

THE POKER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

No. 5.

THE POKER.

Genus durum sumus experiensque laborum.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

THIS POKER is made up chiefly of matter prepared for last issue, which we think too important to be lost, since it throws a good deal of light upon the events of the last fortnight; so we make no apology for inserting it this week.

Gleaning after the Reapers.

MR. POKER has no great ambition to be known as a party man, but when he speaks in solemn earnest, as he takes occasion to do in one article at least in every issue, he likes, if possible, to make one point. Well, the point he desires to make this week is, that the outcry against the recent vote of want of confidence in Mr. Brown's Ministry as unfair, unreasonable, &c., is just simply, so much nonsense; and he wonders very much that any one with a grain of self respect should utter it, or any one with a grain of common sense should be deceived by it. In 1854, when Mr. Hincks was defeated, and he and his Upper Canada friends resigned,—it was not deemed necessary that the Lower Canada section of the Cabinet should resign, as Mons. Morin had been supported by a large majority of his countrymen; the new Upper Canadian Ministers in the Assembly, to wit, Messrs. McNab, John A. McDonald, Cayley, Spence, and Henry Smith had to go back to their constituents, Mr. John Ross, only, who was a Member of the Legislative Council, remaining behind, just as Mr. Morris recently did. Well, did the Opposition then wait until the return of the new ministers, before they proposed want of confidence in them? Why of course not, but they proceeded at once, and if Mr. POKER remembers rightly, the Hon. J. S. McDonald was the person who made the motion. The difference between the two cases is that the motion was lost, while the recent motion was carried by an overwhelming majority—hence the lamentation and woe. True, the men absent in the first case had able Upper Canada friends to do battle for them, which, alas! Messrs. Brown and Foley had not, for the *personnel* of their Administration had taken out every man of debating ability in the Upper Canada Opposition—a very suggestive fact—and they were left to be cared for by Messrs. Patrick, Notman, and Wallbridge, who, Mr. POKER is willing in all fairness to say, were not competent to the task. Yet, as precisely the same justice was dealt to Messrs. Brown, J. S. McDonald, Foley, Mowatt, and Connor, as they had dealt to Messrs. McNab, McDonald, (J. A.) Cayley, Spence, and H. Smith, it is simply untrue to say the treatment was unfair. Indeed, it was the most perfect case of reciprocity, man for man, that could have been arranged.

Carmen Votivum.

Written by the POKER on the occasion of the completion of the great ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH

'Tis done! 'tis done! awhile let silence reign;
Let earnest thought possess each thinking mind;
Your bounding feelings still awhile restrain,
And, captive, every proud emotion bind.

The mind of man a triumph has achieved,
More glorious far than aught on Clío's page;
A prouder trophy has he now received
Than decked his brow since Terra's earliest age.

The vast expanse of Ocean's mighty deep
Can separate no more two kindred minds,
Let tempests rage or else be hushed in sleep,
Thought heeds not now the waters or the winds.

Columbia now and Europe are but one—
One single link unites their distant shores;
Hyperion's bright coursers are outran,
As silent thought the shadowy deep explores.

O wond'rous power of reason! gift divine,
The pure celestial fire that Heaven bestowed,
Which God himself did in our frame enshrine,
When man before him lay a lifeless clod.

O sacred reason! thou that markest still
The heavenly source whence sprung the human race,
A power thou hast to guide man's erring will,
And point him up to Heaven, his native place.

Look forth on nature,—see the forest wild,—
Its shade was cast six thousand years ago;
The sky,—how oft hath it both wept and smiled
Since first it spread a veil o'er things below.

The ocean waves that break upon the strand
Have rolled in grandeur since the birth of time,
'Twas then the hills stood forth at God's command,
And mountain heights the eagle scarce can climb.

But thou, O Man! while forest, sky and sea
And mountain heights have ever been the same,
Hast gained in every age some victory,
And added brighter lustre to thy name.

Then answer, Man, is aught beneath yon heaven,
That to thyself thou canst at all compare?
One common law to all but thee is given,
But thou to more than nature seem'st an heir.

