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[TODD, Del.

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OPEN EVERY EVENING (Sundays excepted), under the Management of  
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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!**

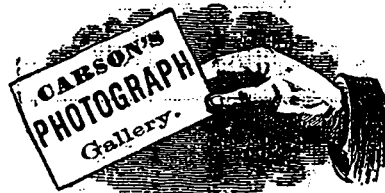
AT the FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT, No. 67, King Street East. Lunch every day from 11 to 4 o'clock. Soups of the choicest kinds always on ready. Game, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. &c., always on hand in their season.

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



Cor. King & Yonge Sts., Entrance  
6. in. 6, King St. West.

**EXCHANGE NEWS ROOM,  
WELLINGTON STREET EAST,  
TORONTO.**

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN attending the approaching FAIR will be admitted to the above Rooms GRATUITOUSLY.

6. 1t **WILLIAM ANDERSON,**  
Superintendent.

**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

**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.

**ALWAYS ON SALE,**

On the arrival of every English Mail, at Thompson & Co.'s, 77 King Street East,

THE Illustrated London News  
The Illustrated London Times  
The Weekly Times  
The News of the World  
Lloyd's Newspaper  
Punch, &c. &c.

All British and European newspapers promptly supplied to order on the lowest possible terms.

**R. C. TODD,**

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

Perauley 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

**THOMPSON & CO.,**  
77 King Street East.

July 15.

1

# THE POKER.

"GENUS DURUM SUMUS EXPERIENSQUE LABORUM."

VOL. II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

No. 7.

## Mr. Poker's Farewell to the Torontonians.



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

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

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

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

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

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

## Song—The University Park.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Duck It.



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

## HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

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

Toronto, August 23rd, 1859.

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

Yours, Mr. *Poker*, in dismay,

ONE BEHIND THE AGE.

## Announcements.

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

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

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

## Phrenology.

It will be observed by an advertisement in the *Colonist* of the 20th, that the Mayor has invited Professor Fowler, of New York, to lecture on Phrenology. This he has promised to do in October next, after he has fulfilled some pressing engagements. It is evident that there are many *fossils* in the Council which Sir E. Logan would call pre-adamite; and the Mayor, with one or two others, having discovered in the Council a great want of brains, they imagine themselves to be overburdened with the same, they have thought fit to invite Professor Fowler to decide the matter. It is to be hoped the Professor will press lightly on their *craniums* as he may put his fingers through and discover the vacant places in the skull where brains are supposed to be.

His Worship could not have chosen a better man than Professor Fowler, for a *fouler* set of birds were never congregated in a coporation nest before. We hope that the people will cleanse the augean stables next January.

There is no doubt but the Professor's examination will bring to light much secretiveness, selfishness, &c., and as Sandy terms it, "they will be found to possess a large amount back-head," or in other words the intellectual developments will be found to exist behind the ears. Veneration and love of mammon must be large. Brunel will be discovered to have some very large bumps, like the paving-stones he put down on Yonge Street, Others of the members whose sanctimoniousness at camp and class meetings for some years past, which by some were considered sterling, will now be discovered to be mere affectation. The bird that *carroll'd* over the College Avenue, will be silent, and loose his *notes*; he will find out that *plain dealing* and honesty are the best. Dunathan John, with all his pluck, after he has taken sundry horns, will not be able to stand the scrutiny of the professor of phrenology. He will be shown to be a bigger calf than any he has slaughtered for some time. The great Bell Ewart will be immortalised; but Bugg, O dear! Professor, do tell us about Bugg; has he got a peculiar liking for making side-walks, drains, and other jobs, which he understands. Sprout! does he froth over at times; we know his motto is, "Ginger! Pop goes the Weasel." The great O'Donogoo, no doubt, will be discovered to be always ready for *a(u)ction*. But this is sufficient for the the present; we may return to it again.

## Query by Quid.

Mister Poker, Sir, why does seem' a man what's not more flat than another remind me of you?

Ans.—Because he's no Flatter-er!—R. H. POKER.

