

The Yankee Eagle and the Gallic Cook.

(SHOWING HOW THE FORMER DID WAS TAKEN DOWN,
AND WHO DID IT.)

An Eagle from its lofty nest
Looked North and South, and East and West,
And, through the prospect from its eyry
Sounded here and there both dark and dreary,
He scrouned aloud with selfish gloe—
"This continent belongs to me."

But hark! dofant notes are heard,
In answer to the bonstful bird,
So fiercely shrill, so loud, so near,
The bird of Jove turned pale with fear,
And scanned the sky with anxious eye
To find who dared with him to vie.

Below, upon a jutting rock,
In all his pride, a Gallic Cook
Again and yet again sent forth
A blast which echoed through the North,
And clashed his spurs with fierce delight,
Roady and oarful for a fight.

"Come down," he shouted, "hold-head come,
"Don't soar above your ancient chum;
"I've got a crow to pluck with you,
"To settle a little affair or two."
The Eagle heard, and like a kite
Came swiftly from his glidy height.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLY STREET, 18th Feb., 1863.

"Whips cut, away gray!" Now yez are at it,
hammer and tongs; and a good dale of pluck yez
showed in the absence of John A. and Mr. Galt,
in telling the Opposition, at the first start, that
yez were ready for anything, from a game of
marbles to a murder, regardin the discussion on
the speech from the Throne, or any other constitu-
tional joke that happened to turn up. John
Sanfield was at the bottom of this. Pon my
conshuns, I think Tom Daley is right. He has,
I am sure, been feedin some of yez wid a silver
tayspoon, and administerin homeopathic doses
of anti rep. by pop. fizzle, which have considera-
bly relaxed your system on the subject. Well,
your out of the fire any way, as you never were
an advocate for any sich fair play. Keep out of
it, mind Montheal, and linthen your breeches
pocket.

The Nor' West territory, the Inthercolonial Rail-
way, and the representation question are the
terrific reefs that lie before yez, and scarcely a
hair's breadth below the surface. Shirk the
whole of them, or yez are done for—that is, don't
legislate definitely upon any of them—mystify
them, and work up a militia bill, a bankruptcy
measuro, and the question of finances to a white
hate. Don't you persave that, in Upper Kianeda,
you have the Scylla of the *Globe* on the one side,
and the Charybdis of the *Ladder* on the other,
while in Lower Kianeda and in your own Councils
yez are no better off. Begorra, now is the
time that you must bring your experience on the
tight rope into requisition, and perform some lit-
tle fates that would be apt to astonish the Ravens
themselves, if they happened to be lookin on at
their agile pupil. Keep one leg parfetly loose for
any emergency whatever, and larn to change it
in the twinkling of an eye, and in such a way as
it will not be noticed by your own side of the
House at last.

Didn't tell you that George Brown would be
in upon yez afore long? Sure Mr. Crawford told
him at the meetin up here that the country

couldn't do without him—an observation which
has made our number very popular with the
Catholic party—so, what could he do but take
the gentleman at his word? South Oxford is, of
course, to be the ground for him, and the devil a
use in opposin him in that same place. "Moved
by the Hon. John A. Macdonald, and seconded
by the Hon. George Brown." Wouldn't that be
funny? Be the powers of Moll Kelly, yez
wouldn't like it; and small blame to yez if any.
Still, more unlikely things have come to pass.

I am delighted to see the friendly feelin exhib-
ited by Tom Daly attords Michael, on the very
threshold of the present campaign. I'm sure afore
the session is closed, that Tom will have the
ladin contracts for carryin the mail betune
Stratford and Mitchell—a distance of upwards of
ten miles by rail. Howsomdever, he's rather a
kantankerous chap, and I'm afraid the Post-
master General will have to do more than that
for him afore he goes over to yez, body and
bones; but there's no sayin what's in the futher.

Takin yez altogether, jest as yez are—Ministry
and Opposition, pon me sowkins, I don't
know what to make of yez. Whether at the
Council table or among the members on the gon-
hand side of the Speaker, be the mortal, yez all
appear to be at sixes and sevens. On both sides
of the House there are sisms of the most danger-
ous character. This comes of the unmixable
natshure of the Frinch and English elements.
The Upper Kianeda Opposition can't work their
Frinch allies, on the point affectin us most
vitaly; and so it is among the members of the
Cabinet. What, then, is to be done? Put your
trust in God, and desave every man that you
come across, particularly the Scotch. Recollect
that you are now a Minister of the Crown, and
the representative of one of the most desperate
constituencies that ever returned a member to
Parliament; consequently you must retain your
position and the confidence of the Nontheaball
boys, if it was even at the expinse of a bunch of
skeleton keys, or an occasional half-hour's prac-
tice wid your lug glued against a thin partition
or your eye doin a little bit of fancy work through
an unsuspectin key-hole or a cracked windy-
shooter. It's not Irish, I know; but the devil a
thing else will do, so long as you're where you
are. Besides, mind you, there's no harm in
privately keepin a little vein of good humor open
attords the Opposition, and I'd always accompany
any sharp thing that I might be forced to say
of them wid a nate little laugh that wouldn't be
noticed much on my own side. Give Mike a
hint regardin this, and ask him to thry it when
he is makin a reply to Tom Daly next time.

