

To Correspondents.

Some of our friends think we do not deal enough in the ludicrous, that we aim too much at sarcasm, and that we occupy ourselves too largely with public affairs, &c., &c. Well, in answer, we may refer to our early announcement, that THE POKER was not to be a mere Fun Box, or a Joe Miller, but a scourge of humbugs. The ground recommended to us was already occupied by a cotemporary; and to tell the truth, while we don't quarrel with whoever chooses to make a Momus of himself, we have no very strong inclination that way. We love a joke or two as a relish, but not as constant fare; hence, we have not encouraged that style of writing. Our course we deem calculated to serve important ends, and we are glad to know it is approved by many of the leading journals of the country. We give to-day, however, one or two scraps which may serve to amuse, and as it is probable we may have some months of quiet after the elections, we shall see whether we cannot propitiate first the ladies, then the merry men, by more frequent articles to their taste.

What has become of our Elegiac poet? Will he be glad to hear from him.

Several good pieces have from time to time been left out, because they were received too late in the week. All contributions should be in at least on Thursday evening.

SKUNK.—Did we not see in the *Grumbler* an allusion to a correspondent over this signature. Let him improve his Cologne. If the parties in question wish to communicate with us, they will doubtless do so without the intervention of "A Skunk."

JULIA.—Yes, our columns will be open to the ladies, bless their souls, and we shall deal as liberally with them as a gallant *Poker* should do.

If the theatre covets our attention its managers must do the civil thing.

"Ladies' names" has before appeared in print.

F. D. G.—Don't get paid ourselves.

Telegraphic.

We have been informed, confidentially, of course, that the following message was sent by the Atlantic Telegraph at the close of the poll on Saturday:—

GLOBE OFFICE,
Toronto, 28th August, 1858.

To the Scotch creditors, Edinburgh—

Have just beaten Cameron by a great fluke, but the election has cost me a mint of money.—Was on the point of sending you a large remittance on account, but had to buy most of my votes. Cannot do anything in the paying way for five years, as I must endeavor to stave off Angus Dallas for that time for payment of his building, and my lawyers will object to the title for two more, that's seven, and at the end of that time, if I have the Queen's Printing, or am Governor General, I may perhaps discharge your claims.

What do you say to taking them out in town lots in Bothwell?

G. BROWN.

Dies Iræ.

"Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

"Give up your place, you've lost the race," the virtuous Arch-Grit shouts,
"Be mine the hand, to place the brand upon you, bungling louts;
Make way, I say, and clear your desks of all your ribald trash,
Or else, I swear by Gordon's hair, I'll kick you all to smash!"

With eyes serene, and faces clean, the Clear Grits round their Chief,
With approving nods, called down their gods, to give the land relief,
And through each nose, the chorus rose, and echoed far and wide—
"Give it them Brown! while they are down, and don't allow the chance to slide."

Then wee Mack rose, and blew his nose, and gave his wig a twist,
And scowling round, his note-book found, and doubled up his fist,
"My boys," quoth he, "what holy joys gild my departing days,
No thirty-seven, the patriot's heaven, could such brave heroes raise."

Next Joseph Gould, his friends he told, "I guess as how I'll rise,"
And tried to speak, but getting weak, Brown gently blessed his eyes;
And in his place, rose one whose race, ran ever pure and holy,
That pious youth, so fond of truth, the classic Michael Foley.

All had their say, on that proud day, and with convulsive throes,
Each patriot Grit, his desk he split, in narrating public woes,
Then from his place, with frowning face, the dreaded Premier springs,
And deafening cheers, salute his ears, as defiant looks he flings.

"Ye rebel host, with vapid boast, ye fill the empty air;
And treason vile, the place defile, nor due allegiance bear
To England's Queen, whose wish supreme to all has been my law,

I do not care, I'll do and dare, nor loss of place can awe.

Down! down! false hounds, no generous bounds I either take or give,
With rebel pack, while little Mac cries "good heaven do I live
To hear this day, such fearful fray, such dreadful, awful rumpus,"
And Dorion too, cried "sacre blue!" and Gould "Oh Catawampus!"

