

A Senator—hoots, hoots, mon, ye're a grocer.
It's no mysel—it's some deluding devil.
Examining no yourself—could ye sup parritch?
Hae ye a prawdilection for yere sneeshin?
Div ye rotain yere awnient lare for sheephead?
Gie me them a'—its me—I'm joost the member.
Weel, weel, I wuss—I wuss I had mair schulin;
But ye mun try for separatist schuler.
And the canals, nae doot, they mun be weeneded.
Toronto, noo, mun hae her share o' barbees.
Yon lies a decent chiel that voted for me—
Safte mair yere slumbers be, mair bonny lads—
Lang life, an health, an rowth an plenty too ye.

(Enter the Shade of Macdonald.)

Shade.

Gude even, freend—asleep—I beg yere pardon.
Weel, I'm a chosen vessel o' the commons,
To Parliament I maun gie exhortations,
Yet dinna ken precessely hoo to do it.
“Dearly Beloved, noo I beg to move”—na—
“I call the congregation noo to order.”—
It winna do—I hae anither style yet—
“This bill I hae the honour o' proposin’,
Is the best article in a’ the markot.
Weel warranted, and noo in great demand—
The verra thing required in a society.”—
I’m no sae sure o’ thae expressions either,
Ha, in yon lad I recognize a voter.
My freend, I wuss ye peace, an joy, and gladness,
An een promotion sic as I hae gotten. [Exit.]

Elect. (Waking.)

Now, by my whiskey jug, shadows to-night
Hove bothered and confused my inmost soul,
More than ten thousand real candidates,
Dressed all in black, and roaring for my vote.

[Exit.]

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE.

The Honorable John McMurich, M. L. C., of Upper Canada, begs to inform his friends and the public that he has retired from mercantile pursuits, and has opened an office in rear of Mr. Grand's Livery Stables, Wellington St., where he is prepared to transact business as a general agent.

Copying, Collection of small debts, Election Lists, Canvassing Books and the Duties of Election Clerk or Scrutinizer carefully prepared and attended to at reduced rates.

References kindly permitted by Mr. Geo. Brown, Proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, and Mr. John McDonald, Merchant, Wellington St.

FOUND.

By a respectable Merchant in this City between Yonge Street and the Custom limits of the City a Seat in the Provincial Legislature as the property is quite unsuitable to the finder, the owner may obtain it upon paying the cost of this advertisement and other incidental expenses.

Apply to No. 77 and 79 Front Street.

WANTED! A handy carver to fix a shade over the eyes of the lady over the doorway of the Ontario Bank, as it is feared that exposure to the sun may injure her sight. For particulars apply inside the Bank.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member of Parliament, or elsewhere, &c., &c.

STANLEY STREET, 26th, June 1853.

So, there you are ashoroach, landed waust more on the goat-hand side of the Spaker, clear and clane out of the Government, but, at the same time, wid minny an ugly word in your mouth fluttherin to get out on the flure of the House till the showldher rises on you like a fightin pig. Well, allanah, what's the differ? You're as sthrong a man as ivar you were, and will continue to be so as long as you have command of that bad tongue of yours and rely upon your round thumpin heart, and your huge, dusky napper. Blur an turf, shure you couldn't expect to be in always, and it's time, if it ever will be, to give an impatus to the Oat Male market and the “Ould Hundired,” both of which have apparently been, for some time, rather in the back grounds.

Ann't I the boy that knew you'd sweep Montheeral wid a new beosom? and what I wonder at is, that your late collagues didn't see that same; for the moment Michael and yourself were forced out of the ship, begorra, well I knew that Ireland wint wid yez. No matter! apples will grow agin; and although you may now have to dive into an occasional baggis at the Governor's table and snap an odd oaten bannock betune your teeth, never fear, it wint last always; although the devil a much difference it makes to the country, whether it does or not.