## An Episode in Canadian History by Aboyz.

AND it came to pass that in the year A. D. 1858, there were assembled in Toronto, a great city in Canada, all the great men of the nation, and behold the "Great Council," (as this assembly was called) was divided into two factions, the *Goths* and the *Vandals*. But behold the *Goths* were the "ruling power," and among the *Vandals* there was a certain (would-be) great leader, who was a giant in stature with a great nasal organ, and behold! this great leader was one of those *odd born* individuals who never thinks anything is done right, unless it is done by himself. Well this remarkably great leader had a large number of followers; and behold [it] came to pass that a great Revolution took place in which the *Vandals* took part against the "ruling power," and after a great [amount of] skirmishing, in which no blood was spilt, but a great deal of *gas* was wasted, the *Goths* were beaten, and behold to the great leader's and all of his party's great joy, the *Vandals* took upon themselves the government of the country. But lo! in the midst of life is death. So in the midst of their rejoicings came destruction, after only having the government of the country for the short term of two days, the *Goths* finally triumphed, and immediately recovered their former power. The *Vandals* were completely beaten, and having no chance of doing anything to better their condition, immediately swore *allegiance* to the *Goths*. The country is now in a most prosperous condition; the great *Vandal* leader is now earning his living by the "sweat of his brow," having been made a present of a certain "dried up swamp," called "Bothwell," by a number of his former associates, where he sows his *corn* and *wheat*, and reaps the value of his honest labor. He regularly repeats the following lines from Byron's *Lament of Tasso*, which greatly eases him:—

I have been patient, let me be so  
I had forgotten half I would forget,  
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot,  
To be forgetful as I am forgot."

ABOYZ.

## The Pleasures of Hope.

OUR friend the *Old Countryman*, Mr. Hope, gave his Ball and Concert minus the Concert, on Wednesday evening. A portion of the profits of the entertainments—the admission being only one British Shilling—were to be devoted to the erection of a public drinking fountain. It was not intimated whether the drink was to be lemon nectar, sarsaparilla or ginger pop, at all events, many of the dancers after exercising at the rate some of them did, would have been too happy had the fountain been introduced into the St. Lawrence Hall

that evening. The *Canadian Rifles*, played some of their best selections which was worth the money without the dancing. Gaily dressed ladies, with wreathes of roses, joined in the polka, with youths with long coats and heavy boots, who did their best to put the fair ones through.

The pertinacity with which the *Old Countryman* acted as master of ceremonies was much to be admired.

He said a public fountain was a laudible object, and should meet the support of every citizen, whereas many had opposed him and some of the Corporation, that motly crew, tried to throw *cold water* on it; nevertheless, he *Hope-d* it would succeed. One of the members of the civic body deserved to be *Pell*-ted with sods off the walks and gardens. Dancing was kept up for some time. One of the ladies present concluded the evening's entertainment by singing, "*Hope* told a flattering tale."

## An appeal for Young Artists.

THE Reverend Superintendent of Education has done much for the young people of Canada, and Mr. *Poker* knowing his willingness at all times to aid those seeking information, makes this appeal to him on behalf of our young artists. The Normal School is well supplied with many excellent busts, statues and models, and we know many who would gladly avail themselves of their use had they an opportunity to do so. These young men are busily engaged during the day, and they cannot reap the benefit of Dr. Ryerson's kindness in opening the rooms during the afternoon, as it is by the midnight lamp they seek for that knowledge which they desire to possess. Will Dr. Ryerson take this matter into his serious consideration, and should he decide to have the rooms opened for an hour or two during each evening, he will do much to aid meritorious young men, extend the love for the fine arts among us, and win the good wishes of many a hard working student, as well as the golden opinions of Mr. *Poker*.

## The First Newspaper at Red River.

We have received from Messrs. Buckingham and Coldwell, the prospectus of a newspaper to be published at Fort Garry, Red River Territory.

"The *Nor'-Wester*" will be issued early in September, and from the well known talent of its publishers we can bespeak for it a deservedly prosperous career.

