

77, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO,

Supply all British and American Newspapers, New Books, and Periodical Publications.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

PRICE THREE CENTS, OR TWOPENCE.

Thompson, Engraver, King Street.]

[TODD, Del.

POKER OFFICE—77, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

SOLD BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

ROYAL LYCEUM!



OPEN EVERY EVENING (Sundays excepted), under the Management of MR. & MRS. MARLOWE,

With an excellent Company.

- Mr. SIMCOE LEE,
- Mr. ALLAN HALFORD,
- Mr. CHARLES HILL,
- Mr. DENMAN THOMPSON,
- Mr. LYONS, and
- Mr. HERBERT.

- Mrs. CHAS HILL,
- MISS HERBERT,
- MISS M. J. GLENN, and
- MR. & MRS. MARLOWE,

Dress Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents. Doors open at half-past Seven. Commence at 8 o'clock.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

July 15.

1

THE COLONIST AND ATLAS,

Steam Press Job Printing Office.

THOMPSON & CO., 77 KING STREET EAST, Toronto, have a splendid assortment of TYPE, MACHINERY, &c., and all the requisites for doing a LARGE JOB BUSINESS.

Books, Pamphlets, &c., printed in a manner unsurpassed by any Office in the Province, and at Cheap Rates.

Posters and Hand-Bills:—From the large assortment of Type in the Establishment, suitable for this character of work, the Proprietors are prepared to execute Posters and Hand Bills of all sizes and in all colors, on the shortest notice.

CARD PRINTING, &c.

BUSINESS CARDS, &c.

HAVING first-rate Machinery for this kind of Printing, Business Cards, Address Cards, Marriage Cards, etc. can be supplied at prices which will defy competition.

FANCY PRINTING.

Particular attention is devoted to this branch. Show Cards, and all styles of Ornamental Printing, either in Colors or Bronzes, printed with great neatness.

All other descriptions of Printing, such as Circulars, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blank Forms, &c., &c., on equally favorable terms.

THOMPSON & Co.

July 15.

1

PUBLIC DINING ROOM!

AT the FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT, No. 67, King Street East. Lunch every day from 11 to 4 o'clock. Soups of the choicest kinds always on ready. Game, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. &c., always on hand in their season.

Dinners and Suppers for Private and Public Parties got up in the best style, and on the most reasonable terms.

JOSEPH GREGOR.

July 23, 1859.

2-2t

PALE ALE.

MEIK & CO'S PALE ALE is acknowledged to be the best article manufactured and bottled in this country, closely resembling English Ale, but cheaper by 50 per cent.

Quarts, per dozen.....\$1.50
Pints, do 1.00

Orders left at MEIK & CO'S Cellars, Masonic Building, entrance from the Post Office Lane, Toronto, will be punctually attended to. July 15.

1-3t



ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT

ROTEIRPORPLEWILOHCHAS.

THE LATEST ENGLISH and AMERICAN Newspapers always on hand.

Subscriptions received for Daily, Evening, and British "Colonist," and also for the "News of the Week."

When travellers weary from steamboat or rail, Have had dinner, with wine, or with rich, reaming ale; And have got their cigars lit, and softly reclined, Having well fed the body, would well feed the mind, At the Rossin-House News Stand, to please every taste, The choicest of reading is temptingly placed: The charms of the Novel, the Magazine's sketching, The *Colonist* into sham-patriots pitching And coolly dispersing the Grits' nauseous vapour,— By the bye, when you're there, just subscribe for that paper,

And along with it couple that masterly joker, The dread of all Humbugs and Scoundrels—*The Poker*; They yield to no party a slavish support, But are guided by Principle, Justice—in short, Best of Newspapers, Magazines, Books, by the dozen May be had at the News Depot now in the "Rossin," That will lead you through all climes, the snowy and sunny Inspire you in all moods, the solemn or funny, If all this cannot tempt you,—you fool, *keep your money!* July 15, 1859.

1-tf

The Quarter Dollar Packet of Superior English Stationery,

CONTAINS:
12 Sheets fine Letter Paper
12 do Note Paper
12 Self-sealing Letter Envelopes
12 do Note Envelopes
6 Steel Pens and Penholder
One Sheet Blotting Paper, and
One Bottle Ink,—all for
A QUARTER DOLLAR.

Manufactured and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by THOMPSON & Co., *Colonist and Atlas* Office, 77 King Street East, Toronto. July 15.

1



MR. G. L. ELLIOTT,

DENTIST, No. 29, King Street East, between Church and Yonge Streets. Mr. E. begs to say that in all cases of partial sets of teeth, the roots do not require to be extracted.

Teeth extracted with chloroform or electricity. July 23, 1859.

2-tf.

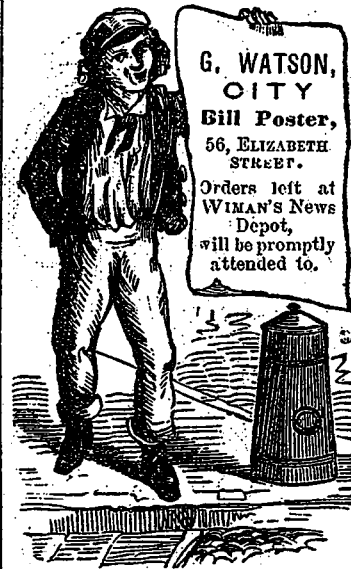
R. C. TODD,

SIGN, ORNAMENTAL, BANNER, AND HERALDIC PAINTER, &c., &c.,

Ferauley Street, a few doors from Queen Street, East Side.

July 17.

1



IN this great advertising country, where every Merchant advertises his goods by large Placards, it is of great interest to know where to get

A GOOD BILL POSTER.

If you want such a one, we can safely recommend

GEO. WATSON

as such. He uses his Brush in an artistic style; He is a Student, give him one trial.

Toronto, July 23, 1859.

2-2t

JUST RECEIVED,

THE INDIA RUBBER PEN!

A VERY SUPERIOR ARTICLE,

Resembling the Finest Quill Pens, sold in quarter gross Boxes.

THE Subscribers request the attention of purchasers to the following:—

FIRST.

Although it is believed that these pens will suit the generality of writers, it is not pretended that they are alike adapted to every hand; but they can, with very little trouble, be altered with a pen-knife to meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

SECOND.

