

Answers to Correspondents.

BY HORACE HORNEM, M. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If that proved insufficient—what would cure?

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

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



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

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

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

* * Several letters stand 'over for another time.

Momentos of Sunnyside.

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

Ontario Literary Society's First Annual PIC-NIC.

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

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

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

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

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

Extract from the Opera of "Gurnetti Baldo."

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

ROBININI—

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

GIULIELMI—

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

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

The People Victorious!!!

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

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