag shall be your winding sheet.  
Your wounded flesh some rowdy eat,  
His glutton maw your sopolchre.

DOBBS.

## Marriage Extraordinary.

(From the *Quebecer*.)

"Married, on Thursday, the 12th inst., at St. P—r's Chapel, by the Rev. C. Youngboy, Mr. James Black, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. J. Parker White."

Oh gracious goodness—a Black Husband and a White Wife. Was there ever such a comparison? We thought that the law did not allow a White Lady to marry a Black Gentleman—no matter how old the Bride or how young the Bridegroom. They will astonish the natives. That's so.

## "Old Dog Tray" Smells a Rat.

*Aristocratic Individual* (with ferocious looking bull-dog).—Friend, dost thou behold this quadruped? Look at him well, take an acute observation, for this is "old dog Tray," and be careful that you do not poke at him until he bites you. Here, "Tray," show this individual what you are made of. ("Tray" advances, showing a peculiar over-shot mouth, as if warning the observer not to over-shoot the mark.)

*Trembling Individual*, with an exceedingly *Rat-terri-r* appearance about the phisiog—Ye-e-e-s, Si-r-r, ca-a-a-ll him away this time, and I'll not throw stones again, Sir.

*Aristocratic Individual* "whistles off" Tray, then whistles himself away, to the infinite relief of the *Trembling Individual*, who heaves a deep sigh as he perceives the last inch of "dog Tray's" caudle appendage disappear around a neighbouring corner.

## Police Report.

BEFORE HIS HONOR, G. G.

Timothy Miles charged constable James Bow-spirit, with "Assault and Battery." It appears that Timothy, on being asked by the Judge, thus explained his case:—"Well, yer honor, I was walking peaceably down Shumack street, yesterday, when I met the defendant swaggering along, and swinging his baton about like a drunken sailor in a gale. As I passed him he hit me three bats on the cap o' the knee with his *baton*. Now, yer honor, getting one bat on the head with *brick bat* is *bat* (bad) enough; when you get two it's *two bat* (two bad), that's a *positive* fact. Again, a bat on the knee is, *comparatively* speaking, *batter* (adder), *two raps* are *batter and batter*; but *three raps* are *superlative impudence* just as I told him at the time, "Thou *batterest* me." Isn't that *battery* in the *highest degree*? "Yes, said the Judge, "so much for 'battery,' now for the '*assault*' part of it." "Oh, yer honor," said Tim, "that's asy enough. The culprit was an old sailor before he entered the Police force. Now, an old sailor is 'a Salt,' that everybody knows. Therefore it was a plain case of 'a salt' (Assault) and Battery—haven't I proved it, yer honor?" It was a *hard case*, and the "Son of a Gun" was *discharged* with the *loud raport* given above.

## Lines to Rebecker.

Oh Lud! me own Rebecker,  
Yer know yer lover's dyin'?  
Like a shot from some three-decker,  
Kim yer glance to me alyin'.  
Then says I "*I know I'm done*,"  
For what *hart* could stan under,  
Sech lightning' and sech thunder;  
I guess 'twuld be a blunder,  
To say "one."

I'm not of yer "small taters,"  
Like yer bows with rings and crosses,  
With ther delicatin' faters;  
But I've got a long *Perbosses*,  
And its red along the side;  
And a hart, "but that's no matter,"  
Yer *know*, 'tis of 1st water—  
Wont yer call yer mothyer's dater,  
Rodrick's bride?

RODRICK.

## "The Ruling Passion Strong in Death."

At the recent murder trial in Brantford, the following execrable pun was perpetrated by an eminent legal functionary:—

"Although the counsel for the defence, Mr. Wood, would clear the prisoners if he could, there is no doubt it is all over with Over; More will soon be no more; after a life of crime and a finale of treachery, Armstrong will fall beneath the strong arm of the law, and the evidence does not by any means prove Mrs. Sinclair to be clear from sin."

We recommend the eminent legal functionary to the attention of the authorities.

TONGS.

## Royal Lyceum.

We have had another gratifying week at the above mentioned place of amusement. Mr. Bass has reappeared in some of his most amusing and eccentric portraits. Miss Charlotte Thompson has concluded another week of the extension of her engagement, in which we again experienced the pleasure of seeing her repeat some of her most fascinating characters. She is a perfect little enchantress. There is no role of character in which she appears that she does not shine a bewitching "star." Her defects are few and insignificant; her accomplishments many. These latter, united with true feminine grace, render her representations of every character in which she appears irresistibly charming. The devoted paternal love of *Parthenia*; the ardent yet pure attachment of *Juliet*; the pride and passion of *Pauline*; the winning grace, the forward simplicity, and the *naivete* of *Miss Hardcastle*; the spoilt, yet affectionate, warm-hearted "Little Treasure," are all held forth to the audience in the true colorings of nature. Miss Thompson is gifted in an eminent degree with that qualification so necessary to all persons who strive to attain success in dramatic representations; that is,—a clear conception of the characters they are presenting to their listeners. In this qualification Miss Thompson excels; and she so closely identifies herself with the character that we lose sight of the actor and the acting, and believe that we see before us the veritable individual, in person, whom she is representing. We will regret when she is gone, and remember her as we retain the memory of one of those bright stars that flit across the heavens at night—remembered for the momentary brilliancy they cast. In being carried away with enthusiasm for Miss Thompson, we must not lose sight of our own home favorites. Mrs. C. Hill, as the antiquated dowager, is unapproachable. In that class of characters she exceeds every person whom it has been our fortune to witness; she is the best that has appeared on the boards of the Lyceum for many a day. Mr. Marlowe, as usual,—but what is the use of our saying anything in favor of Mr. Marlowe; every one knows him too well, and appreciates his admirable acting too highly, to trouble himself with our comments upon it. As for the rest of the company we are glad to see them all on the upward grade of progression. When Mr. Poker goes to the theatre, it is for the purpose of find-