'Tis thine alone to conquer and control
The mighty powers that rule the world beneath;
The things of time perforce obey the soul
That God has made incapable of death.

Then bow in awe ye silent sons of men,
Your Great Eternal Father humbly own;
The souls he gave he will require again
When seeing heavens reveal his shining throne.

W. D. L. S.

We are gratified in being able to announce to our Readers, that our first issue of "The Election POKER," has had the desired effect, viz., of stimulating the Honourable George to stand out and show his Colors, or rather *Tints*, they being of too indistinct a character for one to discern easily whether *Orange* or *Green* has the predominance.

In our opinion, they will neither *wash* well nor *wear* well, and we do not think them sufficiently attractive to afford very general satisfaction

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie's Opinion.

THE following speech is no fancy sketch of ours but the *bona fide* article as given by Wm. L. Mackenzie himself, and reported in the city papers at the time. It gives the old "veteran's" views of Mr. Brown's consistency; and as Mr. McGee, Mr. McKinnon of the *Hamilton Times*, and Mr. Brown himself, have often recognized in him an honest man, we presume they cannot very well deny him that praise on this occasion. Feeling, then, the value of this deliverance in the cause of honest politics, we use the speech as a fair hit at the recent ephemeral Ministry.

"The Brown Administration was the saddest compound he could wish to see. For his part, he would say he thought the Millennium must be near at hand. (Laughter.) No man could be more astonished than he was, to see the hon. members that had just got over on the Ministerial side. (Loud laughter.) A few days ago some of them would scarcely speak to each other. (Laughter.) It was an extraordinary spectacle to see two Governments—one after another overthrown—and another about to go, (Laughter.) Why, by and by, there would be no one left in the House but the Speaker and himself (Mr. Mackenzie.) Just as they read of the celebrated Dean Swift and his clerk Roger, being the only persons present to say divine service,—and the Dean commencing "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me!" [Loud laughter.] The members of the last Government had been asking time to form their principles. But he thought it would be a super-human task. [Hear.] They might have received the year they asked, and yet they could not have done it—nor could they have succeeded had you given them till the resurrection.—[Laughter and cheers.] Did hon. members think that the magnificent member for Shefford could have given up his principles, which he had avowed for the last year? No; not a bit of it. (Laughter.) Did hon. members think that the hon. member who printed the *Globe* could have given up his principles? Certainly not! (Laughter.) Yet, could any two sets of principles be more antagonistic? (Hear, hear.) They could never settle them; and he believed it was not principle, but place, which had been looked at. (Hear and cheers.) As he was coming down street that evening he had received an extra of the *Globe*—which, for aught he knew, might have been written by the ex-Premier, Mr. Brown. [Hear, hear.] This extra commenced as follows:—"Outrageous conduct of the Governor-General!"

* * * * *

The country should not be trifled with.—The present House, if properly guarded, if led by shrewd, respectable, clever men, would take a proper course, and would work together harmoniously for the public good.

Important Trial in the High Court of Parliament.

HON. MR. JUSTICE SMITH, Presiding.

OGILING R. GOWAN, Esq., stated the case as follows: One uncertain George Brown, having undertaken to form a Cabinet, bartered away his principles and the rights of Upper Canadian support. This he would prove by testimony which would put the matter beyond the possibility of an honest doubt, and having done so, he would ask exemplary damages. Mr. Gowan recapitulated the evidence he intended to offer, and dwelt with much eloquent invective upon the awful turpitude of the offence. He then proceeded to call his witnesses.

BEAU BRUMMEL MORIN.—On Sunday last met Hon. Loose Drummond. Asked him if he knew anything of the Brown Cabinet. He said, No. Told him that it was formed. Gave him the names of each member excepting that of the Attorney General East. Asked him if he knew who was appointed to that office. He said No. Told him that rumor said he himself was. He angrily replied that he would never join George Brown; that George Brown was a governmental impossibility; that for seven long years of falsehood he had insulted Lower Canada. Left Loose Drummond. Again saw him. Repeated that I understood he had become Attorney General East. He this time acknowledged the *corn*, and stated that George Brown had abandoned his principles in favor of Lower Canada, and that for this reason, and for this alone, did he, Loose Drummond, consent to join George Brown's Cabinet. Others heard these conversations. There was Mr. Coon Cameron, Mr. Simmer, and others whose names I forget.

