

SONG FOR SKEDADDLERS.

Air.—"All the blue bonnets are over the border."
 Run, run, Yankee and foreigner—
 Run, my lads, don't forward in order—
 Run, run, conscripts and colored men—
 All the skedaddlers are *en route* for the border.
 Many a copperhead,
 Not liking steel or lead,
 Many a Unionist famous for bluster,
 Mout and make ready, men,
 Here comes the draft again,
 Fly for security over the border.
 Run, run, &c.
 Come from your homes were you're sure to be
 drafted—
 Trust to your heels to escape from the foe—
 Come to the land where you'll only be laughed at—
 Come where you still can continue to blow.
 Trumpets are braying,
 Conscripts are praying,
 Gird up your loins and run in good order;
 Canada 'll many a day
 Tell of the funny way
 All the skedaddlers came over the border.
 Run, run, &c.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY STREET, 18th March, 1863.

Oh! whillalu na moek! Darcy, darlin, if you iver saw sich a sight! Begorra, it's well it's the other hand or I wouldn't be able to give you a line on the subject; but how I came to get it was in taking Mick Doyle's bull-dog off a Scotchman that he saw standin on the sidewalk widout a green ribbin on his hat. Mick's "Growler" always walks; and knowin that my buckie wasn't out of us, he starts out of the procession and had him down in the twinklin of a tobaccoe box. I was afther him in a succend, of coorse, Mick not payin much attinshun to it, and in tarrin him off, what d'ye think but he made both his teeth meet in the fat of my left hand. He didn't see me at the time he did it; for the moment the thief was aware that he was drawin rale Irish blood he drops his houl't wid a whine, heks my fist, and the divil a tail did he straiten for the whole day afterwards.

Well, you'll say "that's naither here nor there," and may be you're right; but the point is, the glorious procession of Irishmin on the 17th day of March, 1863, in the City of Toronto, in commemoration of the anniversary of their tutel'ar saint. And that was the procession, or I'm no judge pottieen. From St. Paul's up to any other place you please, providia you count it two miles off, the divil a naidge could pass the street. Strahmers flyin—bands a playin—societies wathin their banners—marshalls ridin up and down, and thousands of sober and steady men keepin step like sogers. It was a grand sight let me tell you, and one that will be remembered in this city for minny a day to come. At the splendid collation at St. Patrick's Hall, naither John Hilyard nor Ogle R. attended. The former wrote an apology to the effect that he couldn't lave John A. he was so fond of him; and the latter refused to be present point blank, be-

cause Michael wasn't invited. Howsowdive, begorra, we got on swimminly widout them, and bruck up—what was to me the greatest wonder on earth—in pace and quietness, at an arly hour. To be sure, there was an odd blow outside attords mornin; but it was only a few Englishmen who were bet for keepin late hours; and although I can't say I know all the ins and outs of it, I'm sartin they were in the wrong, and deserv'd what they got, and much good may do thim wid it. Your health was dbrank of coorse, and sorry I'm for it; for, upon me sowkins, the noise they med was worse on my head than all the licker I dhrank durin the day. "Sit down," sez I, to a joker from the Gore of Toronto, that for a considerable payriod was endeavouirin to get through the flure. "Sit down yourself," sez he, givin me an eye that I understood, "and may be the sooner you do it the better." That was the only crass word that passed durin the whole evenin at the table.

Well, yez got into throuble I see on the Separate School question. Shure yez will count sich little things nothin, whin yez get used to thim; but let me tell you, that, in connexion with that Bill, John Sansfield has exhibited some manly thrusts which recommend him to me at last, and most, I think, recommend him to every proud and honest man in the country. Be the mortal, there's not a mane strake in him—he's a straight forred fella; and next to John A. himself, by the powers of pewther, I think I'd give him a share of my last naggin. You see the curse of it is, yez are not shure of yer own side of the house, and Sansfield won't beg. More power to his elbow for that same. What has he or the country to gain from a support that's not intelligint and spontaneous?

Tell Michael that I have just resaved a letter from Lord Monck, beggin of me to give him a hint as to the impropriety of attackin Couchon half joke, whole airnest at any ball that may be given in future by his Excellency, and at which both these gentlemn may be presint, "for, my dear Terry," sez his Lordship "although I know Foley to be an able man and a fine fella, he is very volent. What did you attack me in your paper for? sez he to Couchon. Oh! sez the other, I am in opposition, and attack the ministry in part or in whole as the case may be, and not you personally or in a private capacity; so you see my dear Terry, that Couchon had the best of it, although sorry I'm for it, not wishin to give the Frinch the upper hand in the dhrawin room at last." These are his very words to me, and you can see the letter yourself whin you come up; but you musn't say anythin about it or may be it would interrupt our correspondence, if not put an ind to it altogether.

I duuns whether George has left here yet or no; but perhaps you think he'll be time enough whin he gets down. Faith my impressions run in the same channel, for well I know he's concoctin somethin desparate up here or he would have been wid yez long ago. There was a rumour

that he took tay at the palace the other night, but I can scarcely believe it, although I think he lives opposit it. Nivetheless, its hard to say what a man will do when he wants to butcher a political opponent, and you know, if Bishop Lynch and he put their heads together, it will lade to nothin more or less than the utter extinction of British Freedom and the revival of the Inquisition; bekase, you see, George, as a protestant, can bring the thumb-serews of Queen Elizabeth to bear upon the subject, while his Lordship has pick and choice, accordin to Tom Ferguson or Ogle R. Be this as it may, your metal is about to be thried anyway; and, if yez don't look out, the lord knows what the consequences may be.

You remember poor Boxty Mulloy—Juncus you know—not Neddy? Well, I was lookin over some of my outd papers the other day, and if I didn't find the followin in the poor fella's handwritin. He was a great Latin scholar and a funny fell as you know; so I jist thought I'd copy it verbatim and let you see it:—

OHE! JAM SATES EST.

But I am the unlappny man
 From night till morn—from morn till night;
 For, do the very best I can,
 That cursed best is never right.

Whether I eat or drink or dance,
 Or speak or bow, to those who pass,
 Or sing or drive, by some mischance,
 I always make myself an ass.

The other day when at a fest—
 A splendid fest not far from town—
 With beating heart, I chanced to meet
 One Mary Anna Julia Brown.

I saw her eyes swoor love to mine—
 Such love as words can ne'er express;
 But handing her a little wine
 I dashed it o'er her satin dress!

She smiled and asked me for some snip—
 I didn't like that smile—not I!—
 I tried to curve, but such a wip
 As then I gave her in the eye!

For oh!—the like has ne'er been heard—
 My fork—and I in such a state—
 It slipped!—and the accused bird
 Flew at her off the cursed plate!

Oh! then I shudalor'd in despair,
 She met me with so dark a frown,
 And slinking down into my chair,
 Lost Mary Anna Julia Brown!

I tried to dance some after that,
 But dancin now was but a bore,
 Yet still I managed to lay flat
 My furious host upon the floor!

But after all, I sang with grace;
 And soon commencing, with a sigh,
 I 'twards the ceiling turn'd my face,
 But plaster fell into my eye!

Enough! I rushed from such a fate;
 And drove off with a deadly groan;
 But oh! my eye, when at my gate,
 Upset and broke my collar bone!

And here as now I lie in bed,
 A binoholor, though wed to woe,
 I hear, though I can't lift my head,
 My butler drawing curks below!

Then am I not a haunted man
 From night till morn, from morn till night:
 For do the very best I can,
 That cursed best is never right!

Begorra that fella wasn't an Irishman anyway, or he'd never let that wouan go so aisy. Sooh!