Care should be taken that the holders used should fit the pen naturally and without bending it out of shape, or deranging the position of the points.

THIRD.

It is important that the ink used with these pens should be clear, limpid, and free from sediment. This is alike important with all pens, but its necessity will be most readily understood by those who have been accustomed to the use of the quill.

FOURTH.

Those who write much will find it greatly to their advantage to have three or four pens upon the desk at a time for alternate use. As they are anti-metallic, they are anti-corrosive, and no fear need be entertained of their injury by the chemical action of ink to which they may be exposed.

FIFTH.

The muscular force necessarily required in the use of steel-pens, has created, in many of those who have become accustomed to their use, a nervousness of the hand which is quite unnatural, and which often fatigues the whole hand and produces cramps in the fingers.

Those who use the India Rubber Pens, will be entirely relieved from these evils, as they are of flexible a nature that they readily yield to the slightest pressure. It will be observed that there will be no occasion for the employment of the muscular force required in the use of steel pens.

For sale by THOMSON & CO., 77 King Street East.

July 15.

1

THE POKER.

"GENUS DURUM SUMUS EXPERIENSQUE LABORUM."

VOL. II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

No. 5.

The Proverbs of the Poker.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

CHAPTER II.

BEWARE! O thou great leader of the Grits, of that which thou doest: remember that falsehoods and equivocations always return home, wide as they may wander.

The more difficult it is to attain one's ends, the more honor to him when he does attain them; *if the means he has used are honourable.*

Every dog has its day, even rabid dogs; but the latter are either shot, drowned, or hanged at last.

I made the Grit thank me, praise me, and promise to reward me, for making him egregiously an ass.—*D'Archy McGee.*

"Lop off those useless excrescences," as Brown said when he pruned himself down to be the leader of a motly ministry.

It is said by the great Carlyle, that "no man can explain himself, can get himself explained." Surely the great philosopher had not McDougall in his eye when trying to explain away the rascally sentiment he expressed before his constituents at Embro!

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," as the Montreal *True Witness* said when it set down McGee as a humbug.

The leading Grits are busy; doing they only half know what: flinging the political dice at random, to see what chance may turn up.

Brevity is the soul of wit; therefore, here endeth the second chapter of The Proverbs of *The Poker.*

QUIZ,

In his Considering Cap

Canadian Celebrities.—No. 13.

Continued from the Leader of Monday last.

THE HON. HARRY HENRY, of Irish descent, as his brogue indicates. Mr. Henry is an Upper Canadian, having been in this country ever since he last arrived here. His Father who was born some years before the subject of this notice, we believe never left the land of his nativity. The family belonged to the neighbourhood of Connaught, and are of decidedly celtic proclivities.

Having been slightly educated, the choice of a profession for young Harry became a

question; his mother had in her mind destined him for a respectable member of society, and it is said an accident determined the question on which his future career depended.

It was a drop too much taken in an unguarded moment that determined our Hero to embrace his present profession, as a member of which he has ever shone with peculiar brilliance. Standing at the head of his profession, he has been elected under the ministration of the great George Gurnett, to fill many posts, if not of lucrative advantage, certainly occupying a vast deal of his valuable time. He might have been Attorney General under the Brown-Dorion Administration, only he was not; however, it has been truly said that it is impossible to conjecture what he might not have been, had not circumstances prevented. A man like Mr. Henry never gets tight, without being placed in office under the sitting administration forthwith!

On the 12th of July last, his manly form was seen parading among the Loyal Orangemen of Toronto, an act the liberality of which may be easily imagined when we inform our readers that his education was decidedly doganistic in its tendencies; how much *overcome* he was the next day, we will not here venture to suggest.

Mr. Henry has much experience of the Bench, and is unquestionably eminent at the bar.

During a great part of his *official* life, Mr. Henry had had charge of the Crown Lands, although his attention in that Department has been confined to superintending the garden of Governor ALLEN, no one can say what he *might* not have done. Many things have been within his reach, but he has had his reasons for not putting forth his hand to grasp them.

Many who know him best believe that office has but a slight hold upon his affections, and that if he felt himself at liberty to consult his own inclinations only, he would devote all his life to his peculiar profession. There is no doubt that he injured himself by imbibing to a considerable amount; that however is a fault more of the *head* than heart.

On dit.

That the *Globe* and *Freeman* are to be united, and published under the title of the "*Siamese Twins*;" George Brown editor, and D'Arcy McGee, proof-reader.

Read and Blush for Humanity.

ONE of the meanest transactions ever perpetrated, has come to our knowledge within a few days. A Dry Goods merchant on King Street, East, credited a young business man in a western city to a certain extent. Like many others, this young man failed in business, and finding that he could not obtain employment in Canada, he left for the neighbouring States. His wife, (who was in ill-health) and child returned to her parents in Toronto.

This Toronto merchant, a few days ago, sent his account to this sick lady, although he had previously rendered it to her husband, and when asked by her lawyer why he had done so, knowing her inability to pay her husbands' debts, he replied, he did so to "annoy her."

In the opinion of Mr. Poker, the man who is so lost to all manly feeling, would rob a hen roost at mid-night, or take by process of law, the milk from a babe, that he might "annoy his unfortunate creditor." We know of but one place for him, and that is the *Common Council*, as it would disgrace a tree to hang him therefrom.

The new Governor General.

"*Ab uno disce omnes.*"

SYNOPSIS OF A LATE GLOBE EDITORIAL.

Cobden is to be our Governor General. Horray! Head is going back to England to his "*Shall and Will.*" Horray! we are going to do as we like. Horray! horray! Brown is to be Premier. Horray! horray! horray! The ministry is to be banished to Anticosti. Horray! horray! And, in fact, we are to have a thorough renovation of Canada, from one end to the other. Horray! horray!

A Great Lawyer.

It came to pass in the reign of Queen Victoria, that a great lawyer whose name was Allen, appeared in the City of Toronto, and became famous. For the mighty doings and sayings of this wonderful man of law, see the Police chronicles in the newspapers of the day *passim*. But, as you read, remember that the poor fellow is sorely pressed for "filthy lucre," and learn not to

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," but to

"Pity the sorrows of a rogue more than a fool."

QUIZ.

QUIZ.

Answers to Correspondents.

BY HORACE HORNEM, M. D.

