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July 15.

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July 15, 1859.

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Care should be taken that the holders used
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1

THE POKER.

"GENUS DURUM SUMUS EXPERIENSQUE LABORUM."

VOL. II.

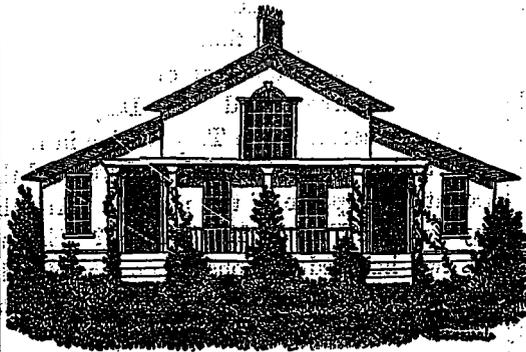
TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

No. 2.

Fire Alarms.

A correspondent full of that refreshing *naivete* and unsophisticated simplicity which eminently characterize residents in the country (that is of course, to say, when said residents do not happen to be members of the Townsend Free-and-Easy Club, ruralising with a view to the improvement of their prospects as well as health) communicates the following in the abundance of his heart:—"It was mid-night, silent and solemn, a season intended for meditation, not for sleep, Diana was driving her rapid chariot along the firmanent, a road (to borrow the language of Homer,) macadamised with nuggets that put to shame the products of Pike's Peak; by the way we often wondered how that antiquated virgin managed to navigate that one-wheeled buggy of hers; but it works, we suppose, on the same unknown principle as the Rotifera—"the sentinel stars had set their watch in the sky"—(Campbell suffers)—though whether under the influence of narcotic or stimulant they appeared more than usually somnolent, at least if we may judge from the frequent winking motion of their eyelids. We never felt our infidelity in the fancies and visions of the old astrologists so vehemently shaken: the heavens, to speak algebraically, seemed to assume the form of an equation, long, complicated and abounding in difficult "roots," to be sure, but yet one which for its satisfactory interpretation required but the value of one unknown and magical quantity x . While busily endeavoring to obtain the solution of said difficult equation with a view to its subsequent insertion in Maclear's Almanac, for the benefit of mathematical readers, my calculations were violently arrested, and of consequence a very fair chance of becoming distinguished (moonstruck, a malicious young lady suggests) was ruthlessly torn from my eager grasp, by an incident very uncommon here, but which I am informed by a travelled friend of mine, is considered with you of ordinary interest and importance. My attention was rather suddenly attracted by the appearance of a bright light at no great distance, and before I could make up my mind to adopt any course of action, the immense sheet of flame which dazzled my eye convinced me that the slave of Prometheus had openly revolted and taken up so strong a position that the only hope lay in cutting off the supplies and thus starving him out. But with the roar of the flames there was intermin-

gled a frequent shrieking, so shrill and dismal that it pierced to the dividing of the joints and marrow. At the same time I could plainly distinguish the forms of men engaged in removing the inanimate bodies of what appeared to be children. Surely methought that must be some ill-fated boarding school, the inmates of which are thus so rudely awoken from their placid slumbers of childhood. I could no longer restrain my impatience to see the full extent of the dismal tragedy. Having, therefore, like Æneas, (*vide* Virgil, Book 2) arranged myself in those articles of apparel usually deemed indispensable to a public appearance, I sallied forth and after some time and many Quixotic, though involuntary tournaments with pine stumps and similar obstructions—for I was at that time totally unacquainted with the district—I reached the scene of the fire, which, after all, merely amounted to the destruction (inmates included) of a gigantic pigstye!



Homestead Letters.

We are happy to announce that we have succeeded in securing the services of that veteran Political Photographer, "W. L. M.," to contribute a series of letters to the *Poker* on matters and things in general. As it has put us to the extravagant outlay of \$00,000 per week we trust those communications, to be termed the "Homestead Letters," will be liberally encouraged.

LETTER 1.—CONTENTS.

Will-Yum Lay-on Make-Em-See persists in restating his age, and challenges Blondin to feats of activity, and stumps him with the deeds of '37.—Discourses discursively of things in general.

Some officious fools that can't mind their own business, or, what is more likely, have no business to mind, are always bothering me about my age. Before entering upon other

matters, I therefore beg the readers of the *Poker* to understand, that I now repeat what I have asserted for the last ten years without contradiction, and what I hope and expect to live and assert for the next twenty years to come, that I am exactly SIXTY-FIVE!! As to my activity, I can run and jump with any boy of my age. All America has been lauding that French Mountebank, Blondin, for his feats in crossing the falls. But Blondin is just like our political acrobat Brown, he will allow no one a share in his glory. He has had the despicable meanness to conceal from the public this challenge I sent him a few days ago, viz:—"That if he, Blondin, would undertake to hold that wheel barrow steady, I would dance a Highland Fling in it all the way over, and accompany myself with a skirl on the bagpipes." I got no answer to this; which I set down to national envy and jealousy. When will men grow generous and allow their minds to soar and soar as lofty as their bodies?

But after all, Blondin has done nothing at the falls comparable to what I did there in 1837.

