

thus into forced relations. And we are only surprised that the Christianity which he essays to exercise here, had not taught him the larger charity of sparing so much pain to one who is no doubt worthy his fullest sympathy.

### TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES—NO. III.

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

STANLEY STREET, 11th August, 1864.

Mussha, glory be to God but this is the awful weather up here upon people over tin stone, or those fat, squat jokers' that are always carryin umberellas and moppin themselves in gateways or on the shady side of the street. Faith, as for meself I'm fairly bilte and smothered in dust, for the devil a tix-spoonful of rain has fallen here since the Lord knows when. Some people say it's a judgment in consequence of the conlithun; but I'm thinkin that it's but very little interference that hivin has wid that same thing. We don't know at the same time, however, what to make of aich other about these parts, jest now, as we have nobody to pitch into politically. Sure, here I am, takin tay wid Brown wan'st or twice a week; and he tellin me of the sacrifices that yez were all willin to make for the poor people of this Province, good luck to them. "Terry," sez he to me no later then last night, "is it a dirty twelve hundred and fifty pounds a year and an odd little job in the way of prentin that would make me step over and shake hands wid John A. or your thrue and faithful frind D'Arcy in the way I have done?" "No," sez he, "I'd lave the likes of that to John Sandfield or some other theef;" sez he, "that was thryin to undermine me befor the country and take the bit out of the mouth of my new paper," sez he. "Blar an ouatherá wasn't it knowin of him to give the Geologist sich a nate tetch under the ankle?"

Since the hour that you were born did you iver see sich a state as the press of the country is in at this present writin? There's the *Quebec Chronicle*, that used to be admirin the *Ladher*, givin it a left hander now and thin; and there's the *Globe* itself, givin informasbur to those that belong to the three Church as to how they were to vote in North Ontario. The moment that the Conservative and Brit ladders berried the hatchet, be me sowl it was deep in the skull of more than one gentleman on both sides of the House that they did it, cleavin the mumber for Cornwall to the gorget at the same time. Yerra, is that unfortunate cratshure alive yet? for sorra a word I hear of him at all. I suppose he hasn't shown his nose in the Maratime Provinces wid the rest of them jest now. Be the gosht of a piper he knows better then that aftir his doins wiber he stumbled into the Framiarship. Begorra! there's a grate dale of dirt somewhere. The Lord grant that none of it may be stickin to any of our skirts.

I hope you'll soon be able to send me a list of those that return alive from the say side aftir havin been on the battler for the best part of a month. Some of them will go off, of course, by

atin; but the majority, from what I can jidge, will take a shorter cut. No doubt, but you'll be among them, keepin them up up wid loyal speeches and showin the bewties of confederashun. Whatever you do wid them, however, don't attempt to sing; for, pon my sowl, you have a voice like a corn-crake, and poet and all as you are, you have no more idaya of music then a steam whisbel. Take my word for it, that its thruth I'm tellin you; and that if you open your mouth in the way of a song, you'll murder yourself in one direckshun, at laste, and that's aquel to threadin upon the toes of another. God himself made you especially for creatin disturbances in the ordinary way, without your thravlin out of your proper course, or indulgin in any refinin upon your capers, through the manes of the "Shan van vochth," or any other little air that opens up a back door into the heart. Stick to your ould thrade of basket makin, and the devil a man on this continant can hold a candle to you. McGee, aboo!

This city is gittin worse than the Liberty, Sorra mornin of our lives but we have a lot of blaggards up before the Polis Magistrate, and minny of them wid a decent coat on their back. The morals of this street too are not, I am sorry to say, improvin much. Biddy Mulligan made a cock sparra of her hizband last night by rippin his mouth open at both inds wid a knife so as that you could slip a small plate into it without ever tetchin skin or bone. The unfortunat woman, she got three months of solitary for it, while Barney thinks of joinin St. Michael's quire when he gets better. Dhrop me a line and let me know how you're gettin on. I resaved the thriffo you sint me for the things, but stockings are as chape down wid yerselvs as wid us. I send, however, what'll jest answer you as well, although I could have got it tuppence a quart dearer only for that you bruck your year in sindia what you did. Give my respects to John A. and Galt, and tell them that the marble's waitin for them when they kick the bucket.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

### Royal Lyceum.

We are glad to say that the Theatre, under Mr. Walcot's management, has been a perfect success, crowded houses being the order of the day, or rather of the night. "Rosedale, or the Rifle Ball," was presented on Monday and Tuesday. This play, we think, rather lacked interest in the first two acts, but the finish was excellently performed and the tableaux well got up. On Wednesday "The fine old English Gentleman," and "Our American Cousin," were performed to an appreciative audience; and we cannot pass over Mr. Mark Smith's talented acting, in the former play, without notice. Thursday evening "The Ticket-of-leave Man," for Mrs. Walcot's benefit, was played to a house that showed how well our old Toronto favorite was appreciated. The management may congratulate themselves on success of their performances, and leave Toronto, we hope, with a substantial proof our regard for them.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G., OTTAWA.—Will see you personally

J. R., QUEBEC.—Many thanks.

VIEWER.—Would like to hear from you next week.

CORRELL T.—Please send address.

J. F., WINDSOR.—Very good.

### TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

"Whatever contradicts my sense, I hate to see and never can believe."

The word "Grumbler" being most usually understood to mean a certain person whose sole duty it is to grumble at everything new, strange or odd he sees around him, we seldom fail of many letters relating to various customs and fashionalities at present in vogue. Many of those received, however, we are compelled to put aside, as they are either too personal or deal of subjects too trivial to be mentioned. I may as well, therefore, once for all, inform my readers that it is not our intention to sink the dignity of this (our paper) with reflections upon Knickerbockers, Alexandra Cuffs or Pork Pies; but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. With this as an introduction we publish the following, and commence with one from our so-called friend Will Snob:—

HONORED SIR,—We met at a ball last winter and enjoyed ourselves amazingly. I thank you for all your civilities, ever since having my acquaintance, whenever you meet me. But the other day you lifted your hat to me in the Park when I was walking with a young lady—one of our elite. She did not like your air and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate. Therefore, I most earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of

Sir, your obliged humble servant,

WILL SNOB.

A like impertinence is also very disagreeable to many people, and though differing a little in the shape in which it manifests itself, still it is to all intents and purposes the same. I trust that the following letter will prove beneficial to some:—

UPPER TEN COURT.

SIR,—Having unexpectedly received a pressing invitation to spend an evening with Lady Gay, I accepted it and went, promising myself a treat during these dull and warm days. Nine o'clock found me leading out to the lawn a stylish-looking young lady to be my partner in the dance about commencing. I had known her when quite a little girl, but not meeting her for years we had grown out of each other's acquaintance. Her ladyship, however, very kindly introduced me. She joined in conversation frankly and with ease, carrying it on with much spirit, in fact quite delighting me. Hour by hour passed very agreeably, and when the assembly broke up we parted as affectionately as if we had known each other for years. But fancy my surprise, Mr. GRUMBLER, when meeting her next day while promenading on King street, she gave