

Politics.

MR. POKER,

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

Yours, &c., &c.

BODKIN.

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

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

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

Chancery for Ever.

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

Charivari.

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

CHARADE ANSWERED.

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

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

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

The Creation.—Metropolitan Choral Society.

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

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

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

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

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

University Education at a Discount.

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

A Card.

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