It was well known to Sir Bond Head that I stuck to the burning "Caroline" to the last, and great was the joy of the harpies when it was asserted by those who cut her out and fired her up, that I had gone over with her. They never could account for my re-appearance on Goat Island with a whole skin. I never told the story before, but the facts are these:—When the boats boarded we just blew off one musket with a little powder in it, just to frighten the lads, for we didn't wish to hurt any one.—McCormick got his hand burnt by the powder. Then they all came on very brave. Two big bull-headed Englishmen came up to me—one was Captain Beer or Porter, or some such name, the other was young Light, of Niagara, a strapping six-footer,—now Warden of Oxford. I wasn't *exactly* Sixty-Five then, but very strong. Stooping down I caught young Light by the heels, as an ordinary man might a cat, and whirling him round my head fetched old Beer and Porter down leaving em both stunned. While the harpies were clearing the decks and firing the vessel, I jumped down the after cabin, got the end of a new coil of rope, passed the end out of the cabin windows and got it made fast to the wharf. Away went the "Caroline." I paid out and paid out my rope till just as she was tipping over the falls, when out I jumped and hauled myself back to the wharf, hand over fist. I clambered up and stood before our hor-

ror struck fellows, gasping and dripping; they ran away swearing I was a bloodless, marrowless, unannealed apparition of a man mermaid. Do you hear that, Dom Blondin? But I dare say you, like "Dom Blake," got well paid for your tom-foolery, while I, who saved a fine province to Britain, have got more kicks than ha'pence.

Enough of this. I am sick of our present system of Colonial rule, and of parties under it, and intend to return no more to the legislature while it lasts. In these letters, however, I shall take care to let the people know what I would have done for them, but for the Browns, the McDoo-Galls, Cartiers, John A.'s *et hoc genus*; and first, here's a speech which I delivered; but to which a corrupt press refused to give publicity:

THE SPEECH.

"MR. SPEAKER—When I came to Canada in the year nineteen, now forty years ago, Mr Speaker, Dr. Strachan was laying his schemes to fatten himself and a hundred other persons by fastening themselves on to the vitals of this country. That was after Waterloo, Mr. Speaker, and before Mr. Hume, whom I met in London when I represented the grievances of Canada in 34, 35 and 36, had carried his reform measures and helped to take the tax off the bread of 30,000,000 of people. When, Mr. Speaker, St. Paul went out to Cappadocia, and left Gamaliel, just as Dr. Strachan left the Dominion of Kettle, did St. Paul fasten himself on to the revenues of the Greeks or the Romans, or did he build a palace of brick in the heart of the city of Athens, and help the Boulton's and the Robinson's of the Grecian capital to rob and plunder the people? Did St. Paul claim a seat in the Upper Chamber of the Athenian Senate, and make a grab at fifty-seven rectories?

Upon my sincerity, Mr. Speaker, it's a strange world. When I remember, Mr. Speaker, Provost Rough o' Dundee, and an excellent man he was, a *tailented* manufacturer of gloves—when I remember him, Mr. Speaker—before the Reform Bill was thocht possible—struggling Sir, with a handful of other reformers, to get the people stirred up to their rights, and when you and I, Mr. Speaker, read the story of William Tell and William Wallace, there's some room for hope yet, although I'm free to confess we have a precious bad lot to deal with. There's the Hon. Postmaster General for instance, Mr. Speaker. There he sits smiling (hear, hear, from Mr. Smith), smiling Sir, as if he thought there never was anything so comical as my yellow wig. Little cares the honorable gentleman, Mr. Speaker, with his bags on his back and his nine thousand yearly in his pocket—for reform. His family have been loud on the people's side in their time; but now they've got place, what care they for the people, unless it be to join a tawdry Orange procession, as I'm told the honorable gentleman does when he's at home. Oh! Mr. Speaker, how I hate



The Key of the Padlock found on Church Street.

