

The Feast at the Terrapin, or Harvey's Sauce.

A BALLAD.

It is bold Harvey who has gone
To J. E. Smith and Co.,
And now, before that wondrous one,
See Miller touting low.

"What lack ye, lack ye, noble sir?"
Obssequious Miller cried,
"Why, forty gallons of your best,"
'Twas thus bold Harvey cried.

"Where shall I send it, noble sir,
And who will take it in?"
"To Carlisle and McConkey's place,
Up at the Terrapin."

The guests are there, the time draws near,—
A crowd of hungry sianers—
There is no wine, there is no sign
Of the long wished for dinners.

The clock has tolled, and one more bold
Said, as he scratched his pate,
"My gracious Heaven, 'twas half past seven,
And now 'tis striking eight."

But soon their hopes arose again,
For in came Mr. Harvey,
And, "Friends," says he, "I'll make it plain,
I didn't mean to starve ye.

"'Tis Carlisle and McConkey's fault,
I proffered them my all,
For thirty-seven and a half cents,
They might have dined as all

"On bullock's liver, or some dish
At least as rich and good;
But let's go drink, and show the knives
We'll do without their food."

Amazement fell on all those guests,
Some were for showing fight—
And wisely, then, great Harvey fled
Into the murky night.

Aye, like a dream he passed away:
And those unlucky sinners,
All sadly on their weary way,
Went home to get their dinners.

And each man's wife, all gibbing said,
"My dear, you're slightly cross,
You went to feast, and got, instead,
Nothing but Harvey's sauce.

He that Giveth to the Poor, &c.

Scene in the Mayor's room, 10 o'clock in
the morning, fourteen applicants in the
lobby. Mr. Argue marches out and ad-
dresses the poor devils in the following man-
ner:—

"You will arrange yourselves one by one,
before entering the room. When you enter,
don't ask which is Mayor, as the Mayor feels
annoyed because some people take me for
the Mayor. You will therefore observe that
the fat man with dirty hands is the Mayor."

Enter first applicant, (the Mayor and

deputy Argue in attendance, both in cush-
ioned chairs.)

Mr. Argue.—Poor woman, what can we
do for you? Have you a husband who looks
after your welfare, poor woman?

First Applicant.—No, your worship, but
I have my eye upon one. (Looking very
attentively at the Mayor.)

Mr. Argue.—Have you any wood, poor
woman?

First Applicant.—Yes sir.

Mr. Argue.—If you have wood and have
your eye upon a husband, we cannot give
you more than twenty-five cents. Your
worship will please hand over.

Enter Second Applicant. Old man very
badly dressed.

Second Applicant.—Can your worship do
a little for me, I am poor and penniless.

The Mayor.—Are you too sick to work?

Second Applicant.—Yes, your worship.

The Mayor.—Then the best we can do
for you is to give an order on the House of
Industry for two loaves per week. What
say you, brother Argue?

Mr. Argue.—Yes, your worship.

The poor man gets his order and leaves
the room strongly impressed with the impor-
tance of Mr. Argue and the Mayor.

The other ten or twelve in attendance are
disposed of in the same manner, Mr. Argue
instructing the Mayor on all occasions what
he shall say, the Mayor being always happy
and pleased to receive instructions in the
same. This scene is an every-day occurrence
in the City Hall. The only person who can
manage the Mayor without the assistance of
Mr. Argue, is Capt. Prince. The worthy
Captain on all occasions orders "that fellow"
out, and insists that his conversation with
his worship shall be "private," and that no
"common reporters" be admitted to the
room while their worship's are doing busi-
ness.

McKELLAR AND THE RATS.

We remember once having heard a story
of a patent medicine vendor who succeeded
in disposing of some 100 boxes of rat medi-
cine to an Upper Canada Merchant, (the
vendor was a Jew from Montreal,) the pur-
chaser found that instead of disposing of
the rats it served to fatten them' and on
seeing the Jew, informed him of the useless-
ness of the rat medicine. "Oh!" said the
Jew, "we no understand the constitution of
the Upper Canada rat, ze medicine vos made
for the Lower Canada animal. We hear
another rat story going the rounds.

"Messrs. Cowen and McKenzie, after much diffi-
culty, great fun and trouble, succeeded in catching
a couple of large rats in or about the Parliament
buildings, Quebec. Having killed the animals,
they procured a box, did them up snugly, and
despatched them to Mr. McKellar, with the follow-
ing note:—'Mr. Mowat presents his compliments
to Mr. McKellar, and hopes he will accept the ac-
companying game as a specimen of Lower Canada
deer.'"

A SONG OF DEGREES.

Leitch is now a D.D.
What a pity that he
Could ne'er before manage to get a degree:

James Williamson's quite
Sure he's in the right,
In keeping his fairly earned honours from
sight.

Then George Weir, I know,
His honours can show,
When asked by the Board of Trustees to do so.

Here's Mowat forever!
In his chair he'd sit never,
Without right, the bond he would instantly
sever.

Sir William, the lesser,
Was made a Professor
Of a Grammar School chair, he can't be the
possessor.

Of poor little Bell,
We can only tell,
He's to learn from a chemist, wont he then be
swell.

John Machar, 'tis said,
Is to lecture unpaid,
With No. 10 and his vote, ways and means
can be made.

Kingston, March 4th, 1864.

The Omission in the Speech.

Owing to Mr. Sandfield McDonald's ne-
glecting to mention in the "speech," the
birth of the Princess of Wales, "darling
little fellow," we respectfully submit to our
readers the latest news we have received
concerning the dear boy's welfare. It is a
burning shame to John S., to leave the
country in ignorance to so an important
event.

We cannot state positively what his Mil-
itary rank is, but we know that he is by birth
at the head of all the Infantry in Great
Britain.

The Royal boy falls at once into all the
long frocks that are required, and has an
estate tail in six dozen napkins.

The important matter will be confined at
present to teaching him how to take his pap
without spilling it. A professor from the
Pap-at States will, it is expected, be entrusted
with this branch of the Royal economy.

Our contemporaries have made a great
mistake in stating that the individual to
whom the post of wet-nurse has been assign-
ed, is nothing but a house-maid. The Grum-
bler is authorized to state that she is no
maid at all, but a respectable married woman.

In conclusion it is not true that Mr.
O'Halloran, M.P. has received the appoint-
ment of private tutor to the young Prince
and morality lecturer to the members of the
Royal household.