

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[Our clairvoyant reporter continues his account of the manner in which the Prince of Wales was received in this city.]

The burly President of the Council having read the address of the Corporation to His Royal Highness, Captain Bob suggested that he might be dry, and the weather being rather warm, asked all hands to drop into Jim Smith's, and called for drinks all round. The youthful Prince looked rather astonished at this demonstration of good nature on the part of the skipper Alderman, and seemed inclined to back out, but Bob was inexorable; His Rile Highness must indeed give in, and have a round from him who respected so deeply the pious, glorious and immortal memory; anything he pleased—brandy-smash—gin-cocktail—streak-o'-lightning—arf-and-arf—soda-water—anything in fact, even lager beer, for which latter drink, as the worthy Captain afterwards remarked, the Prince might have a particular relish on account of his German connexion. But the Prince couldn't descend to drink of that nature. Fearing that if he refused to join in with the city Fathers, he might be charged with a violation of the conventionalities of that class of people, he at last consented to take a whisky-cock-tail, which he pronounced excellent.

Ald. Carly was about "bleeding" at this stage of the proceedings, or in other words calling for another round, when a mighty host of the most inveterate water-drinkers, yeleft teetotellers, headed by the Prince of the tribe, the Hon. Robert Spence, made their appearance at the door; the latter bearing an address, which he intended presenting to His Royal Highness on behalf of the millions of his followers who have been induced to take up their abode among the unenlightened, besotted, incorrigible whisky-drinking people of this Province. Just as the honorable Robert graced the floor of the saloon with the shadow of his puny frontispiece, his eyes fell upon the emptied glass which the Prince still held in his hand; the shock was too great for the worthy gentleman; his hands shook, his lips quivered, his eyes failed him, and he tumbled to the ground with a force which made the glasses and decanters rattle. The Prince gazed upon the fallen body with amazement, doubting what all this might mean; Ald. Carr rushed to his assistance with all the energy and activity which he could muster. Bob Moodie shouted with all his might for a glass of brandy, which had the effect of temporarily arousing the recumbent disciple of Neal Dow and the "Coon," the thousand-and-one followers of their once mighty but now fallen chief, rushed to his side to discover the cause of the unexpected *denouement*. With faces eridincing the greatest anxiety did they watch the every moment of the muscles of his face, and as firm believers in the recuperative power of water, they dashed it on him in perfect torrents. Captain Bob was horrified at this unnatural proceeding. Let him have the brandy; that was the stuff; and in spite of all the protestations and entreaties of the water-drinkers be poured a rousing glass of the fiery liquid down the throat of the honorable Robert. The brandy and an instantaneous effect; the man who but a few minutes before lay motionless on the ground now rose smiling to his feet, though somewhat bewildered at the events which had taken place, and which were seen floating mistily through the brain. Two minutes

more, and the brandy did its work complete; Robert was himself again, to the great joy and relief of his anxious followers. Having thus recovered himself, his first anxiety was to present to the fair young Prince, the address, which it had taken so many days and weeks to prepare. But, alas the parchment had vanished! He knew he had it in his hand when he was about to enter the saloon, but where it was now no one seemed able to tell. What was to be done? No address; no presentation! There was no help for it. With down-cast eyes and countenance did he turn to his anxious followers and inform them of the sad calamity which had befallen them, and ordered them to fall into line and march back as they had come, *minus* the address. The order was at once obeyed, and to the great relief of Skipper Bob, did they shew their backs to the declining sun, and the City Fathers at the same time.

Now, as it is our business to give a true and faithful account of everything that transpires, we cannot allow the mystery which seems involved in the transaction just related to pass by without a word of explanation. That little animal in the pea jacket and sou'-wester who appeared to be boiling over with mischief as well as loyalty, was the cause of the whole trouble. With that natural aversion which he possesses to any sort of drink weaker than Morton's proof, he determined to thwart the ends of the Maine Law men, and how he succeeded our readers are already aware. While performing the very humane act of restoring the unconscious leader of the party to his senses, he managed to reward himself for his labor by pilfering him of the parchment—a feat which he succeeded in doing with the utmost cleverness—and deposited it in the depth of one of the pockets of the monkey-jacket. On relating the circumstance afterwards to his friends and *collaborateurs*, he was warmly applauded for the nimbleness of finger which he had displayed, and was treated to a drink by the President as a mark of esteem for the brave and worthy act which he had performed.