REALLY, since I gave Mr. Poker my address, there has been nothing but letters! letters! letters!! Now, as I do not wish to make my friends pay seven cents postage,—vile tax!—they shall be answered, with Mr. P.'s permission, through the columns of his witty orb. Mr. Poker is authorized to give my address—confidentially—to any decent reader, desirous of writing to me.

"G. R. R.," wishes a description of our "two Editors." Very soon, dear friend.

"P. L. L."—No, sir; you should never swear, notwithstanding your good woman scolds worse than Mrs. Caudle. The hot weather is no excuse.

"Scotia."—Nae, nae, my frien'; Robby Burns did nae write Paradise Lost. 'Twas John Milton, a celebrated character of the seventeenth century.

"Detective," writes: "Dear Hornem," [rather familiar], "it has been rumored here, and everywhere, that a part of the money obtained from Mr. —, by R. M. Allen, went to pay T-m-s C-w-d, an individual who wrote a long piece of abuse against the noble Messrs. Poker and Grumbler, and which appeared in the "Review," for July the second. Think you, sir, rumor is right? If so, give me your opinion." Now, Detective, I do *not* believe rumor. My "opinion," is, that Canada, or Allen, never will consent to pay—or to use the Cockney's language, "KEEP A POET." Had the Brantford contributor done such a thing as to receive a stained dollar,—he being aware of the fact,—his punishment should have been to write "An Ode to a Stolen Dollar," four columns of the "Review"; another ode "To my Dear Allen," five columns of said paper; "An Elegy Written in Jail," two full columns; and last, of any consequence, a five hundred stanza song commencing:—

"My fluttering heart is sad—'tis sad—
I'll never sin again!" &c. &c.

If that proved insufficient—what would cure?

"Punster" writes to me "about the Blondin feats," and, after a long discourse, thus concludes: Sir, all the papers "teem" with articles expressive of admiration, but not one has the honesty to acknowledge that Monsieur Blondin, with all his dexterity FALL'D! "Punster," that *might* pass, *though it really is not true.*

"Plagued" wishes me to write an "Ode to the Weather." I could not do it, my friend; hard enough to write what I do. Here I sit resting my paper on the last "Poker"; Byron's four first Poems in front; a huge ink-bottle on my right; a large envelope, and a heap of paper on the left; and, worse than all, blazing Sol, showering his threatening rays through a thick, though almost useless curtain!



Councilman Mule Carroll, as he appeared in the "Ring" of the City Council when speaking on the College Avenue, and threatening the life of the heroic FINCH.

"Curiosity" desires to know *who* Mrs. Holmes is; also, who Miss M. Y. Young is, and who Harold Sherwood is. Now, I do not think one of these persons would thank me for telling anything about them. He also wishes to be told what people think concerning their poetical abilities! Well, for my part, I have heard little expressed; not one quarter part of what curiosity says he has heard. "Curiosity caps the whole, by desiring to have a description of these worthy persons. Now, I consent to say a FEW words, hoping that all will forgive. Mrs. Holmes is as good a soul as ever lived,—makes herself happy *by being kind to others*, and writes poetry which has to be read and felt, before being admired. Miss Young, the "Spectator" Poetess is quite good looking,—has the airs of a queen; black curls and a large amount of talent. Harold Sherwood is very young, of course good-looking. He generally writes for the *Kingston Whig*, *London Prototype*, and, if I am not mistaken, for New York Magazines. Now, I really hope "Curiosity" will not plague me with any questions concerning persons in private life, as all are my friends, and I should not like to offend them.

"Label."—Give me your address, I dare not answer thus openly.

* * Several letters stand 'over for another time.

Momentos of Sunnyside.

WE have examined some Photographs taken at the Sunnyside Pic-Nic by the Messrs. Carson, Photographists, corner of King and Yonge Streets. They are got up in the first style of the art,—especially Mr. Holiwell's. Every one should purchase a set as a momento of the "Glorious old times" spent at Sunnyside. We will speak farther of them next week.

Ontario Literary Society's First Annual PIC-NIC.

THOSE gentlemen who had the good fortune to receive invitations to be present at this Pic-nic, on Tuesday next, the 16th instant, at "Sunnyside," will do well to secure their tickets at once, as we understand that none but those having tickets will be admitted to the grounds on that day.

Conveyances will leave Richmond Street, rear of Knox's Church, at 1 o'clock, p. m., precisely.

The name of the Society is a sufficient guarantee for all, that it will be well conducted, and that every attention will be paid to those who avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy the beauties of "Sunnyside."

Maul's Band will be in attendance, and eliven the proceedings with excellent music.

As Mr. POKER will be there, we know it will go off well, (excuse our modesty dear readers.)

Extract from the Opera of "Gurnetti Baldo."

ENTER FREDI ROBININI AND GIULIELMI ANDREWES.
AIR—"Highland Laddie."

ROBININI—

Oh tell me! tell me! where, oh! where,
Has the dear old Cadi gone,
He's left his snug old bench and chair,
And the Court is all forlorn;
Pray tell me! tell me! when oh! when
Will the dear old soul return,
(To make cracked Allen hold his tongue)
When shall we cease to mourn.

