

PAT'S LETTER:

Well, Mary me darlint! I am landed at last
 And troth, though they toll me the st'amer was
 It sames as if years upon years had gone by [last
 Since Paddy looked intill yer beautiful eye
 For Amerikay, darlint ye'll, think it is quare
 Istwinty times furdher then Cork from Kildaro;
 And the say is that broad, and the waves on the
 high
 Ye're tossed like a sui-ball tivixt wathor and shky
 And ye fals like a pratie just burstin' the shkin
 That all ye can do is to howld yerself in
 Oelone! but, me jewel, the say may be grand
 But whin ye come over, dear, thravel by land!

Its a wondherful counthry this - so I am towld
 They'll not look at guinees, so chape is the
 gowld
 And the threr that poor mother sewed into my
 coat
 I sowld for a thrife, on ou P'aving the boat
 And the quarest of fashions ye iver have sun
 They pay ye with picters all painted in green
 And the crowds that are rushing here morning
 and night
 Would make the Lord Lieutenant shake with
 the fright,
 The strates are that full that ther's no one can
 pass
 And the only law is "Do not thread on the grass
 Their grass is the quarest of shows, by me now
 For it wouldn't be munch'd by a candlemas cow.

Toll father I wint, as he bid me to see
 His friend, Jim O'Shannon from Killycaughnn,
 It's rowling in riches O'Shannon is now
 With a wife and tin babies, six pigs and a sow,
 That nate little house, standing down from strate
 With two beautiful rooms, and a pig-sye
 comptate
 I thought of ye, darlint, and dramed such a
 drame!
 What mibbe, some day, ne'd be living the same
 Though, troth, Jim O'Shannon's wife niver could
 dare
 Poor yaller, skinned crayther with you to com-
 pare;
 While as for the pigs, shure t'was aisy to see
 The bastes ware not mint for this land of the
 free.

I think of ye, darlint from morning till night
 And whin I'm not thinking, ye're still in me
 sight
 I see your blue eyes, with the sum in their
 glance
 You smile in the meadow, your sat in the dance
 I love ye, and trust ye, both living and dead
 Lel Phil Blake look out for his coroty head
 I'm working, aenshla, for you—only you
 And I'll make ye a lady yit, if ye'll be true
 Though, troth, ye can't climb fortune's ladder
 so quick
 Whin both of your shoulders are loaded with
 brick
 But I'll do it, I swear it, by this and by that!
 Which manes what I daren't say from.
 Your own Pat.

There will be a grand illumination take
 place as soon as the Editor of Star is libe-
 rated from this foolish charge brought
 against him, it will take place at the Beau-
 port asylum and will be conducted by Tom-
 my Dodd in person assisted by all his staff
 who will wear Green coats trimmed with
 black velvet, and cordroy breeches, velvet
 shoes with gold buckels coked hats, and
 sw rds it is the intention of the Editor to
 march from Beauport, into town, he will
 then proceed with all his friends who will
 do him the honour of accompany him
 through all the principal streets, he will
 stop at the Budget office to salute cabbage
 head Carr II, the band playing the dead
 march in saul, he will also pay a visit to M.
 Foote to thank him in person, for not meddl-
 ing in his business, as soon as the walk is over
 Mr. Dodd will take all his friends to the
 Delmonico hotel where there will dine on
 the best the house can afford, speeches will
 be made by a number of very respectable
 gentleman the K.M.A. society will attend,
 Cabbage head Carrell it is to be hoped
 wont send his reporter.

James Kilmarniogh.

James A. Q. is the only man in Lower
 Town, that can furnish you with good Li-
 quors and groceries; any one wanting either
 should call on him immediatly, as he leaves
 on the 10th. may for Philadelphia, he is
 going to the centennial, the prayers of all
 the grocers and tavern keepers in Quebec
 and the coves, are requested for his safe
 return.

Billy John Falin, has engaged with Mr.
 Patt Lynett Sillery Cove to drive his horse
 for the summer months, as it seems he is
 the best driver in Sillery, last year he
 made Mr. Lynetts horse turn a double
 somersett, he broke his leg and put his
 shoulder out of joint but his face, all to
 pieces, smart boy Billy John Falin.

Edward Kelly has arrived from the
 Gatineau river after spending the
 winter at the Desert he was met, on his
 arrival at Grand Trunk wharf by quite a
 No of his confreres who escorted him to
 Blanchards hotel where he treated all hands
 Alfred Miller and Joe Bergeron, sang
 Welcome Home my old friend, Mr. Kelly
 accompanied by his old friends Mr. Len-
 hen and John McNaughton left for home
 in carriage drawn by two white horses he
 arrived safe.

Jack J.

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