We wish these enterprising gentlemen every success.

## Very Necessary.

Under Romulus, the having (by either the husband or wife) false keys was allowed as a ground of divorce.



**Royal Lyceum.**

**H**IS place of amusement is to be again closed owing to want of support. During the week different members of the Company have been taking benefits. The benefit of Miss Jenny Glen came off on Monday last and was very successful. Miss Glen since her first appearance on the Toronto boards has been a general favorite. Always correct in her part, she acted naturally and with much *naivete*. We have no doubt that she will succeed in her profession.

Of the other members of the company we may say a few words. We are very sorry to part with Mr. Herbert, as his comicalities have commended him to every one—his acting is capital. Mr. Simcoe Lee has earned a name and reputation for himself, and we need only say that it is well deserved. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have always acted well. Den Thompson and Mr. Herbert were well matched, and we can hardly say which is the more comical.—The improvement made by Mr. Halford since we first saw him, is very creditable indeed to him. We could say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow that would not be a mere repetition.

Mr. Marlow takes a benefit to night, and Mrs. Marlow on Monday; no doubt both benefits will be successful.

**PROMENADE CONCERT AND BALL.**

This Concert and Ball was not so successful as it should have been; however, thanks to the excellent music supplied by the R. C. R. band, and the exertions of several young gentlemen (who we are sorry to say, received very little thanks) was by no means a failure.

The selections from the Operas played by the band were excellent, the selection from *Il Trovatore*, in particular: it equalling anything of the kind we have ever heard. Could not these concerts be kept up during the fall? Enough might be got to pay the Rifle band by charging a small fee, say 25 cents for admission. Mr. Pell, attention! We must not forget to mention Mr. Hope, who was the prime mover in the affair. His exertions are deserving of the gratitude of all who attended, and in their name we may be allowed to thank him.

**SONS OF MALTA.**

Their excursion passed off well. Every one seems to be pleased, and all appeared to have enjoyed themselves.

**Strange Discovery.**

The recent attempted destruction of the College Avenue, by a few of our patriotic Council, has brought to light some strange facts as regards a people supposed to be extinct. We all have read of the incursions and the excursions of the Roths and Vandals; however we have not to do with those tribes at present, but with others of "the same northern hive."

Several of our cotemporaries have called those destroyers Goths and Vandals; this, however, is not correct. It has been discovered,—though not by Dr. Wilson,—that they belong to, or rather are remnants of, the almost extinct tribes of the Allemanni (Alleymanni) and the Alani (a-lane-i). It is a question whether such good specimens—at least of those tribes—could be got in any other City in Canada.

**A Lament.**

Ah! woe is me! no rest have I  
From weeks to months, from months to years;  
My hollow cheek, my bloodshot eye,  
Excite no pity, draw no tears.

I travel like a drunken man—  
So weak and slender are my pegs,  
Though surely I do all I can  
To prove I've *bona fide* legs.

I eat and drink like other creatures,  
And take some comfort in that way,  
But then it don't improve my features,  
For they get thinner every day.

Reluctantly, I go to bed,  
And strive to nubilate my woes,  
By "balmy sleep," but my poor head,  
With nervous throbs denies repose.

I turn and twist, but find no rest,  
Dread thoughts perplex my tortured brain;  
I think, and think, how to be blest,  
But find my thinking all in vain.

My fluttering heart against my side,  
Thumps with a force that shakes my frame,  
Each artery throbs and life's red tide,  
Rushes tumultuously through each vein.

Pecks of pills I've swallowed down,  
And bitter draughts of every kind—  
Been bled and blistered by Dr. Brown,  
But no relief could we find.

The world—its business, pleasures, all,  
By others prized, are naught to me—  
I'll quit it now by a pistol ball,  
And die, a poor fellow, *d'ye see*.

CATARAQUE.

**Conundrum.**

What is the difference between the mythological Atlas and the *Toronto Atlas*?

