

# THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

No. 13.

## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

### City Improvements.

Some animals extract poison from the plants which yield honey to others, so among men, some love to find fault while others love to commend. Be it our grateful task to praise, while others grumble.

With the twofold object of improving the drainage of the city, and of giving labor to the unemployed, our excellent Papas of the Corporation have lately sunk immense trenches and laid down magnificent dirt-ducts, in brick, at an expense of some thousands of pounds, of which expense we have, of course, contributed our share; but the drains are but a small part of the results. As every body knows Toronto is a very flat place, a weary, monstrous level, unrelieved by a single natural knoll or mound, and, doubtless, our Dadas felt this, for in addition to the sanitary objects they proposed primarily to accomplish by the great works just mentioned, they bethought themselves of delighting the citizens by the creation of sundry pretty artificial valleys and hills along the principal streets. Thus in King Street West, and up Brock Street and Spadina Avenue we have now a series of pleasant mud holes in the centre, and clay banks at the sides which have a very picturesque and lively effect. Occasionally a cart, waggon, or coach, gets into the interesting position, which the heavily laden Christian secured in the Slough of Despond, but this only adds life to the landscape, or, more poetically, "enchantment to the view." We have heard indeed that it is proposed to level the streets and to cart away the superfluous soil some time between this week and a twelve months hence, but we protest in the name of the arts of design against so vandalistic a proceeding. What are we to forego the anticipated enjoyment of seeing numberless cabs involved in honey pots, and multitudes of pedestrians sunk in fathomless bogs at our very doors—sights which, though frequent enough in the palmy days of muddy Little York, we have now to travel into backwood roads to see—merely because simpering school girls or their very particular mamas complain of the dirt? The thing is monstrous. Let the feminines shorten their skirts and wear good jack boots. No, no, let

the ruts and pits, honey-pots, bogs, and reeking banks remain as they are.

But we notice also that up Spadina Avenue the few gas lamps placed along the side-walk have been erected on a new principle; a principle as ingenious as beneficial. The lamp-posts have an inclination, as near as we can calculate without actual scientific measurement, of 45 degrees, and if they were long enough they would bring the lights just midway over the street. This is a great improvement, and we would respectfully suggest that in future all the new lamps be set up in the same way, for it will prevent jealousies by giving to both sides of the street an exactly equal distribution of light. Then the posts might be provided with notches or steps which would enable the lamp-lighters to do their work without the bothering ladder they are obliged to lug about and poke into people's ribs as they run along. Then again, as to the removal of the unsightly awnings in King Street, there is no question at all that this movement was a judicious one, but its special benefit was chiefly felt at the outskirts of the city, for there, under the awnings, workmen and policemen used to take shelter from the rain, to the great disadvantage of the taverns. Now, thanks to the Papas, when the weather is bad, the blue-coats dive into the grog shops, where they are very useful in keeping the peace, and where one is sure to find them if they are wanted, which formerly was a very difficult matter.

We must be excused a further enumeration to-day, but hope to resume in another issue.

### Answer to Sir Edmund's Telegraph.

It will be remembered that when the Atlantic Telegraph was first put in operation, our Governor General addressed the Queen, presenting "his respectful and dutiful compliments." In advance of all our cotemporaries we are enabled to publish the reply. Here it is—

*Right Hon. Sir E. W. Head, Bart., Governor General of Canada.*

Her Majesty thanks you for your compliments, and expects you to perform your duty with all due respect for the Crown. She hopes that your rule may be fringed with the silver text of prosperity, and if so, that you will be loaded with golden opinions.

B. LYTTON,

Colonial Secretary and Novellist.

