

# THE POKER *Richmond Hill*

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No. 8.

## THE POKER.

*Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.*

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

### Great Rejoicings---"Small Favors thankfully received."

The re-election of the senior member for Toronto seems to have taken his friends all over the country by surprise, which surprises us very much, since they had the most solemn assurances of the *Globe* that "the whole city" was in his favor, and since Mr. Cameron was derided for his gullibility in allowing himself to be put in the ridiculous position of a candidate. What the dickens do they shout about, since their organ-grinder-in-chief has been found a false prophet, and since, too, the Honorable George has just saved his distance, and that by the happy intervention of night and "the Dogans." On Friday evening he was 175 ahead; at 10, A. M., Saturday, he had 230 majority; but at 5 P. M., he was almost one hundred less than that, with a couple of hundred leisurely conservative electors at the polls, who were prevented from voting by the catechetical proceedings adopted to put off time. And then again, where is the cause of jubilation, O ye Grits, ye dyed-in-the-wool broad Protestants, ye haters of the Dogan, ye revilers of the priest, when your candidate had to bend the knee to Rome, and humbly sue for the help which he got at the price of his independence. Think of this, ye roarers against Separate Schools, ye howlers of "to hell with the Pope," ye who drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory"; think that George Brown was elected by five hundred "Dogans," and consequently was in a Protestant minority of 350 or more. And when you have conned over these facts, light up your bonfires again, bring your yellow bands and insignia, and pitch them in, for they are of no further use. Ha! ha! you have cause of rejoicing, indeed, for your master has found his master, whose master again will know well how to make George drink to the dregs the cup of abominations he has so long held to the lips of the poor Papists,—and small blame to him. Verily, success was the greatest evil that could befall George, and instead of its being a cause of joy, he at any rate knows that it is one of sorrow, and that a day of fearful retribution has at last overtaken him. The man, Mr. Poker thinks, is truly to be pitied, not glorified.

ON DIT—That Mr. Brown refuses to write to D'Arcy McGee for fear of committing himself, and that he objected to speak with him in the presence of witnesses.

### Unfounded Rumor.

In our extra of last week we alluded to a rumor then current, that "in a day or two, or perhaps in less time, the Irish Roman Catholics would be re-baptized as Dogans, their priests as scoundrels, their nuns as harlots, and their religious houses as brothels." We then said "the thing is not credible," and it affords us the most intense satisfaction to be able to say that, though a week has since passed, we have not had, either in the editorials of the *Globe* or in its scissorings, a single case of seduction or rape by a Roman Catholic priest; not a solitary instance of foul play by an ecclesiastic at the dying bed of some penitent Dogan, not a Bible burning, not one programme of a Purgatorial Society, not a persecution of Protestants, not a Corrigan assassination, not an extract from Dr. Cahill, not a fling at Bishop Hughes, not a single ribald joke about Mary Charbonnell, not an insolent diatribe on Father Bruyere, not a letter from John Holland about the worship of dolls, not a quotation from Parson Climie about the brutal Roman Catholics, not a caricature of the Pope; no, not one of these things! Hurrah! we are in ecstasies; for we had almost despaired of "justice to Ireland," and of tolerance to the "Papists." Our harp was on the willows, and we were ready to give up all hope of anything like fraternization among the several races in the Province; but thanks to D'Arcy McGee and George Brown, we have at last a cessation of hostilities, and henceforth the Pypers and the Learys, the Hollands and the Donoghues, will embrace and hobnob, while the *Echo* and the *Mirror*, the *Witness* and the *True Witness*, the *Guardian* and the *Freeman*, will unite in proclaiming a grand political millenium.—Amen, we say.

### The Governor General.

The *Globe* insists upon it that ten weeks' ago when His Excellency made up his mind to spend a part of the summer at Spencer Wood, near Quebec—as was then announced in the public prints—he contemplated running away from the consequences of an event of which neither he nor any other man living ever dreamt of. We respectfully submit to Mr. Sheppard that this is going it rather strong, and that some small appearance of probability should at least enter into his writings.

ON DIT—That Mr. Brown when he comes to power will not take in Lemieux or even Drummond, unless he is ordered by D'Arcy McGee; but that in fact he will renew his attempt on Sicotte, who has an awful hold on the Jean Baptistes.

ON DIT—That Mr. Benjamin is disgusted with Orangeism and public life altogether. He wants to be shelved at once.

