

THE POKER.

"GENUS DURUM SUMUS EXPERIENSQUE LABORUM."

VOL. II.

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No. 7.

Mr. Poker's Farewell to the Torontonians.



We have the painful duty of bidding farewell to our readers—to our friends—to Toronto.

With this number the *Poker* ceases to 'warm' in Upper Canada. We are called to another but not to a better field to "show the light of our countenance in."

We are bound for the land of the *Canucks*. We are going to that dullest of all dull capitols, "ye ancient capitol," Quebec. Mr. Poker's name is sufficiently known there to "make the natives shiver and shake in their boots, to make their knees knock together, their eyes to jump out of their sockets, their tongues to stick to the roofs of their mouths" with fear. Mr. Poker intends to kick up some queer "didos," and to have plenty of fun and amusement, by *poking* the Quebec rascals—purging the Quebec villains—and by exposing the Québec humbugs. To rouse them up, he intends to poke everybody and everything that pretends to be what they are not. In a word he is going to pursue the same course as he has done in Toronto. Dear friends, kind readers, good supporters, liberal contributors—if we were near enough to you, we would shake hands with you and say you were "bricks" or perhaps "trumps" would be the better word, as it is, all we can do is to fancy we have shaken hands with you, and called you "bricks" or "trumps" and say ADIEU. One word more to you mighty men of the pen—you kind hearted creatures, possessed of the "milk of human kindness," to make your fellow creatures grin and laugh at your comicalities—(we allude to contributors, *Canuck, Tongs, Harold, Quiz, Incog, G. G., &c. &c.*)—what should Mr. Poker have done without you? We grow frantic in even thinking of it. To have the "printer's devil" appearing every five minutes with the cry "more copy," and to have none to stimulate him with. Not that we were tired or

had no "subjects" to work upon; but we could never do it with the same grace, the same neatness as our contributors would. One word more as the ministers says, when in the middle of his sermon. Favors will be thankfully received in Quebec from our old contributors.—We have now no more to say, or rather think about, except that the *Poker* will not be published until our Houses of Parliament open in Quebec. Then let them, our model legislators, keep their eyes wide open. And now to our friends and enemies—to the former, they who have reared up a *young* foundling, and showed it the ways of this wicked world, we say adieu.

"And think not that because I am lost for words I have lost my gratitude."—*New Play.*

To the latter we say, think not that because the *Poker* closes this week, it closes on you forever—No! Mr. Poker is only going to have a nap—but when the allotted time is past and when he will have to appear he will be as "red hot" as ever with a greater regard for *public duty* than he has perhaps at present. He will then not forget "his friends and his enemies."

Song—The University Park.

[Air.—I can sing the air to which I wrote the following ditty, but I don't know the name of it. However, any one who wishes to learn the air may do so by attending at my chambers on the ground floor of the *Globe* building on Saturday evening, when I will sing or whistle it as long as they like—even till the most *under-headed* member of the Council will be able to sing it to his children, and thereby "teach the young idea how to shoot."]

Dear missy, if you wish to be
Where you'll be seen, and you may see,
Where beaux are rife and music free,
And dowager beauties please the view,
And old maids look 'most good as new,
And sneaks are simpering not a few,
Just walk on Thursday to the U—

—niversity of Little York,
—niversity of Little York.

And would you know who brought all these
Delights, Canadians to please—
Down, down upon your bended knees—
'Twas the men who cut the Avenue;
Still give the scoundrels their just due,
Though they plundered the city revenue,
They brought cheap music to the U—

—niversity of Little York,
—niversity of Little York.

Yes, there the Rifles, without pay,
Must play—they're soldiers!—must obey;
The Mayor gets all this done they say;
The Mayor and Council, it is true,
May be a mean and selfish crew,
And cut the College Avenue,
Still they've pleased the many and the few,
By bringing the Rifles to the U—

—niversity of Little York,
—niversity of Little York.

Duck It.



R. POKER,—Beyond all doubt this is a *fast country*. Before I came here I had heard a good deal about its go-a-headishness, &c., &c., but much as I was prepared to expect and find, I confess the following advertisement which my eye caught the other day, "knocked me all in a heap," or, as they would say here, "into a cocked hat."

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

SEVERAL smart Boys (recently from England) want places, with farmers and others in the country, from 14 to 16 years of age. Apply at the House of Industry.

Toronto, August 23rd, 1859.

Who shall doubt the truth of the assertion that this is a great country, or call in question the prolific character of its soil, or the wonderful precocity of its youth, when from the foregoing advertisement we are to learn that the farmers to whom the "smart boys recently from England" are desirous of engaging themselves and with whom they "want places," are to be from "14 to 16 years of age." Well, well, this is indeed a wonderful age—an age of telegraphs, Atlantic cables, and farmers of 14. Really Mr. *Poker* I am, as an old fashioned Englishman, bound to confess I am behind the age, and that certainly I was born too soon. Only think of this great country with its farmers "from 14 to 16 years of age."

Yours, Mr. *Poker*, in dismay,

ONE BEHIND THE AGE.

Announcements.

On Monday evening next there will be exhibited in Toronto, a great panoramic and dioramic view of George Brown's "Protestant Principles," under the management of T. D'Arcy McGee, M. P. P. Tickets issued on Saturday.

Price of admission—a vote at the next general election.

On Tuesday night D'Arcy McGee will give a Lecture on the "Glorious, Pious and Immortal Memory of William III," for the benefit of the Orange Institution.