

"The Ruling Passion Strong in Death."

At the recent murder trial in Brantford, the following execrable pun was perpetrated by an eminent legal functionary:—

"Although the counsel for the defence, Mr. Wood, would clear the prisoners if he could, there is no doubt it is all over with Over; More will soon be no more; after a life of crime and a finale of treachery, Armstrong will fall beneath the strong arm of the law, and the evidence does not by any means prove Mrs. Sinclair to be clear from sin."

We recommend the eminent legal functionary to the attention of the authorities.

TONGS.

Royal Lyceum.

We have had another gratifying week at the above mentioned place of amusement. Mr. Bass has reappeared in some of his most amusing and eccentric portraits. Miss Charlotte Thompson has concluded another week of the extension of her engagement, in which we again experienced the pleasure of seeing her repeat some of her most fascinating characters. She is a perfect little enchantress. There is no role of character in which she appears that she does not shine a bewitching "star." Her defects are few and insignificant; her accomplishments many. These latter, united with true feminine grace, render her representations of every character in which she appears irresistibly charming. The devoted paternal love of *Parthenia*; the ardent yet pure attachment of *Juliet*; the pride and passion of *Pauline*; the winning grace, the forward simplicity, and the *naivete* of *Miss Hardcastle*; the spoilt, yet affectionate, warm-hearted "Little Treasure," are all held forth to the audience in the true colorings of nature. Miss Thompson is gifted in an eminent degree with that qualification so necessary to all persons who strive to attain success in dramatic representations; that is,—a clear conception of the characters they are presenting to their listeners. In this qualification Miss Thompson excels; and she so closely identifies herself with the character that we lose sight of the actor and the acting, and believe that we see before us the veritable individual, in person, whom she is representing. We will regret when she is gone, and remember her as we retain the memory of one of those bright stars that flit across the heavens at night—remembered for the momentary brilliancy they cast. In being carried away with enthusiasm for Miss Thompson, we must not lose sight of our own home favorites. Mrs. C. Hill, as the antiquated dowager, is unapproachable. In that class of characters she exceeds every person whom it has been our fortune to witness; she is the best that has appeared on the boards of the Lyceum for many a day. Mr. Marlowe, as usual,—but what is the use of our saying anything in favor of Mr. Marlowe; every one knows him too well, and appreciates his admirable acting too highly, to trouble himself with our comments upon it. As for the rest of the company we are glad to see them all on the upward grade of progression. When Mr. Poker goes to the theatre, it is for the purpose of find-

ing some new improvements in the company that he can lay with satisfaction before the public, and also for the purpose of appreciating the gentlemanly manager's strenuous efforts to afford gratification to his supporters. He does not, like some of our "strong-minded" neighbors, go (the natural result of a large gift of sapience) to find fault with every little error he may see, and to pick holes in the coats of every one of the actors who commits some trifling fault. But these half-critics, gifted with the "spirit of discernment," fancy they really do know in what a dramatic representation consists, and, like the frog in the fable, puffed up with conceit they parade a paragraph, exhibiting their nice discriminations in such matters, once a week before the public. But, of course, nobody minds them; critics like these are spawned by society in scores. They have sufficient perception to see a fault and magnify it, but neither the ability nor generosity to set it off in favorable contrast with the actor's good qualities.

Speculations: or, George Brown's Soliloquy.

SCENE.—*The Hon. Member in a Brown-study,—Papers.—A marked copy with an article relative to, and in favor of himself.*

TIME—One o'clock, A. M.

GEORGE BROWN SOLUS.