Ans.—The one supported the *Globe*, whereas the other opposes it. The one always kept it on his shoulders, while on the contrary the latter has it frequently under its feet. The former kept it up, whereas the latter is endeavouring to put it down.

**A Suggestion.**

We would recommend "the base ball club" of this city to send a deputation to Mr. Brown for the purpose of securing (if it is not kicked to pieces) the ball mentioned so frequently by him in the *Globe*, as being "still rolling." We are inclined to think however, that there is little chance of its being in existence, as those opposed to Mr. Brown were sometime ago engaged in kicking the ball and the players from one end of the Province to the other.

**Public Drinking Fountain.**

By perusing our advertising columns it will be found that there is a public drinking "Fountain" already in operation in Toronto.

**Shakespeare on Clear Grits.**

"I had as lief be a Browniet as a politician."  
[*Twelfth Night—Act 3—Scene 2.*]

And politicians being as a class the most despicable of men, we leave the conclusion for others to draw.

A hint for advertising the Elephant—read Shakespeare's advice—

"To the Elephant."  
[*Twelfth Night—Act 3—Scene 3.*]

**A New City Daily.**

In the next Directory we hope it will be noticed that we have more than three city dailies in Toronto. As far as we can learn the "City Daly" has been passed over by, what appears to us to be, a strange mistake. We hope the Council will look into this, and see that their daily is not ignored.

**Correspondence.**

MR. POKER,—I am one of the number of that respectable class of individuals, whom the vulgar multitude in their little magnanimity of soul designate by the appellation of "counter hoppers." It is only a few weeks since I emigrated from the free and happy state of celibacy into that of matrimony, but short as the period has been, I have realized fully the truthfulness of the adage—

"The man that is married must weep and bewail,  
Like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail."

I am very philanthropically disposed, and knowing how very liable my brother knights of the yard-stick are, from a natural disposition, to follow into the same state as myself, I would, with your permission, Sir, offer a little bit of advice to the "favoured (of the ladies) and enlightened few."

Dear chips, before thinking of getting the chains of matrimonial conjugality thrown round your necks, think first of getting a snug little cottage, with all the necessary requisites pertaining to the comfort and felicity of your soul's *delight*. For pity sake, never leave it in the power of an old mother-in-law, or anybody else, three weeks after marriage, to bring the blushes to your modest cheeks, by putting the question, "young man why don't you take your wife home"? From this brief advice, Mr. Poker, I think you can hit pretty fairly at the precious position in which your humble servant is placed.

PICKLED PETER.

**Original Conundrums.**

(BY HORACE HORNEM, P. S.)

Why, at a certain period of his life, did Lord Byron resemble a *tallow-chandler*?

Ans.—Because much of that "certain period" was spent in affairs relating to *Greece*!

Why does a certain little paper known as the *Poker*, resemble a severe school-master's rod?

Ans.—Because it seldom appears without administering to foolish individuals "hard hits!"

## Editorial Correspondence of the Poker

PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Aug. 3, 1859.

**I**N order to get to this place you have to come by the railroad. This road is of great length and runs through a valley. The valley has a hill on either side; it was once a prairie; the soil is sandy and there are a few stones lying about. Each side of the valley rises up, and there is very little cultivation to be seen. Wheat and oats look light, corn and potatoes small. The neighboring river is shallow, its bottom is sandy, the banks are woody. The bridges are of wood—one of them cracked rather more than was agreeable, in passing over it.

The railroad does not pay—its stock is worth more than that of the LaCross road. There were extraordinary frauds in connection with this road—I heard the transaction stoutly defended by a farmer. I have conversed with an original stockholder. At one place on the way we passed some cattle grazing together.—When we passed the drift formation and got among the stratified rocks, the latter were to be seen occasionally peeping out.

Wherever the sand was light there was a liberal supply of dust in the cars. We started a covey on the track; these birds sell for a quarter of a dollar a brace, as a *banker* resident there, who invited me to go to take a day's shooting, as I passed up or down the river, assured me.

