COL. INGERSOLL made a speech at the grave of Courtland Palmer the other day. *Inter alia*, he said:—

"In the monotony of subservience, and the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man. One who gives and asks reasons; one who demands freedom and gives what he demands; one who refuses to be slave or master; one who preserves the intellectual side of life from brute force."

The gallant Col. seems to believe in Free Trade so far as the mental realm is concerned, though he is one of the wildest of all the shouters for Restriction in the present political campaign. Robert's logic never was very good, however.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

I.

MURRAY HILL, N. Y., *July 26th, 1888.*

To Misther M. O'Grady, Toronto, Kinnada, or elsewhere,

DEAR MIKE,—How is your mother? As I have'nt harde from aither of yeez for the last few years, I was beginning to get a little ankshus about that coff of hers. And how is "John A."?—as we used to call him long ago, afore he was nited, whin poor James O'Reilly—rest his soul—! watched him as a cat would a mouse, in and out of Cicalariuses in Kingston twinty times a day. He med James a jidge aftherwards; and God knows he well desarved it, for minny's the pair of brogues he wore out keepin thrack of him—sich a boy—O! was he.

I'm afeered yeez are altogether too loyal and patriotic over there, to do much for yourself or for anyether one. I hear a grate dale in relashun to speeches that have the ring of the thrue metal about thim; but I have not harde of a workin man havin ever mede a male of one of them yet; or, long as they ginnerally are, never knew of his takin a couple of yards off any of them to make a frock for one of the cheldher. The thrue ring of the metal for the min that airn their bread by the sweat of their brow, Mike, must come from their britches pockets.

Funny as it may appear, Kinnada mutton and malt ale have given a good name in this counthry to almost everythin' yeez projuce. Of coorse, as long as yeez make ale yeez want to sell it; and let me tell you that here's where there's lashins of it dhrank. As for myself, I'm determined to join the Prohibishunists; but I must be a little cawshus, and see the way afore me first. Into line I'll fall, howsomdever, the moment I am satisfied that every brewery and distillery are swept from the face of the land, and that there is not a glass of anythin tossicatin to be got for love or money from Maine to California.

Tawk about wimmins' rights, Mike!—Who, I'd like to know, is President of the United States? Frances Cleveland, avourneen; and the divil a lie in it. Ax Chancy De Pew, if you ever meet him over there. I'm not as young as I was fifty years ago; but this much I'll say, if Cleveland was the greatest scoundrel that ever bruck bred—and that's not sayin he isn't—I'd vote for him for her sake. And further, me bouchal! if there's not Irish in her, I'm no botanist. Why, man alive! those eyes of hers were niver picked up in any ether part of the born world, no matter how minny ginnerashuns they took to get to her. Well, of course, I must admit that Misther Cleveland himself, considherin he's from Buffalo, is a purty dacent gintleman. Anyway, whin he thinks he is in the right he's as stubbort as a mule; and that's one of the raisens why they'll sind him back to Washington next November.

This is a fine counthry, Mike, it takes so little to make a grate man in it. If all fails, any poor fella that can read or rite can go editin or reportin. I'd thry it miself only for the number of fresh words that's beein coined all the time, as an evidence of the profound "etymological larnin" of the "slangists" as Matthew Arnold, God be good to him, called the ginneral newspaper conthributors here. Some of these new words ought I think miself, to get the cart-tail—"the news *enthused* him," "he's locked up, and can't *burgle* any more." We are becomin, far too original, Mike; but I fear its on the wrong side of the fince. One writer, a club man, has jest tould us that, sarch the world over, we could not find in one place, so many different types of faymale bewty as in the sthreets of this city. He gave the news on the light of a most startling descovery; seein that every single sowl you meet from mornin till night is English, Italian, Garmin, Scotch, Irish or Frinch, aither directly or indirectly. Mike that was a clever fella, and, I'll go bail, could tell you what kind of a calf a cow would have in two guesses.

But I have got to the ind o' my tether widout sayin much. I'm glad that your brether Patsy knows Sir John A's body sesvint, as you can get me all the news I want in that direckshun. I'll write soon again. Give my love to your mother and all inquirin friends. Write on rsait of this if it does'nt rache you; and believe me your tindher hearted, blood relashun, TERRY FINNEGAN.

HISTORICAL LANDMARKS AT OTTAWA.

FIRST BOY (*out for a holiday*)—"What mount is that?"
SECOND BOY (*do. do.*)—"That's Hogsback."
FIRST B.—And whose house is that near by?"
SECOND B.—That's where the Hog lives, I suppose."

A STREET SKETCH IN MONTREAL.

(CONTRIBUTED BY OUR STROLLING ARTIST, AND INCIDENTALLY ILLUSTRATING THE CONSISTENCY OF A CERTAIN LEADING JOURNAL.)