GIULIELMI—

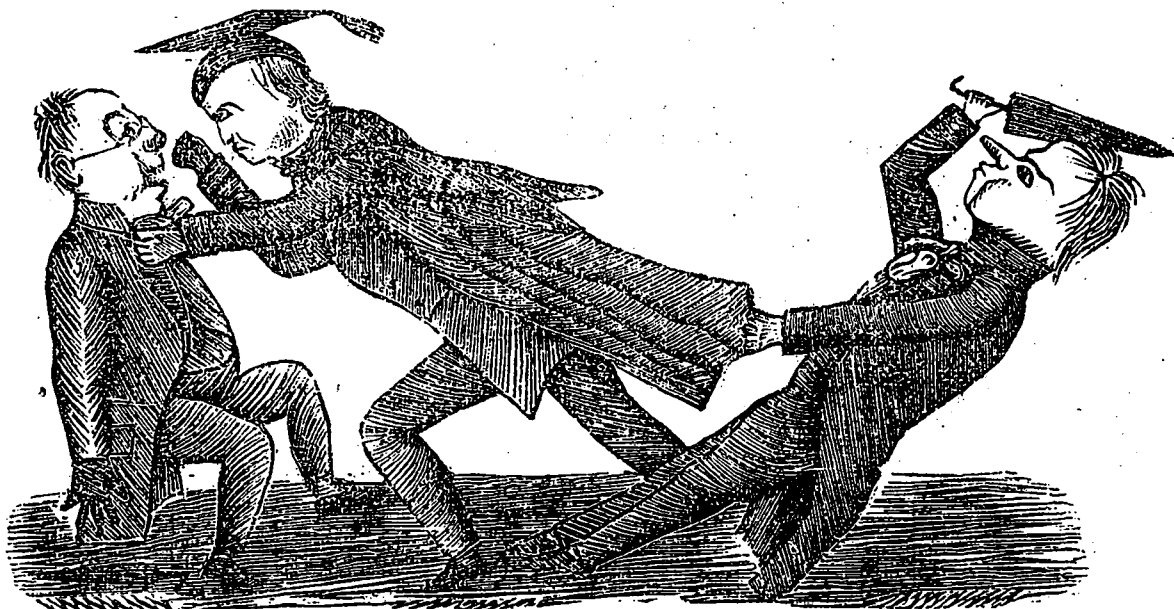
'Tis true yes! 'tis true that our good old Cadi went,
But in his place an Alderman both good and true he sent;
So cease, dear Robi, cease I pray, to mourn our absent friend,
He's promised shortly to return, and then our troubles end.
Yes, yes, he'll return with his snuff-box and his specs;
So cease dear Robi, cease I pray, your gentle soul to vex,
Then join, join, with me in the foaming Lager beer,
We'll drink to the best old soul on earth altho' he is not here.

[Exit Robi, supported by his manly Giulielmi feebly weeping.]

The People Victorious!!!

YES, the people have won the day, and Carroll, Lawlor, Bugg, and the crew of destroyers, have been taught a lesson. The gates have been removed from the Avenue, we trust forever, thanks to the press for this,

and to those men who remained firm during this contest between the people and a few miserable beings, who by accident found themselves in the Council Chamber. We sincerely hope that the lesson dealt out with no unsparing hand, and we confess not in the mildest form, will be a warning to all those who aspire to civic honors in future, that we do not send men to the City Hall to represent their own private views but ours. Not to fill their pockets, but to protect us from robbery. So we dismiss this subject for the present, but should any fresh attempt be made upon the "People's Avenue," we will be found at our post, red hot poker in hand driving back the heartless crew, and shouting loudly "stop thief!!"



University Students defending the Endowment, on the Reception of S. S. Nelles.

The Pic-Nic to Lieutenant Hollwell at Sunnyside.

MR. POKER thinks the happiest day of his mortal existence was spent at the Pic-nic given in compliment to Lieut. Chas. E. Hollwell, by the "Toronto Field Battery," on his leaving Toronto. It was decidedly the best got up this summer. For many reasons does he say it—at this Pic-nic there was none of that *snobbishness* exhibited, which he has seen at former Pic-nics. The civilians joined in the festivities as well as the *military*. The men of the Battery *behaved themselves*. The officers, who, by the bye, are a "jolly set of boys," appeared with the men on an equal footing. Capt. Goodwin turned out of some corner or other, and pleased the gentlemen very much by getting up sundry games, in which the ladies were the chief attraction. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder Mr. POKER was pleased, and he is quite sure that the *savans* of Toronto that attended, (if they would only speak the truth) enjoyed themselves amazingly.

We particularly noticed that none of the officers of the Volunteer Rifle corps were present—looked mighty ominous.

In conclusion, we hope that the gentleman on whose account the Pic-nic was given, may meet with that success in life which he is justly entitled to. That he will meet with friends in Lower Canada, is certain, but we do not think he will ever find warmer and truer ones than he has and that he will always find in Toronto.

College Avenue.

"Cantilenam eandem canis" Ter.
Comme il ne faut mais comme il est.

The College Avenue ought not to be neglected, but it is. The trees should not be covered with dust, but they are. The road should not

be excitable, but it is. The foot path should not be uneven, but it is. The grass border should not be bare and ragged, but it is. The side-fences should not be broken up, but they are. The hedge should not be mutilated, but it is. The benches should not be placed so as to be open to the rain and sun, but they are. An unsightly fence should not be placed at the section of the Queen and Yonge Street Avenues, but it is, &c., &c., but &c., &c.

Comme il faut, mais comme il nest pas.

The College Avenue should be taken care of, but it is not. The trees should be free from dust, but they are not. The road should be gravelled, but it is not. The foot path should be level, but it is not. The grass border should be properly prepared in the Spring, but it is not. Higher and prettier side-fences should be set up, but they are not. The hedge should be properly cared for, but it is not.—The benches should be placed in a sheltered position but they are not. The unsightly fence at the intersection of the avenues should be removed altogether, or, at least, replaced by the fence lately erected in another portion, &c., &c., but &c., &c.

QUERY.—What is the use of the gate-house keepers? Why don't they look after some of these things?

A Dream.

Noiseless I approached the spot;
The door stood ajar;
And from inside shone out the light
I saw from afar,
With lips compressed, and eyes dilate,
Hid in outer gloom;
With outstretched neck, and ear attent,
I peered unto the room.

There beneath a coal oil lamp,
Hung upon a nail,
Sat, bent, a man whose every look
Seemed fit for a jail;
With fiend lip, and fiend eye,
And foulest fiend smile,
And face, whose every feature seemed
Replete with fiend's guile.

The room itself, for fiend's den,
Seemed well fitted;
While up and down, and all around,
Young devils fitted;
The master fiend here was he,
Who sat beneath the light,
Who now fast wrote, and now the quill
Impatiently did bite.

I gazed, and as I gazed I thought:
"What is Satan at?
A death-warrant he's signing, or,
If it's not that,
He's forging of some victim's will,
Or plotting of some guile;
Or some such deed or some such thought,
So sinister his smile."

Sudden he stops, and, springing up,
Holds up to the light
The folded up and labelled sheet
I had seen him write;
And there I read in letters red—
Blood-red, and gory-all:
"For to-morrow's issue this,
THE GLOBE EDITORIAL."

CANUCK.

St. George's Society Pic-Nic.

