

Toronto's "Beau Brummel."

A sorrowful tale I'm about to unfold,
As mournful a story as ever was told—
Of a beau who our circles of fashion once graced,
A man of discernment and exquisite taste,
Intellect clear, conversation refined,
With a wit keen and spicy, a dignified mind.
His carriage is graceful, his figure is slight,
Serene is his air, elastic and light
Is his step as he rapidly hurries along,
In his lightness of heart—perchance singing a song.
At times you may see him go sauntering by,
Quite lost to the world, and deep thought in his eye,
Never lifting his gaze sternly fixed on the ground,
As he pensively circles his walking-cane round.
Only one trifling fault he appears to possess—
And this is a failing for queer kinds of dress,
But great men of all ages, as every one knows,
Have all had their hobbies, and his is his clothes,
His mutton-chop whiskers (for this, I declare,
He calls them himself) and his glossy brown hair,
So tasteful arranged in such elegant curls,
As to win for our hero the hearts of the girls.
Of the exquisite collar that encircles his throat
You shall hear more anon, so let's pass to his coat;—
Faom Stovel's of course, whose superior skill
I at once recognize by the length of his bill.
Some call it a Raglan;—I think 'tis too short
To be properly classed under coats of that sort,
And if upon me a suggestion depends,
I should say 'twere a sack with a hole at both ends,
And one smaller sack three feet or so wide—
(For what purpose dear knows)—attached to each side.
The cut of his pants next our notice demands;
They are surely the work of the same skilful hands;
They likewise are sacks, with the mouth made to meet,
By the aid of elastic quite tight at the feet.
They are what we call PEG TOPS, but appear to possess
A feature not common in gentlemen's dress;
(But before I proceed, let me whisper a word—
I can vouch for this fact, 'tis not just what I've heard)
Enclosed in these pants are a number of hoops
Disclosed to the view when McAddlepathe stoops,
And I'm told they are made, as they seem by the feel,
Of the stoutest of wire-ropes, or hardest of steel.
When I state that his hat, so well polished and shining,
Is from "Lincoln and Bennett's" (as I learn from the lining)
Only little remains, of which I can treat,
And you have the attiro of our hero complete.
His waistcoat, 'tis evident, is not meant for use,
Though the finest a Stovel or Gibb can produce,
Having only one button, and that down below,
The expanse of his chest, and his shirt-front to show.
This exquisite suit, I've forgotten to say,
Is in hue a light brown, slightly mixed with a gray,
And shall win for the wearer the glorious name
Of "Beau Brummel," well known in the annals of fame.
Our attention no longer can thus be detained;
Save to learn from the lesson the moral contained;
When we think of his name, let us pause with regret;
Though despising, yet pity and strive to forget.
Ye youths of this city, I bid you beware
How you give up your thoughts as to what you shall wear;
Consider it well, and most surely you'll find
That the gentleman's care is the dress of his mind.
To secure a true friend can sure never require
That the bond of that friendship be outward attire;—
Do good to the friendless; on the needy bestow
Your wealth, as the agent of Heaven, and so
When your spirits to realms above shall have flown,
You shall reap the sweet fruits which your actions have sown.

"Spot."

Growsl from the "Grumbler."

"Him, the proud owner of a thousand curls,
Him, in whose mind and votes forever whirls,
His principle."

The POKER begs to say to its readers that whenever it treats them to such unintelligible jargon as that above quoted, it will resign all claim to their further support. "Principle whirling through mind and votes." Well that beats cock fighting.

Telegrabs.

Mr. Brown to Mr. Holton, at Montreal.

TORONTO, 30th July, 1858.

Mr. Brown offers Mr. Holton a place in his Cabinet, and will be glad to see him at the seat of Government to-morrow.

Mr. Holton to Mr. Brown.

MONTREAL, (same date.)

Mr. Holton will come.

Correspondence.

Mr. Holton to Mr. Brown.

TORONTO, 31st July, 1858.

