

"*crane*" or elevator to the erected upon
 "one of your wharves in the Lower
 Town, the cost of which will not
 amount to more than ninety or one
 hundred dollars;" no sooner had I
 uttered the last sentence, than I was
 seized violently by several of the com-
 pany, and most unceremoniously ex-
 pelled the building, amid the most hor-
 rid cries, yells and exclamations of "No
 funds!" No more improvements, &c.,
 and without waiting to hear any more, I
 fled down the street, in the direction of
 my hotel, cursing my misfortune on the
 one hand that I did not belong to the
 "Sturdy Beggar Tribe," but consoling
 myself on the other, with the satisfac-
 tory reflexion that my name did not fig-
 ure in "Cherrier's Dictionary."

QUÉBEC, 9TH DEC., 1863.

St. Peter's Street,
 Quebec, 7 December 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*.

St. Peter's ward nomination has just taken
 place, and it's thought by the boys that a very
 tight race will in all probability likely be seen,
 Between a Johnny Crapaud and a child
 of the green. The Johnny Crapaud is called monsieur
 Bourget; the child of the Green, if I do not for-
 get is called Thomas Burns, a great Irish
 name. He's a cooper by trade and well known
 to fame.

The excitement Dear Sir, as you may
 suppose, was prodigiously great and fruitless
 God Knows; for a much greater brace of ignorant
 men than Bourget and Burns, never hand-
 led a pen.

'Tis said that their ignorance really is
 such, that the one cannot write now the other
 speak much. But for coolness and impudence, both
 without doubt can whip the Old Gentleman quite out
 and out.

St. Peter's ward, therefore, will be re-
 presented by a fool, unless some plan is quickly
 invented; and I think that in order to give them
 no bother, The Electors should vote for neither one
 nor the other.

Yours,
 A Free and Independent Elector.

POETRY.

The lines underneath written were
 found in the writing of the Premier, in
 Lewis street, and fully bear out the
 belief that we have always had, that
 he was a man of sentiment.

IMPRESSIONS MADE ON HEARING A
 PIPER PLAY A REEL.

A piper came in and he played a wee
 [tune,
 And the sheen of his kilts was as bright
 [as the moon
 And the tune that he played filled the
 [heart there with joy,
 So beauteous and free,
 Was that soft melody
 That methinks I still hear that pipin'g
 [boy.

'Tis true I forgot in that moment of
 [bliss
 All trouble, all woes, and thought only
 [of this;
 That a jolly good reel would again
 [make me feel
 How easy and free
 E'en a statesman can be
 When he trips to the piper a blowing, a
 [reel.

So I up with one leg and down with
 [the other
 And swore evey Scot that was there
 [was a brother,
 And I danced, for my heart was as light
 [as When I—
 E're political stripe,
 Engrossed my whole life
 Danced freely and gaily when I was a
 [boy.

O! Scotland how my heart bleeds for
 [thee.

PUNNING.

Why is St. John Street like an
 Anglers line?
 Be cause it has a *pik*e at the end
 of it.
 When is a man not a man?
 When he is *worsted* of Course.

I accidentally over heard Cri-Cri
 and dame *Saw* arguing upon the
 morality of a race, course the other
 day.

"I persist my dear Cri-Cri in sta-
 ting that a race course is an infamous
 place.

"Tut Tut my dear Mrs *Saw*,
 they are the best places in the world,
 for improvement; for on them have we
 not seen man a *good* man become a
better."

Dame *Saw* was over powered by
 Cri-Cri's argument.

Cri-Cris Diary.

The Hon. J. S. was reeling at
 the St. Andrews lall.
 The Gov. Gen. was *not* at the ball.

COMMUNICATED.

To the *Saw*.

The following I hope will be con-
 sidered worthy of an insertion in your
 columns, it was found in Garden street
 by a friend of mine, but as neither of
 the gentlemen mentioned are English
 scholars,—the question is—who wrote
 the Rhyming letter?

FROM B...d TO A...ph...40.

Alphonso my dear you'll be troubled to
 [hear
 That we have been caught in the man
 [we have bought.
 For the name of the lawyers, whom he
 [told us were sawyers
 Turns out to be false. 'Tis a parcel of
 [daubers
 As sure as a gun, who've been poking
 such fun;
 At our little characters, now going by
 [the run.
 Oh! *little* character is just what I mean,
 For *ours* you know is not worth a traw
 [c'en
 Mine, alas! has been gone since the ne-
 [morable night
 When I took up a pen in the J..... to
 [write;
 And yours has been fading Alphonso
 [my dear
 Excuse, oh! excuse this pitying tear
 For I feel for your fame, though I tell
 [all the while
 That your character's d..... since you
 [wrote for the file,
 O! I wish you could see me my patron
 [and host,
 From bother and shame I'm as pale as
 [a ghost
 And what nettles me worst, and is crack-
 [ing my brain
 I that you were let in for a *whack* of
 [champagne
 And twring your stick oh! dear what a
 [loon
 Danced over the *Saw* a neat rigadoon.
 May the sweet curse of Cromwell come
 [down on your head
 And visions of *Saws* and *files* run though
 [your head
 Is the cuse my dear Aubat. I give you
 [e'er we part
 Is the curse that I give from the
 [depths of my heart;—
 For trying to deceive with you horrible
 [plan
 So honest and decent and fine a you
 [man.