### Mr. Allchaff

MR. POKER,

In your recent paraphrastic version of Mr. Allchaff's election speech against Mr. Allan you omitted noticing the fact that the orator objected to men having to take off their hats under certain circumstances. On reading the Globe's report of that memorable philippic I immediately concluded Mr. Allchaff was a Quaker—and perhaps a quack too—and this enabled me to understand his extreme aversion to being uncovered; but a greater difficulty supervened. If, said I to myself, Mr. Allchaff is a Quaker how can he support a man who in lieu of simple affirmation even on solemn occasions clinches the most trivial statements with a by—or a prayer for d—n? In much mental perturbation I called upon a religious friend, and asked him whether Mr. Allchaff had any religion, and if so what it was? "O," said he, "Mr. Allchaff is a Methodist, and an acceptable evangelist among that very strait-laced sect." Worse and worse, thought I, for how can he countenance a person who canvasses on the Lord's day, and publicly sneers at religious people as hypocrites? One more conjecture I ventured, perhaps Allchaff was one of those convenient Methodists who manufacture beer, or sell rum. Again I inquired, and found he was a most zealous Teetotaler! This capped the climax of inconsistency. A zealous, godly Methodist Teetotaler, and an Irish gentleman (as I understand Mr. Allchaff to be,) objecting to a God-fearing, man-loving, consistent christian gentleman, because he is a gentleman, and because other gentlemen pay him deference! Why, Mr. Allchaff! I always thought you Irish were sensitive on the subject of manners, and claimed to be, down to the lowest stratum of society a polite people. Not so, thinks Mr. Allchaff, and to make sure that a christian gentleman shall not be returned, he goes to the other extreme, and recommends a ——— well never mind. Surely Mr. Allchaff has dragged his Methodism through the mire this time, if he never did before. Alas for the frailty of human nature.

Your obed't servant,

NOCHAFF.

### Uniforms Not Uniform.

The want of uniformity among the uniforms of firemen, militia men, and bell men attending the Exhibition was a marvel (not a most) in our eyes.

## Politics.

MR. POKER,

As you are becoming something of an authority in politics, and, I must say, not without reason, may I ask whether I am to understand you approve of the course pursued towards the Brown-Dorion ministry by the Governor General and the House of Assembly; and also whether you approve of the action of the old ministry in returning to office without appealing to their constituents. Fair play is a jewel, and as I am not very clear on the above points, I wish your opinion.

Yours, &c., &c.

BODKIN.

Odds Bodikins! but our friend puts very plain questions, and we think he would do better to ask them of our neutral neighbour. However, as he has honoured us, we shall not shrink from a reply.

1. We think the Governor acted perfectly right towards Mr. Brown, and we regard the attempt of the Aikinse and such other famous geniuses to injure him on the account, as the mean spite of outwitted humbugs. But we think the McDonald ministry should not have resigned in the face of a vote of confidence carried by a respectable majority. We think next that the Governor General should not have accepted their resignation. Then we hold it was a piece of arrant imposition in Mr. Brown to take office with an adverse majority; and that it was a piece of superlative meanness on his part to threaten the House with dissolution unless they sustained him,—for this he did, practically. We think the Chambers acted with precipitancy in voting want of confidence a few hours after the Brown Dorion coalition was formed; but we cannot forget that it was done under great provocation, and that no free Legislature was ever treated with the contempt that that glorious abortion manifested for the 120 members to whom they refused the slightest inkling of their policy. The august behest of the Brown-Dorions was, "Accept us, pig in the poke fashion, or we'll trundle you off to the country," and the reply was, *a kick out*. The act was sudden, perhaps somewhat too precipitate as we have said, and we think that if Messrs. Brown and Dorion had been allowed to go to their constituents and there to walk the course, then to come back and state their policy, they would have got their quietus by the largest vote of censure ever recorded by an indignant and abused country. As it is, they give themselves the airs of martyrs, but their friend William the Lyon has pretty well shown that under the martyrs' skins there are plundering wolves of the most vicious character.

As to the old ministry returning to power, the law clearly allowed them to do so; but we confess it would have pleased us better that they should have been re-elected, as no doubt they would all have been.

## Chancery for Ever.

A young law student who knows more of the Court of Chancery than of the Latin tongue construes the words of Dr. McCaul at the University banquet "Esto perpetua" to mean "Eten perpetually." Promising youth.

## Charivari.

"My first is immortal, my second is mortal, my third is a game, my fourth the third of Triangles, my third and fourth a town in Europe, and my whole a village in Canada."

### CHARADE ANSWERED.

Mr. Pokers respects to the Charivari,  
And hoping his friend no objection will see,  
He will try to make out the charade.  
He is sorry so little of reverence is shown,  
He thinks that *one* name should have been left alone,  
And the riddle might still have been made.