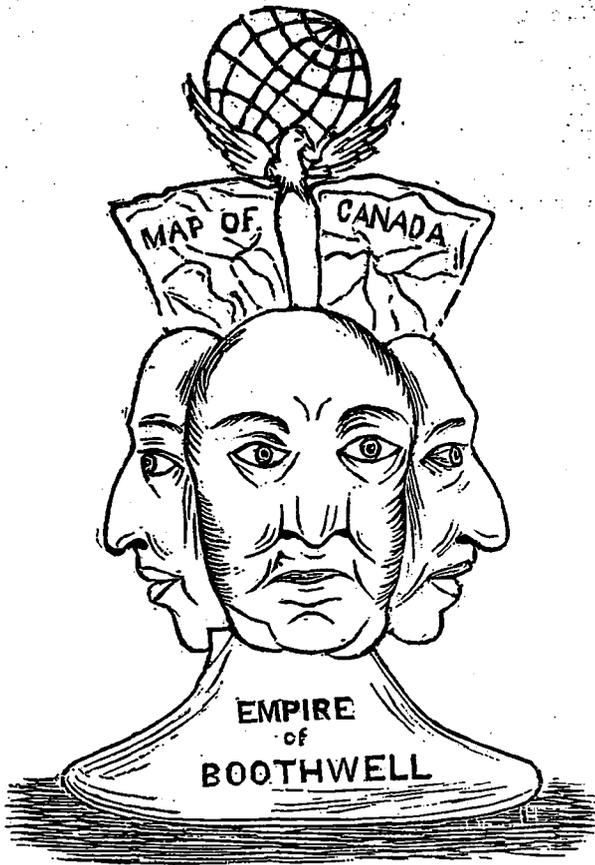
your fair weather reformers, but my hatred seems to do little good or ill to them. The honorable gentleman sits smiling and content, just like his neighbor there at the head of the Upper Canada Law, and, Mr. Speaker, a *tailanted* man *he* is; but sadly does he throw away his powers, and grasp at his place along with his French brethren, who used to carry guns when they wanted reform, and bawled like bulls of Bashan, till they got pensions from Downing Street, at the instance o' Lord Durham and Poulette Thompson. That's the Government of this country, Mr. Speaker, and upon my sincerity isn't it a precious sham? Seven thousand years ago, Mr. Speaker, and that was long before your Penitentiary was built, they had a primitive state of things, and men were ashamed to be dishonest and greedy, and to plunder like your Strachan's and Bethune's, and the over-fed priests of the Episcopalian tribe, who grabbed the best portion of the lands of Upper Canada before a single plank was laid down for a side walk in this city, Mr. Speaker; and here we are in the year of grace 1858, paying four and five shillings in the pound to keep up a set of hungry officials like your Gurnetts and your Dalys, because they were useful to the Tory faction in former days, and now must be fed, and well fed they are, at the expense of the people. Are they any better in France, Mr. Speaker? England has two hundred millions to govern in India. Does she govern them any better than the Heads and Elgins she sends here to govern us? Twofifths of China has been for nine years in a state of insurrection, and at the Crimean war thousands fell, because their rulers quarrelled.—Does the world improve? and will this Province not repudiate its debts as they do in Mississippi and Mexico? Where is the money to come from? Will your Inspector General get it from Collector Spence—a fine specimen of a sleek official is that collector. If he had lived in Naples he would have been on the government side and against the people; and yet we bear all this Mr. Speaker, because as long as Downing Street governs us, and Europe is constantly threatened with wars, how are we to be better governed? The poor cringing creatures from Lower Canada, whom I helped in former times, what better are they now that they have got place? are they more honest? Why do they tax us to pay for their farms? Why do they put Collector Spence in an office at the back of a high desk to fleece

and burden our merchants? Can this last Mr. Speaker? Did the Boston merchants stand it ninety years ago, before you or I was born, Mr. Speaker? Did they submit to *their* Spences? More than three thousand years ago Nebuchadnezar's kingdom was taken from him, because he drank wine at the expense of an over-taxed people, and what was the consequence? He had to go and eat grass like the beasts of the field, and the nails on his fingers grew like eagle's claws. Are the Strachans and Heads any better? Is Europe not in a blaze? and who protects your fisheries in the Gulf from the French? Will Sir Knight Tache of Windsor fight for you? A peoples' prosperity Mr. Speaker, is seen in their industry. But where's your industry Sir? Do you manufacture anything but knaves? Ten bushels of wheat to the acre—falling prices—and starvation in the County of Bruce, make fine prospects for a contented, happy and loyal population! The Sepoys in India refused to handle grease; what was the consequence? Did England take away the grease and give them butter? No, Mr. Speaker, and with your ten millions paid to the Grand Trunk what return do you get? a host of Government officials and more Government paper needed. Upon my sincerity Mr. Speaker, Lot would have found as few companions in Toronto as he did in his own municipality.—Seven millions of people in Naples cry out for liberty; do they get it? I find no improvement, and if we depend entirely on borrowing in England, can there be any improvement here more than in Naples or Mexico?

I was once younger than I am, Mr. Speaker, and as we grow wiser we get more experience. Can an extravagant people be happy? What became of the Philistines and the Hittites? Their Custom Houses and their Grand Trunks didn't save them—and why is that sly and sleek Caledonian, Lord Elgin, sent to open up Japan? Do they want to make another Canada of it—to make places for their Greys and Russells, and Cannings, and Bruces? The people of Japan are happy—will it improve them to give them a Hincks and a Grand Trunk? I doubt it, after forty years of public life—I doubt it much Mr. Speaker, and if I speak as I do Sir, it is because I belong to neither one side nor tother, and am content to leave office to place-hunters."

Here I sat down and watched the effects—but I fear its no use talking. I am willing, however, as the people seem to wish it, to remain quietly in harness, and next week I shall say something more about Europe—the Browns—Doo-Galls, and Dissolution of the Union. For the present then farewell.

A word about the War. Austria's army with all its fixings, likewise that of the French, take up much room in Italy just now. Grey and Baldi backs the French. Q Sooth is Hungary. Walker and I had agreed to go to Europe together, but now he tells me he has married a rich young widow in Mexico. I shall remain neutral till the war is over—hear that Dom Louis—then I shall go to Europe.—*See my Message, June 10.*



A SCOTCH MUG.

MR. BROWN—(To the East) Sectarian Schools. MR. BROWN—(To the West) Representation by Population. MR. BROWN—(To himself) Dissolution of the Union.

