

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. II.

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

STANLEY STREET, 3rd August, 1864.

Be the sow of Moll Kelly but you're the devil's own boy for a tin and drinkin and goin on journeys and the Lord knows what. Well, small blame to you, if any; although you have a quite little way of your own of not troublin yourself much about your friends so long as you have a bit of mutton in your own pot. It's the cares of State, I suppose; and besides its a long time now since you left Ireland, I wonder how you know any part of the County of Wexford at all if you wint home? Faith its hard to say; although there was a time that I thought there wasn't a shaded borean, a lough a river or a meadow from the Giant's Causway to Cape Clear but was cinthered in your very sow. Aye, in throth, and I b'lieve they are so still; notwithstanding that your mimmy is sometimes a little short.

So yez are all off for the Lower Pvinces where yez will get lashins and lavins to swallow and guzzle for nothin? Well make the most of it, for let me tell you that its the last time that some of yez will have an opportunity of repatin the dose on the same terms. Pon me sowkins, and I'm ashamed to say it, but I know some members of the press up here who have been nothin but mere skin and bone for the last few years, who wint nearly out of their sinces when they got a free ticket for a couple or three weeks of fair atin without a pinnny. I know one little fella, and I'll lay you a wager that yez will have to cooper him afore he's twenty-four hours wid yez—bad cess to him for that same, the mane thief. I needn't minshun his name for yez will find him out at the first leg of mutton.

Whatin the name of God are yez all goin to do down there? Is it to wipe out the rascality of John Sandfield and touch up the Iathercolonial Railway; or is it to feel an odd pulse in relatin to the Union of all the Provinces? D'Are, manvourneen, if it be the latter, may you prosper; for a featheration of the Kinnadas simply, would be equal to makin geese of us. But wha's the raison that Alick Galt and John A. doesn't go wid yez? Begorra yez will be lame enough without, them as they are at the present moment not only the back bone, but the exponents of all the intherest that now appertain to us. Ah! man alive, it was a mistake not to have the Minister of Finance and the Attorney Ginneral West wid yez, for in their absenco the devil a one will b'lieve a word out of half of your heads.

So Misher Currier of Ottawa is goin to resign and make way for Macdougall. Well let him, for I'll give you my hand on it that I think that that same Prosbeteran thief is about as honest as the rest of yez, and that's not sayin much for him. As long as yez have made a fair compact, let Brown have his own min, and then if he goes to the ould boy, let him. Now, do you know what, John A. has behaved like a man to Macdougall and Brown, and I know it. For no matter how bit-

ther the pill, the moment he took it in his fingers he buried the hatchet and held out his hand in good faith. Pon my sow! there's somethin Irish in that; and strunge as it may appear I think Brown and himself have actually ignored all personal considerations and stepped out together to do a decent thing for the country, if they can manage it. Blur and turf! will merracies ever saso?

We had a little bit of a fight up here the other day betune one of the 16th and a legal gentleman, who was goin to take some liberties wid him wid a cricket bat. I don't know the rights of it of course; but the soger considerin he was an Englishman did very well from all I can undherstand, although the other fella was very handy too I hear. Oh! then, isn't it a murder that we havn't an odd fair hero where things could be settled quietly wid a black thorn, and where a few frinds could take part on aich side without bein much noticed? Musha! God be wid ould Ireland, where every fair day in the year, the shop-keepers would put up the shutthers at half-past two to the minnit; well known that in a very few succonds afterwards the boys would be at it; and suspectin that an odd pavin stone might find its way in through the windy if they didn't take that same precaushun. Glory be to thee, but that was the spot to settle a little bit of a dispute in without much intherference on the part of the authorities or argumentashun; whin every man had his will of his neighbor without axin his name or knowin what he was batin him for.

I'll try and write a decent l etter next time and give you a bit of fun, for this one is as dby as a stick. If you meet Worlinton and Brunel will you give them a hint that Tom Cotton will be glad to meet them at the next Assizes, in this city, whin it will be decided by the judges of the land whether two corrupt, incompetant and wretched partisans shall be permitted to blast the character of an honest man, or abstract from among his papers public documents for the purpose of screening their fraud or incompetency and deceiving the Government of the day. Do this for me, and at the same time tell them to graze their brogues and get ready for the road, for their hour is fast approachin.

Bannochth lath! I'm jest goin out to get a bit to ate wid a frind at Joe Greggor's of the Fountain Saloon; and let me tell you that the devil a better dinner or chaper will be ate by any boy in this city to-day then I'll get from that same fella. Joe is Irish, I b'ieve, and that's the raison that I patronise him now and then, although everybody almost has a pull at him. I met Michael there the other day, and didn't we do the thing up in rale ould style.

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

The Athenaeum.

—This place of amusement is drawing crowded houses every night, and we are glad to see that the performances under the management of Mr. Morhard are tending to a more respectable character than this establishment has heretofore maintained in the eyes of the public.

The Court-Circular and City Observer.

The above publication, which has been conceived in ruffianism, and for so far bred in ignorance, is now before our citizens; and we think they will agree with us that a more disgraceful sheet has never emanated from even a licentious press. The editor or proprietor, who is beyond the pale of society, is evidently and illiterate interloper, who dabbles in wretched English, bad Latin and worse French. The only cure for such a low-bred scoundrel is the raw-hide; and we are very much mistaken if one or two of the gentlemen whose names he has so unwarrantably and maliciously paraded before the public do not tickle his back and shoulders before he is much older. The distinguished and impartial public functionaries whom he has attacked so wantonly, can of course take no cognizance of a disreputable character such as he; although we are of opinion that a month or two in jail breknig stones, while in the enjoyment of a short crop of hair, would be of infinite service to him.

A LEARNED LAWYER.

The able editor of the *Court Circular*, &c., must, as a lawyer, be a valuable accession to the profession in this city. So ignorant is he of the simplest matters connected with law that he censures in his low and scurrilous publication the Police Magistrate for not having sent to jail to break stones, for one calander month, a gentleman who, with or without reason, recently assaulted an officer of the 10th on King street.

Now, we are not aware that the Police Magistrate has any power whatever to inflict any such penalty upon an offender of this description; and we are satisfied he has not. The only cases in which such punishment could apply would be where a magistrate or policeman, &c., was obstructed in the discharge of his duty. Verily, the case of any client must be in sore jeopardy in the hands of such a dunce as the editor of the *Court Circular*; and we fear that until he has recovered his lost wig, in which he has evidently left the few scraps of brains that he possessed, there will be very little hope of his success in any case entrusted to his charge.

A Nuisance.

—We would call the attention of the policeman who leisurely tramps on the "shady side" of King street every afternoon to a large number of urchins, of both sexes, better known as the "Evening Leader news-venders," who frequent the old post-office lane. This might be to greater advantage to the public than admiring the fashions on King street. The epithets made use of by this mischievous rabble are growing worse and more frequent every day. It is time the nuisance were abated. Where is Captain Prince?

A Sad Day for Canada.

—On the 10th of the present month all the Canada editors are going on a spree up to Lake Simcos.