Cross-examined by Mr. McDougall.—Am sure of both conversations [repeats them]. Defy any man outside of this Court House to contradict me to my face [the witness was here reprimanded by His Lordship]. Always stick to the truth like bees wax. Am not mistaken, by a long chalk. Calculate I am some pumpkins.

MR. COON CAMERON.—Remembers the occasions spoken of by the last witness. His statements of Mr. Loose Drummond's conversations are substantially correct.

Cross-examined by Mr. McGee.—Am known as the Old Coon, and sometimes as the Original Clear Grit. Guess I am not a fool. Have not when seeking the Ark of Israel, mistook the Treasury Benches for it. Never drink anything weaker than water. Never am drunk except in my own rooms. Know the Wabash. Have once been "treed" there.

MR. McDONALD.—Really, my lord, I submit this cross-examination has nothing to do with the examination in chief.

MR. MCGEE [excitedly].—I maintain it has.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—I do not see what the Wabash has to do with what is alleged to have taken place between Mr. Drummond and Mr. Brown.

MR. MCGEE.—Very well, my lord, I submit to your impartial judgment. Witness, that will do. [witness "rather thinks it will"].

MR. SIMMER.—Was present on the occasions mentioned by the preceding witnesses. Mr. Morin's statement as to what was said by Mr. Drummond on each occasion, is correct.

Cross-examined by Mr. Piché.—Lives in Quebec. Was a merchant. Am a father. I have at least one daughter. Her mother knows she is out. I do not. I am not her mother. Think I have a son but am not sure. If I have he will be a man before his mother.

MR. GOWAN.—My Lord, I must protest. This is most insulting to the witness.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—I think so too. Mr. Piché, you must desist.

MR. PICHÉ.—Very well, my lord. I bow to the bench.

MR. McDONALD.—That is the case for the Plaintiffs.

[During the progress of the Plaintiff's case, a lawyer named Tibbawdo who had been stripped of his gown for malpractice, frequently inter-

rupted the proceedings, to the annoyance of the Court.]

MR. MCGEE opened the defence as follows:—May it please your lordship and gentlemen of the jury. In this case I appear for the defence. I am not only authorized to deny that my clients, through their agent, Loose Drummond, were parties to a fraud, but that the statements said to have been made by the agent were not only not made, but that no fraud has been committed. The only witness, against us, gentlemen, whose testimony amounts to a row of pins, is the man, Morin. Now, gentlemen, he is unworthy of credit. He has, at different times made different statements. I am authorized, gentlemen, to say that he is a liar "in the innate recess." And although not authorized to say it, I believe I may state on my own responsibility, that he is a fool. Gentlemen, I know he is. He, like the junior member for Toronto, enters this house without his continuations. Who, gentlemen, could believe the word of such a man? Why, gentlemen, I shall do nothing more than put in evidence the report of his own statements made on other occasions concerning the very facts in dispute, as different as possible to those which to-day he swore to. [Here the learned Counsel read a paragraph from a newspaper called the *Atlas*, in proof of his position, and concluded, "that, my lord, is the defence."

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—I do not doubt the respectability of the *Atlas*, but it is no evidence without more. You must adduce some witnesses.

MR. MCGEE.—My witnesses, my lord, are not permitted to enter Court. Having made fools of themselves, they are in the outer world, on a glorious spree.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—Then you have nothing to go before the jury.

MR. McDougall.—I am authorized by Tibbawdo to say that he was authorized by Mr. Lemieux, who was authorized by Dorion, who was authorized by Mr. Drummond, to state to your lordship that the statements of Mr. Morin are not true.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—Surely, Mr. McDougall, you are not so ignorant of law as to think that I can receive such evidence as that.

MR. McDougall.—Well, my lord, if you are not satisfied, I can only refer you to the third page of the last number of the *Agriculturist*, which I lately, with other members, sold to my Honorable and learned friend, Mr. Tibbawdo, the Minister of Agriculture.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—You must produce the number, and let me read it.