The houses are of wood. *Prairie Chickens* is at the confluence of the Wiss and the Miss. It is on flat ground. It was first visited by Pere Hennipen, in 1679; whence its name. It is a French settlement. How different from the Parisian French are these people now. When I was in Paris—but to the subject on hand. We got this distance by degrees, having to come to one place before we could get to another.

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 10.

I came here in the cars. The country we passed over is a prairie; it is generally flat. As soon as the land is broken up it grows a variety of weeds that never made their appearance before, one of which is very conspicuous and bears a white flower. A farmer who sowed ten bushels of wheat tells me that he does not expect to reap fifty. Wheat crop is a failure. Corn is a good crop. Cattle and pigs died from starvation last winter. A sure sign that they got nothing to eat. The kinds of grass grown here are timothy, red top, English blue, Kentucky blue, French pink, Canadian yellow and sparrow-grass.

We crossed the Skink river: it is not navigable. A gentleman tells me that a man died here of congestive pills: a medical man assures me that it is astonishing and I agree with him. The prairie ague debilitates the system. The typhoid which prevails results from malaria.

The diagnostick is very strange and necessitates the giving of diaphoreticks. The cuticle becomes diaphanick or rather pellucid. It is necessary to eat eupeptic food else eromition may ensue. Conjestion commences in the capillary vessels, and extending causes the patient to look blue.

[Now although we are only junior Editor, still we must protest against such letters being written to us. If it were not our editor who writes we would not publish them at all. We really cannot undertake to answer for the consequences which may result from inflicting those letters on the public. However we have done our duty in giving our opinion on the on the matter.]

## Memoirs of Great Men.

No. II.—GEORDIE BROWN.

**I**NCE upon a time there lived in a certain town of Scotland, a lad generally called "Geordie Broom." Well, this Geordie was naturally what is usually termed, "a smart laddie," and his kind old parental relative having sent him to school for a while, he showed a great aptness for learning. In the fulness of time Geordie became a man, and a tall man; and he said unto himself, "I will emigrate to some foreign country, and there pitch my tent, and become a great man." So he immediately set out on his pilgrimage in quest of the great Republic of the illustrious and patriotic Washington. And behold, after a long and tempestuous voyage he landed in a city called New York, wearied and lonely. After a short residence there he made himself acquainted with certain great men, and vainly endeavored for a length of time to become a great man. He was too well known, alas! Then said he to himself, "behold! I have no chance here, I will have to leave for other parts." After much thought on the subject, he decided upon going to Canada; thither he emigrated.—Having arrived safely (in Canada) he became acquainted with a number of great men. But behold, the Canadians are not as "wide-awake" a race of people as the dwellers on the other side of Lake Ontario, and the cunning and artful "Geordie" soon duped a part of them into the idea that he was the only really great man in the land. But there also lived at the same time, in Canada, another great man called "John A.;" and Geordie's party having caused a great revolution, in which at the end he came out only second best. He lost in the affair some of his most devoted followers, and what was little valued by him, his good name forever. He, unlike the subject of memoir No. 1, continues in his old ways of equivocation and falsehood.

ABOYZ.

## Our Normal School.

**T**HIS is certainly a great institution. Take it as you will, you cannot fail to be convinced of the fact. If an *outside inspection* fail to convince you, an examination into the workings of this "teacher factory," will, most assuredly, supply the lacking confirmation. Nor will such inquiry be wholly devoid of amusement; on the contrary, we would be willing to pledge our veracity as to its being proved "just the reverse."

In case you, dear reader, may not have time to spend in that way, we shall give the result of our inquiries. It is an institution conducted with a due regard to decorum, (which every one will allow to be a very necessary thing), and one in which the rules are enforced in the most rigorous manner by the "head master." At the command of this all-powerful ruler, young men, from eighteen up to thirty, trip lightly across the floor to pull down a window curtain, or shut a door at his jov(e)ial nod; troops of young ladies rush into their places in "eager haste." *En passant*, we might observe, that they are very handsome and very lively. But we must keep to our subject. In fact, the head master is all-powerful. If a youth of twenty-eight or nine fail to be at home before an appointed hour—nine, or half-past nine o'clock, at night—and it come to the ears of "the ruler" next day, the aforesaid youth will be allowed to start for his native wilds, where he may amuse himself for a session or so, in studying "practical agriculture."