ing some new improvements in the company that he can lay with satisfaction before the public, and also for the purpose of appreciating the gentlemanly manager's strenuous efforts to afford gratification to his supporters. He does not, like some of our "strong-minded" neighbors, go (the natural result of a large gift of sapience) to find fault with every little error he may see, and to pick holes in the coats of every one of the actors who commits some trifling fault. But these half-critics, gifted with the "spirit of discernment," fancy they really do know in what a dramatic representation consists, and, like the frog in the fable, puffed up with conceit they parade a paragraph, exhibiting their nice discriminations in such matters, once a week before the public. But, of course, nobody minds them; critics like these are spawned by society in scores. They have sufficient perception to see a fault and magnify it, but neither the ability nor generosity to set it off in favorable contrast with the actor's good qualities.

## Speculations: or, George Brown's Soliloquy.

SCENE.—*The Hon. Member in a Brown-study,—Papers.—A marked copy with an article relative to, and in favor of himself.*

TIME—One o'clock, A. M.

GEORGE BROWN SOLUS.

And why? O place where I have lived—have sprung; where my best thoughts have, like a shower, been flung: should I not be approach and dauntless keep his seat: should foes clear home exclaiming "Geordie's beat!" it shall not be! Up! my noble sire's blood! Pour forth thy passion, come! O racking flood! Hurst to the earth each fragment of regret,—rejoice when this head bears a coronet! Unknown to Kings a laurel such as mine. Honor'd George Brown thine eye shall truly shine. Hail hour of triumph! Ha! my soul is warm, it bears a beacon—I shall brave the storm! Yeal gaze on me rivals!—gaze on giant Brown!—With artless smile he 'scapes each venom'd frown, By the nine muses! all, alive and dead; By ev'ry champion who for honor bled; By the great *Globe*; by each foreseeing seer, I yet will stamp my name George Brown, Premier. Then shall my deeds be graven on each heart, And to them patriotic zeal impart. Then shall appear my strict reforming rules. Then, then shall all suspect themselves true fools. I'll ease young members, teach them what is right, And they rejoicing bow low at the sight. Wisdom's huge portals will I kindly ope. Who, who would dare with Geordie then to cope? John A.—the shrimp!—I'll pen some thoughts for him,—His intellect through *somebody's* waxing dim. The House will tremble as I grace its floor, And O'erlier shudder as I slam the door! Come sleep as I nry said, "give thy repose" T, the Chlof-Gritter—soften all his w-o-o-s! [Here the gas was "shut off," and all was darkness.]

HORACE HORNEM.

## "Truly 'Orful,"

Under this heading last Saturday's *Grumbler* contains, in an article on the *Globe's* article on the removal of the Government to Quebec, the following:—

"Why it is enough to frighten the 'strongest minded' horse from his oats."

Mr. Poker thinks it is a wonder it did not frighten the editor of the *Grumbler* from his labors, then it would have been frightening a "jackass from his thistles."

## Special Advertising Notice.

*Vide Globe.*

ADVERTISEMENT'S for Servants, Clerks, Mechanics, or Anything or Everything, or Servants, Clerks, Mechanics for Masters will be put up at the *Globe* office, for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

The following are specimens of the style of "setting":—

### SITUATIONS WANTED.

AS COOK FOR A RESTAURANT—by a lady who has had ten years experience—can cook steaks raw, and cabbage up rhubarb leaves. Apply to "Kitty," *Globe* office.

AS HOUSEMAID—by a young gentle-woman of any Religion—can do things neat, clean, and comfortable. Will take a situation with three months salary in advance—the applicant is an excellent "Bug Killer." Apply to "Biddy O'Brien," 10, 00 *Stanleg St.*

AS CLERK—by a gentleman from Sing, Sing, will keep Books, Money, or anything—has no objection to attend to the Cash Box. Apply to "Kagamuffin," *Globe* office.

The following will do for employers:—

AN EDITOR WANTED—to attend to the management of the *Globe*, in the present Editor's absence. One that has a knowledge of Music required, and that can Blow a French Horn. Address Hon. G. Brown, M. P. (Private.)

A GENTLEMAN WANTED—to take — McFouga l, Esq, M. P's place as Member of the Provincial Parliament, as there is a misunderstanding existing between the said Gentleman and Mr. Brown. Liberal inducements offered.

FIRST CLASS SALESMAN WANTED—One that can jump, talk, sweep, and keep the shop in general order, and not afraid to put his hands to a little dirty work occasionally. Hours from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m. Apply to Hutehkinson & Co, alias Bengeman & Co.

The following will do for things Found or Lost:

FOUND—A Lady's B——tle—on King street. Apply to Hay, Straw, & Co.

LOST—\$500—between King and Queen Streets by way of Bay Street—a Reward of \$3 will be given to the finder—if he returns the same.

Advertisements will be written in the office.

### For Sale.

The undersigned has on hand a large quantity of "Ratray's celebrated snuff," which he will sell at a price so low, as to be considered almost giving it away. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call.

E. WHYMAN & CO.

N. B. Mr. Poker has seen the above article of the advertiser's, and would warn purchasers from buying, as the "snuff" has become quite stale, and lost so much of its pungency, as to be almost worthless.

### Wanted.

Two or three old fogies to do the growling for the *Grumbler*; the original growlers being entirely worn out from over exertions of late, and have, consequently, lost all point in their snappings. Apply to

Y. MANN & Co.

### "The Poker"

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