The speech is a very able documint, for it does
not promise any sartin amount of any sartin
thing. That's jest where all its merits lie. Yez
did well not to spanshel yourselves up very tight
in it; for there are those who would have taken
instant advantage of it. The lines left open for
rethrate are various and well judged; but recollect,
avoureen, there is a gulf at the end of each of
them that you must not suffer yourself to be
baten into. If you cannot maintain your position,
puzzle the innemy if you can, till you are
able to draw your breath and re-arrange your
forces. And if all goes to all, on the occasion of
the first flug of thruce, just whisper into his ear
that you'll dissolve the House if he does not give
up his capers; and my word to you, that he'll
open his eyes and pull a face the lenth of a fiddle
at that same information. That's where you have
him, me bouchal; for let me tell you, there are
some lads among both parties, that would rather
stretch a point to meet your views than jump,
undher existin circumstances, into the middle of
a general election.

We would have sint you down the makins of a
Provincial Sayeratory from this if we thought
you were in such a pinch; though indeed after

the keerhavin it 'got, the office was scarcely
worth the takin. Howsomdever, if yez had ap-
paled to the Chief Superintendent of Education up
here, no doubt he would have sint yez some one
of the three hundred imaginary Spartans that he
led at one payriod to the rescue of the late Lord
Metcalfe. These still remain among his "casual
advantages" and he is, I am informed, quite
ready to devote them to the sarvice of the gov-
ernment of the dry, no matter what its political
creed or character.

Don't you think I have sed enough? "Yis,
begorra," ses you, "too much." Well, I am done
now; although I cannot help expressin my anxiety
regardin the futher. Still, if you pay a modher-
ate share of attinshun to what I say, and don't
make John A. your implacable innemy, and keep
rubbin a frindly shouldier aginst George Brown
—although, be gohhins, if a sartin peculiarity of
his country be taken into considerashun, it is he
that should be rubbin aginst you. If you take
my advice in this, I say, you may for long and
minny a day keep your fist up to your elbow in
the public chest, and remain so till Her Majesty
thinks proper to reward your eminent sarvices
wid the governorship of some of the Windward
Islands, and visions of British Guinna in the
distance.

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

THE VISION OF B.

Nunc eras, et ex his fulgebat lumen aereus.

Night was the moon through clouds in grandeur
rolled,

And shone on haunted tower and barren wold,
Silvered cathedral spire and leafless tree,
And shone into the room of mighty B.
Great B, who did at last election run;
Great B, of councillors the chosen one,
In pleasant room, with civic spoils arrayed,
All wrapt in vision deep, great B was laid.
Mighty the visions that before him roll,
Tumultuous scenes of glory fill his soul—
His civic place he holds for many years;
In Parliament his burly form he rears;
Then Premier of the Government is seen;
On special misson Knighted by the Queen;
Canadian Governor he next does stand,
And now, to culminate the vision grand,
Flags wave, drums beat, and cannon thunder loud,
On gorgeous throne he sits amid the crowd,
Province no more, a mighty Empire we,
While swarming millions shout for Emperor B.

Alas! that ought should mar such vision bright
But clearest day will end in darkest night.
He sees afar in clouds, on eddies borne,
What seems the fragments of some paper torn.
Nearer and nearer yet they come in view,
And swell into a ghastly demon crew,
They sail on mighty wings of paper square,
On each is stamped the fated name they bear,
"Hospital Order," an unnumbered clan,
A body-curing demon leads the van.
Some modern Galens lead the attack in flank,
On comes the dread battalion, rank on rank.
Far, far away all pleasant sights are flown,
Before them—king, throne, people, all are gone.
B. woke in horror, with a shuddering groan
He cried—"I know them; they are all my own."
Flat on his face he hid in anguish fall,
And groined, "Alas! I wrote—I made them all!"
Then, in that time of inspiration dread,
Quoted aloud a book he'd never read:—

"So the struck nygle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rowing clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own sifter on the fatal darrut,
That winged the shaft that quivered in his harret!"

A TEXT-BOOK FOR FUTURE (RAY) AGES.—Seward
on Diplomacy.