MR. McDougall.—My lord, I am afraid I cannot produce the number in Court. I sold the paper, and it is I fear all used in wrapping up weavils destroyed by my Honorable and learned friend, Mr. Vankoughnet, when Minister of Agriculture, and Weavil Slayer General.

MR. JUSTICE SMITH.—Then I must rule against you. Gentlemen of the jury, you must find for the Plaintiffs.

Verdict for the Plaintiffs, and 1st damages.

P.S.—Since the trial, we have learned that the Agent, Mr. Brown, whose reprehensible conduct was so fully established, has been ejected from his office, and having lost all reputation for even common honesty, is now a street vagrant, searching for a seat in the City of Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Cartier, Macdonald & Co.,
Cabinet Makers and Joiners.

Cabinets supplied at the shortest notice. Old Cabinets neatly repaired and warranted to stand any wear or ill usage.

N. B.—No connection with Messrs. Brown, Foley, Dorion, & Co., over the way, who for want of English Oak or French Polish are unable to fulfil their engagements.

"Brown Swallowing Lemieux Pills."

Oh why do you make that grimace,
Mr. Brown?
And why do you pull such a face;
Have you swallowed a fly,
Set your stomach awry,
That its contents you cast o'er the place,
For the space
Of two yards all around and a pace;
Now tell me and don't look so drear,
Mr. Brown?
Ugh! to do so you need not come near.
Was the "Globe" very tough,
And Lemieux rather rough,
When he forced you to eat it? oh dear,
It is clear,
That you found it exceedingly queer,
For you twist and you turn, and you spin,
Mr. Brown!
And kick up a duce of a din.
Your lips are compressed,
Your arms hug your breast,
And your knees are bent up to your chin,
While you grin,
Just as if you had sat on a pin.
And yet for the sake of the "bobs"
Mr. Brown!
You could swallow the whole "Baby jobs;"
Say the Globe was but shamming,
All the while it was cramming
Its lies down the throats and the gobs
Of the Snobs,
Who make up your great Clear Grit mobs.
And then after all to be balked
Mr. Brown!
To be thrown off the road you had chalked!
'Pon my word it's too bad,
It would make a Saint mad,
To be baffled and ruffled and knock'd,
And mock'd,
I can't finish my theme, I'm so shock'd.
TONGS.

The Legislative Council.

"As to the vote (want of confidence) of the Legislative Council, it was not of the slightest consequence."—*Globe* of Tuesday, 3rd instant.

Now that is what *The Poker* would call a jolly snubation, and it is to be hoped that the next time the Legislative Council contemplate strong action of any kind, they will bear in mind the estimate placed upon their vote by the Goliath of the Canadian Press. What think you of the value your great chief attaches to your labours, Messrs. "Ferguson, Morris, Simpson, Dessaulles, Crooks, and Smith Harmanus." The crowing of an antiquated cock, the barking of a toothless cur, and the braying of a superannuated donkey, are inexpressive figures to convey the feeling of utter contempt with which Mr. George Brown looks upon your speeches. And as to you, Messrs. Prince and Patton, Messrs. Moore and DeBlaquiere, who so earnestly desire to maintain your privileges and render the House practically what it is theoretically, a branch of the Legislature, we trust you will give up your idle dreams and return to your homes, with a chastened sense of your absolute insignificance.

It is not true that George Sheppard has ratted again.

Scenes illustrating the true course of events in connection with the Great Crisis.

SCENE II.

GLOBE OFFICE.—The Governor General has sent for Mr. Brown.—Aide de Camp has just left Mr. Brown's office.

BROWN (solus)—Where's Gordon? 'tis too bad, why ain't he here?

(Shouts) Quick, Gordon, come; come, quick, O Gordon dear!

[Enter Gordon, in great excitement. He had been out and had just reached steps of Globe office in time to see Aide de Camp leave.]

GORDON.—Well, George, and is it true? it must be so. Come man, make haste—quick—move—why don't you go?

BROWN, (wildly).—Go where?

GORDON.—Why go, and see the Governor, of course. (Shouting from the window.) Ho! cabman, there, I say, just stop your horse.

