

**TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.**

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, Presiding of the Council:

STANLEY STREET, 27th Feb., 1863.

Well done amock!—Well done, I say agin;—but it's yez that are swimmin wid yer head and shoulders above wather. Be japers, I admire Macdugall. Didn't he spit it out in style. Begorra, there's a decent dhrup in that fella afther all. He didn't mince the matter, but tould the Opposition plump and plane that he was only humbuggin thim last Sesshun on the representation question. Be my sowkins, he got out of the thing well, and I think did yez all some sarvice by his manliness. If I had my way of it, instead of increasin the number of representatives, I'd send a dozen or two of those already in parliment about their bizzness, and entrust the affairs of the country to a few sensible min not given over much to the gal, but anxious for the welfare of the province as a whole. Sure, alaunah, as long as it's English and Frinich and Frinich and English, yez will niver get along. Jean Baptiste will niver play succend fiddle to yez or us up here durin secula seculorum. And, whin I come to look into it, I think it's mane of some of us, now that we have got a thrifle more people in this seckshun of Kimada then the Frinich have below, to want to take advantage of it and disturb the equipoise which has existed so long and so happily.

I'm beginnin to alther my views altogether regardin your collagues, seen that they are successful and apt to remain in power some time. Isn't it wonderfoul how soon we got an insight into the virtues of the winnin party? I'll be bound to you, that some of the journals that supported the late Ministry will soon begin to discover that yez have among yez some of the ablest and most disinterested statesmen that iver bruck the bread of life. Mind yez, it's yer own fault if they dont. Thiggen thu?—I dont know that yez may count much on the *Globe*, as it appears addicted to a sort of inveterate Joe-Humeism that my be inconyvariant, and turn out at the present moment to be somethin like the dog in the manger.

Och! mayourneen, but hadn't we the great Washington Anniversary dinner up here a night or two ago at the Americann Hotel. Be the man o' the moon, but the Yankees are soecially the most original people on the whole face of this "terrestrial sphere," as poor Paddy Mulannah used to say. What d'ye think, but there were as minny ladies as there were gentlemen present on that same occasion; and what's more, will you believe me whin I tell you that a devil a taste of anythin in the way of fluids was on the table durin the whole faste and throughout the evenin, but coid wather! Sorra word of lie is in it. Begorra if the successful gentleman, Misther Washington, whose anniversary they were commemoratin was a Washing tun, they could not have been more profuse of Lake Ontario on him then they were. It was a bitter coid wather; and I hard it said by more than one of the party, that upwards of a dozen, who were present were attacked wid snowball and had to fly to a mustard plaster and somthin hot the moment they got released from their hy-

droopathic pinnance, and I'll give you my consins on it, that there was one fella tould me that he felt the short leg of a goose skath on his stomach for upwards of an hour, afore it got aisy. "The pleasure of wine wid you," says one joker to a lady opposit him out. "Over the left," says she, in the most refined little manner in the world, givin, at the same time, her dear little thumb two or three shoves over her beautiful shoulder, in a way that would put you so much in mind of home. Wasn't it plain to be among people that were so free and aisy wid aich other? None of yer starched up work; but the rare, prime republican stinment that cau dispinse wid yer oold country nonsense, wid sich bowin and scrapin and dhravin room cupers, and that looks upon ladies as well intiled as the sterner sex to take a knife and fork at a public dinner, and return thanks when their healths are proposed, as well as do some other nate little things. This may be new to you, but that it has, to some extent, obtained up here is an undoubted fact; and plazed I am that it has, the oold plan comes a little awkward to some people, and is not so aisy larned if you don't begin your, and in your own father's house.