The first is a name we shall not take in vain,  
The second is man, and the third it is plain  
Is the noble amusement of *chess*;  
Although there is one thing that seems rather queer,  
The word (that's to say as we meet with it here,)  
Is spelt with just one single *s*.

The fourth and the last is the Latin word *ter*  
The third and the fourth we may safely aver,  
Is *Chester*, a very old town.  
The whole is *GODMANCHESTER*, which you may find,  
In the County of Huntington, if you're inclined  
To travel so very far down.

## The Creation.—Metropolitan Choral Society.

Whether to abuse or praise this Society we are not at this moment decided. Now we have it. We shall abuse the Secretary and give to the Society its fair meed of praise. The Secretary had the politeness to send us two complimentary tickets for Tuesday last, but the audacity to write across the faces thereof (which by the by were clean) the awful word "POKER." Being too wide awake to be thus caught, we exchanged our tickets with a friend. Of him we have not since heard. We have however, been told that he was nearly hugged to death by the female singers of the Metropolitan.

Armed with two ordinary tickets (not for soup though) we of course concluded that the second ticket was for *Mrs. Poker*—that is to be—and posting to her domicile we prevailed upon her to get ready to accompany us. After waiting for her half an hour and being annoyed that she consumed so much time in putting on her bonnet and shawl we went up to her room and there found—her Daguerreotype. Becoming painfully conscious that that was all of *Mrs. Poker*—that is to be—we were likely to get for some time we put it in our pocket and jumped into a cab. In a reasonable time, as lawyers have it, we reached the St. Lawrence Hall. Having alighted we told the cab-man to call at our office. "What office?" exclaimed Jehu. Why the "*Poker Office*," of course. At this the horses took fright and the last we saw of them they were rapidly vanishing in the distance with cabby on their backs like a second Mazeppa.

It took a little time to calm the turbid spirits of *Mrs. Poker*—that it is to be—and then we entered the Hall. We were there informed that the performance was under the "patronage" of Lady Head, and under the "auspices" of the brethren of the Mystic tye, and without clearly settling in our knob the distinction between "patronage" and "auspices," we first looked for Lady Head and then for the brethren of the Mystic tye. Lady Head we did not see. Brethren of the Mystic tye we solemn-

ly declare we did see. Everywhere we looked we saw them. They generally sat in couples as if *tied* together. Of each couple one brother appeared to wear a bonnet or a head dress and the other to be without any covering for the crown. They sat close together and in the true spirit of "brotherly love" appeared to be making love to each other. "Hope" seemed to be the crowning symbol of each. Out of "Charity" we shall say no more about them.

Of the performance (musical we mean) we cannot speak too highly. Every member of the Choir seemed impressed with the solemn fact that upon him personally rested the responsibility of the whole performance, and so every one did his and her duty. We need give no names, for the principal singers have already seen themselves quite sufficiently in print. That there were no defects it would be obsequious meanness to deny, but when we consider that the very numerous corps has had as yet but little time to learn its own capabilities, to assort its voices and to acquire the habit of nice precision which is indispensable to perfect success we can easily afford to leave them unnoticed. We were greatly delighted with some of the softer parts—we think *Poker*-hearted as we are—that our iron nature is most accessible to tender strains. But we must close this brief notice by commending the Metropolitan to our music loving friends.

## University Education at a Discount.

Sir Edmund Head at the University dejeuner, among other good things, said that the young men who had received a University education "should go forth with resources which may enable them to pass their leisure free from vice, and in a manner befitting a Christian and a gentleman." Sir Edmund has since informed us, that when he made these remarks, he had in his mind's eye the melancholy example of one Charley Romain, who had boasted in public that he wanted all the cardinal qualities described. Romain, however, protests that Sir Edmund is an old fogey, and assigns the following reasons:—Although First, he Romain had no University education. Secondly, he spent his leisure time in vice. Thirdly, he is no Christian. Fourthly, and he is no gentleman; yet he would have been elected member for the York Division had he had votes enough, (a truism from Charley for once.)

## A Card.

Charley Romain desires to thank Bob Moody, Charley Gates, Bob James, and other illustrious friends for their exertions during the late election. He hopes that although not elected whenever his friends address him they will not forget to add the prefix, "Honorable" to his name. This he knows they will do the more readily as they are fully aware of the dishonorable tricks to which he had resort in the expectation of beating that confoundedly plucky horse—Allan.

