

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McFee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament or elsewhere, President of the Council.

STANLEY STUBBS, 7th May, 1863.

Yerrah, Darcy astorch, had you iver the gout "Yon me sowkins," sez you to me, now, "unless the Lord is merciful, maybe its the g'out I'll have fast enough on this same vote that's soon to take place" But, that's not what I mane. Had you ever the rale gout, that would make you twist your mouth till it looked like the letter S on the broad of its back, or the flourish on the belly of a fiddle? Och! but that's the thing, unvarniced, that would prepare you to spind a pleasant hour or so at a divvellen tin party, where you'd be axed so minny interrestin little questions, and be generously plied wid cup after cup of what might I think be termed scandal broth, instead of anythin else. Be this as it may, let me tell you, that it was that same complaint in my right hand which kept me from givin you a stave these last few days; and the divil a quarer cure you ever harde of thin the one that brought me round so far as to be able to sind you this.

I was walkin along the sthreet the other night, as passable as any man from the County Tipperary could; whin a joker comes up behind me and gives me a fut that laid me on my left lug, about three feet from where he overtook me. "I beg your pardon" sez he, whin I got up, "but I thought it was Sweeney." "Did you," sez I, "take that?"—divhavin my right hand at the same time, without ever thinkin, and closing his left eye for the evenin, wid a teeh that, as ould as I was, tould him what I used to be. We had it for a minnit or two; but he was no match for me, for I gave him Lanty Phelan's thrip, and sint him home sinseless in a cart. The divil a gout had I since; and you may spre:ld the cure among the mimbbers, if you like, as it may be usef:l to some of thim yet, afore they are put to bed wid a shovel.

Which leg are you standin on at present? for the divil resave the bit if I know what advice to give you, the rope is gettin so sluck and unmanagable. Stand on the left, for you can use the right as a ballanse pole, and step off wid grater dacency if you're obliged to tury the flure once more. You'll come down 'tisy, as you have neither Rep. by Pop. nor Separate Schools hing round your neck like a mill-stone; havin niver fathered the one nor opposed the other. Begorra, that's somethin anyway; and its glad Mr. Evtanturel is of it, I'm sure; for if you fell, he would be very sorry to see you dislocate that important seekshun of the spinal column upon which your dusky napper rests—the humane cratshure. Well, niver mind; if there's any differ yez are all alike, right and left; so its no matter to the country which of the calves are put to its fit.

Shure we had a grate concert up here the other night; and delighted I was wid the way that some rale ladies and gentlemn behaved themselves while the music was goin on. They kept up the natest little gigglin and talkin that ever was in the world; they were so aisy unther their superioredication;

and one or two of thim let their sticks fall, in the middle of some low soft tune or other, lookin round at the same time, wid the purtiest grin you ever saw, to see who was admirin thim; and quite plazed wid thimselfs and the breedin they larned among the refined giathry that crowded nightly their spashus dhravin rooms. Oh! Darcy, alunnh, but you would be charmed with their indopineance, and how they didn't care a fig for the music, or anythin else. But, begorra, I believe its no wonder that they lalled and made sport; for there was a big fiddle, and a little fiddle, and a piano playin somethin they call, the "First movement, Grand Trio in C minor," by Beethoven. Faith it almost makes myself laff; and I'm sure if Dr. Strathy, Mr. Haig, and Mr. Sofge, had given thim "whop jaw bone with my doo jin doo" the divil a quieter set of people ever lay in a church-yard then they would have been. Darcy, don't you think that some of us are made of clay, and others made of clawber, wid an odd wisp through it?

I'm done now; and I'm thinkin that maybe your not far from bein done yourself; although sorry I'd be for it. Hlowsomdiver, they can't take that tongue out of you, or twist that scone of your shoulders, for they're your lawfl property. Consequently you're safe, no matter what turns up; although that's more then I can say for half of thim. Under this conviction, nivertheless, I can subscribe myself wid grate aise and satisfaction,

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—Do they make noise and grin at concerts down there in your place?

T. F.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

The *Irish Canadian* is not the only exponent of senseless fanaticism in Toronto. We have a stupid compound of bad English and senseless denunciation, called the *Watchman*, published in this city, which knocks the *Hibernian Society's* organ into the shade. Bathos and bigotry, dished up in a style which defies all the trammels of grammar and rhetoric, are weekly served up for the delectation of the more rabid of the Protestant faithful. The last number, however, throws every persons effort into the shade. After the usual amount of blather, (intensified from the *Hlobe*) about "Lower Canadian domination," "Popish drag," "gity serpent," "bowing the knee to Bual," &c., &c., what on earth do you think this sapient fanatic recommends? After stating that Lower Canada "is about to give us another cuff, and another kick," by keeping the government in Quebec; he actually proposes, in sober earnest, that the Upper Canadian members should secede and hold a parliament in Toronto, after the manner of the Confederate States. This looks something like action, and is really refreshing after the vaporing twaddle we have been treated to for some time past. We trust arrangements will be at once made to perfect the organization of the new government, and also to equip an army and navy. Should the Hon. George Brown join the rebels, he might justly claim the Presidency. Lieut. Col. Ogilvie R. Govan, from his

military experience at the battle of the Windmill will, of course, be appointed Commander-in-Chief; he would, of course, be assisted by General Tom Ferguson, General Hugh Miller, and General R. Reynolds. Dr. Agnew would ably superintend the medical department. The navy, under command of Admiral Bob Moodie, would require a thorough overhauling. The revolution produced by the iron-clads renders the *Fire-Fly* comparatively valueless. It must be at once covered with old railroad iron; the pilot box serving as a turret. The *Victoria*, from Hamilton, and the Cape Vincent ferry boats should be strengthened with similar armor plates. With a squadron like this, Admiral Bol, the *Peninsular* hero, could defy Admiral Fortier and the hireling tars of Lower Canada. The next step would be to get rid of the regular troops, who might, perhaps, be rather troublesome to Field Marshal Gorman and the new government. This may easily be done by electing a mayor in each city after the pattern of Cornish of London; if an officer be insulted in each city, Sir Fenwick Williams' dander will be aroused, and thus the only source of trouble to the great Protestant rebellion will be removed without the loss of one of the faithful. The ultimate success of the movement, like that of General Hooker, is "beyond doubt;" Jean Baptiste would be squelched, the hydra-headed monsters, Puseyism and Popery, strangled, and Upper Canada free. Of course N. C. Govan would be the Seward of the management, and do all the scribbling necessary and unnecessary with a verbosity and pomposity worthy of the American secretary himself. By all means let us have a rebellion, but, for any sake, let some one write the Declaration of Independence who has some regard for style and common sense, not the editor of the *Watchman*.

Contradiction.

We are requested to state that there is no truth in the assertion that Harry Henry left the city on account of the immorality of the inhabitants; nor in the report that he is going to offer himself as a candidate for the Legislative Council, in place of Malcolm Cameron the coon. Mr. Henry is, we believe, studying at Victoria College, with the intention of entering the Methodist ministry, and ultimately of succeeding Uberton Ryerson, the general superintendent of alteration, whom he so much resembles in character.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The gentleman who was weak enough to send us an imitation of Terry Finnegan's letters, had better turn to the story of Bathylus in connection with the *sic vos non vobis*, of Virgil—"How we apples swim."

IMPORTANT TO LANSCAMBE OPERATIVES.—The *Leader* has, we understand, just disposed of an overstock of Cotton, grown at Port Credit, which the proprietor has had on hand for some time, and was anxious to sell off at a nominal figure, far below cost. Strange that a commodity so valuable at this moment, should have lain so heavily and so long in the the market