Dear Sir,

Before I see you I wish to know whether you still adhere to a statement made last Session in the House, that I was endeavoring to swindle the Grand Trunk out of \$100,000. Also, whether you are still ready to assert that I had betrayed the Reform party in the most shameful manner. Until these charges are admitted to have been false and atoned for by an unconditional apology, I cannot enter into any negotiations with you.

Truly &c., Yours,

L. H. HOLTON.

Mr. Brown to Mr. Holton.

TORONTO, (same date.)

Dear Sir,

I was in error, am extremely sorry, and beg to apologize; indeed I have always regarded you as a model Reformer and a man incapable of swindling. My passion and not my judgment spoke on the occasion to which you refer. Having made this retraction I wish to know whether you still believe that I have done my best to ruin the Reform party ever since I came into the country, and whether you expect to be a liberal Reformer long after my *Globe* and myself have ceased to vex that party, for unless you have modified these opinions it is not likely we can come to an understanding.

Very faithfully,

yours, &c., &c.,

GEORGE BROWN.

Mr. Holton to Mr. Brown.

TORONTO, 1st August, (Sunday) 1858.

Dear Sir,

Your candid avowal of wrong-doing raises you in my estimation beyond all men in the world, and makes me ashamed that I ever gave way to the petulant remarks to which you allude. I accept your apology and beg you will accept mine, for I give you my word of honour I never entertained the opinions respecting you which on that unfortunate occasion I pretended to have. Trusting we now understand each other I shall be happy to see you at any time and place you may name.

Yours very honestly,

L. H. HOLTON.

Mr. Brown to Mr. Holton.

TORONTO, (same day.)

Holton, you are an admirable fellow, and I love you as Jonathan loved David. Come to my arms at once, in Church street.

Yours most affectionately,

GEORGE BROWN.

Mons. Thibaudeau to Mons. B own.

Saturday, 31 Aug., 1858.

My Dear Sir,

I have consider your prapposal and have made communication of it to my friends, which think it is too liberal to come from you, baut if you will paut the same in writing over your own signature, I have not any one doubt they will rejoice themselves at the favorable change in your feelings and principles. When I see the prapositions in your own writing I will be ready to come in alliance with you. My friends are all of accord that this is an indispensable condition, since they must be able to show one proof not to be disputed, that you have these good dispositions towards Lower Canada.

Yours, &c., &c.,

J. E. THIBAUDEAU.

The Kingston Whig.

The learned gentleman in charge of this estimable sheet, adverting to the merits of No. 3 POKER, seemed for once to be making a desperate effort to be fair and accordingly quotes two Poking efforts, that his readers may judge for themselves as to the merits of the paper. The first paragraph the Doctor copied was "Lusus Naturas." Now let us just tell the Doctor, the joke was not intended for stupid people like himself; it was for the friends of the *Poker*, all of whom are quite aware that "Tail" sounds just the same as "Tale." To understand the second joke only required a little knowledge of *Latin*, but as the Doctor must have been conscious of having forgotton his' he ought to have left it alone. Doctor, why didn't you give your readers "A truthful tribute;" you surely understood that, and on the whole *they* would have been better pleased.

REWARD OFFERED.—One copy of the POKER will be sent for a whole year to any one who will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the genius who made that exquisite joke about Mr. Stokes refusing to supply His Excellency with "Ice Cream." Really it's too bad we hav'nt his name.

An Old half cracked fellow, by the name of Peirson, has the credit of *making* the following Connundrum,

Why is the Brown-Dorion Administration the most wide-awake ministry that has ever appeared in Canada?

Because they never slept while in office!

To Correspondents.

"Give me a trial" was received rather late, just when the paper was nearly all set up.

"Tongs," has our best thanks, we would be glad to hear from him often.

A correspondent who sent us a contribution some time ago will see his piece in print in this issue, not exactly as he intended, but, perhaps, it is just as well. What does our friend say?

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