

Not a Doubt of it.

Confederation

Is a vexation;

Division is not so bad.

The rule of *three*

Puzzles me,

And George Brown sets me mad.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. IV.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculture, &c., or elsewhere.

STANLEY STURRETT, 19th August, 1864.

Do you remember an ould song at home that they used to call "Ahl then, sweet bad luck to my mother-in-law?" To be sure you do; for the devil a minny min of my acquaintance but hums that same tune now and then; and some of them in a clear full voice that has main in it. Well, I harde Lanty Doolin at it last night over at the Cat and Maggie; but what do you suppose he did wid the last verse, but lenthened it out by schreech-ing, that you tear him at the Rowlin Mills, "Ahl! thin sweet bad luck to you D'Arcy McGee." "Get out of this," sez I to him, "you ill mannered spalpeen, to be takin the name of your betthers in your mouth in that way," sez I; "that's now out on co-federashun, and has jest returned from actin shotman to the Press and Parliamt in the Lower Prov'nces," sez I, "you disgrace of the world!" Bein a little lame he thried a pewther quart on me at a distace; but glory be to God, it only jest galled my temples; havin taken a likin to Nat Gallagher, who sat behind me. Faith and sowl, it was a pity of poor Lanty after all, for Nat and he were like brethers; and you'd think he'd go out of his senses as we were carryin him up to bed while they wait for the doctor. It was an unfortunate affair altogether, and I wonder at Doolin, who was always a great frind of yours. I can't understand the thing at all; unless you have been doin somethin to the Irish—or what's next doore to it—doin nothin for them.

Well sure we got a hint of the doins of the whole of yez down among the Blue Noses from the Montreal Telegraph. Be dad! that same paper is equal to a moral, dandelion pill among society, for "it goes through it like a whillaluh! through a country village." Howsomdever, what I'd like to know is, did the editor get an invitashun—for if he didn't that would be accountin in some degree for the milk in the coco-nut. Be the gosht of a piper, he can't be far astray anyway; for its well I know that every man Jack of yez at this very moment looks like the remains of an ill spirit life or the first two lines of an humble petishun. Well! well! it isn't often yez get a chance at a couple of weeks work without the landlord's dirtyin one or two slates in the thrasackshun. But layin aside the atin and dhrinkin, can you tell me what brought yez down there, or whether it was for yez or the Lieutenant-Governor that the Royal Artillery fired the salute at Fredricton, for the correspondent of the *Ladher* doesn't seem to know? Begorra! I

never harde the like! Only fancy the British Army rasavin wid military honors an incongruous pack of unoffishal stragglers from the slums of the Press and Parliamt, together wid a few interlopers a little lower down if possible. Blur and turf! to be sure it wasn't the Lieutenant-Governor. It was the *Ladher* and the *Globe* and the McKellers they were shootin for, and the devil a thing else. The Lieutenant-Governor, indeed! Cock him up wid any sich doins whin the representatives of the Press and people of Upper Kinnada were to the fore. But what's the difference so long as yez have settled the subject of confederashun. And that yez have settled it there's not a shadow of doubt, or my name's not Terry Finnegan.

So yez are to meet round the Council Table at Quebec I hear on the 23rd I suppose yez will be off agin on the 24th, for this is fine weather for travelin. Well, whin yez assamble there will be a strange admixthir; but "variety is charmin," as the devil sed whin he painted his stomach pay green. There's one advice I'll give you any way, and that is, dont go to any getherin of the kind without a blackthorn, for Macdougall's as tuff as a nail and George is no joke, I hear, whin he's raised. Howiver, if John A., yourself, Galt, and Carther get into a corner among a few chairs, bottles and pewther inkstands, I have no fear of the result. Dhrop me a line when all is over, so as that I may know how you are.

Hups! yer sowl you! if we hadn't an evenin of it in the Horticultural gardens on Monday last.—The great English *Soprano*—there's edicashun for you—Madam Anna Bishop, gave us a grand concert there—assisted by her talented daughter, Miss Laweeza, Mr. Humphreys, our first tenor here, Mr. Preston a slupber *basso*, and Mr. Sedgwick a splindid, comic singer and concertina player.—Pon me sowkins I'm tellin you thruth when I say that the gardins were aequal to a dhrame, wid lights, flowers and crowds of livin bokays. Oh! murder in Irish! to see those bewtiful crasthurs gliden and sailen among the arbors and under the tinted lights which varigated the grounds and lit up the great rustic Hall in which the concert took place. There were thousands and thousands of them, like over grown birds of paradise, all floatin about in the most bewitchin manner in the world. Darcy! I was goin to say somethin; but I wont. Sorra sich delightful music I ever harde. There was Madame Anna, charmin as ever, batin out the very groves wid her clear ringin melodies and wonderful power and excecusum. Everythin she sang was exquisitely performed. Be the mortal man, she listed every man jack of us under the "dashin white sargent," and sent us anivellen into a corner wid "The beggar girl." In fact, the long and the short of it is, she'll have to make no altherashun in her singin when she steps across the thrashold of the other world. The Band of the 16th were present also, and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment, although there was some delay in the arrival of the music and music stands. She gives us one or two more concerts in the same grounds, the first of which is to take place on Tuesday evenin next, when we may expect another great thrate. I wish you were here so a

to be able to jidge for yourself; but, as I said afore, you have a bad ear for music.

I have done now, and have but barely time to say that it would be well of you when you see Denis Godly to tell him to give Lord Monck a hint, that it would be acceptable to the people of Western Kinnada if he would institute an enquiry into the Port Credit case, and the conduct of Misthor Thomas Worthington, in particular, in connexion wid that shameful affair. Justly or otherwise, the Assisint Commissioner of Customs, and his Collague Mr. Brunel, stand charged, before the Province, wid misdeeds that no government can pass over wid credit to themselves. And I am sartin that neither Mr. Brown, Mr. Galt, nor John A. has any desire to endorse corrupt practices on the part of any public offer, no matter what his status or parliamentary influence. That's plain talk for you; and pay atinshun to it. Let us have what you call rule British fair play, and no thraison or underhand work. Let us have an honest and imparshal investigashun, and then see if Mr. Thomas Worthington does not walk the plank. But Port Credit is not the only rod in pickles for him. I wish I could tell you somethin; but I can't entrust it to paper. Never, mind, you'll hear it soon enough, and so will he if he has not harde it already. His gunce is played out, so he may as well pack up; I suppose your head is bad. May the Lord brake hard forshune before you.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—You left no boots here, only a pair that I wouldn't give tuppence for. Sure the soles was hanging off one of them. T. F.

Niagara.

We are happy to understand that that hardy, able and indefatigable son of Scotia, Angus Morrison, will beat Brown, black and blue, in this constituency. When we say Brown, we don't mean the honorable George, but a very respectable young man of that name, whom some of the St. Catharines people have induced to come forward and contest this constituency with the late clever representative of North Simcoe. Without throwing any reflection upon the capacity or abilities of Mr. Brown, we cannot discover how any body of electors could be prevailed upon to support an inexperienced and unsophisticated young person in preference to an old and educated member of the House, who could in five minutes effect more for them than such an individual as his opponent could in as many months. Verily, party is oftener as blind as a mole.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M., BARRIE.—Will attend to it.

J. C., CHANDLY.—Please write.

J. T. B., HAMILTON.—It is of the utmost importance that it should be in on Wednesday morning.

R. S., STRATFORD.—Decidedly mean.

W. J., BOND HEAD.—Have not got one of the number you sent for.