We are informed, that no later than last week, a young man—a pupil of the institution—desired to see Mon. Blondin. As in duty bound, he acquainted the "head master" with his wish. Permission was refused him. Our adventurous hero, however, did go; did see, and did return. On presenting himself "at school" the following day, our sight-seeing friend was called up to the dread tribunal, and informed that he might keep continually going to see Blondin for the next three months, without a word being said to him. This permission, strange to say, he received with a countenance "but little joyous."

These have been cases of which we have been informed—though not by the actors in them—show a strange state of affairs. In addition, individuals attending the Institution have to board in certain selected houses; to be at home at certain hours; to ask permission to absent themselves; to answer the most impertinent questions before the "whole school," such as to "whether they keep bachelors' hall, or board, &c.;" and finally have to stand any amount of ridicule. We do not care how green the pupils may be, a master has no right whatever to play the tyrant. If such were practiced in any other place the tyrant would be ducked in the nearest horse-pond, or well

cowhided by the boys. Is it because it is a public institution that the students are to be subjected to treatment such as this? If so, we had better be informed of the fact, for we always thought that the master being paid by the country, was placed there to instruct and not to play the tyrant.

Such treatment is totally unfit for those about becoming teachers, as it assuredly will have the effect of preparing them to treat their pupils in the same way in which they themselves are being treated at present in the Provincial Normal School.

### The St. George's Society.

"COUN. FINCH moved, that the rent paid by the St. George's Society for the use of the St. Lawrence Hall, be refunded, the Society having used the Hall for charitable purposes."—*Vide Corporation Proceedings.*

To parties unacquainted with the facts concerning the above, it would seem strange that Councilman Finch should get up in the Council Chamber and put such a motion. But to parties acquainted with the case, it seems but a right that the money (but a paltry sum to them) should be refunded. "And why?" many will ask. Why? we will tell you. Every one is doubtless aware that the St. George's Society is a really charitable and benevolent institution. That yearly it helps hundreds of distressed Englishmen, and many other countrymen, if the truth were told, consequently it saves the Corporation money. In fact, it benefits the Corporation a great deal. Some time last winter this Society gave a Concert and Ball in the St. Lawrence Hall, in aid of the benevolent fund of the Society. Before doing so, however, they had to give a note for \$60 to the Chamberlain (if we are not mistaken) as a guarantee of payment. The Corporation being all chissellers, thinks every one else is, and consequently couldn't trust the Society, they must have their note. The Ball passed over, and some time after the Secretary received a *polite* letter from the Chamberlain, intimating that if the \$16 were not forthcoming, he would use the note. The Society paid the \$16 like gentlemen. Now look on the other side of the picture. There is a certain *weak* Committee in the Corporation, composed of weak minded *gentlemen* (?) and ruled over—led by the nose—under the command of a *weak* functionary called the Chamberlain. This person "rules the roast" in the Corporation. He turns the "Blowers" from impartiality to personality. In fact, he is "King" of the City Hall.

Many Balls, Concerts, &c., have been given in the St. Lawrence Hall, by various religious and other societies, but none of them of a benevolent character. They could be let free, they had nothing to pay,—the Chamberlain wished it. But when a Society, like the St. George's, that have such excellent and praiseworthy objects in view, appears to give a Con-

cert to strengthen their funds, they must be treated as common swindlers, in the first place, and subjected to insults in the next, all to please "My Lord Chamberlain," because he has a personal dislike to a portion of the members of the Society.

We are glad to be able to show the public the mean and paltry acts practised by its Corporation. The members of the Society do not care for the paltry \$16. What they want is an apology, and to be treated as gentlemen. We are glad to see Councillor Finch act in so straightforward a manner, and everybody must own that if he is a small man he is at least not asleep.