### Fashionable Intelligence.

A deputation of Free and Independent Electors of the County of Grey, waited, during the past week, at the Rossin House, before John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M.P.P. for that County. They were ushered to the Bar of the House by the Black Rod, (a swell darkie, six feet high) and met by their Hon. Representative. The Chairman of the Deputation presented a *Bill*, intituled "A Bill for Monies expended, and services rendered, the keeping open of divers Houses of Entertainment at the late Election for the County of Grey, and for the supply of certain Spirituous Liquors, and hire of Teams at the different Polling places in the said County"; and drew Mr. Hogan's attention to the provisions of the Bill detailing a system of taxation on his Sessional allowance of six dollars a-day, to meet these contingencies of the very *civil service* (hitherto unrequited) of the Electors.

Mr. Hogan said he was not quite sure whether the right to initiate a measure proposing taxation could emanate from them; but the forms of the Parliament of which he was a member, required that the Bill should be "read a second time that day six months," after which it would "lie on the table."

One stout gentleman somewhat indignantly remarked that Mr. Hogan ought not to lay his head on his pillow until he had arranged the bill before him. Mr. Hogan, however, very facetiously replied to the remark of the unfortunate countryman by saying, "it was nothing new to him (Mr. Hogan) to live by day and sleep by night on tick."

The deputation then withdrew, after which they visited some of the public buildings in Toronto, and spent some time at the Division Court office.

Captain Eccles has recently ordered from the *Globe* Tailoring Establishment of George Brown, a full dress suit of Clear Grit Reversible Cloth. The style is to be of the most recent and fashionable cut, sleeves *a la gigot*, and pantaloons *a la pegtop*. The gallant subaltern of the Clear Grit chief requiring an extra size in consequence of his being "the bone and sinew of Canada." Captain Eccles does not wish it to be generally known, but the order is for the purpose of enabling him to be prepared at any moment to "grace His Excellency's drawing-rooms," Mr. George Brown having promised him an introduction.

ON DIT—That Mr. Holland is deep in the study of Theology with the view of taking holy orders. Report has it also that his convictions in relation to Romanism, have been considerably modified, and some of his friends fear that he contemplates a journey to the eternal city. Mr. Brown hopes it is true.

## A Dutch Auction.

AUCTIONEER.—Shentlemans, der lection of von member of Barliament for der City of Doronto vill now dake blace. How shmall a mashority vill you dake for Mynheer Prown.

E. C. ROMAIN.—I go for 1,500 not a darned critter less.

AUCTIONEER.—Vell shendelman's vifteen-hoontret is wanted by Mynheer Romain, vill nopody dake less nor vifteen-hoontret? Shendelmans ve candt give vifteen-hoondret, and iv you vont dake less der auedshon musth sthrop.

CAPTAIN ECCLES.—Well I'll take it at a thousand, and be satisfied.

AUCTIONEER.—One dousant, one dousant, who shays less den one dousant mashority for Mynheer Prown. Shendelmans ve cand't give dat, you must dake less. Who shays vive hoondret for Mynheer Prown?

GEORGE SHEPPARD.—Yes blast you, I'll take five hundred majority and be glad to get off so well.

AUCTIONEER.—Vive hoondret is pid; anypody villing to dake Mynheer Prown mit a shmall mashority. Who shays your hoontret, who pids your hoontret? Cand't give five shentlemans, he must go mit less or nod ad all.

C. E. ANDERSON.—I'll take the election with four hundred and undertake to satisfy the country.

GORDON BROWN.—How dare you, Anderson, when we have insisted from the first on 1000 to 1500?

AUCTIONEER.—Shendelmans cand't bermit no quarrellin here, and if you tond't sthrop I'll ged you daken ub by der holic. Your hoontret, down to your hoontret, who pids unter your hoontret? Misther Prown vont have your hoontret, so who shays dree hoontret?

WM. McDUGALL.—I say three hundred, and wish we may get him in with that.

AUCTIONEER.—Dree hoontret, dree hoontret, dree hoondret. Put ish doo high yet.

PETER BROWN, Senior.—What, you outlandish knave, won't you give three hundred majority? Why the election won't be worth gaining with less.

AUCTIONEER.—Mine orters vrom der public is to give less.

PETER BROWN.—Well I'll take it with two hundred and fifty.

AUCTIONEER.—Doo-vifty, doo-vifty, who shays less nor doo-vifty? Can't go ad doo-vifty. Come shentlemans pe prisk or I call in der Gameron pardy.

PETER BROWN.—Well two hundred.

GEORGE PYPER—(in despair)—One seventy-five.

AUCTIONEER.—Now shentlemans dat ish more reasonable, but you must dake him mit someding shmall yet, den you vill have to puy every fote over noding ad all or Gameron vill peat you. Now how mosh vill you gif vor a lot of one hundred and your fotes vich are for zale.