The City Council and Temperance



OUR City Councilors, after encountering with more or less success, the difficulties which presented themselves before them in their characters of "Reformed" Councilmen, have at last come to a dead lock. We confess too much was expected from them, but it was themselves who led people to expect it. Persons capable of judging, knew they could not do everything they promised, but still, there were some who determined to give them an opportunity of proving how far they would go. Some went into the Council to put down Orangemen as far as they could; others to put down intemperance. Some, to reduce the expenditure; others to make improvements in our municipal government. But what we have to do with now, is, their doings with the Temperance people. It was well known that several members were elected by what is known as the "Temperance Party." These individuals have, unfortunately for themselves, got into trouble. As we understand, the Ontario Division, S. of T., sent in a petition to the Council complaining of the palpable infringement of the Provincial Statute, which requires all venders of liquors to desist from selling between the hours of seven o'clock on Saturday evening and eight

on Monday morning, and also directing the attention of the Council to the garbled extract of the law on the subject issued by the Inspector of Licenses. This placed our reformers in a difficulty. On one side were the Saloon-keepers, on the other, the Temperance people. What was to be done? If a move was made to enforce the law, they would draw on themselves the opposition of the former; if no action were taken in the matter, the condemnation and consequent opposition of the latter. Now we come to the amusing part of the affair. In order, if possible, to take a middle course, the License Inspector was directed to write to the Sons of Temperance as to the difficulty there would be in enforcing the law, owing to the scarcity of informers. In this epistle an insinuation was conveyed in the most delicate manner possible, that a great deal might be done to remedy the evil if persons could be found to turn informers. As much as to say, send the members of your Division around the City buying glasses of beer, &c., &c., so as to be able to give information against the guilty parties, and so carry out the law. This, as we are given to understand, is the substance of the communication. Well, after that, commend us to our License Board for impudence. With what delight the Sons of Temperance must have received the invitation to turn into the detective force. We await their action in the matter.

Canadian papers please copy the above, that Temperance men all over the Province may learn how to assist in carrying out the laws, giving, as the originators of the subtle idea, the names of the Toronto Reformed City Council.

Royal Lyceum.

Before noticing the "theatricals" of the week, we would take occasion to say a few words as to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Barry Sullivan, before his engagement with the managers of this theatre was concluded. Although his reception in Toronto was anything but worthy of his great reputation, still, before refusing to perform, he should have taken into consideration the loss that, in such a case, would fall on the managers, as they are less able to bear it than he. His conduct, in our opinion, is highly reprehensible, and we think he should have faithfully performed his engagement with Mr. Marlowe, even although Toronto people prefer "Nigger Shows" to the legitimate drama.

The Equestrian and Dramatic Troupe, now performing at the Theatre, have drawn pretty fair houses. They have with them two very well trained horses, which they bring out on the stage. We should also mention a third horse which, although not a spirited animal, yet was the object of a good deal of attention; we refer to the famous steed "Suggestion." All who have seen the play "Buck Bison," will agree with us in our remarks. Those who are fond of seeing fine horses, good riding, and thrilling incidents, have now an opportunity afforded them. The play for to-night is "Dick Turpin," and it will, we have no doubt, draw a large house.

The "Leader."

We are obliged to our cotemporary for introducing into its columns the lines on the *Ploughboy* Excursion, which appeared originally in our paper. But we must, at the same time, be allowed to state that they should be credited to us and not to the *Montreal Advertiser*. This kind of thing has occurred several times, and of it we are justly entitled to complain. Honor to whom honor is due.

R. H. POKER.

A "Lusus Naturæ."

The *Globe* quotes from the Port Hope *Guide* some strictures on the searcher at Suspension Bridge. Towards the end we find the following: "A gentleman should be placed in that office, and the six-footed boor who now insult those who cross the frontier ought to be sent to the County of Grey, &c." Why its monstrous to have such a monster as this insulting people. Couldn't we make a fair trade for Argus (a first rate searcher), Briareus, or some of those coveys whom Lempriere tells us about?

A Glass too much,

As the man said when he got hit over the eye with a tumbler.

A Model Editor.

"A fool, a fool, I met a fool, 't' the forest,
A Motley f.ol." —As you like it.

There is a newspaper published in Cornwall and edited by a person named J. H. Doyle. This individual has thought fit to give our paper a notice of rather a characteristic kind—if all that we hear of him be true. It is unnecessary to reproduce his remarks in our columns, suffice it to say that he *attempts* to assume a moral tone; calling our paper a receptacle for curses, and one not fit to be introduced into a family. Dragging in something regarding the Ministry, he takes occasion to remark that they "would be the better for the application of the lather of regeneration" (!) as he once heard an exhorter express himself.

This is then the person who undertakes to lecture us as to our profanity and immorality. We, in return, would direct *his* attention to his own *blasphemies*; and ask, do persons calling themselves Christians take his paper? But we understand the man with whom we have to deal. Even *his morality* has been called in question by some malicious individuals, and he has been, while resident in Hamilton—if he be the same person—the recipient of a castigation through *Branigan's Chronicles*.

