

STANLEY SHREVE,
TORONTO, 5th Dec., 1862.

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

Sarc-o-ums! but it's glad I am to see you where you are in spite of little Misher Carther or Clark of the *Thrice Witness*; and although they did'nt thrate you well regardin the emigration affair, either all, you're at the head of the table keepin order; and a handsom job you have of it, now and thin, I'll be bound to say.

We were all afraid up here, that you'd follow Dorn; but, begorra, I began to think, that as the Irish were never proverbial for the virtue of resignation, you'd be the last man to plunge the country into ruin; and, that, like Joe Morrison and Mr. Spince, you'd hold on to office to the very last, irrespective of the pathy sum acceruin from that same.

Daree, dear, I suppose there's quare goins on whin yez all get together; and that yez sometimes use very indifferent language. I recollect when Cochoon was in the ould cabinet, that the lobbies outside used to think they were guttin aich other. Ah! but that was the rough fella; although there was a decent strake of honesty in somethings that he did.

I hear that yez have decided not to touch the representation by population question, until yez reinforce yourselves below with a Frinch emigration. Small blame to you if any; but I'm thinkin that Misher Howland may have his views of any extension of the franchise considerably modified by an interview with the Duke of Newcastle and others of that kidney. I believe that the man can take a throp in raisin; so as that one sneezin dinner and a thrive in a couch and four, may make him turn a summeset as elane as that once performed by our present economical and able Superintendent of Education. Man alive! some slight-forward people have no idea what a difference there is betune the views of a gentleman whin he becomes an adviser of the Crown, and those held by him whin he sat grimm across the House from the Opposition benches. Be my sowkins, he is not the same man at all; and the devil a boy from Sandwivich to Gaspé knows that better then your own four bones.

The weather-wise ginthry up here say that yez will all go out in March. Well, be that, the name of the month is I admit suggestive; but I'm not so sure that yez are going to let the purse strings slip through your fingers so easily. Take a rise out of them, mavouancen, and explain aftherwards; for if the other chaps get a houl of thin again, you may bid good bye to turnin a decent gummy for many a day to come.

They were expectin you up here, sometime ago, to give a lecture in aid of the House of Providence; but that's not to be dhramed of now; as of course you're done with religion for some time at liste. It's so long since I have writtin that I am rather racy; but I'll soon get into the way of it again. Ogle R. joins me in love to yourself and Poley, who has, I learn, purchased a most extra-ordinary pair of spectacles. Some of your friends up here think that you yourself have got somethin near-sighted lately. God forgive them, but they will talk.

You need not answer this, as I'll be down with you in a few days, whin we'll try the strictness of something more inspirin thin the Quebec Vather Works. I hope you have given up your impudence eyes; and will be able to meet John A. on equal to me whin he comes home. Isn't it sh an re that I never met in the course of my whole life a man worth tuppence that pulled a long face at a decanther.

Good bye, and God speed you. Keep the middle of the road and pick your steps; for let me tell you, that yez are all looked upon up here as fair sittin shots that we sure to be picked off with aise, whin yez thry your hands on the flure of the House.

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

P. S.—Re the man of the moon, but I was near forgettin. Just read this, that I composed the other day whin I sat straddle legs on ould Biceps, as Neddy Mulloy used to call Parnassus. Not that I say it myself, but I believe it's one of the cleverest things that has been done in this country since the days of Sir John Smyth, LL.D., Poet Laureate and Civil Engineer. I hate the Proshyterians:—

Mr. Brown and his friends, who are gruff as wild beasts, May be well in a terrible funk, That the Province, instead of being snatched from the Priests,

Has been placed in the hands of a Monck.

Fella me that in John's Lane! There's for you, my hayro! Arn't you glad that the blood of the Finnegans is runnin through your veins like a three year ould on the Carragh?

T. F.

ODE TO A PORK-PIE HAT.

Say can't thou give a version of thy story,

By whom invented, and how long ago?