As the reception of the Prince was entirely in the hands of the City Council, they stuck to him like leeches, and loth as we are to keep such company, we must follow them in their ramblings. After the drinking ceremony in Jim Smith's Saloon was got through, the President shouted "All, ho!" for the Island. To convey the dignified body of municipal legislators and the distinguished recipients of their hospitalities to that monument of Corporation negligence and imbecility, the Fire Fly was chartered for the sum of £500—an amount which the worthy skipper thought low enough, considering the great event which they were celebrating, and the innumerable number of drinks he had to stand. During the passage over, the Prince, who sat side by side with the Duke of Newcastle and the Monkey—(Jacket), under the waving banner of the haughty England, spoke in very flattering terms of the little ferry boat and drew all sorts of comparisons between her and the Osborne, his Royal mother's yacht, which Bob failed to see in their true light; he could not imagine for a moment that the Prince would jibe him, but so it was. Landed on the sandy beach, the Capting again persisted in treating all hands, and the Prince being still new to such life, and fearing to break through the rules of etiquette which it is necessary to adhere to in such company, consented to drain another horn; after which they all sallied out to take an airing. We shall not relate the little incidents of

the few hours which passed in these peregrinations; we shall not take our readers through the details of the amusements which were indulged in; we shall not pitch with them those quots which have been pitched so often before on the same ground, nor give our lady friends a ride upon that time-honored swing. We shall return as hastily as possible from the monument of ruin and decay and ask our readers to come with us for a few moments to the Prince's Walk.

When the little tug arrived at the wharf, the "nigger-band," which had been engaged by Mr. Sanford Fleming, played up "Hail Columbia," "God Save the Queen" and "Yonkee Doodle" in the most glorious state of confusion. The Prince was mounted upon a chair and carried to the Walk by Mr. Mink (colored) and Mr. George Platt (muddled)—two of the stoutest men that could be found in the crowd. A guard had to be kept near the latter gentleman in case of accident. They succeeded, however, in bearing their burden to the walk with safety, the band playing, "See the Conquering Hero comes," (which had reference no doubt to the Prince) and "The Rogue's March," (which, it was said, referred to the members of our darling Corporation.) The stereotyped ceremony of planting a tree was then proceeded with, and the Prince, followed by his retinue, walked from one end of the little row of saplings to the other at the request of the founder of the walk—a task which tickled his Royal Highness amazingly. Then he was carried off by his aid-camp of City Fathers to dear-knows-where, for we were not able to watch his farther proceedings on account of the unfortunate sequel. When the Prince had left the ground, a lot of the "bhoys" from St. John's Ward seized Mr. Fleming, head and crop, and rode him on a rail, and afterwards tarred and feathered him. In the *melée* we got our eyes gouged out and our readers must excuse us if our account of this interesting reception ends here. The remainder will be found in *The Leader*, *Globe* and copper *Colonist* a few months hence.

Fun.

At the celebration of the Queen's birthday at Ottawa, airth inspiring society glorifying in the high sounding name of the Physiocarnivalogicalists, is to contribute to the fun—*Leader*.

We wonder how much they would take and come up to Toronto. If they could be seduced into taking a trip in this direction they would be paid liberally as those who went go to pic-nics on the Queen's birthday, will positively die of *ennui* and disappointed expectation. This funny society should be engaged by all means. Its name alone would do great deal to raise people's spirits. By the way, what does the word Physiocarnivalogicalists mean, it may [mean something funny but we "can't see the joke," will an Ottawa paper enlighten us?

If they can't be engaged we would suggest that the City Council have a meeting during the day and crowds would flock to hear them as our Councilors are notoriously a funny lot. A scene in their chamber is the next best thing to a Punch and Judy show or a performance of the above named funny society.

Pugilistic.

—Which is the more *spirited* of the international milling champions, old Tom Sayers or the young B. Boy?

Old Tom, of course.