### The Proverbs of the Poker.

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

#### CHAPTER IV.

IF two philosophers were to debate upon the principles of the great Grit Chief, as the two in the fable disputed about the colour of the chameleon, they would arrive at a similar conclusion,

"Produce the beast, and, lo,"

it would be ———; fill up the blank, O reader, according to thy wisdom.

Some politicians are like parrots, they cackle over what has been taught them by rote; when that is exhausted they hang their heads in affected meditation till further instructed.

It was said by the great Sir Isaac, that, "if he had ever been able to do anything, he had done it by patient thinking only;" many politicians believe that if they will ever do anything it will have to be done by incessant talking *only*; but a great philosopher and a Grit politician are two very different animals.

An unprincipled political genius is like a sudden thunder shower in a crowded manufacturing city; it soils, it polutes, and bespatters everything that comes within its influence.

When the great Grit was kicked ignominiously down stairs, dark and stern thoughts, thoughts in which was the germ of a mighty revolution were at his heart.

There is something lonely and mournful in the word "gone"—for example,

"The bridal is over, the guests are *all gone*;"

Or, "The beings which surrounded him were *gone*;"

Or, to come nearer the mark, and drop the figurative,

"The last hope of a Premiership is *gone*!"

This latter is the most heart-rending when preceded by dazzling visions like the false mirage, which rose merely to

"Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart!"

The heads of not a few political agitators are strange, vacant, sounding shells, and they study Cocker to little purpose; like streams rushing over shallow, narrow, stoney beds; their brawling ceaseth not, day nor night.

A fool is known by the multiplicity of his

words; lest I be placed in the same category, I here cut short the fourth chapter of the Proverbs of "Quiz," son of Common-sense, and purger of Humbugs.

QUIZ,

*In his Considering Cap.*

### The Ladies.

paper down East thus discourseth:—  
"When a real man marries a real woman they cannot be put asunder." We, Mr. *Poker*, are inclined to doubt the truthfulness of this, for an act of Parliament can do anything.

"Ladies are beautiful and enchanting," this should be qualified, because you can find in Toronto—to go no further—any number of ugly ladies.

"But the true man wishes to go through life a natural being rather than an enchanted one." What is more, we are sure he will go through life a natural being, or else not through at all.

"His highest earthly aspiration is to walk side by side, in sunshine and in rain, with a woman." No such thing. We would prefer infinitely to have a 2.40 horse and nice buggy under such circumstances. If "it came on to rain" we should betake ourselves to the nearest shelter—at least that is our present impression. These sage observations must have been written by a bachelor who knew nothing of the sex.

### Government Employees.

HERE is one newspaper and one man in this country, that starts objections to every appointment made under this or any other Government. That newspaper is the *Toronto Message*, and the man Wm. Lyon Mackenzie.

It matters not how smart or intelligent the employee may be, and how conscientiously he discharges his duty, the charges of "corruption," "government back," &c., are continually hurled against him. It is an unpardonable offence to fill a situation under the Canadian government, it matters not if he is a man of letters, large experience, and of great natural ability, improved by study and well acquainted with the world.

We are of opinion that the people of Canada will despise such a pitiful business although they may not have receive their valuable information from an ex-member of the House of Assembly, or the maligners of every honest man, woman or child in the country.

### Sir James Mathews.

It is not true that Sir James Mathews, Governor of the Parliament Buildings, and the coming M. P. for Russell, and Superintendent of the Plans of the Ottawa Buildings, is about to be appointed Provincial Secretary.

## 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*." Either 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 understand the value of John Bull's hearty laugh, and its influence upon the great mass of mankind.—*DUNN-VILLE 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 amusing 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. Catherine's 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 similitude, 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 *Foker* 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 PHOTOGRAPHER*.

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., 47 King St. East, Toronto.—*EASTERN TOWNSHIP GAZETTE*.

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

THOMPSON & CO.  
Publishers