THE St. George's Society Pic-nic to Mimico, on Monday last, passed off with the same spirit and the same success as everything does, taken in hand by the Society. The day could not be finer. The music could not be finer. The eatables could not be finer. The dancing could not be finer. The ladies could not be finer (dancers); and the Drinking could not be finer. So, taking all these things into our most serious consideration, we must certainly say it was a fine thing altogether. A pleasing part of the day's proceedings was the christening of Mr. Hodson's new yacht, by the wife of the President. Mrs. Brown threw the bottle of wine most gracefully and courageously, (especially when the boat was rolling tremendously). The St. George's Society men are *the bricks*, as a friend of ours said, and they deserve to be treated on all occasions as Englishmen and gentlemen, which we regret to say many do not.

Impertinence.

MY DEAR POKER,

O me it is well-known that you are a gentleman of most noted gallantry; you favor the side of our sex, and stand up for "Woman's Rights," that is, as long as we don't tread on the men's toes, or infringe upon their just and lawful privileges. All very good, Sir, I shall remember and take particular care to keep within bounds; but still I am a young lady of a decidedly independent turn of mind. Extraordinary as it may seem I choose to sit down as I please, to rise again as I please; to stand as I please, and to walk as I please. Notwithstanding all this, it will astonish you to learn that in this far-famed City of Toronto, this magnificent Queen City of the West, there lives, and breathes, and walks, a man who presumes to differ from me in this matter of opinion of mine. Now for that I really don't care a straw, but for the fellow's impertinence I do care, it annoys me, and I won't be annoyed. Last Saturday, 6th instant, I had business down town, and having no time to waste in idle promenading up and down King Street, it pleased me to walk at a rate nearly approaching the 2.40 as possible. Now I can't imagine how it is any one's business except mine; but as I neared Yonge Street, indeed I was just passing Nordheimer's Music Store, when this said individual, I'm sure I don't know what to call him, if he is a man he is a libel upon his sex, stopped short, and for the space of nearly a minute, stood staring in the most impertinent manner at me. Now, I don't choose to be stared at. I'm not an appendage let loose from the Circus now in town; neither am I an importation from Barnum's Museum, nor the Sandwich Islands.

I allowed the fellow to stare till I thought he had taken sufficient note of me to recognise me again upon any emergency, but as that didn't seem to satisfy him, and I was averse to being any longer regarded as a walking panorama, or wild beast show, I turned and gave him a look, such a look as you may fancy Lady Macbeth to have bestowed upon her dutiful husband when he begins to repent of his intention to slay Duncan.

If a look could have possessed the power I devoutly wished it had possessed, he would forthwith have disappeared and melted into thin air!

But alas! Looks possess no such power—he was proof against it, as far as the dissolving into thin air went, but shades of all the ghosts that ever rose since the days of Hamlet! *Did'nt* he turn pale, and melted into his shoes—boots I mean.

I thought I had finished him, but no, he revived again. Yesterday as I stood in the Post Office looking over my batch of New York papers, the creature—Laird of Inches I

believe he calls himself, at least I am confident whatever number of *inches* may appertain to his name, nothing so high as feet, or acres can be claimed by him—entered, and coming over to me, very coolly stared at me till I felt an almost irresistible inclination to throw every blessed paper in my hand into his face. How devoutly I wished that I had been for one short five minutes a man, would'nt I—to use an expression, though *not* elegant phrase—"have knocked him higher than a kite."

Now, Mr. POKER, can such things be? Is it in human reason to permit such impertinence? I say *no!* I know you will place your veto upon it, and in that case who will dare to oppose you?

And now, pray give this publicity. I don't want to attack any unfortunate wretch unprepared and unwarned; but be it known to the Laird of Inches, and to the public in general, that if he repeats his impertinence, there will be such a scene enacted on King Street as never graced the boards of the Royal Lyceum.

Yours sincerely,

A LADY.

Griebil the Violinist.

To the Editor of the *Poker*.

SIR:—

WISH, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of the parties connected therewith, to the state of the "Griebil Fund." Something more than two years ago I was waited on by a barrister of this city, and requested to contribute to a fund, then being raised, for the purpose of sending the widow of the lamented F. Griebil, to her home in Germany, and although I am aware that a considerable sum was subscribed, from that time to the present, I have not heard how these funds were applied; of this I am certain, Madame Greibil still remains in Toronto. Will you assist to unravel this matter.

Yours,

MARIA JANE.

[We would call the attention of the parties connected with this matter, to the letter of our fair correspondent. We are aware that considerable feeling was exhibited at the time of Griebil's death, and much sympathy expressed for his widow. We heard of concerts in Toronto, Ottawa and other cities, at which some funds must have been obtained, and we think the gentlemen of the committee owe to the public and the subscribers, an account of their stewardship. It is too common now-a-days for persons—no doubt with the best intentions—to head a sheet of paper with the name of some charitable object, collect funds, and no doubt hand them to the party for whom intended, without ever explaining to the contributors what was done with their money.—R.H.POKER.]

The Corporation and the Rifle Band.

SIR:—

HERE is great disappointment felt when, through some more pressing duty calling them away, the men of the Royal Canadian Rifle Band don't shew themselves in the University Park. Now if there was as much anxiety shown to treat them well as to hear them, things would be all right. But this is not the case. The Reform Mayor and Council grant a couple of omnibusses to bring the men to the ground; they refresh them with a mug of wishy-washy beer; and then, instead of sending them home again in omnibusses, they leave them to trudge home as best they can. If the men of the band were municipal voters, the "Reform Council" would be careful to treat them with more liberality. But there's no use in talking. Array a beggar in municipal, or even royal robes, and the meanness of the animal will peep out somewhere.

Your obt. servt.,

AN OLD BLOWER.

[This is the way the Corporation treats every one that serves them.—R. H. POKER.]

Tall Writing.

FUNNY fellow, over the signature "John Smith," does the Toronto correspondence for the Markham *Economist*, and as it is the aim of Mr. POKER to recognise wit, wherever to be found, we must apologise to John for allowing him "to blush unseen" for so long a period. So much by the way of preface, and we will have "John" talk for himself.—Speaking of some new movement in the political world, he says, "it will operate as the quiescent, volcanic subterranean fires of an *Ætna*, a *stromboli*, a *cotapaxi*, a *monte St. Elias*, or a *Vesuvius*." Whew! aint you skeered? Well, if all the politicians of Canada, do not take a trip to the north pole for coolness, there is no knowing what may become of them. "John" wants to have a "Magazine," as he thinks Canada has not proper receptacles for all the literary effusions of her people. Right "John," we must! yes! we shall have a "Magazine," and Mr. POKER proposes, and we trust some butcher of our good city will second the proposition, that "John Smith," be duly installed editor.

