

The Retort Courteous.

Oh! no my dear, I'll not be rude,
Be you soe'er uncivil;
I'm more polite—my generous blood
Would see you to the d—l.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. V.

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

STANLEY STREET, 26th August, 1864.

Be the hole o' me coat, Darcy, there's no use in talkin, but it's worse we're gettin' instead of better, and that daily. No matter what may be said to the contrary, we are deistin quietly into the arms of the neighborin republic, wid all its wars, commoshuns and shipplasters. The *Lad-her* is right. We are democratic to the back bone, and there is no use of workin ourselves up into a white hate about confederashun, whin we all know that if we were confederated ten times over, we can't withstand the influences brought to bear upon us by thirty or forty millions of people, wid whom we are thradin, intharmarin and shakin hands hourly. Distressed and all as the Union is, there is more pluck, money and entherprise in it, in this the hour of its agony, than have ever characterised Kinnada from the first moment of its existance as a colony up to the present. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! And besides, the instability of Kinnadian instatshuns and politics is now becomin so oppressive, that a body, no matter how loyal, is half temptid to escape from a country where most public min are hopelessly selfish, and where no inconsiderable porshun of them are wholly unreliable. The fact is, here we are, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, wid our circulatin madium based upon the dearest metal in the world, while the Yankees are carryin on a gigantic war and all the machinery of the State through the instrumentality of their "greenbacks." Well never be worth tuppence until we throw spacie payments overboard, and adopt a paper currency like our republican frinds. So long as we are dependin upon the few bits of gold and silver among us, we'll have no imigrants flowin to our shores—we'll have no public works in constant and healthy progress in our midst—we'll have no manufactures in full blast; and, worse than all, the few people already in the colony will be creepin out of it one by one, until at last it will be nothin but a dead waste upon the map. Cut out work then for skilled and unskilled labor, and pay it wid "greenbacks," if you would ward off the evil day of annexation: for if you wait for the inaugurashun of grand internal improvements until you have sufficient goold to pay for them, the skin of a gooseberry will make you a jacket before you ever clap your eyes upon one prosperous hour for this country.

I'm glad to hear that yez all got back safe from the Lower Provinces. The Lord knows its more thin I expected. There is, however, one lower province that some of yez won't get out of so easy whin yez waset git into it. But what am I sayin,

whin the Scripthur tells us to judge not. Well, I see by the Halifax papers that the devil a much the press thought of yoz any way; and sure its myself that knew well that some Acadian or Blue-Nose would be on your thrack before yez bid thin good-bye. God grant that yez may have done some little good by your jant; but I'll forbear expressin an opinion upon it jist now. Whin I see the Rossin House rebuildin that has been lyin in ruins in the middle of our city for upwards of two years; and whin I see the crazy, dilapidated, old one-story frame house opposite the *Globe* office on King street givin place to some sightly, solid and usefal structure, I'll begin to think that yez have done us no harm anyway.

I suppose that you'll admit that I'm no chickin in the way of experience: tetchin a black eye or a broken jaw. Well then if you do, let me tell you that the devil a sweeter little bit of work I ever witnessed thin I did the other night after the grand and brilliant concert given in the Horticultural Gardens, by the great English *artiste*, Madam Anna Bishop. It was a boy of the Rooneys that, from her bewtiful singin, took it into his head that she could be nothing else but Irish; and happened to say so to one Doyle that was sittin beside him listenin to the wonderfule liquid magic that she was powrin out over the audience. I couldn't exactly catch all they were sayin burrin that I harde Rooney say, "You lie, and I'll bate you whin you go out." I had my eye on both the lads you may be sure, and when the concert was over I dogged them to a quiet little spot in the grounds, whin they both-wint at it without athrippin. "Fair play, boys," sez I, "and isn't it better for yez to peal and not be givin your mothers too much to do wid the needle?" But the word was scarce out of my mouth whin I was laid flat wid a clout from an unknown quarter that fairly astonished me. "What brings you here spyin, you bloody peeler," sez a voice well known to me, "instead of lettin the boys settle their own affairs: in pase, you scroff of the world," it wint on. "Oh! blur and turf!" sez I, "Barney, is that you, or what has got into you?" "Oh! thunder and agers, Terry," sez he, "but I thought it was a peeler in the dark by the caushus way you were steppin along after them, for I harde them settlin upon takin it out here. and jist followed thin like yourself! But are ye hurt?" sez he, for who was it but young Barney Higgins, one of the Cappoch boys, "and the devil cut the hand off me," sez he, "for doin it," "Be me sowkins; I'm not killt," sez I, "only one of my eyes appears to way a pound at laste, and that manes something." "Faith it does," sez he, "but hadn't we better separate them." "Surely," sez I, boucin over and layin hout of Doyle, who not knowin me, sated up my other eye, while Rooney got some how or other into grips wid Barney. Begorra! before I could say a word we were at it helther skelther, takin a zap where we could get it, until at last I cried out, "What d'ye mane, Pat Rooney and Jacky Doyle, ty goin on this way wid your frinds Barney Higgins and Terry Finnegan?" "Oh millia murder!" sez both of them, "what have we done at all; sure we thought it was

peelers in the dark!" "Com'ralong," sez I, "and let us wash ourselves and have a glass; but ope of you will have to lade me, for the devil a stim can I see." Wid that they took me betune them and led me off, while Barney wint to Dr. Flatthery—a great may here—for some sticcin plaster, which be distributed among the whole of us at Andy Plian's. And sure enough, for the time we were at work, you'd say, if you saw us, we were not very idle. I am over it now, thank God; and, I think, between you and me, I'll not be so apt in futher to meddle wid any boys who are bent upon havin it out in that same way.

I hear that you are soon comin to Upper Kinnada to inaugurate a Sayeret Society, to be called "The Anti-American Plug." Well, I wish you and thin success, so long as it will tend to better our condishun as a people, and give the poor food and employment. Some of those days, I think, I'll lecter, myself, on this subject, and thin you will be able to add a few original idayas to your already large stock.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

Ye Long-Robe on the "Ram-Page."

It is not a little amusing to see men who, when, by mere chance at times, clothed with a little brief authority, allow themselves to forget so far the common courtesies required by society towards their fellow-men as to make themselves not only appear ridiculous, but actually obnoxious. We wish to avoid, as far as we can, personalities, but when parties persistently offend, they must suffer the consequences, and feel the rod that is ever kept in steep for them. On Tuesday last, at a picnic given by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School at Cooper's Grove, a short distance from the city, it so happened that one of these "genus homo" of the kidney we have referred to, rejoicing in the combined appellations of Barrister-at-Law and Sunday School Supd. (save the mark—one cannot serve both God and Mammon)—made himself especially conspicuous, and insultingly official, by unnecessary and quite uncalled for remarks to some young men and ladies—guests of the committee—upon whom he thought proper to cast his venom. Should he think proper to quit the bar for the pulpit, we have no doubt Person Brownlow would find it difficult to maintain his old reputation without dividing the honors.

Hogg's Tales.

— "Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" we ventured to ask of a "Hoggshollow" lady the other evening. "Yes, I likes 'em roasted, with salt on 'em," was the response. "No; but I mean, have you read Hogg's tales?" "No, indeed," said she, "our hogs are all white or black. I can't think there is a red one among them."

Barroasm.

— Our old friend Baxter was likened by a brother Alderman last Council night to a mountebank. Surely he must have intended, as Artemus Ward has it, "sarcastic fancy." Baxter—the second edition of Sir John Falstaff stumbling somewhat;