Sure I saw your piether and Michael's in the *Illustrated Hamilton News*. The devil a thing does well about it but the dog-skin that's on your coat. You're not yourself at all in it. You look as black as the ace of spades and as gruff as a bear wid the tooth ache. As to Michael, from the way his lips are plated up, you'd sware that he was afther expectin or takin somethin that wasn't of a very disagreeable carraether. Howsomeriver he is not so nearly related to himself as you are; for barrin the specks and a sartin cut of the whiskers, he'd answer for any one of twinty gentlemen that I know of about fifteen stone aich. I must admit, nivertheless, that the artiste, whoever he is, has improved greatly since he gave us a sketch of the ruins of the Rossin House, and of the Grand Trunk Elevator by moonlight, when he injaneously inserted an over-grown ginger beer bottle wid its contents, being blown off on the wharf, and had the face to call it a steam engine, if you please.

I'm rather in good humour at how you're beavin yourself, although I know it goes agin your grain. You never were made for pace and quietness, and it's sure I am you're bottlin up somethin desperate for little Carther and one or two more of thim. You dont forget, avick, what he sed to you long ago up here, when you were talking to him about goin into parliment. It's a good sit down you gave him thin for that same, as well as minny a time since. Howsomeriver, you mustn't be so hard. Dont you know he's Frinich, and that his countrymin tried to give us a helpin hand in '98. Keep that in your mind, asthoroch, and resarve your fire for the mumber—that is to be—for South Oxford; for let me tell you that that's the boy that'll be apt to give you some trouble, unless yez take him into partnership or give him a private key of the public chest.

How is Misther Brantford? Is it thrue that he is about to turn his atinshun to the cultivation of late tobacy in his own constituency. It will be a great reluse to the poor man to get from amongst yez. Sure you know that I cant send you the quantity you ax for. Since the Chancellor and the two new Judges were appointed up here, there were upwards of ninety four gallons borred from me. I send you fifteen, but I know I might as well send you a muggin, whin yez all get together. Write and let me know at what paryod yez will be turned out.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," &c.

Unlimited respect for the Hon. George Brown urges us to call the attention of his friends to the possibility of his cutting, rudely and for ever, his old acquaintances, and the city which has long harbored the father of Rep. by Pop. In his speech at the Oxford nomination the other day, the reporter makes him say:—

"He, Mr. Brown, felt like a fish out of water at Toronto, and now that he had got back to the country, he hoped he should never return to Toronto again, for he was tired of it."

When we read this, we asked ourselves could it really be G. B. that spoke in this way. There is no mistake about it, however. The ex-leader is on the "rampage," and seems to be restrained by no bounds. Why should he thus turn his back upon old Toronto? Surely his defeat by the "free and enlightened" of the "Queen City," in the year of grace 1861, should not be enough to cause the wound he received on that occasion to still rankle in his breast, and desert his old familiar haunts? Have the dusty recesses of the *Globe* building no hold upon him that, he should thus wander into new and untrodden pastures "seeking rest," and mayhap "finding none?" Have home and relations no attractions for the new made Benedict? It would seem not; and, judging by the tone of G. B.'s remarks we would not be surprised to see, one of these days, in the great sheet itself, an advertisement after the "Lost, Stolen or Strayed" pattern, which sometimes meet our eyes in the daily journals; offering a reward for the recovery of the recusant hero. It is really a very alarming affair; and if Mr. Brown's friends have any interest in his welfare we advise them to send post haste to Oxford, such a batch of constables as will suffice to bring the strong man back to his old ways. What would be the fate of Rep. by Pop. if he were to wander for the remainder of his days amid the wild "bush" of Oxford? How would the finances of the country get along, if he were to disappear from the political arena, and pass his latter years among the rude backwoodsmen? The thought is too harrowing to dwell upon. He must be brought back, and the sooner his desperate case is attended to the better. *Carpe diem*, gentlemen!

**Conventions Repudiated.**

The father of numberless conventions, (the great G. B. himself,) having given up all hope of his own offspring, has recently announced that he will not for the future allow his name to be made the sport of political thimble-riggers. This sudden conversion may be traced to his newly acquired distaste for anything like Women's Rights Conventions.

**In Memoriam.**

The Northerners, it is said, have presented Mr. George Gordon with a *cane* for his services in upholding their cause. The Southerners should not be out-done. We suggest that they club together and present the Editor of the *Leader* with a cat-o-nine-tails.