New Chair for University College.

Christian principles (including plagiarism)
PROF. S. S. NELLES.

Phrenology.

We are requested to state that Professor FOWLER, of New York, will Lecture sometime during the summer in Toronto and throughout Canada on Phrenology.

Ye terrible and bloody drama of ye College Avenue!

SHOWING THAT "MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

SCENE I.—College Avenue.

Citizens gathering, jokes cracking, policemen frowning
batons itching, and speakers missing.

First Citizen—

Who called the meeting,
Let him up and speak.

Second Citizen—

Where is he? that's the question;
Think you the man's a fool
To speak while a dozen peelers
But wait to pounce upon him.

Voices—

Down with the gates.

Third Citizen—

Down wid them gates,
Be gorra, now for fun;
My soul's in arms and eager for the row.

Nicol—

I rise to speak,
(Bravo, bravo.)
Where are the men who called this meeting?
They should be here to tell us why
They called us thus together;
Not but we know as well as they,
But it would be a sort of something
To begin on. Why should those gates
Thus mar the beauty of our fair Avenue;
Why deprive us and our wives and sweethearts
Of this our only refuge from the dusty town,
Why keep our little ones from sight of nature's green,
To puddle in the gutter. Why, I ask?
Because some petty owner of a lot
Has crept by stealth into our Council board,
And then breaks oath by serving not the people but
himself.
Away with such a paltry lot.

Crowd—

Hurrah-a-ah. [Cries for Wilson, Moody, Platt, and the
Globe says Jack Sheppard, but said paper need not
flatter itself, the crowd being of too decent a character
to call for a Globe editor. At length John Wilson
takes the stump and mounts the hated fence.]

Wilson—

Is this ere fence a going to remain? (No.)
Is Bugg, the prince of hum-bug here to rule the roast?
And fill his pockets while we choke w' th dust.
No! thrice abhorred thought. Could I,
John Wilson, suffer such a thing, [dren
I, who long have satisfied the cravings of your chil
For bull's eyes sweet, and acid drops so sour,
See them penned up and pine away,
And then myself get blamed for selling goods
Not pure, but delictious—perish the thought.
Let's down to the Council and demand our rights,
For they are sitting there this very night,
Plotting to do this wrong. But mind,
Not one cracked head must mar our doings.
(Cheers; Moody, put out the bobbies, &c.)

Moody—

I'm here boys; still the people's friend.
But where are those who also should be here.
Where's Stokes, great vender of Cream Ice,
And Fisher, Spence; alas they are not here.
They're some where else, I guess.
But I'm here; I'll tell you what to do,
Take Wilson's plan, and mind boys,
Keep the peace. (Cheers.)

Platt—

Let's show we are no reckless mob;
Appoint a deputation to make known our wants.
Let Moody, Wilson and myself,
Ask to be heard, and state your wishes.
(Carried)

[Scene closes; deputation escorted by crowd, and fol-
lowed a long way in the rear by the invisible blues.]

SCENE II.—Council Chamber—crowd rushing in.

Wiman to Carroll—

Whence this noise, disturbing our august assemblage;
Ah! I see the meeting from the Avenue,
The mongrel herd. But I'll dissemble,
And thus curry favor.
Oh Carroll, you little know,
The trials and troubles of a public man.

Just look at me. In January last,
I like a rocket, upward went—phis, phis—
Then came the bang. Now, all that's left
Is the poor charred stick.

The Grumbler e'en deserts me,
But I'll crush it, crush—crush—crush—

[Goes off in a fit, but recovers on one application from
Carroll's pocket pistol.]

The crowd came in
With terrible din,
And Councillors looked flatter
Than ever before, while the little Mayor
On his tip toes stood,
To see what was the matter.

Moody—

We are here charged by the people
To make their wishes known.

Grit Council in chorus—

There's somebody along with Moody,
He's some one at his back I know,
There's big Platt and Bulls-eye Wilson;
Don't let him in by jee.

Wiman—

Hush! let the people's voice be heard.
(Such chaff won't do; we're too o'd a bird.)

Lawlor—

Are we to be thus overawed
Our wisdom sage, thus forced to sprout,
And not by age matured. Avaunt,
Rude people, to your dens go back. [me up.
(Aside—I wish I'd some from Stanley Street to back

Crowd—

Put out the boy.

Mayor—

Shall the deputation be heard? (Carried.)

Wiman, (uproriously)—

Carried.
The deputies express their views.

Tully—

Now we've heard you, be good boys
And homeward go, content that you to-night
Have spoken in our presence; proud should you be
Of such an honor. Think, to-morrow's Globe
Will intersperse your names with ours;
With mighty Wiman, prince of all the blowers,
Bugg, that mighty animal, thrice magnified,
With peaceful Pell, Carroll the pugnacious,
Your names with such will blend;
So now go off to bed and be good boys.

Crowd—

We won't go home till morning,
We won't—[order, chair, clear the galleries.]

Cameron—

Why not cut the road,
'Twill pay us for the trouble we are at,
In legislating for the people;
Besides—[shut up, you've said enough.]

Dunn—

I go for cutting up the Avenue. Cos why?
For prigs and pickpockets, alone,
It is an evening walk—[Bah! how do you know.]
How do I know? As city guardian, I
Often have wended my steps that way
When others were asleep. I was insulted, sir,
Was asked, "who was my hatter," and more,
"Who cut my h'ar," and yet more grievous,
"Did my mother know that I was out."

Some called "Beef-steaks, and others, "mutton
chops."

Then I sped homeward, glad thus to escape.

[Crowd—sit down. Bah! mutton chops sit down.]

Now may you do your worst and blaze away.

[The crowd did blaze away.]

Moody—

They're humbugging us, boys, away,
To other fields the hand of glory points.

[Exit heroically—crowd following.]

SCENE III.—Park Lane, near Gates—crowd drawn up in
battle array.

Wilson—

Now Bob, you reconnoitre, you may perch
And not be seen. My huge carcase
Would form too good a target.

Moody—

To glory John, I ever lead the van.