BROWN (more calmly).—O, Gordon dear! my head does seem so light.

Just like as if I stood on some vast height.

GORDON.—Of course you do; but just look up not down; Remember who you are, the great George Brown.

BROWN.—O Gordon! Gordon! now at length the hour

Has come that brings our party into power—

That makes me Premier, gives me added fame,

And tacks an "Honorable" to my name.

O Gordon! Gordon! how I've fought and tried—

And, must I say it, Gordon? how I've lied—

How I have stirred up strife and envious hate,

That even blood can scarce avail to sate.

How I have toiled and toiled the livelong day,

My every power of mind brought into play,

That this great consummation might be won;

And now at length, at length, I see it done.

(Thinks a moment.)

But still, though I have won the golden prize,

I view the past with half regretful eyes.

My peace I've given, my health and strength are gone;

Yes, and my friends, I've lost them one by one;

If any I retain 'tis by a sham—

By seeming the reverse of what I am.

I try to make them think that I'm a saint,

And that is just what well I know I ain't.

There are a lot of mercenary souls

That swarm about me just like fish in shoals;

I'm sick of them, and yet I have to smile,

Bow, scrape, and talk to them; but wait a while,—

When once I'm well established in my place,

George Brown will wear a very different face.

GORDON.—Of course, of course; but mind you have to go

To see His Excellency; and if you are slow,

He'll think that you must entertain some doubt

As to succeeding in what you're about.

That would not do, since you have oft made boast

You'd form a Cabinet in an hour at most.

(A heavy step is heard near the door.)

BROWN.—I'll go, I'll go! but, Gordon, lock the door;

I'm sure that's Holland—isn't he a bore?

Won't I be glad to bid the chap good-bye.

'Twill be a real blessing.

GORDON.— So say I.

[Holland comes up to the door, is disappointed to find it shut, but still knocks with considerable confidence.]

BROWN (softly).—Open the door, the fellow must come in.

GORDON.—It is too bad, it really is a sin

To bother you when you've no time to spare;

Upon my word it almost makes me swear. (Opens the door.)

(Enter Holland.)

HOLLAND.—Dear Brown, and so you have been called at last,

Just when the session was so nearly past.

Let us shake hands as never hands were shook;

But, what's the matter? why how queer you look!

BROWN (encouragingly).—Oh, nothing, nothing, John, you

may depend

George Brown will prove himself a faithful friend;

But we must work, there's lots for all to do,

Just you serve me and I'll remember you.

HOLLAND.—With all my heart, dear George, I'll do my best;

But then I want,—of course you know the rest.

BROWN.—Why no, I don't remember it, I do declare—

GORDON.—Nor I; however that's a small affair.

HOLLAND.—Ah yes! but then I thought I heard you say

You'd give me,—a-h that place—down near the—bay.

BROWN.—Well, well; you know I always keep my word.

HOLLAND.—So I believe, and so I've always heard.

Of course you'll keep in mind the Custom House,

And give it to the man that has the nous

Its arduous duties ably to fulfil.

BROWN.—But then you know—the Civil Service Bill.

HOLLAND.—The Civil Service Humbug! see how Spence,

It's framer, found a hole right thro' the fence.

BROWN.—Ha, ha! that's not so bad; well, John, we'll see,

'Twill all turn out just as it ought to be.

GORDON.—Come, George, be quick! the cab is at the door.

BROWN.—All right! then John, good bye, you've luck in

store.

[Brown goes down stairs; Holland mutters to himself,

"I hope he does n't mean I've luck in my own store, for

I can contradict that statement myself. However, he can't

mean that.]

Privileges of Office.

Among other honors which devolve upon the Speaker of the Legislative Council, is that of presenting to the Head of the Government the Addresses of the House, and as the distinguished gentleman who filled that office under the famous Brown Administration had only one opportunity of appearing before his Excellency in that capacity, it is well that the ceremonial should be put upon record in a State Chronicle of so imperishable a character as *The Poker*. Oyez! Oyez!

