

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY STURRET, 13th Feb., 1863.

Well, I declare I near bruck my heart this mornin, at the reminbrance of poor Peether Flinn. Dont you ruceollect poor Peether, that began the Read-a-madaisy whin he was forty-nine, and that whin he got into the New Tistamint used to play rathoch wid the Third of Matthew? Dont you remember? Shure I tould you about it afore. Dont you know he began: "In those days kem John the Papist poachin in the wildherness of Judy, sayin repate yo for the kingdom of Iveren is at hand; And the same John had a leathern griddle about his lines," and so forth. Now you have it. Well, haiks, sez I, whin I got through wid me goldher of a laff, and I might as well add, a farrel of as good a pittata cake as ever crassed your smush—swimmin in butther, if you plaze—well, sez I, over to Biddy, I'll lay you a taster that there will be minny a new comer on the flure of the present House that wot make a much better band of De Lome, Todd's Parleimentary Practice, or his political catekism, then poor Peether—God be good to him—med of the Scripthers, or the Dublin Spellin Book.

"Terry," sez she, lookin crass ways at me, "you're profane, and its no wonder; for, to my sartin knowledge, you havon't been at your duty since that unfortunatun affair of the Doolans."

"Its gettin a fine day," sez I, looking out of the doore, "and I think, asthore, that you might as well go down to Fogerty's and look after a pair of cordaroyes for that darlin picther of yours, wid his black eyes and black hair—Patsy."

"May the Lord brake hard forshun afore you," sez she, "but you're the deluden man. Howsomdever," sez she, "I may as well take your advice;" and wid that, she got up from the table, slipped on her bonnet and cloak and left me fillen me pipe and shakin me sides at the way I put my comethor on her. Nately done, wasn't it?

Well, now, a-roo, that's what I call politics on my part; and as you'll be apt to get a worse hint then that afore long yourself, I'd advise you to study my janius, and have a pair of cordaroyes and a fine day, at the sarvice of the Opposition whinever the himp comes too near you-wizzen. It's a little thing saves a body, if the fizzick is of the right sort and the dose is administered unnonst.

We had a very great sait of government removal meetin up here lately; and have come to the detarmination that yez must shouldher yer budget, and march in this derecksbun whin yer four years are out. By this time I suppose Mr. Craffard and Mr. Brown must have taken tay together, for at the meetin it was aquel to "Slauntha-uth" betune them the whole night. There was a good dale of sins in what they sed anyway; so yez can rely on it that yez may as well be getting your cord word cut in proper lints to fill your packin cases, and get yer ould gloves, pipes and impty barrels ready for thransit to the spritley and intilligint Misthress of this

Western World. I'm waitin for you; and will give you a "ceade millia faltha"—a bit of bolly bacon, a Christian language, and a taste of something that you'll not be apt to throw in your shoe. There's for you! Dickens a bit, but yez will have to thramp; and it's jest as well to do it wid a good grace; bekez we are the strongest up here now, and we'll not allow a whimper out of yez, right or wrong.

Spakin of my janius, and spake of it I will; for feard you'd think that I'm overratin myself, I'll compose you a song afore ever I lay the pin out of my hand; and I'll do it in tin minnets. Up to this presint moment the divil a line of it was ever written or thought of, and that that you may b'love on the word of a Finnegan, one of whose ancestors was, as I undherstand, often used instead of the Gayrarry. Here its for you:—

You may talk as you plaze, Peggy Morin,
But this much you know to be thrue:—
That tis you I am always adorin,
And the divil anther but you.

And you know, besides, by the law Harry,
That at Nenagh, that's near to Roseren,
Oney Gallagher's niece I could marry,
While Miss Grady she axed me to tay.

Yis!—nobody less than Miss Grady;
For didn't she ax me herself?
And wasn't she, oh! the rale lady,
Though a thrife too long on the shelf.

But didn't the pair look fulleren
When I axed—like the bouldst of min—
If they ever knew one Peggy Morin
That lived at the foot of the gin?