At Ingersoll, we are given to understand, he attempted something in the newspaper line, but failed. Toronto was also honored with his residence for a time. He now turns up in Cornwall as the editor and proprietor of the Cornwall *Freeholder*. We are induced to give a little of his history by the consideration that it is such persons as he who disgrace the "fourth estate." Without education or refinement, persons like him cannot notice their cotemporaries but in the coarsest language; and his argument consists in the use of the foulest epithets, alike unbecoming a gentleman and a brother editor. It is, perhaps, necessary to say that he has treated our paper in the most scurrilous manner; going so far as to threaten the editors with personal chastisement whenever he comes up to Toronto. This we treat of course, with the contempt it deserves. But, should he think fit to do so, we are willing and able to defend ourselves.

Our Frontispiece.

We omitted to state in our last number that the beautiful Frontispiece that adorns the *Poker*, is taken from a design prepared expressly for us by Mr. R. C. Todd, the celebrated English Artist, and engraved by Mr. Thompson of King Street—how well we will not say—for we care not sounding our French Horn as Mr. Brown and his followers do.—But we can say what others have said, and that is "that it is the best piece of work that has ever been got up in the Province." It was electrotyped by a firm in Buffalo, through D. K. Feehan's Agency.

Tom McGee, Tom McGee.

Och, Darcy McGee it's no wonder you're down,
Och hone, Darcy McGee;
When Mac would'nt have you, you took up with Brown,
Och hone, Darcy McGee.—SAM. LOVER.

Tom McGee, Tom McGee
Bundle up man, and flee
To the land of John Mitchell and slaves, man;
On a good "fat" plantation,
You'll have no botheration."
But to chime in with John when he raves, man.
In that blest land of freedom (?)
Talking quacks they much need 'em,
For they glory with *bosh* to be crammed man;
So once more try your luck
In republican muck,
For on this side your character's damned, man.
Ha! to beg of John A.
For place, power, and pay.
An' for your pains get the mean knock-em-down, man;
And then out of spite,
To declare black was white,
And hob-nob with "Broad-Protestant" Brown, man.
For this, friends of the "Church"
Hav' left you in the lurch,
A go-between none of them craves, man;
And when Brown's by your side,
Honest men all deride
And proclaim you a pair of poor knaves, man.
But which is the greater,
Statesman, farmer, or waiter,
Without the least doubt put you down, man;
Though Scotchmen are "canny,"
Lang, rattled-tongued Sauny,
By Loyola's been hoaxed and done brown, man.
So McGee poor McGee,
Take your "traps" up and flee,
For, "avec," your Canadian career, man,
'T'wixt the *Witness* and *Globe*
'S been a black, bungled job,
So "clear out," sir, you're not wanted here, man.

QUIZ.

Oddities of the Law.

AS TO ACTORS.

Tumbling is not an entertainment of the stage within 10 Geo. II., c. 28, for which vide 6 T. R. 286.

Players are not included in the English Vagrant Act. 5 Geo. IV., c. 83.

AS TO EAVE DROPPERS.

Eave droppers are a common nuisance, and punishable by fine and finding sureties for their good behaviour. Black Com, Vol. IV., 168.

AS TO SCOLDS.

A common scold, *communis riratrix*, (for our law latin confines it to the female gender) is a public nuisance to her neighborhood.—For which offence she may be indicted; and if convicted, shall be sentenced to the ducking stool; whence she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment. Black, Vol IV.

HINT TO THE LAW SOCIETY.

Suffering mischievous animals, having notice of their propensity, to run loose is a public nuisance, for which an indictment lies. Vet 172; Dyer 25; 2 Salk 662.

Recipe for warm weather.

Endeavor to keep perfectly cool. As we wish it to be generally known, we make no secret of it, and charge nothing for the information.

The Spirit Works.

TORONTO, July 13, 1859.

DEAR MR. POKER—

I am a Clear Grit and no mistake, a true blew Brownest, and my blood boils when I read in the *Globe* the rascally way we are treated by the Government. Bedad I am often ready to cry out like the plaintiff in an action for battery, when he heard Counsellor Curran tell the jury what ill usage he got, "Oh murder, sure I never knew till now how kilt and tormented I was." But Sir, the very hair of my head stands on an end when I read to-day in the *Globe*, from what they call the *Spirit* of the Press, and faith, Sir, a heavy press it was on my spirits, I can tell you. Not only do they spend our money says he, but unless there be a separation we are to be saddled with our abandoned wives. Well Sir, the very heart rose to my mouth, for you see Mrs. Downey and myself never pulled well together; Attorney Roe said it was owing to incompatibility of temper. So one fine morning I gave her the slip; showed her the full fronts of the back-seams of my stockings, and never rested until I put the Atlantic between us, and now Sir, because she says I abandoned her, am I to have her strapped to my back—fourteen stone weight and more, and the thermometer at 90. You may talk of ambition that o'erleaps the saddle, but bedad if we could leap from under it, it would be nearer to the point. Now, Billy Costello, who is a bit of a scholar, talks of figures of speech, and of one Katty Cresus, but you may call me an *omadawn* if I don't quit the country before Katty Downey or any other Katty is clapped upon my back. So no more at present from yours truly,

PAT DOWNEY.

An Indisputable Expression of Public Taste.

1st NEWSBOY.—*Daily Globe*, only three coppers—all about Mr. Brown's great speech—only three co-appers!"

2nd do.—"*Daily Colonist*, Dr. Ryerson's letter to George Brown, only three coppers!"