The ceremonial was conducted in this order:

1st. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in court dress, to wit, black braided cut away coat with standing collar and an immense rosette on the nape of the neck, three-cornered cocked hat, small clothes, silken hose, and shoes with broad silver buckles; the imposing rod carried as a sceptre in the dexter, and a sword of State in the sinister hand.

2nd. The Members of the Council, twos and twos.

3rd. The Speaker, in stiff silk robes, and triangular official hat.

4th. The Sergeant-at-Arms, also in court dress, bearing the massive mace on his shoulder, and his faithful steel depending at his side.

5th. The Chief Messenger, in solemn black, with chain of gold around his neck, the Royal Arms pendant.

6th. Two Pages.

7th. The Representatives of the Fourth Estate.

8th. The People.

The procession having reached the vice-regal lodge, a guard of honor saluted the emblem of Royalty—the mace—and a herald with blast of trumpet, announced the Lords.

An Aide-de-Camp received the Speaker, at the gate, and introduced him into the reception room. The Black Rod bowed three times; then everybody else bowed, then His Excellency bowed.

Mr. Speaker, unfolding the deliverance, read as follows:—

May it please Your Excellency:

Her Majesty's faithful subjects, the Members of the Legislative Council, beg to approach Your Excellency for the purpose of declaring that the explanations I, as the nominee of the Administration formed by the Hon. Mr. Brown, was instructed to offer them anent the policy of that Administration, were excessively foolish, insulting, and absurd, and to declare further that they

utterly spurn, contemn, and execrate the abertion profanely called a Government, foisted by the said Mr. Brown on the country, of which Government I am the only mouth-piece in the said Council.

(Signed) JAMES MORRIS,

Speaker.

To which Address, His Excellency was pleased to make answer:—

Mr. Speaker:

I have much satisfaction in receiving your loyal address, and congratulate you upon the great pleasure you must personally experience in being invested by the constitution with the grateful task of giving utterance to sentiments which reflect so much honor upon the House, if not upon yourself.

His Excellency having delivered a copy of his reply, duly signed "Edmund Head," to the Speaker, the procession re-formed and withdrew.

Fun A-Head!

We are credibly informed that Mr. George Pyper, one of our large merchants, and a gentleman, who, besides, claims respect as a professing Christian man, is going about recommending that a gross insult be offered to His Excellency the Governor General. This we do not state in banter, but as a fact. And now we are authorized to inform Mr. Pyper, who, though a large merchant, is literally a very small man, that a stout fellow undertakes, should he hear Mr. Pyper make use of such threats, to take down his (Pyper's)—O! no, we never mention 'ems, and administer the correction which it seems his mother neglected to give him in his younger days.

DEAR POKER:

Permit an individual laboring under an excessive thirst for knowledge, to enquire if there is any truth in the rumor that the "*Screamer Frigid*" is to be one of the Stokes—no, no—spokes of the political wheel of which G. B.—n is knave—I mean nave—in the capacity of Usher of the *Black Rod*. *Bob le Capting* swears by gum it's so. Is it?

ENQUIREE.

BOB MOODIE.—"I have called to ask your vote for Mr. Cameron at the coming Election."

MR. GREEN.—Well you are a case,—fighting against your friends. Why man last Election you were altogether a *Brown* man.

BOB.—No Siree, you're out there; *Brown* was a *Moodyman*;—he isn't now, so he won't get in.

False Reports.

It is not true that preparations were made to illumine the City of Ottawa when the vote on the seat of Government was announced.

It is not true that the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson was invited to officiate in St. James' Cathedral on the first Sunday after his election.

It is not true that John Hilyard Cameron has retired from the contest for Toronto.

It is not true that W. F. Powell resigns his seat for Carleton in favor of Mr. Brown, if he should be defeated in Toronto.

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;—
Faon 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-rope, 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. Brown.

Saturday, 31 Aug., 1858.

My Dear Sir,

I have considered your proposal and have made communication of it to my friends, which think it is too liberal to come from you, but if you will put 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 propositions 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, advertizing to the merits of No. 3 POKER, seemed for once to be making a desperate effort to be fair and accordingly quotes two POKERING 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 forgotten 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 haven't 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?

"The Poker"

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