[After lively bidding, not down but upwards, C. E. Romain undertakes to give \$15 per vote, and several other lots are sold at advanced prices, the whole investment being about \$2,600 in that particular form. The result is told elsewhere.]

## York Division.

Mr. Romain's education having unfortunately been very much neglected, except in the matters of horse flesh and land-jobbing, it was not very surprising that he should find it rather a formidable task to draw up an address to the Metropolitan Division of Canada, or that after trying his hand at the document full seventeen times, he should seek aid from parties competent to afford it. We entertain a sincere respect for a man who is honest enough to frankly confess his deficiencies, and once for all beg to inform such persons as Messrs. Gould, Biggar, Short, and Romain, that whenever they want election addresses, we shall be quite ready to write them at one hundred dollars a piece. So far back as six weeks, or shortly after the issue of our second number, Mr. Romain addressed us as follows:—

ROMAIN BILDINGS,  
King Street, July 12, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Being a grate admiror of your ritings and wanting a crak address to the electors of the York Division, for a member of the Legislatif Counsel, I will be much oblidge if you will rite me one for which I will pay you hansom. I send you mememorands showing my perlitical vuze from wich you will be abel to prepair the address, and pleas make it as fine and insiniating to all partys as possibel.

Yours, &c.,

(Signed), C. E. ROMAIN.

RED HOT POKER, Esq., }  
Box 1109, P. O. }

Our best talent being thus flatteringly invoked, and (shall we confess it) the prospect of a "hansom" reward being very tempting, we sat down to the task, resolved to throw into the shade every thing in the shape of an electioneering address hitherto presented to the Canadian public. How we have succeeded let the subjoined document testify:—

EUREKA!!!

*To the Magnificent Old Conservatives, the glorious Reformers of all Schools, and to the No-Party Men of the York Division.*

Gentlemen Electors, free, independent, enlightened, and up to snuff, generally:—

Having labored, in common with you, for full a quarter of a century, in bringing about the constitutional reform which henceforth makes the Legislative Council elective, and provides a very necessary and long desiderated check upon the awfully crude legislation of the Assembly, I deem it my duty to follow up the victory by ensuring you a faithful and able representative in that dignified branch of the Legislature.

In thus placing my time and talents at your disposal, I impose upon myself an amount of self-denial, and run the risk of a pecuniary loss of which you can have but slender conceptions; but all through life my motto has been like the old Iron Duke's "Duty," yes, duty first, duty always, duty last, and under this all-controlling principle, in well constituted minds, I come to ask your suffrages.

It is true that I am not a lawyer, and that circumstances have not called me into the public arena either as an orator or a writer; but, gen-

tlemen, I can both write and speak, and if you return me, you will soon hear my voice in tones of thnnder reverberating from the concave of the Council Hall. It will be my office to insist upon the right of Upper Canada to increased representation, with constitutional checks, and woe be to the Browns, the McDonalds, the Cartiers, or the Dorions, who attempt to refuse it. As the irresistible avalanche which sweeps into a common destruction all opposing objects, so, gentlemen, with the eloquence born of a deep, soul-stirring conviction, will it be mine to scatter the adverse influences and to gain the prize; but of course Lower Canada must have her "constitutional checks."

I was a Roman Catholic once, gentlemen, but like Mr. Brown in the matter of "Lower Canadian Domination," I have seen the error of my ways, and now rejoice in a Reform creed which enables me, with enlarged charity, to treat (in saloons) all round alike. Indeed, this generous faith has cost me already a power of cash since I commenced the canvass, and before I have done (am done—*Poker*), I have no doubt many of the Christian institutions (saloons again) of Toronto will have had proofs of my liberality. Generally, I approve of sherry cobblers; for personally I am a teetotaller; but I have no objection to other people preferring brandy smashes, slings, or persuaders. In this I trust you will see I show an enlightened toleration.

In the matter of education I go for Separate Schools or for any system that will give satisfaction to Mr. McGee, whom I regard as the master mind on that subject in Canada.

Then, as to trade, Mr. Dorion expresses my views; indeed, those he announces were settled at a card party at my house, so I need say no more.

The Seat of Government should be in Toronto of course, and I pledge myself to keep it here, or in any other place that may be deemed more suitable, so you may all make your minds easy upon that subject.

Mr. Burr, having resigned in my favor, has communicated to me the method of making a Georgian Bay Canal, which, when elected, I shall immediately put in hand.