2nd do. to 1st do.—"Well, Hankey, how goes der papers ter day?—I haint sold enuff ter buy a chaw of terbaccer."

2nd do.—"Nor I haint sold enuff ter buy a penny cigar and der pea-nuts."

FOLLOWING DAY.—SCENE, KING ST.

1st NEWSBOY.—"*Daily Globe*, all about der Keys and Sickles' Tragedy, only three coppers."

2nd do. meeting 1st.—"*Daily Colonist*, all abo—, hello, Fatty, haint dis yer a god-send? Look yer, old hoss, guess this 'ill do yer eyes good (shaking his pocket at him)."

1st do.—"Golly, Hanky, guess we kin afford to go to der Lyceum ternight, and have enuff left ter buy der pea-nuts. *Daily Globe*, only three co-op-pers."

A few Simple Notes for young Members.

BY HORACE HORNEM, M. D.

"Dum vivimus vivamus."

Enticement—Take heed young man; give ear to words of wisdom! Be thou as the lamb amongst wolves, striving to escape. Let not Enticement unfurl her thralling banner!

Ambition—Pursue not Ambition, but rather perform that duty, which, as a member, it be-hoves you to do.

Pride—Young man, be not proud; this weapon is dangerous. Return not anger for anger, but smiles. Should foes surround you, bow beneath their blows, but return them not. This is true Wisdom.

Intemperance—Young man, "fire-water" truly is a deadly poison; it knaws the soul, and awakeneth slumbering passions. Yield not, but hurl the venom from you; close thy lips when it approaches. Yearly then will thy income increase, and more worthy actions be performed.

Generosity—Young man, be generous; not as a spendthrift, but kindly extend the hand of benevolence.

Fight not—Young man, this action is contemptible, and, young man, it is only resorted to by those, who, having misbehaved, endeavour, by an exhibition of ferocious conduct, to hide their evil doings: intending to strike all opponents with terror. Hear then, O youth, and profit!

Honesty—Young man, being otherwise than honest is shameful. Friends will smile on you whilst money is gained, but, young man, as chaff separates from grain, so will they flee, should riches fail.

Revelry—Young man, give not thy days to feasting, but live thou as man should. Then will thy body experience pleasure in its loveliest form, and there will be bliss.

Dress—Young man, what is dress? It is not to display a tailor's inventive faculties, or to flash with innumerable brilliants; but rather to be comfortably encased in substantial clothing.

Revenge—Young man, let not revenge enter your heart; it is dangerous, and leads to a felon grave.

Jealousy—Young man, shun jealousy; it truly earns the flesh which daily appeases its appetite. Members are prone to this, yet, forbear? Thy name will then shine preeminent, for true wisdom.

Time—Young man, let not time glide over wasted hours, be thou as a faithful sentinel—ever watchful. Then, after days being reviewed, shall produce golden visions. Thy heart will be proud.

Reading—Young man, give not thy mind to empty reading; but grasp a priceless gem. Store thy brain with precious annals.

Sundays—Young man, spend not thy Sun-

days abroad; think not this day an extra, unmarked space; weigh well each deed performed thereon, and see it be worthy.

Church—Young man, go not to this Holy Sanctuary purposely to display some despicable bauble. Be thou, when there, intent upon he who speaks; give thy thoughts, as also thine eyes.

Premier—Young man, thou may'st one day take a seat as Premier—O then let the words of wisdom be harkened to! Think not thyself higher than another. Wert thou King of England, yet ought thy heart to be the same as when a simple member. Choose not those for Ministers who long for gain, but, with a steadfast purpose, cling to humble honesty. Money, young man, will one day be nothing; then only virtue will win laurels and everlasting happiness.

Conclusion—Young man, remember these words, let nothing cause thee to swerve from a glorious path. All things connected with earth are "fleeting shows." Scorn mean actions; pity those who perform them. These short sentences are given, with heartfelt anxiety, and a sacred wish that they may do good.

London, C. W., July, 1859.

O are ye sleeping, Headie?

O are ye sleeping, Headie?
O are ye sleeping, Headie?
Let me in, for oh, my tin,
Unlike my tongue, is seldom ready;
Long have I pleaded to be placed
With Grit, Conservative or Tory,
And many a "rousing whid" I've faced,
Amidst the fury of the foray.
O are ye sleeping, Headie? &c.

Fearfu' raged the battle's din,
And oft the contest made me cerie,
But aye the hope I'd yet get in,
Through all our battles kept me cheery,
O are ye sleeping, Headie, &c.

Long have I dreaded John A. Mac,
His sarcasm is ever ready,—
Lord! let me gi'e the loon a whack—
O let me in my bonnie Headie,
O are ye sleeping, Headie? &c.

He oped the door, he let him in,
And clappit him upon the shoulder;
George fidget, and laugh, and cried, "By jing,
Now John A. Mac shall feel my pounther!"
"Now since you've made me, Headie,
Now since you've made me, Headie,
What care I for Cartier's cry,
For the whole pack I'm primed and ready."

POSTSCRIPT.

O hear ye that pibroch sound fierce on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with howling and wail?
It is Brown with his army, his fate he deploras,
For in three days they kicked his black squad out of doors. Quiz.