"And," sez I—and I spoke at my peril,
You were gettin so wild, do you see—
"Now, I'm not goin past that same girl;
And I think she's not goin past me."

Now, yer sowl you! what do you think of that? Is that rale stone turf or spodhoch? Och! me darlin there's a strake of bog dale in me that lights like a candle whin the time comes; and that's the raison I know that I don't belong to that unfortunatun class of ferrits that are forever berried up to their eyes in an idaya burrow, and bringin to the surface everythin that even a paw-broker could minshun, except the rale rabbit itself.

Hould on! Begorra here's the speech from the throne. It has arrived but this moment. As you may suppose, after all I have sed I haven't much time to put a knife into it in this lethor. However, I can see at a glance that it's what Tom Steel would call a Lord Mayor's speech—"bladderthum-boo, or words to that effect." I'll give you my detailed opinion on it afore long; and now that I see yez have all met, my word to you, I'll keep my eye on your doins, and give you an occasional hint of how the cat jumps wid yez up here.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

Secular.

—What is the difference between the ladies and the university agitators. Answer:—The ladies are the fair sex, but the agitators are the unfair sects; also, the ladies will fare well, but the agitators, we hope, in fact know, will fare badly.

NEW MUSIC.

Those who were so fortunate as to hear the performance of the Band of the 30th on last Saturday afternoon, must have been surprised if not delighted. The programme, as given by the *Globe* and *Leader*, is unique, and, certainly, if these selections were given, the *habitués* of the riding school had no reason to complain of a want of new music. The leader of the band deserves great credit for the labor he must have expended in digging up long forgotten gems. But how are we to account for the difference in the programmes. The *Globe* speaks of a selection from Scinaramidi; the *Leader* states it is from Scinersimede. The former calls its author Rossini; the latter, Rossin. Again, there is a *romanza* from *Linda di Chamorni*; but the *Leader* differs, and credits it to the opera of *Lindadi Chamont*. But we forbear, and allow these illustrious and ever correct public instructors to speak for themselves.

BAND PERFORMANCE.—The band of the 30th regiment will perform the following programme at Grand's riding school this afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock:—March *Gemmy Di Vergy*, Dally; Overture *La Muette*, Auber; *Walzer Wigwam*; Grand Selection from *Seinersimede*, Rossin; *Polka Good Night*, Seoboda; *Romanza Lindadi Chamont*, Donizetti; *Crystal Palace Quadrilles*, Karl Vogler; *Finale*, God Save the Queen.—*Leader*.

The band of the 30th Regiment will perform this afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock, in Grand's Riding Academy, corner of Wellington and York streets. The following is the programme:—March, "Gemmy De Verge," Dally; Overture, "La Muetti" Auber; waltz, "Wigwam," grand selection from "Somaramidi," Rossini; polka, "Good Night;" Romanza, "Lindadi Chamorni;" Donizetta; "Crystal Palace" quadrilles, Karl Vogler; "God Save the Queen."—*Globe*.

The Volunteer Concert afforded an opportunity for a further display:—

"Balfo's 'Let me whistle in thine ear' was sung by Mr. W. Armstrong very correctly, though with rather a deficiency of life."—*Leader*.

Dear reader, imagine an impassioned lover exploring, in melodious strains, the privilege of whistling in the ear of the idol of his soul. This would be auricular confession with a vengeance. Big brothers, brush up your music.

Bates' Commercial College.

The Classes of the British American Commercial College under the principalship of Mr. I. Bates, are rapidly filling up—a fact which justly shows the value placed on the institution by the young men of Toronto and the neighbourhood. The object of this institution is to impart a sound business education—so necessary to a young man in the battle-field of life. Mr. Bates furnishes information as regards terms, &c., on application either personally or by letter.

Corni-copious.

—Can a temperance man consistently take a horn of a dilemma.

THE LORD AND THE SIGNOR OF THE PRESIDENT MINISTRY.—Attorney General Macdonald and Solicitor General Wilson.