

HAMLET IN A STATE OF BEER.

BY A FEMALE GRUMBLER.

To drink or not to drink, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The desperate longings of outrageous thirst,
Or to take up the bottle against a sea of troubles,
And by drinking, end them? To drink—to
Stagger—no more; and by a fall, to say we get a
Head-ache and the thousand natural shocks,
Which the drunkard is heir to. 'Tis a
Consummation devoutly to be dreading!
To fall—to sleep perchance—and awaken
In the Station-house! Aye! there's the rub!
For in that drunken scene, what falls, what
Bruises, what *finés* from "Boomer" may come
When we have shuffled off the jailer—
Should well be founded.

There's the cause that makes the drunkard's
So short a life. For who would bear
The jeers and scorns of men—the employer's
Wrong, the sober man's contumely—the pang
Of rejected love—the uncertainty of office—
And the spurs that patient sobriety of inebriety
Takes, when he himself might his life prolong
By taking "the pledge?" Who would then
"Mint julpis" drink—to reel and totter
Into a dirty gutter? when the dread of something
After one gets home—puzzles the will
And makes us rather throw the spirits
That we have away than fly.

To a wife's angry spirits we know too well of!
Thus whiskey does make drunkards of all
Who lack the native hue of resolution,
And man's nose is sickled o'er with the red cast
Of drink!—and all his limbs
Their currents turn awry
And lose the power—of equilibrium.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY SHREVEY, 1st April, 1863.

Ania mon dboult! but it was a blunder of
yez to adjourn until the ninth, when yez knows,
yourselves, that to-day, above all days in the
year, was cut for yez, in order to givo yez an
opportunitiy of introducin some of your princpal
mizzures wid effect, and displayin that profou
ed eloquence which, some time ago, kem
nigh purswadin Mr. Dinis, that he hadn't a
head upon his shoulders. But, be me sowl,
avouraien, you might not have been so restricted
in your application of the joke you perpetrated
upon that occasion, for let me tell you, there's
minya a Saint Dinis in the House that hasn't got
his head under his othter, atself, let alone upon
the top of his "spinal column," as larnedly ob
served by your own four bones. Howsomdiver,
the grater number of footballs you'll have at
your service; and if you only can get a good,
square rise at each of them when yez take sides
agin, I have no reason to doubt that you'll find
thim a good way on attords the bary. You have
had a grate dale of practice, I know, in this rela-

shun; and if any body entherains the slightest
misgivin upon the subject, I beg lave to refer
him to Mr. Clark of the *Thrus Witness*, who
has not, I believe, yet gone to India as private
sayeratary of the Duke of Newcastle.

Spakin of the Duke, wasn't it a dacent wink
he got from the Queen, to give John A. the gov
ernorship of the Australian Colonies? P'on my
sowkins, I dunna what to make of that same
move; and I'm afraid George Brown has been
at the bottom of it; for he has been harde to say
that if the late Attorney General West had his
desarts, he'd have been in Bottomy Bay long ago.
It was very bitter of him, wasn't it? But ather
all, as Mr. Brown didn't take tay wid the Queen
whin he was at home a short time ago, perhaps
there's no thruth in my surmises; I tell you
what it is, it's rather a difficult thing to put John
A. off the scent of this self-same Kinnedda when
he want lays his nose to the ground; and shure
I am, that he'd rather spiid the remainder of
his days in puttin an occasional knife into one or
the other of yez in the House, thin rulin an out
landish country where he would be liable at any
moment to be served up smokin hot as a choice
morsel to tickle the palate of some native chief
—although, indeed, barrin his brains, the devil
a much pickin there would be about him. Tisn't
Michael they'd have in it.

I'm very glad to see that that respectable
journal the *Picton Gazette*, has opened up a
channel in newspaper literature which has hith
erto remained unexplored, and which will, doubt
less, tend to exalt the Canadian press in the eyes
of all proud, generous and honorable men. The
simple field of Colonial politics, and the public
acts of public min appear altogether too con
tracted for the operashuns of a mind so compre
hensive as that of this "Thunderer." Conse
quently, widout the slightest hesitation he steps
from out the baten thrack, that has ever been
kept religiously by the rale gentleman, and dogs
the steps of his victim into private life with a
view to blazoning to the world the faults and
foibles which attach so plentifully to almost ivery
member of the human family. Arrah! asthore,
there's not a one single dhrop of Irish blood
in the fella that could be guilty of sich an act; and
I am happy to tell you, that the opinion, up
here, is unanimous, that he should be placed in
the category of the informer or the spy, and
banished from ivery dhrawin room and fire side
throughout the linth and breadth of the Province.

Blur alive couldn't yez manage to introduce
a Bill that would place yez in a position as fa
vourable as that occupied by Bishop Colenzo.
Begorra, he can't give up his situation, and whin
he was axed to do so by the Archbishop of Can
therbery, he tould his Grace that same. Like
the Irishman that caught the Tarther, he can't
get rid of it, and shure I am that the devil a one
of yez but would be glad to be tarred wid the
same brush. Ah! be the mortal, the clergy
always have it, down even to the best quarter
of mutton or the nicest bit of belly bacon. Small

blame to thim, if any. The speritual man's
seldom worth tuppence unless he occupies a well
built and substantial case; Mr. Pope and one or
two others, to the contrary notwithstanding.
Look for instance at the size of Dr. Cahill that
brought the moon on the stage the other night,
as well as the sun and siven stars, and see if I'm
not right regardin this earthly tinemint of ours.
He's as good a six foot four as ever was tould
on a recruitin standhard; and the ethyrial ker
nel seems to fill up ivery criviss of the outer
shell completely, and wid vigour the most un
diminished.

You may say what you like, but the Yankess
are the greatest people that ever flourished a
bowie knife or handled a revolver. Although
they have a little fancy job on hands at their own
door, shure nothin will do thim or the New York
Times but a crack at Great Britain and Ireland,
if any body will thrust them for the powder.
Isn't it amusin to see thim tossin up their old
goose of an eagle into the air in this way,
although the unfortshunate fowl has come down
flop on his belly so often recently, that he's
nearly the shape of a pancake. Be dad, I think
Jeff. Davis is able to furnish thim wid sufficient
recreation in the way of war for some time to
come; and I'm sartin, if they had common sinse
they'd direct all their energies attords keepin off
that same joker from puttin a knife into the web
bin and half collapsed balloon of the windy
North, which he is apt to do at no very distant
period, or my name's not Terry Finnegan.
Sich downright impudence! Only fancy, a lot
of swaggerin bankrupts, wid an army of con
scripts and foreign mercenaries that doesn't pos
sess a general worth tuppence, and dispises the
cause which it was obliged to espouse through
force or poverty—only fancy, I say, sich Gas
cons holden out a threat to a people that, for
very pastime, would throw the nick of thim like
a young pullet, and sweep a sponge over the
yalla daub of their territory on the map of the
world. I'm gettin angry, I b'lieve, and as I
haven't another lafe of paper, I'll subscribe my
self as usual,

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

An Error Corrected.

—The *Court Circular* states that Terry
son, in his Ode on the marriage of the Princess
Alexandra, has displayed great ignorance in as
sociating her name with many a Norse Sea-King
of the past; it being perfectly understood that
the Prince of Wales was the first and last see-king
of the Royal lady.

Vacillating.

—A correspondent says that the member
for Peterborough evidently does not know whe
ther to support or oppose the ministry; he is, in
fact, Haultain (haltin) between two opinions.
We do not want any more like this.

MEMORABLE EPOCH.—Bishop Colenzo's appoint
ment to his See in Africa, it being the Natal day
of hopeless confusion in the Church.