I also propose to check the potato rot, and to stop the ravages of the weevil, to give greater enlargement to the reciprocal trade with the United States, and to raise the price of wheat and lumber in Great Britain.

It is hardly necessary that I should advert to my personal appearance, since you are all aware that a more august presence will not grace the Legislative Council—when I get in.

As I am ever ready to receive suggestions and to accommodate my political creed to the exigencies of the times, I will have much pleasure in altering or adding to the programme now offered, and you may depend upon it that whatever may please you will please me, and have my earnest support. My object is to make you all happy.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.,

C. E. ROMAIN.

Why is Sheppard a bad Shepherd?

Because he is always crying "Wolf," when there is no wolf near.

## The Maine Law Touch.

Mr. Aikens, M. P. P., or as Powell not unaptly called him, the "aching void," resolved to achieve immortality in some way or other, introduced into the Election Law last session the clause which was intended to shut up the saloons on the polling days, but which didn't. However this was not his fault, and as his intentions were good all the Temperance men owe him thanks; but what will be said of the conduct of his political chief, who, for the purpose of exasperating the Tavern-keepers and Cabmen placarded the city with a bill intended to create the impression that the said clause had been framed by the Hon. J. A. McDonald—thus appealing to what he, (Brown), has all along professed to regard as an immorality, for political support—the protection of the trade in Alcohols. Will Aikens forgive this foul apostacy, in addition to the barefaced attempt to swindle him out of his just honors, as the author of the clause in question? To be sure he will. Do you suppose he has pluck enough to run the risk of being pilloried thus—

"A Traitor to Upper Canada,  
mark him well,  
JAMES C. AIKENS!!!"

No, not he, or we are greatly mistaken.

## A Funny Fellow.

The editor of the *Freeman* is awfully anti-Brown (perhaps) and still more awfully anti-Cameron; indeed it appears he had resolved that both candidates would be defeated, for he not only did his best to prevent Roman Catholics from voting for either of them, but insisted that even Orangemen should not vote. As the Orangemen were divided just in the same way as the Roman Catholics was it not a little singular that this gentlemen should feel an intense interest in their welfare, even to the extent of abusing the Grand Trunk for carrying them? But let us ask does the *Free (?) man* suppose people don't see the Maggeeman in him? If he does he is just very slightly mistaken. Stop your nonsense Pat.

## What's in a name?

Why did the Government in the recent Middlesex shrievalty appointment, act as inebriates?

Because they took a *Glass* too much.

How did the Government by the Norfolk shrievalty appointment, pull the wool over the eyes of the people?

By the appointment of a *Mercer* (dealer in wool.)

Why is the Court of Common Pleas a place for good and bad *habits*?

Because it is presided over by a *Draper*.

## More Correct Decidedly!

The Kingston *Whig's* motto is "Opifer per orbem dicor." The *Poker* begs to suggest two amendments: the motto ought to read "*Stupidus per urbem dicor.*"

To such people as you doctor we would just say on our own behalf, "*melius non tangere.*"

## John Holland's Oration over the defunct Premier.

After Shakespeare, with slight liberties in the text.

Friends! Torontonians!! Clear Grits!!! lend me your ears,

I come to palliate George Brown's proceedings, and not to praise them

The evils that men do, live after them, the good is oft forgotten with their power.

So be it not with Bothwell. The noble Hillyard doth tell you that Geo. Brown was too ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath poor Brown answered it,

Of place—of power—of seat at once bereft,

But still he's now an honourable man.

So are they all—all honourable men.

He is my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Hillyard says he was ambitious

(And Hillyard is an honourable man).

Bothwell did promise many great reforms,

Whose action would our emptied coffers fill

Did this in Bothwell seem ambitious?

You all do know that many a time and oft

He stated 'twas impossible he could

Be officer of Government—was this ambition?

When that the Grits have lost, Bothwell hath wept,

Ambition should be made of greener stuff,

Yet Hillyard says he was ambitious,

And sure he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Hillyard speaks,

But I am here to speak what I do know.

You did support him once—not without cause,

What cause withholds you then to vote for him?

He at the least did promise me a berth

And I am bound to work for his return.

Oh judgment! thou art fled to niggers dark

And whites have lost their reason. Bear with me friends,

My heart is in the levy room near the Bay,

And I must pause till it comes back to me.

[Becomes affectingly overpowered.]

But one short month ago—the word of Brown

Did sway the opposition—now lies he here

And none so poor as do him reverence.

O! Clear Grits—if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to rowdyism and rage.

I might do Hillyard hurt, and Moodie hurt

Who, o'er the left you know, are honourable men.