## Romain's Lament.

AIR—"OH BOYS CARRY ME 'LONG."

Oh b'hoys carry me long,  
There's nothing but trouble for me,  
I've lost the day, and I have to pay  
For many a jolly good spree.

Oh b'hoys carry me 'long,  
Carry me right to my door,  
Leave me there in deep despair,  
And don't come back any more,

Farewell to the b'hoys,  
With hearts so merry and light,  
Especially when I gave them a ten,  
And asked them to help in a fight.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the grog  
I gave to the fellows all round;  
They swilled and they swilled—their glasses were  
filled,

For by Charley the needful was found.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the Cash,  
I gave to the coons in the street;  
I bought up their votes with piles of bank notes,  
And this is the thanks that I meet.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to George Brown,  
I wish I had ne'er seen his face;  
He promised his aid but the chap got afraid,  
And so I am left in disgrace.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

To Samuel Allchaff farewell;  
I thank him for all that he's done,  
He is grit to the bone as his conduct has shown,  
He's a "trump" if there ever was one.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

To civic distinctions farewell,  
Nice pickings I now must forego;  
Alas for the times when I used to get dimes  
By the thousand from Gzowski & Co.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the hopes that were mine,  
Of obtaining a senator's place;  
My chances alas, were nothing but gas,  
The "Romain horse" is licked in the race.  
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long,  
Carry me down to my door,  
Leave me there in deep despair,  
And don't come back any more.

## Latest Sporting Intelligence.

The Romain horse was on the course of the York Division distanced by several lengths.

The Bug(y) belonging to the Romain horse was smashed into smithereens.

The Brown horse is spavined.

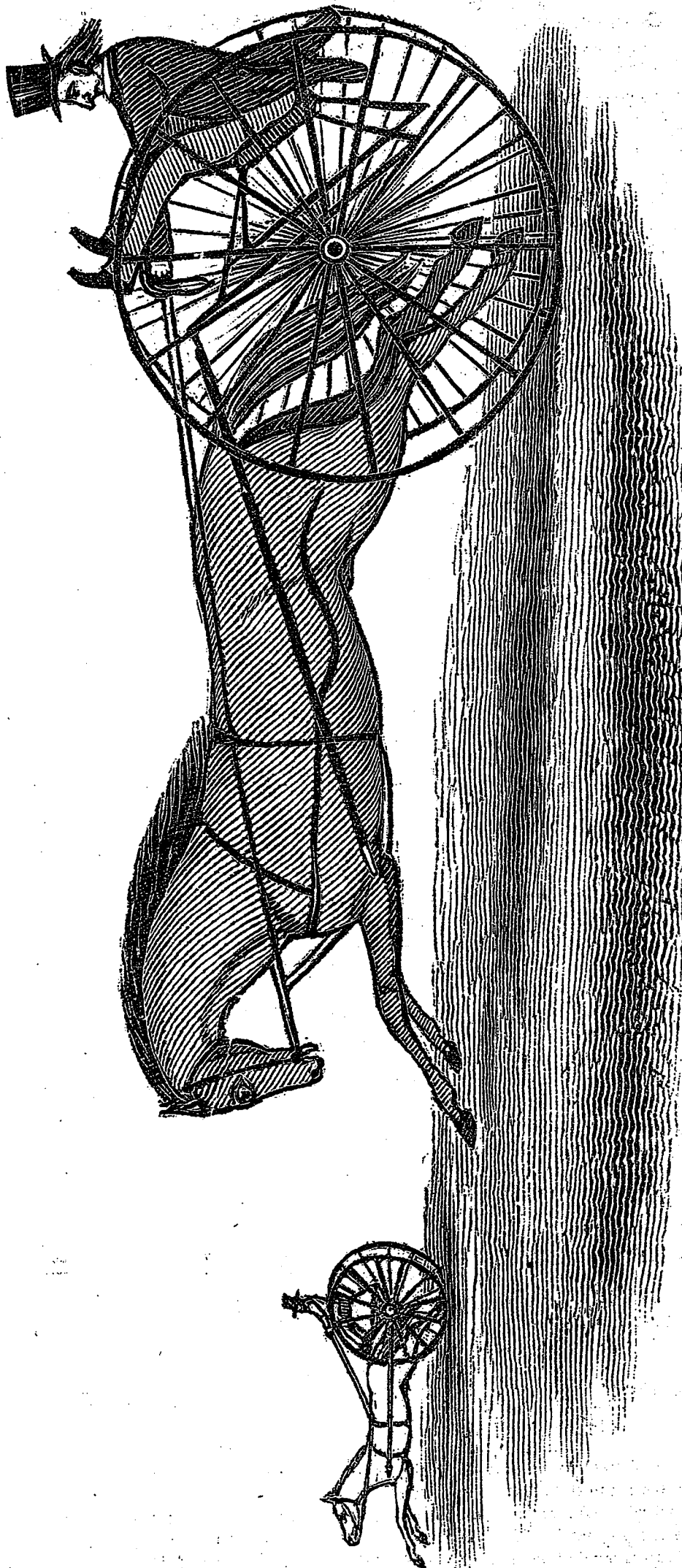
The celebrated jockey, Bob Moody was on Tuesday last thrown by the Romain horse, and immediately took the cars to the west, to hide his disgrace.

