

NORTH ONTARIO.

Who killed McDougall?

"I," said Brother Jonathn,
"And I look to Washington,
We killed McDougall!"

Who saw him die?

"We," said the Electors,
"Our country's protectors,
We saw him die."

Who'll dig his grave?

Said the Leader: "Don't trouble,
With my spade and shovel
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Globe,
"Though he called me rogue,
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll read the service?

"I," said Matthew Crooks,
"Without the aid of books
I'll do the service."

* M. C. Cameron.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

SECOND SERIES.

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

STANLY STANNEY, 29th July, 1864.

Ah! then agrab, and it's how is every tether's lenth of you since last I dropt you a stave? Maybe you take me for one of the sivea sleepers, becase you didn't hear from me for the last few months. Be me sowkins, then, if you do, but its you that are the mistaken, boy; for the divel a bit of me but had both my eyes wide open, and one of them, at laste, clapt clane upon your own four bones since the first day of April last, if not for a thrife longer. Now that you're on those playful legs of yours again, perhaps you'll be able to tell me, allanah; whether I can consistently take a cup of tay wid the President of the Council, if he should ax me to do that same; for, you know, we're on spakin terms, since yez all began playin blind man's buff. Faith and sowl, to tell the truth, ever since he made that manly speech, and cut John Sandfield's wizen, I'm beginnin to take a liken to the man, Scotch thief and all, as he is. Begorra! wid all your boastsin, I'm not so sure that yez made more than one point out of the coolsibun. Upper Kinneda ought to have but six Cabinet Ministers; but it strikes me that she has got another, unbeknown to you—the *Globe*. Howsomdever, John A. and one or two others, bein about the premises, will be apt to keep everythin right.

So yez are all goin to fight again, aren't yez, whin yez get through wid this great confederashun job yez have on hand? We hear ducks on the Dublin road! Sorra noshan yez have of it. Ah! this kissin a boy—as Peggy Doolan sez—without intenda to marry him, sometimes turns out to be a very permanint thing. The divel a doubt of it! And I'm thinkin, that betune Galt, Cartier, John A., Brown, and yourself, that we have a hansum futher before us; and that yez will compose the

coort that will gobble up the oyster, and award to the Kinnadas a shell aich. Small blame to yez, if any. It is not every day in a man's life that he gets a pull at the pewther.

I suppose you'll be as lonely as a wran, down there, in a furz bush, without Michael. Well, bad scran to me, but that same boy is a decent fella, and its sorry I was when I hard that he was out from among yez. In regard to the intherests of the Irish in his part of the Province, his bein out won't make much difference, to be sure, as you are on the ground to give them a lift; but then, you know, remember that you don't forget, for some people are very short-sighted when they have a couple of cows at their doore. What a strange fatality follows the Irish, no matter how exalted their position. Whin Mike and myself were colingues, you had the shovels and he had the bags. Blur an turf! isn't it wonderful, intirely, that, no matter how or where we are placed, we are sure to have a little remindher at our elbow:

"You may brake, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Wasn't it Tom Moore said that? In throth, it was, and the divil a thruer couplet he ever written; for, some how or other, if we only bought a ha'penny candle the wick would be all on one side. The very name of Tommy inspires me to give you a stave, right off, on as hansum a cratschure as ever stepped in shoe leather, that called in, a while ago, to see Biddy; and that took my fancy so much, I tould her that if I was only about forty years younger I'd be makin up to her. You know the family well—they are of the Clare's of Kish Carrigan. She was a Thracy, on her mother's side; and a decent girl her mother was whin we went to school together. Sure, I thought I saw her almost standing before me; not half an hour since, whin I got young again, on opening the doore for

KITTY CLARE.

Whin those dark eighteen-pounders of yours, Kitty Clare—
So relentlessly blazin away at me there—
Melt in rapturous tears to the low gushin tone
Of your first lullaby, whin you've suited alone
Wid a bright little downy-checked stranger that thipples,
Wid his soft rosy lips, at your strawber'ry nipples,
All so smothered in cramo of their own for his sake,
Blur alive! what a beautiful picture you'll make!
And, besides, you can tacho him so nate, your own way;
From your hair and your eyes he can learn night and day,
And find roses and pearls in your teeth and your lips,
And the purest of snow at the fountain in his six,
Whin he hears that sweet voice of yours, Kitty aithore:
And whin'er you laze o'er him, asleep or awake,
Blur alive! what a beautiful picture you'll make!

What would poor Mulloy, or ould Jack Carroll, say to that, avick? Och! but it's myself that knows well what they'd say if they hard it; but what can I expect out here, whin the divil a one man in tin that I meet knows who made him, except by common report.

Well, Macdougall's bet; but bad cess to the bit of that will effect the collision, or whatever you call it. He's a smart fella, that boy, and won't be aisily shook off, let me tell you. Isn't it a wonder that he didn't mix more humanity wid his brains, and make common cause wid his fellas, to an extent greater than he has done. North Ontario fought a man, and not a principle. And if William Macdougall had even one jolly stroke of yourself or John A. in him, he wouldn't be now lookin for a constituency in any part of this Province.

There's a fella up here called Lanty Cummins, and I can't keep him from throwin up his hat all the time wid joy. "Terry," sez he, "your frinds are now in and all right agin, and, seein that you have stuck to them through thick and thin, for many a long time, they'll be for fairly making a justice of the pace of you at last, or somethin wonderful." "Lanty," sez I, "you're an oman-drawn! Its whin a body's frinds are out that they do everythin for him, and consider him worthy of bein placed in the resait of at laste fourteen thousand a year, on the first vacancy—that is, you know, that occurs while they're out." Poor Lanty wasn't up to it, and its well for him.

Although I have said a great dale in this letthur, its not much after all. I havn't yet given you my opinion on the late combinasuns, but may afore long. In the manetime I may as well tell you that a good dale of the humor is squeezed out of me, and that I'm not half as jovial as I used to be, and have a noshan to get sour wid the whole world, owin to a toothache I've had for some months. I don't know much about Alick Galt, but I hear he's a decent, clever fella; and he need be, and God knows, to redeem some of the doins that's always going on among yez down there. John A. is, I know, in good health and sperrits since he has got nine boys in the Cabinet that will stick to him like broth to a soger, while the other three will, no doubt, behave honestly enough. Tell him from me, and rucollect my words, that he must make the personal acquaintance of the people of Western Kinnada more than he has done. He must take a thramp now and then amongst us, and show his pleasant pbiz to some of the min and wimmen among our growin towns, and about the back lakes, and through some of our more populous townships. That's the way for him to tie the ribbons upon his already enormous popularity. Give him the hint, and let him avail himself of it, whin his sarious and onerous duties will permit.

I'll hold you tuppence that there's as much sense in that as you'd get in the *Ladher*, the *Globe*, and the *Quebec Chronicle* for a week. There's Terry for you. And, seein that I have done so well, I'll just stop and subscribe myself,

Your lovin cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Kingston Correspondent having dug out for parts abroad, applications for that office will be received at the place of publication of this Journal until the 1st proximo. A list of the privileges, perquisites, and pickings of the Kingston Correspondent furnished at this office. Candidates for the post of Kingston Correspondent will be required to pass the following examination; and on such examination, to be successful, must obtain the maximum merit of 3000 marks.

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

1. Define the duties of a correspondent of the *Grumbler*. 1st. towards the paper; 2nd. towards the natives to whom he is accredited; 3rd. towards himself.
2. Enumerate the places of public resort in the