I will not do them hurt—I rather choose

To hurt the Clear Grit cause, myself and you

Than I will hurt such honourable men.

But here's a policy with the black seal of Bothwell.

I found it in his sanctum—'tis his platform

Let but the electors hear his liberal views

(Which pardon me I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss George Brown's great toe,

And dip their bread into his temperance—

Yea, buy a—of it for memory,

And dying mention it within their wills.

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

1st CITIZEN—We'll hear the policy, read it good John

Holland.

2nd CITIZEN—The Policy! the Platform! we'll hear

George's Platform.

HOLLAND—Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.

You are not wood—you are not fools but bricks,

And being bricks, hearing the mind of Bothwell

It will inflame you—it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not what he did intend,

For if you should, oh! what would come of it!

CITIZEN—Read the Platform! we'll hear it Holland.

You shall read us the platform! Brown's platform!

HOLLAND—Will you be patient, will you stay a while,

I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it,

I fear the action of the pack of chisellers

Whose daggers have stabbed Bothwell—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this coat of many colours,

I do remember

The last time Bothwell put it on,

'Twas on a Sunday morning in his house,

The night before he called his cabinet together.

Look, in this place ran Dallas' dagger through,

See what a rent the envious Hogan made,

Through this the well-belov'd Moodie stabbed,

And as he plucked his tarry hand away

Mark how the form of Brown did follow it,

As rushing cross the street to be resolved

If Moodie so did rat or no—

(For Moodie, as you know, was Bothwell's angel,

And did secure his last election.)

Judge, oh, ye Grits! how dearly Bothwell loved him,

And spent ten bob upon a pinchbeck chain

Which he did give to Moodie.

This was the most unkindest cut of all,

For where the noble Bothwell felt his stroke,

Ingratitude more strong than *mouton* votes

Quite vanquished him—then burst his mighty heart

And in his great *Globe* muffing up his face

'E'en at the feet of Bishop Charbonnel

Who all the time did wink with his left eye.

Great Bothwell fell—Oh! what a fall was there

My Clear Grits! Then I and you and all of us

Fell down while *CARRUS* treason flourished over us.

Oh! now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The pains of hope deferred—these are gracious drops

What! weep you when you but behold

Our Bothwell's fair fame wounded. Look you here

If he be not returned Toronto's member

By a majority at least of two to one

Then we are lost for ever—

I come not friends to steal away your votes,

I am no orator as Hillyard is

But as you know me all a plain blunt man

Who looked for a Collectorship and didn't get it.

I love my friend, and know full well

That if he once had power I'd got a berth

Though I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir the city. Your customs I'd collect

To give great George the means of feathering's nest

And making snug Gordonius and the rest.

Thereupon return him, and you may depend

Something will turn up for you in the end

## Mr. Dorion.

We admire Mr. Dorion very much. We admire his face, and we are sure no one will dispute him the glory of being the handsomest man in the House. (We beg Mr. W. F. Powell's pardon.) However, we are bound to say that it is not his fault if he is so ravishingly beautiful. We admire his voice which, to our ears, has all the soft liquid music of a cart-wheel wanting grease. We admire his elocution, steady, continuous, smooth and persuasive as a parrot's. We admire his logic, especially on the Seat of Government question, for he tells the people of Montreal that he voted in their interests when he voted Nay to the respectful motion of Mr. Dunkin, to request Her Majesty to reconsider her decision and to name Montreal. We admire his candour when he says that the Ministry voted twice for Ottawa, because they simply opposed a motion to heap "coarse and brutal insults on Her Majesty" as Mr. Patrick asserted Mr. Dorion and his friends were doing. We admire his frankness when he declares he did not recede from his principles, though he and Mr. Brown agreed, like thieves, upon questions on which they had all along been at variance. We admire the minute precision of his explanations when he unfolds the very satisfactory policy of "constitutional checks." We admire his loyalty in abusing the Representative of Her Majesty, because he refused to be bullied. We admire his truthfulness when he ventures to affirm that the McDonald-Cartier Government intrigued against the Brown-Dorion Government and procured a vote of want of confidence in them, and indeed we think Mr. Dorion a real admirable Crichton, only we would be sorry to find him a minister of the Crown, unless all these admirable attributes were exchanged for the vulgar common quality of honesty.

HAIL FELLOWS WETL MET.—The Member for Russell (Fellowes) and Casselman under process of arrest for Conspiracy.

Why are the Grits like so many sheep?

Because they are driven by a Shepherd (Shepherd.)

## 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"

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