It is said that both the Brown horse and the Romain horse are about to be sent to grass by the electors of Toronto.

Charlie Romain the well-known card player tried at the polls to make clubs trumps, but did not succeed.

## Sir Gordon Goosey Gander.

Her Majesty, the people, has been pleased to confer the honor of Knight-hood upon a certain "gawkey, ill-favoured lad" who made an ass of himself by hissing on a recent public occasion, and has graciously permitted him to drop the patronymic of Brown and assume that of Goosey Gander. Hurrah! for the sovereign people.



## THE ROMAIN HORSE AFFAIR.

AS IT APPEARED ON FIRST ELECTION DAY AT TEN O'CLOCK.

CHARLEY.—Well, it was a beastly trick of that fellow, Buggy, to put me in such a rotten buggy concern. I have now a kinder sort of suspicion that I am a somewhat damaged community.  
GEORGE ALLAN.—Very sorry for you, Mr. Romain, (aside) served you right.

## The Government Clerk's Song.

BY JONES OF THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.  
(Accompaniment by a Hand-organ.)

Alas for the promise I had  
Of an extra ten pounds to my pay;  
'Tis enough to make any one mad,  
To think how we're cheated to-day.  
Very small it is true was the sum,  
But that is no good reason why  
When the time for its payment had come,  
I should find it was all in my eye.  
Ten pounds would have done me more good,  
Than a hundred my neighbour next door;  
'Twould have bought me some eight cords of wood,  
Or have paid my account at the store.  
There's Annie, she said just to-day,  
"I would like to learn music, Pa dear,  
You won't have a great deal to pay,  
'Twill only be ten pounds a year."  
"But Annie," I had to reply,  
"The money I really can't get."  
The words cost her father a sigh,  
For his Annie was always a pet.  
But since I can't alter the case,  
Why then, let me banish dull care;  
Drive away every cloud from my face,  
And my troubles with cheerfulness bear.

## The Sacred Harmonic Choir.

Mr. Poker had the delight of attending the Oratorio of the "Messiah" last Monday evening. In our last number we gave feeble expression to our feelings in regard to the "Creation," performed by the Choir under Mr. Carter's direction; but now we think we said too little about the music itself. The "Messiah" pleased us quite as much, perhaps more, than the "Creation;" for while in the latter there are many passages of surpassing sweetness and tenderness, there certainly is not so much of grand and wonder-inspiring melody as in Handel's great work. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Carter, nor too much praise to the talented performers who assist him; in the "Messiah" the solo sung by Miss Davis, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was itself alone worthy of commanding a large audience, and Miss Kemp, we must add, performed her part equally well. A city that can boast such singers has something to be proud of. Our limits will not permit of our noticing the gentlemen performers, but many of them nobly distinguished themselves.

## Dr. Connor Forgetful.

It is said that Dr. Connor when in the presence of the Governor General addressing the assemblage at the University banquet did not speak of His Excellency as "a thing with a cocked hat and feathers with a sword by its side." He must have forgotten to do so for at London he said he would were he present repeat the language to his face.

