

THE POKER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

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Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

Toronto University.

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

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

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

A Wedded Life's Felicity.

FIRST YEAR.

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

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

TENTH YEAR.

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

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

BENEDICT.

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

Toronto, Queen City of the West.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAROLD.

Dialogue.

Dedicated to the Matrons of Toronto.

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

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

Lady—(passing by) "Oh, the Brute."

Church Synod.

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

From an unpublished Work,

Entitled—"De Art ob Cook'ry."

BY A CULLUD PUSSON:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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