Half Dead.

The *Globe* of July 14, informs us upon good authority, that the average of deaths in all Canada is 10½, &c." After due consideration we came to the conclusion that, according to this statement, out of every thousand Canadians 10 die, and 1 becomes "half-dead;" for evidently when the half of a man is dead, he is "half-dead."

"Ye Merrie Sons of St. George take it into their heads to be merrier."

PREFACE.

Every one knows that the St. George's Society, commonly known as the *Merrie Sons*, had an Excursion to Barrie on Tuesday last. Every one has read the graphic descriptions given in the several newspapers of the singing of "God Save the Queen," by the *Count*, and not been well enough performed, was sung over again—much to the disgust of the people—by Signor Balfe Cartonia's splendid Glee Club, of the Pic-Nic, of the Dancing, of the Dinner, of the Paddock, and lastly of the *Bricks*. But have the newspapers given the adventures, the exploits, the hair-breadth escapes of Bobby Burstful, and why have they declined to publish this great man's deeds?—why? because Brown, Beaty, and even Thompson, would be jealous; they want to immortalise themselves, not others. We are not caring for anybody; not even for ourselves, (in this matter) we lay Burstful's history before the wide, wide world. But we alone are authorised to publish it.—The "copyright is secured;" so therefore, we want no one to pilfer it from us.

ADVENTURES OF MR. BOBBY BURSTFUL AT YE EXCURSION OF YE MERRIE SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

CHAPTER I.

Did arrive right early at ye Railway Depot with my Mrs. and ye three little Burstfuls, carrying sundry baskets of ye provender, with a cart following, loaded with ye same, nothing more excepting ye Pale Brandy, and ye London Porter (ye double x). Ye roses so scarce could only get one for ye self; ye Superintendent did ask ye young Burstfuls why they did not wear ye Roses, as ye notice was stuck up on ye wall "that all Englishmen were to wear ye Rose on ye breast." I did reply ryghte knowingly that it was only ye Englishmen, not ye English children that were to wear ye roses. Ye Superintendant sloped, swearing he would'nt vote for me as Vice-President at ye next election in ye Society. Did go into ye cars; did find ye same filled; ay! crammed with ye ladies' crinolines; could not find ye seats for ye family and self. Did place my luggage on ye fair lady's crinoline; ye fair lady did scream, and did bring to her assistance a gentleman, who, seeing fair lady fainting, did let fall into ye arms. Ye fair gentleman did mutter curses deep and heavy on ye "mutton-headed Englishman," (meaning me) and saying when ye lady did get better that he would *fix* me. Did slope ryght off into another car, with ye wife scolding, and children crying after ye heels. Did swear for ye first time that I would never go to any more of ye excursions with ye wife and ye children. Did get among a lot of ye jolly set of fellows, who called ye wife *Madams*,

which did make her feel exceedingly proud, and did poke me in ye ribs, and tell such stories as to make me quite jolly. Did open one bottle of ye Brandy; did pass it all round; ye friends did say it tasted nice; did pass another bottle round; ye friends did say it was good, but could not say if it was the superfine. Did pass ye bottle round again; ye friends did say it was *very good and superfine*. Did arrive at Bell Ewart. Put on board ye steamer. One of ye young Burstfuls was unfortunate enough to drop ye basket with ye Brandy into ye Lake. Did curse him righte heartily and pound him unmercifully; did in return receive an unmitigated tongue-thrashing from Mrs. Burstful, and a scolding from all ye ladies. Did retire with a whole pile of ye "Merrie" men into ye Bar-room, to console ye self; did console ye self, and did break ye tumbler into ye bargain, for which I had to pay righte hard. Did make friends with Mrs. Burstful and all ye little Burstfuls, and in return did receive two "busses" from ye former, and have my whiskers pulled by ye latter; did like it. Did go up stairs; was introduced to two of ye Misses Jumperton; did escort ye Misses Jumperton all around ye boat; ye Mrs. Burstful was in a great heat in consequence thereof; did get some Ice Cream for ye Misses Jumperton, and did spill one of ye glass-fulls over one of ye dresses. Miss Jumperton did get into one of ye greatest passions, and did threaten to get her big brother to fix me. Did slope backwards, and fall down ye stairs; did faint, but could hear my wife say that it was *good* for me; did say that she told an untruth; my wife did pull out my hair by ye roots to ye great amusement of ye by-standers; did ask what they meant by laughing, and they did laugh still; I sat down. Did arrive at Jackson's Point; did leave ye wife and ye children to do as they liked, and did join ye "merrie men" under ye trees; did imbibe constantly, and have a confused idea of padlocks, &c., and of having got on board of ye steamer; did look over ye side and did see a monstrous big fish; did get ye fishing tackle ready, and did try for ye monster; did see ye monster make a desperate bite at ye bate, and ye line did pull like blazes, instead of me pulling ye line, ye line did pull me overboard. My hat did fly off with ye wind; did sink; did rise and did kick for ye hat; great consternation on ye shore; all did cry "look at ye great Burstful, he is drowning." Did kick and kick, and make ye noise with ye hands till I did get ye hat. Scarcely had ye hat been put on ye head when one of ye men on board did holler out "take care of ye Shark." Did strike out with all ye might for ye shore; could not move one of ye legs; did sink; ye wife who now perceived me from ye shore with ye children, did screech out, "Oh poor daddy, oh poor daddy;" did resolve as I did lie on ye bottom of ye lake, never to go to any more excursions. Ye men did come in ye boat and grapple for me with grappling irons; did haul me up, and did tow me into ye port with a rope. Did go on board ye boat, and did put on one of ye sailor's suits. Ye sailor did say, "never go crab hunting again;" did resolve I never would. Was very sick and did remain so until I arrived at Barrie, and until seeing ye dinner, (being an Englishman) my sickness did vanish. Did get near the President at ye table, so did fall in for plenty of ye champagne; did drink myself drunk; ye dinner did break up, and we did start for ye Railway Station, where we did arrive after passing through many bogs; did go into ye Bar at ye Station, and did imbibe, how much I cannot