## Contradiction.

We are desired by His Excellency the Governor General to state that his speech at the University banquet was not correctly reported in the *Globe*—that he did not in speaking of the Museum say that he hoped to see collected in it such remains as may from time be found of the *aboriginal* Indians of the country, &c.

## Musical Criticism.

A real, live humbug is our detestation. "Favete linguis" while we tell of one. Last Monday night on leaving the Hall after the performance of the "Messiah" by the Sacred Harmonic Choir, we stopped a moment to speak to a friend, one of Mr. Carter's coadjutors, and a gentleman skilled in music. We had been speaking together a minute or so, when a juvenis comes up, shakes hands with our friend, who asks him what he thought of the performance. "Oh," said he, with an air of great importance, "some of the choruses were pretty well. 'I'll show you my notes if you like;" then adding in a lower voice, "I'm engaged by one of the papers to give a report, I won't say anything very bad about you." This last was said in an encouraging tone of voice; the young man passed down stairs, and our friend remarked to us, "He knows as much about music as a tom-cat. According to his own confession, he is utterly ignorant of it."

How satisfactory it must be to men of musical talent to have their performances criticised by such an individual; since an ignoramus will always try to manifest an acquaintance with the subject, by pronouncing something amiss, and bestowing no more than a qualified commendation upon anything.

## University Dejeuner.

Mr. Worthington, the contractor for the building, after leaving the Dejeuner remarked that he never heard Dr. McCaul utter real eloquence as on that day. What words did he use, was the interrogation of our informant. "He said," replied Worthington, "Sigh Monument,"—"I was so overpowered I could not remember the rest." (Si monumentum, queries circumspecte.)

## The Goose and the Gander; How and Then.

The night was dark, a hostile Gaul  
Had nearly scaled the hostile wall  
Of Mars protected Rome;  
But ah! a goose with wakeful ear,  
Hearing a stranger's footstep near,  
Loud cackling saved her home.

For to the spot Rome's warriors speed,  
The daring Gaul his daring deed  
Atones for with his blood;  
While those about to climb the height,  
Betake themselves in rapid flight,  
Beyond the Tiber's flood.

In later days "a gawky youth,"  
A gander, if we tell the truth,  
Reflecting deep on this,  
Thought if a goose could win a name,  
A gander sure could do the same,  
And so he tried to miss.

He hissed, but ah! the surly crowd,  
With mutterings deep, not very loud,  
Soon bade him stop the game;  
The hissing gander sneaked away,  
He found that hissing would not pay!  
He missed the envid fame.

## Rewards.

The *Poker* offers a reward of a sight of the Comet for:

1. A speech of Dr. McCaul, made on an educational subject, in which he did not drag in the University College, and give figures to show its yearly prosperity.
2. A speech of Dr. Ryerson, in which he did not drag in the common schools, and take credit to himself for their present prosperity.
3. A speech of Dr. Wilson, in which he did not speak of an æsthetic something or other—people—individual—building or unity.
3. A speech of Mr. Langton since he was made Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University, in which he did not shower praise on the Governor General.
5. A speech of Colonel Irvine P. A. D. C. in which he never said anything that anybody could understand.

## To Write a Musical Review.

1. Refer to the audience as large, small, or respectable.
2. Praise everybody in general.
3. Censure somebody in particular.
4. The result is a *Musical Review* suitable for all occasions. Example:—"Mr. Carter's performance of the *Messiah* last evening was not well attended, (first point.) Most of the choruses were sung well, and with precision. (second point.) The gentleman who sung "My rebuke hath broken his heart," should not have been entrusted with a solo." (third point.) Musical review in *Globe* of Tuesday last, (the Result).

## University Degrees.

In reading the list of guests at the University banquet, Scroggs says there are some affixes of which he is not quite sure what they mean. He says he knows "B. A." to mean "Big Ass" and "D. C. L." to mean "Deuced Clever Lawyer," but that "M. L. C." is something new to him. He suggests however that it may mean "Mean Lying Cur." Supposing this to be correct he says he can understand why Charley Romain was so anxious to acquire that degree.

## To Correspondents.

HARRY SWEETPHAGE.—Your letter contains some very good things, but is too verbose, with your leave we may use some portions of it for the next number, or you can re-write it and condense to half's length.

AMICUS.—We must inquire about that first, or have proof that the statement is "oll kor-rect."

## "The Poker"

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