

## TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTER.

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

STANLEY STURRETT, 2nd Jan., 1862.

Have it here me darlin! Give me a twist of your mithogou! The same to you, and minny of them! Be the powers of powther, but it's glad I am to meet you on the threshold of another year wid the mayflowers growin in the distance for you, although you may not be able to scatter minny of them among the ministerial benches; barrin in the beautiful thropes and figgers that are forever rushin in sunlit strathams from that eloquent smush of yours. But, me bouchal, what makes me gladder thin this, is, the pinsin intilligence that yez all have been lately takin lessons, from the celebrated Ravels, on the tight rope; and that Foley and Macdougall became, in the course of a few moments, so expert at what is called the great Rep. by Pop. fate, that both of them, to the great amusement of Misher Carther and John A., were able to turn a summerset completely out of sight. Foly, from his diminutius, I believe, was seen for a minnet or so in the air; but Macdougall disappeared with the rapidity of the Sepoys that were shot here, th' other night, from the mouths of four relentless cannon on canvas in the Diorama of India exhibited at St. Lawrence Hall.

Nothin I know will please you more thin to here that I dined wid Foley a few erenins ago at the Queen's. The divil a bit, but that's a funny fella at a political speech. What d'ye think, but he brought a charge against George Brown of bein the inimy of the poor of this city, in consequence of his makin wood and foddler scarce through the great torch light procession. Blur alive! shure he might have seen, that all the sthrav, at laste, that was used on the occasion, would make against the *Globe* too, supposin an odd cow was deprived of a wisp atself. I didn't think much of it; although whin thanks were returned for the ladies, I was in raptures with his improvement on a certain chorus. Ah! Mike Foley! Mike Foley! will you never quit wid your jokin?

We are all anxiously waitin for the meetin of the House, becin curious to see the new ministhry in their places. Be me sowkins, it's well for you that you're not Misher Howland with the job he has afore him. Clever and all as he may be, that's the boy that will have to toe the mark, and go through Gough and Vosther too. Hups yer sow! ye Paddy from Paddy I cant, but Paddy from Tady, and Dinis remains, the back of the doore to the wall, a caste in the fire multiply by the ashes, and what's yer answer? Begorra, in its generosity, that's the very question that the financial state of the Province puts to him at this blessed moment. God grant that he may be able to answer it, for it would be a puzzler for Babbage's Calculatin Machiao.

I'm rather wake in the head, stiff in the elbow and cramped in the little finger, after Christmas; so that you needn't expect much from me till the next time. Well, never mind, atick, I'm none of your cool, consciencious fellas that are forever

lappin up lake Ontario like Jack Doolin's horse. Far from it. Sich claps have never anything about them either mentally or physically but fiddler's change. Give me always a fistful of somethin or other, supposin it's only a noggin of buttermilk or a lofted cup. I got your last, safe and sound, and would advise you not to thry and balance on your other leg too soon, but keep at the summersets.

Your loving cousin,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

## THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT.

A person in the crowd with a white hat, said to be a carter, was particularly violent in his gesticulations, and at last, speaking of Mr. Manning, reiterated several times, "He's a liar."—*Globe*.

Who is the man with the white hat? That's what's the matter. This species of the *genus* beaver seems to have been productive of no little mischief in the world. The wearer of this particular castor cannot, we trust, be the same guilty man who is traditionally accused of feloniously stealing the donkey. By the bye, whose donkey was that, and was the criminal ever brought to condign punishment? Perhaps Mr. Manning's white hat man can inform us; the whole subject is enshrouded in mystery. On the whole, we think he must be the identical Simon Pure, for we are told that he is a carter, and it is more than probable that the poor animal so wrongfully purloined is still doing duty in the city under the supervision of the very man himself. But why was he so irascible and abusive? He was as hot-headed as Bill Boulton himself. Is there anything in white hats which inflames the brain? Of course there is. For "why does a miller wear a white hat?" Are we not on good authority informed that it is "to keep his head warm."

## Civil Service Corps.

We have been just apprised of the fact, that the employes of the Toronto Custom House, have now become so inbaptuated to military tactics and terms, that both are used unconsciously during office hours and to the utter astonishment of strangers visiting the locality on business. In the Long Room, every gentleman stands at his desk as erect as if he were fresh in splints from the hands of a Chirurgoon; while in an adjoining apartment the martial tread of the ferocious Collector, has become absolutely terrific. "Eyes right," "Dress," &c., &c., are so rife through the day; that one bitter official has actually contracted a sort of squint, and looks along the irregular crowd, occasionally outside the counter, with the most unfeigned disgust; while the fact of military salutes obtaining every moment, is clearly recognizable about four o'clock on the os frontis of every individual from its coming into such frequent contact with the inky fore-finger of his right hand. Surely the Commissioners who are now inspecting this Post will look into the affair, and restore the office to its former easy habits.

QUERY FOR THE EDITOR OF THE "LEADER."—Were the citizens who were "struck" on New Year's day with the fine appearance of the Mechanic's Battalion hurt much?

## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

In the exercise of our duty as a public censor we have to take Society to task for again countenancing that most absurd of absurd customs, known as New Year's calls. Originally the custom may have been useful, but its usefulness has been diminished, and its worst features alone remain. We might sum up shortly its present characteristics thus: strong coffee and weak raspberry vinegar, bad sherry and worse port, spruced dressed young men and critical young women. However, let this pass. But—and here we come to the faith of the matter—this custom prevents young ladies and gentlemen from enjoying themselves in a healthy manner on a holiday. Instead of taking a sleigh ride, a skate, or nice walk, (weather permitting), the maidens inurne themselves in the nicely darkened drawing-room, and, from morning till night dispense "the compliments of the season," and homoeopathic doses of solids (?) and liquids. Instead of enjoying much needed outdoor exercise, the young gents dance from house to house (vying with each other as to the number of calls) and eat and drink "here a little and there a little" until, at night-fall, they sink with exhaustion or something else, and retire to pass an unquiet night.

We don't wish to refer to the practice of bringing one's "friends," but a lady correspondent informs us that she has thus been thrown into company with persons whose acquaintance she by no means prized. Taking all together we are justified in asking that the custom of "calling" (as it has existed) should be allowed to drop.

## LECTURE.

The well-known popular lecturer, Mr. T. B. Connolly, intends, at the request of many friends, to deliver a lecture on Poetry and the Drama, Thursday evening next, in the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute. The lecture will be followed by Readings and Recitation from Shakespeare, Moore, Byron, Burns, Hood, &c.

## Paying him back in his own coin.

—W. H. Boulton has been making for the past two weeks charges of "profligate and corrupt waste of the public money," against all and sundry members of the corporation. He has also been trying to make out that every man who has ever had a seat at the Council board was a scoundrel, but has at length met his match. The little Dickey-bird, who is a member of the present corporation for St. Patrick's Ward, took him to task rather sharply, at the meeting in front of St. Patrick's Market on New Year's day. He showed that W. H. Boulton, the would-be immaculate, had drawn as Mayor \$1,680 in 1858 of salary, not a cent of which found its way into the pockets of the poor; that during the term of his Mayoralty over \$500 were paid for calls, and that "refreshments" were the order of the day. This was paying Billy back in his own coin with a vengeance, and the "free and independent" of St. Patrick's cheered accordingly.

## Poaching.

—The nest Mr. Bill Boulton cannot get—The Mayor's (mare's) nest.