Wilson—

What see you gallant Bob?

Moody—

Two policemen sleeping at their posts.

Wilson—

Oh! sight uncommon. Aught else?

Moody—

Methinks I spy the remains of what has been
A glorious feed. Two glasses, a broken bottle
And a glass, doth tell a tale.
But ah! what see I there, six glazed caps,
Are they police or scarecrows, bobbing their head,
For either would they pass. But hark,
Dost thou not hear a sound.

Wilson—

'Tis but the snoring of yon sleeping sentinols.

Moody—

No, they approach, I hear the tramping feet,
Prepare our men for action, pass the word,
To frighten not to hurt.

[Scene shifts to the other side of the fence; Deputy
approaches boldly—Mayor dignity personified—police-
men slightly shaky.]

THE PEELER'S MARCH.

Along the line the signal ran,
Wilson expects that every man
This night will do his duty;
For there'll be the devil to pay
If you bolt and run away,
Nor think of Mayor Wilson.

Then up the Avenue rail,
Loud shout the ears assail,
Crying aye, we'll do our duty;
But if they should show fight,
Do you think it would be right
To hit them hard my covey.

And to keep our spirits up,
We'll each take a little sup
Of first class toddy whisky:
Now then for the battle fie'd,
And death to the peeler who would yield
Aft'r drinking such very good whisky.

But now, we're on the ground,
And the word to halt does sound,
Then we thought of home and Biddy:
But scarce had we got the word
When a scream terrific was heard,
And we felt most mighty skeery.

[The rest of the piece being decidedly un-heroic, we
again descend to prose.]

Our knights of the bottle, at the word to halt,
Up started, and in their haste to obey,
Fell o'er each other, on the bottles which of late
So full of spirits were, but now were flatter
Than the nose they came in contact with.
We're struck, be gorra, they exclaimed,
We're kilt entirely; och, the bloodthirsty hounds,
To murder us in blood so cold.
Charge them boys charge,
And thus revenge our fall.

[Policemen show no inclination to charge, so the Mayor
goes to do it for them.]

Mayor—

No, I'll have no blood spilt, no lives lost but my own;
Myself I offer as a sacrifice.

[18 policemen rush in and hold him back.]

Oh don't, your Worship, pray don't,
Let's run, we'll carry you upon our backs,
But do not fight, for then we'll have to;
Most dire dilemma.

Mayor—

For your sakes then I won't,
But see Bob Moody up on yonder fence.

Moody—

Boys we'll go home,
His Worship might catch cold,
Besides, think of the glorious naps
Our peelers now are cheated off,
But down must go the fence.

Wilson—

Yes, we'll go; 'twould scarcely be fair play,
To flog these dozen peelers,
Who insult us by their presence.

Mayor—

That's good boys,
I knew you would go home,
Captain Moody, I thank you;
Wilson, you're a brick;
We'll do what'er you want,
Pull down the fence,
And spike a Councillor on every rail;
And now for Vic our gracious queen, three cheers.

[Cheers given with British feeling.]

[Scene closes; Moody, Wilson, and His Worship em-
bracing; policemen looking sleepy, and crowd dan-
cing the Virginia break-down.]

THE POKER,

PUBLISHED every Saturday Morning, by THOMPSON & Co., and sold by all News Agents in town and country. Mailed to country Subscribers at \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies 2d. (or three cents) each. News Agents, per dozen, 25 cents.

The increased size of the *Poker* leaves a considerable space for advertisements, which will be taken at the following rates:—

First insertion.....	\$0.10 a line.
Each subsequent insertion.....	0.05 "
Full column.....	5.00
Half a column.....	3.00

Advertisements must be sent in to the office on Thursday before the day of publication.

The following are only a few of the notices of this spirited little sheet:—

"The *POKER* contains some good things."—*Spectator*.

"Our thanks are due to the Publishers for a copy of the *POKER*, a small sheet, but one which will undoubtedly *poke* its way ahead of many larger ones. From the number before us, we should say it derives considerable pleasure in *poking* the Opposition, and if a fulcrum could be obtained might prove a lever which would overthrow the *Globe* itself."—*Colonist & Atlas*.

"It gives some well aimed *pokes* at the Grit fraternity."—*Dundas Warder*.

"We might well call it the Canadian *Punch*."—*Tunis's International Railroad Guide*.

"It is somewhat singular that while *The Grumbler* has deteriorated, the *POKER* has improved."—*British Whig*.

"It contains some spicy articles."—*Kent Advertiser*.

"Rather spicy little sheet."—*Canadian Statesman*.

"May its shadow never grow less."—*Galt Reporter*.

THE *TORONTO POKER* comes to hand this week double size, splendid frontispiece, with other pictorial illustrations after the style of the London *Punch*. This combination of talent and artistic skill well deserved success in the land of the Canucks. Long may it flourish and wear the laurel, say we of the *JOKER*.—*GALT JOKER*.

THE *POKER*.—Amongst the many numerous productions which are daily issuing from the press, there is none that has for some time, afforded more amusement, or excited greater interest, than "the *Toronto POKER*." This spicy little sheet has now assumed an enlarged size, in an illustrated form, after the fashion of the celebrated *Punch*. The *POKER* is a little "Brick,"—it probes a wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of an experienced surgeon, and yet it exercises the tenderness and good humor of a careful nurse that understands—"It is not every Baby that carried lobster will agree with." We strongly recommend the Grits one and all, to subscribe for the "*Poker*." Luther at one time adapted some Jolly Songs to sacred purposes, upon the principle that the Devil should not have it all his own way, so the Brown grumblers should seize on the "*Poker*," and turn it to the like advantage. As long as Grit Puritans will go round the country with long faces, preaching about corruption in high places, they will be beaten by these caterers for the public taste, who understands the value of "John Bull's" hearty laugh, and its influence upon the great mass of mankind.—*DUNNVILLE INDEPENDENT*.

THE *POKER* reached us this week just double its former size, and embellished in the real "*Punch*" style. We wish the publishers of the *POKER* the success their enterprise deserves. Every one should subscribe for it; it is only \$1 per annum.—*PEMBROKE OBSERVER*.