And why? O place where I have lived—have sprung; where my best thoughts have, like a shower, been flung: should I not be approach and dauntless keep his seat: should foes clear home exclaiming "Geordie's beat!" it shall not be! Up! my noble sire's blood! Pour forth thy passion, come! O racking flood! Hurst to the earth each fragment of regret,—rejoice when this head bears a coronet! Unknown to Kings a laurel such as mine. Honor'd George Brown thine eye shall truly shine. Hail hour of triumph! Ha! my soul is warm, it bears a beacon—I shall brave the storm! Yea! gaze on me rivals!—gaze on giant Brown!—With artless smile he 'scapes each venom'd frown, By the nine muses! all, alive and dead; By ev'ry champion who for honor bled; By the great *Globe*; by each foreseeing seer, I yet will stamp my name George Brown, Premier. Then shall my deeds be graven on each heart, And to them patriotic zeal impart. Then shall appear my strict reforming rules. Then, then shall all suspect themselves true fools. I'll ease young members, teach them what is right, And they rejoicing bow low at the sight. Wisdom's huge portals will I kindly ope. Who, who would dare with Geordie then to cope? John A.—the shrimp!—I'll pen some thoughts for him,—His intellect through *somebody's* waxing dim. The House will tremble as I grace its floor, And O'erlier shudder as I slam the door! Come sleep as I nry said, "give thy repose" T, the Chlof-Gritter—soften all his w-o-o-s! [Here the gas was "shut off," and all was darkness.]

HORACE HORNEM.

"Truly 'Orful,"

Under this heading last Saturday's *Grumbler* contains, in an article on the *Globe's* article on the removal of the Government to Quebec, the following:—

"Why it is enough to frighten the 'strongest minded' horse from his oats."

Mr. Poker thinks it is a wonder it did not frighten the editor of the *Grumbler* from his labors, then it would have been frightening a "jackass from his thistles."

Special Advertising Notice.

Vide Globe.

ADVERTISEMENT'S for Servants, Clerks, Mechanics, or Anything or Everything, or Servants, Clerks, Mechanics for Masters will be put up at the *Globe* office, for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

The following are specimens of the style of "setting":—

SITUATIONS WANTED.

AS COOK FOR A RESTAURANT—by a lady who has had ten years experience—can cook steaks raw, and cabbage up rhubarb leaves. Apply to "Kitty," *Globe* office.

AS HOUSEMAID—by a young gentle-woman of any Religion—can do things neat, clean, and comfortable. Will take a situation with three months salary in advance—the applicant is an excellent "Bug Killer." Apply to "Biddy O'Brien," 10, 00 *Stanleg St.*

AS CLERK—by a gentleman from Sing, Sing, will keep Books, Money, or anything—has no objection to attend to the Cash Box. Apply to "Kagamuffin," *Globe* office.

The following will do for employers:—

AN EDITOR WANTED—to attend to the management of the *Globe*, in the present Editor's absence. One that has a knowledge of Music required, and that can Blow a French Horn. Address Hon. G. Brown, M. P. (Private.)

A GENTLEMAN WANTED—to take — McFouga l, Esq, M. P's place as Member of the Provincial Parliament, as there is a misunderstanding existing between the said Gentleman and Mr. Brown. Liberal inducements offered.

FIRST CLASS SALESMAN WANTED—One that can jump, talk, sweep, and keep the shop in general order, and not afraid to put his hands to a little dirty work occasionally. Hours from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m. Apply to Hutehkinson & Co, alias Bengeman & Co.

The following will do for things Found or Lost:

FOUND—A Lady's B——tle—on King street. Apply to Hay, Straw, & Co.

LOST—\$500—between King and Queen Streets by way of Bay Street—a Reward of \$3 will be given to the finder—if he returns the same.

Advertisements will be written in the office.

For Sale.

The undersigned has on hand a large quantity of "Ratray's celebrated snuff," which he will sell at a price so low, as to be considered almost giving it away. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call.

E. WHYMAN & CO.

N. B. Mr. Poker has seen the above article of the advertiser's, and would warn purchasers from buying, as the "snuff" has become quite stale, and lost so much of its pungency, as to be almost worthless.

Wanted.

Two or three old fogies to do the growling for the *Grumbler*; the original growlers being entirely worn out from over exertions of late, and have, consequently, lost all point in their snappings. Apply to

Y. MANN & Co.

"The Poker"

Is published every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and can be obtained at all the News Depots, and of the News Boys. The *POKER* will be mailed to parties in Town or Country, at One Dollar per annum paid in advance. All letters must be post paid.