Serene and clear, as lager bier, each Grit he took his seat,
And felt relieved, when Brown believed, an adjournment would be meet;

And Bothwell's lord, was somewhat bored, by calls for place and drink,
Until the Grit, with ready wit, says "Head's waiting me I think."

Globophobia.

"We are happy to learn that on Saturday Mr. Lemieux was returned by acclamation."—*Globe*.

We wonder if the readers of the *Globe*, who read all that used to be said about Mr. Lemieux in that paper, feel equally glad of the return of the valuable Ex-Minister. We suppose they'll have to.

And thus it is, the man who late
Was branded vile and worthless tool,
Held up a thing for scorn or hate,
A stupid sleepy-headed fool.
The moment that he can agree,
With him by whom he was defamed,
No fault in him the Grits can see,
Or faults they see are never named.
A member now he is again,
The mighty *Globe* is glad of this,
And Grits like independent men,
Must praise the man they late would hiss.

"Fenum habet in Cornu."

We are sorry to have to give this warning with respect to our late placid and gentlemanly cotemporary, Geo. Sheppard, Esq., who but a couple of months ago rendered such really valuable assistance to the McDonald Ministry. We well remember (although in truth it was before the *Poker* was forged) with what calm dignity Mr. Sheppard assumed the editorial charge of the *Colonist*: how he seemed all possessed with a desire to put matters in their proper light that parties might understand each other and know really what they contended for. Yes, we remember how our friend seemed as if he were about to introduce a new era in journalism, when unnecessary personal abuse would no longer disgrace the press, when the editorial character should acquire all that dignity with which it really should be invested. Yes, we remember all this, and more, we remember how the *Globe*, for the time, was tamed down by the moral influence of the *Colonist*. The fire of Gordon's genius did indeed emit a sickly flame contrasted with the glowing blaze kindled by the *Colonist* editor. But how are the mighty fallen! the same gentleman can now afford to jest about his Excellency's shattered nerves, his digestion and his sleep. His articles now breathe fire, fury,—we had almost said forked lightning. What will be the next phase?

Improvement on the Money Order System.

It is understood that the late Postmaster General—of one day—indoctrinated the Premier of the late Government—of one day—into a new mode of issuing Money Orders, which he proposed introducing so soon as he was well seated. To test the efficiency of the new system, the friends of the Premier—of one day—opened a Money Order Office at the corner of Queen and Berkeley Street on last Friday, and we understand that a smashing business was done, especially on Saturday, between noon and 3 o'clock. The Orders given at Berkeley Street were payable at the Globe Office, and the consideration received by the issuing Officer was a name on the Poll Book. Owing to the very large amount of orders issued, funds were telegraphed for from Montreal—the new Seat of Government—and happily they were received in time to save the paying office from a collapse. We congratulate the Postmaster General—of one day—upon the success of his plan, which we are perfectly satisfied will work well in most of our cities at election times.

THE CHARIVARI.—No. 2 of our merry friend is to hand, "full of fun," as our neighbour the *Grumbler*, not without reason, says of himself. No. 1, was not received, and we only learnt indirectly of its issue. The *Charivari* has our good wishes and deserves success. We only wish that the forces of the three brothers could be united upon one sheet, for we are persuaded they would produce a paper that would make its mark upon the Province, and ensure for itself a prosperous future.

"The Poker"

Is published every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and may be had of Smart, Chief Agent, King Street, and all the New Men of the city. Annual Subscription, *One Dollar*, in advance; and all the friends of good Government, good morals, good manners, and social improvement generally, will aid these objects by countenancing *The Poker*. As Annual Subscribers generally inquire for back numbers, our Agents are hereby requested to return us all their unsold copies up to No. 6. Friends are requested to communicate to us any facts which in their judgment will assist us in our task of "re-buking humbugs," and Ladies or Gentlemen of literary acquirements or poetic taste who may wish to enrich our columns, are respectfully invited to do so. Letters to be invariably pre-paid.