THE "*POKER*."—This witty and staunch Canadian publication having completed its first vol-

ume, the first number of the second volume came out last week *double* the previous size. It is also handsomely and humorously illustrated, with designs after the manner of *Punch*. It is still sold at the low price of One Dollar Fifty Cents a year, or Three Cents a number. The *POKER* is pre-eminently the *Punch* of Canada, and bids fair for a successful and prosperous career, which we heartily wish it.—*Whitby Chronicle*.

THE "*POKER*."—This humorous little sheet has been enlarged to double its former size, and appears in an illustrated form with a well designed embellishment on the front page, somewhat after the fashion of *Punch*. It now presents a highly creditable appearance, and we have no doubt it will continue to grow in favor.—*Spectator*, July 19, 1859.

THE "*POKER*."—We beg to congratulate our contemporary and rival on the increased importance it is about to assume. We trust that its enterprise will meet with the support of the public.—*Grumbler*.

Our lively contemporary the *POKER* published in Toronto, has come out in a new shape something like the London *Punch*, and with a tolerable smack of the fun of that periodical.—*Niagara Mail*.

THE "*POKER*."—This publication come to us this week in an enlarged form, its size is now doubled. We are glad to see that it is thus prospering, for it is a fiery *POKER*, and, therefore, rather a formidable weapon when wielded by able hands. Long may it continue to burn all naughty boys.—*Brampton Herald*.

THE "*POKER*."—This humorous satirist has been enlarged to double its former size, and is now embellished with a frontispiece in the style of "*Punch*." The proprietors deserve credit for their enterprise, and we hope will meet with the success they deserve.—*Maple Leaf*.

THE "*POKER*," full of fun as usual, reaches us in a new shape, double in size, and some capital engravings. It exhibits every sign of improvement, and we hope will long live to poke fun at those who provoke it.—*Ottawa Courier*.

The *Poker*, this amusing paper fully sustains its reputation for fun, wit, and sarcasm.—*Three Rivers Enquirer*.

The *Poker* comes to hand this week considerably improved in appearance, and having a very excellent designed frontispiece. In reading matter it sustains its former character.—*New Era (Newmarket)*.

THE "*POKER*."—We have received the first number of the second volume of this spicy little journal, which makes its appearance in an illustrated form, and is enlarged from four to eight pages. It contains a well designed engraving on the title page, and on the whole makes a very creditable and showy appearance.—*Berlin Telegraph*.

The first number of the second volume of the *Poker* is before us. It is now printed in quarto instead of folio form, as heretofore, and has increased to twice its original size. The title page is neatly engraved, and in fact it assumes something of the appearance of the London *Punch*. Success to its enterprising publisher.—*Brant County Herald*.

THE "*POKER*."—This spicy little sheet now appears in eight page form, double its previous size. It has a well-designed embellishment illustrating its title page, and altogether makes a very creditable appearance. It is worthy a liberal support, and we cordially wish our Toronto contemporary every success.—*Branigan's Curiosities and Chronicles*.

THE *POKER*.—Our witty frater the *Poker* comes to hand this week double the usual size, and got up after the style of the London *Punch*, with an illustrated frontispiece. It also contains a portrait of the Grit chieftain, accompanied by rather austic allusions to that worthy; together with a variety of humorous and entertaining articles that

will repay perusal. The *Poker* is mailed to subscribers at the low figure of \$1.50 per year in advance.—*St. Catharines Constitutional*.

THE *POKER*.—We are in receipt of the first number of Volume Two of this spicy little periodical, and we were much pleased with its new garb. The *Poker* has been enlarged and greatly improved, the title page being a well executed cut by Todd, and engraved by Thompson, somewhat resembling the London *Punch*. The number before us is filled as usual with easy and interesting articles, to which is added some tolerably well executed wood cuts. We wish the enterprising publishers every success; and we would recommend every person relishing a good joke or hard hit to lose no time in sending in his name, and a dollar, in order to be placed on the list of Subscribers.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.

THE *POKER*.—This humorous sheet comes to hand in a large and much improved form. It contains double the amount of reading matter it has heretofore, also several illustrations. It now bears a similarity, in appearance, to *Punch*. The *Poker* is very well conducted and will no doubt command an increased circulation.—*Brantford Courier*.

R. H. *Poker, Esq.*, will please receive our unfeigned thanks for enlarged edition of his paper of last week. It is a very neatly printed paper, and contains a large share of news, especially of those who do not choose to act in a becoming manner. It is very ably conducted, and if we judge correctly is calculated to do much good, by way of righting those who are in the wrong.—*Pictou Gazette*.

THE *POKER*.—The *Poker* in its new and enlarged form has reached us. The enterprise of the proprietors has our warmest commendations, and elicits a hope that their consequent receipts may largely exceed their outlay. A periodical, the object of which is to expose the absurdities, to chastise the follies, and to draw attention to the inconsistencies of those who aspire to the direction of the public taste, and of public affairs, cannot fail, if confined within judicious limits, to render good service in its day.—*Owen Sound Times*.

THE *POKER*.—This spicy little sheet has come to hand in double its former dimensions, improved and embellished. It now has a comic frontispiece, and in the centre a picture of "Mr. Brown's Dream," and his "vision of future greatness," and of the manner in which he will run through the "Public Chest," and apply part of its contents." To those who want a rich morsel, take the *Poker*.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.

THE *POKER*.—This satirical sheet comes to us this week in an improved form, being double in size, and embellished with spirited engravings. The first page is adorned with a frontispiece somewhat after the style of *Punch*. The late issues of the *Poker* exhibit a decided improvement upon the earlier numbers, and now that its publishers have given an earnest of their intention to make it a permanent institution, we doubt not that it will continue steadily to grow in public favour and influence.—*Chatham Planet*.

THE *POKER*.—This humorous little sheet, we might remark with the *Spectator*, has been enlarged to double its former size, and appears in an illustrated form, with a well designed embellishment on the front page, somewhat after the fashion of *Punch*. It now presents a highly creditable appearance, and we have no doubt it will continue to grow in favour.—*LONDON PROTOTYPE*.

THE *POKER*.—This really amusing publication has just commenced its second volume. It is filled with good hits at all sorts of things, and is well worth subscribing for. Only \$1.50 per annum in advance. Address, Thompson & Co., 77 King St. East, Toronto.—*EASTERN TOWNSHIPS GAZETTE*.

"We wish our diminutive cotemporary every success.—*BRANTFORD SNAPPING TURTLE*.

THOMPSON & CO.,
Publishers.