say; but ye wife says I was carried on board of ye cars, and when I did get to bed that night I did kick ye bedstead down, dreaming of ye sharks, &c.; did resolve never to go to an excursion again without having one of ye Life Preservers.

The College Avenue.

Mr. POKER.

It appears that your worthy friend the *Grumbler* has cause to grumble at the misdeeds of the present "Corporation Blowers," for "blowers" there are undoubtedly in our City Council this year as well as last. Probably "Othello's occupation's gone," and the once vigorous, humorous and caustic *Grumbler* is indulging in the lap of ease, luxury and indifference, and thus preparing the way for that death which is sure to follow such a course. However, Mr. *Poker*, if such is the case be it your aim to try to prevent the present Blowers from perpetrating acts of spoliation and wanton destruction; and this brings me more immediately to the subject of this epistle, as Councillor Sterling would say, viz:—

"The College Avenue," that beautiful promenade, the only one in the city, the prettiest in British North America, the admiration of visitors, the place of enjoyment for the youth of our city is about to be destroyed. The beginning has been made, who will say how far off the end may be, and the Corporation of 1859 will be handed down to posterity as the spoilers of that which was so tastefully and nobly intended for the health, recreation and benefit of the inhabitants by its founders.—Would any one credit that such an act would have taken place with Councillor Pell as the Chairman of the Walks and Gardens Committee! There must surely have been some overpowering force brought to bear or he never could have assented thereto. Steam power must have done the deed; that power which is so close at hand and so good a servant is evidently here become the master; but is it not possible yet to let the fires out, to open the valves and thus to reduce it to subjection. Will no one move in the Council ere the trees are cut down, or if not, is there no "Hope" that will move the citizens ere the spoiler's axe goes forth. Valiant Alderman Sherwood will you not stand forth erect and denounce the deed; noble Councillor Finch will you not "resign" rather than have your name associated with such an act; portly Alderman Spruatt will you not reflect and think a little upon the subject; Alderman McCleary will you not say or do one thing during your one year of office that will be some credit to you; gallant Capt. Taylor, thou genuine British Tar, will you not "spare those trees;" for the fair one's sakes, Councillors Griffith and Wiman, come forth—where will you meet your own true lovers when those stately bowers are gone?—and thou, Alderman O'Donohoe, thou son of Erin's Green Isle, wilt thou say nought in such a cause? remember thy own dear laud so famed for its verdure and freshness, and let not

"The emerald gem of the western world
Be spoiled by the hand of a stanger."

And to whom else of the City Fathers shall I appeal, if to those I appeal it is in vain, unless

it be to Councillor Sterling, (ahem!) that sturdy British Oak, who never bows before the breeze, will he allow me to suggest to him as the basis of his discourse, the following lines:

"'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where beauteous trees abound,
And from a tree there came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

The scene is changed; no green arcade,
No trees all ranged a-row,
But scattered like a beaten host
Dispersing to and fro,
With here and there a sylvan corpse
That fell before the foe."

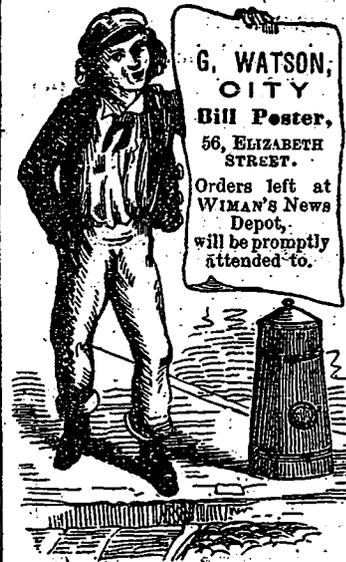
But, Mr. POKER, there is an idea occurs to me, may this question not be considered as one between the lovers of trees alive, and the users of trees when dead, for the present act of spoliation was brought about by an architect, and the carpenters, builders, *et hoc genus* of the Council, not forgetting that His Worship had a finger in the pie. But, perhaps, Mr. POKER, I am getting too lengthy, therefore, I will simply add, that I hope you will take the matter up and raise such a breeze about the Blowers ears as will tear the fences down, and leave the trees firmly rooted in the soil, up.

I am, Mr. POKER,

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF GREEN TREES.

Toronto, July 22, 1859.



Toronto, July 23, 1859.

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.

2-2t

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



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