You have harde, of coorse, that we have gone completely to blazes up here. Nothin short, if you plaze, then a swaddler and a Prosbetarin would do us as representative. The Thirty Nine Articles, and the Schariet Lady—as that blaggard Tom Fergusson has it—are condolin wid aich other in a manner the most distressin. Darcy, mavourineen, 'twould brake the heart of a stone to see the way that birth and eddication has suffered up here. Only fancy these two min, who are barely a year or so out of pot hooks and hangers, batin two lawyers, one of them smackin of a baronetcy and the other amazinly clever in a quiet way.

Now, avick, takin this latter view of the case into consideration, dont you think your new project of sindin us a king—as explained recently in the *Ladher*—is somewhat premature, if not altogether out of the question? By the mortal man, mind my words for it, we have too minny Yankees here, and are by far and awat too independent for anything even approachin a monarchy; altho' the devil a sound day's government we'll ever have without one. But don't you see that a monarchy can exist only in ould countries which are dinsel populated, and where the rich-afe very rich, and the poor are very poor. There is here no nobility to stand betune the masses and the throne, and no material for a native, standing army; consequently we'd be all wantin to dine wid the king and shake lads wid him, and would become so familiar wid royalty, that it wouldn't be worth tuppence as a sight; and instead of bein looked upon as what it rarely is—a gin of the first water—it would fall into disrepute, and be regarded as an impy

bauble the mere heritage of slaves. Ah! begorra, this is the wrong place and payriod to set up king craft in. We want twinty millions of people and imminse hords of wealth scattered at intervals throughout the colony. We want the laws of primogeniture enforced, and a thorough recognition of the various grades of society, as in the ould country; for at present we are free and easy on this score while there is no rale poverty among us. Every man who is possessed of a town lot or fifty acres of a farm here, considers himself equal to the best specimen of humanity that ever stepped in shoo leather, and will be very reluctant to acknowledge any slurpation. That's the fact, a mock, and he who attmpts to gainsay it, or to urge a king upon us in this particular juncture of our history, is not over clear sighted and might be better employed in teachin his mother how to milk ducks.

John Sandfield was up here durin our election, and, poa, mo sowkins, he appeared in good aperrits, and seemed to take things in quite a good-humored way. The say he took tay wid Bishop Lynch, upon whom he droppedin in unawares, and that he had been scarcely saited at the table until in popped John Beverly and Crawford, who in turn were followed by George Brown and his two candidates. Only that the Bishop is a gentleman and a Christian, and that John Sandfield behaved very well on the occasion, the very devil would have been to pay. They all want to secure the approva smiles of his Lordship; but I am happy to inform you, that, barrin the premier, ivery man Jack of them was shewn the doore, although previously, aich, unknown to the other, offered privately to read his recantation, if his Lordship only guaranteed the success of the Ministry in this city and in Peel. Who'd ever believe that sich a thing could have happened. Shurely sich min are totally unworthy public confidence, and ought to be held up to the finger of scorn and the thumb too, if it could be thrown in by way of a tilly

Whin you resume your sait in the House, be very pleasant and obligin to the Ministry, murrayah! till you're able to plant your fist clane betune their eyes. Don't waste your strinth on scrimmages, but always gie a fut wid your slap—the lather uuder the left ear and the former uuder the right ankle. Thiggin thu? But don't be too unruly, for the Cabinet will be re-modelled shortly after parlemint meets, and you and Mike won't be overlooked, I'll warrant you. Bad cess to me, but the Opposition will have a tight scratch of it, nevertheless, as the Ministry are playin' rathoch up here. Lower Kinneda, tho', has somethin to say in the matter; and here your only hope lies. Stick to the Frinch, for they're gentlemen any-way, and that's somethin on a pinch.

Since the flare up, I suppose yez are great frinds with John A. Now mind you, although that same chap has as minny corners on him as there is on a sack of straddles, there is somethin good and noble in him. Be the man o' the moon, I think myself, that the two Mac's might meet aich other in sich a way as to secure a nate thing of it out of the public chest, so as that both their mouths