Trace from infancy to thy topmost story,

Thy progress in this gaudy world of show?

If thou canst answer, speak, and tell us flat,

Whence comest thou, O gorgeous Pork-Pie Hat?

Was it fair Eugenie first gave thee fashion?

Or wast thou earlier on beauty seen

Before the ladies had acquired a passion.

For her invention, royal crinoline?

Come, now, your pedigree—that's what we're at,

Pray answer us, O dainty Pork-Pie Hat.

We know thy origin is not Hebrewish,

They scarce would designate a hat porcine;

Since unto any of persuasion Jewish,

Abomination is the name of swine.

So tell us then what nation—if not that—

Developed thee, thou jaunty Pork-Pie Hat.

Thy scarlet feather has a look that's Spanish,

Thy shape is somewhat of the Metadore,

We dare not say thou'rt anything Satan-ish,

For lovely woman doth thy form adore.

Must thou remain a thing to wonder at,

A great unknown, Oh! lovely Pork-Pie Hat.

Astrological.

—The magic numbers adverse to the fortune of American commerce—220.

Exchanges.

—Newspapers wishing to exchange with us, will please signify their intention by sending us their next issue.

Warlike.

—Buying the hatchet among political partisans means, generally, in the brains of a third party.

Gastro-nomical.

—This, a though a good one, is not ours: "Why does an alderman wear a plaid waistcoat?" Do you give it up? To keep his stomach in check.

Snuffed Out.

—We hear, without surprise, that during the ensuing meeting of Parliament, the Gas Works, Place d'Orleans, Quebec, are to be closed, as sups.c.d.d.

THE APPOINTMENT OF BRIGADE MAJOR FOR TORONTO.

In advance of all our contemporaries (including the *Leader*) we have procured, at a vast expense, the following interesting particulars regarding the appointment of a Brigade Major for the Toronto district:

Nov. 1.—Twenty-five applications received; also, thirty petitions in support thereof.

" 7.—Applicants are brigaded and go through battalion drill on the plains of Abraham, in the presence of the Executive Council. Afterwards, a sham fight takes place between the applicants, during which prodigies of valor are displayed.

" 26.—Subject up for discussion in the Council. Twenty-five telegrams sent to Toronto. Great excitement among the applicants.

" —(2, p. m.)—Another telegram received. Four of the applicants look jubilant.

" —(3, p. m.)—Three applicants look radiant. The fourth looks glum. Great excitement.

" —(4, p. m.)—Two of applicants are very jolly. Tremendous excitement.

" —(6, p. m.)—The two still hopeful. Awful excitement.

" —(7.10, p. m.)—Telegram received; appointment announced; twenty-four of the applicants faint; successful party receives the congratulations of his friends.

A FEDERAL DESPATCH.

To the Commanding General, &c., &c.,

Yesterday morning at six minutes past five, the Grand Army advanced under command of General Orders. When five miles distant it was met by General Surprise, and a sharp engagement ensued, the men fighting with a valour heretofore unequalled. Perceiving that our right flank was being turned by General Fear, and that reinforcements were being brought up by General Panic, a retreat was ordered, and conducted with the utmost ability until overtaken by General Darkness. A scene of carnage was enacted rivalling the horrors of sixteen European wars. Generals Dismay and Slaughter were everywhere active on the field. The victory is a great triumph to the arms of the Republic. *Ne victis.*

I have the honor to be,

GENERAL ISTABLISHMENT, U. S. A.

New Skating Rink.

—It is now understood, that the space between the Ministerial and Opposition Benches in the new House of Parliament, Ottawa, is to be floored with ice, with a view of facilitating the movements of slippery politicians.

"Don't let go the Painter."

—The Smith of the City Council who handles the brush so gracefully, has declared that after the 1st of January he will be an Alderman or nothing. Electors of the Ward of St. George, in the classic language of the *Globe*, brush up a bit, come out in your true colours. "Don't let go the Painter," if you desire the safety of the Corporation Scow.