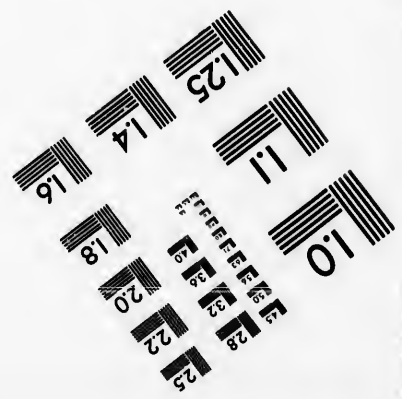
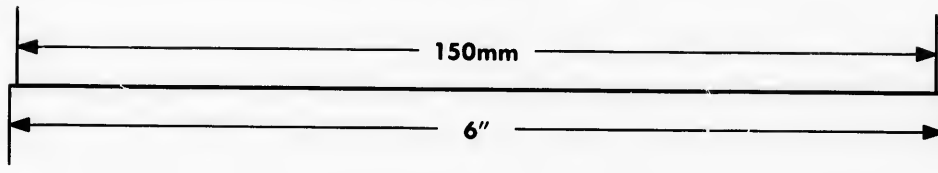
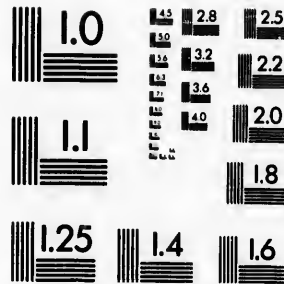
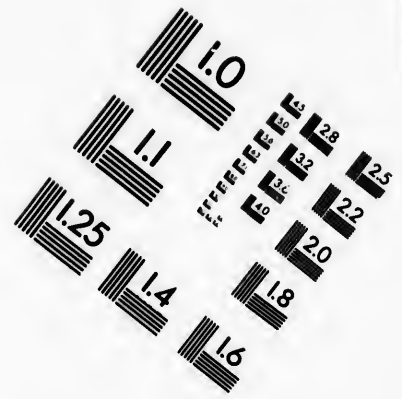
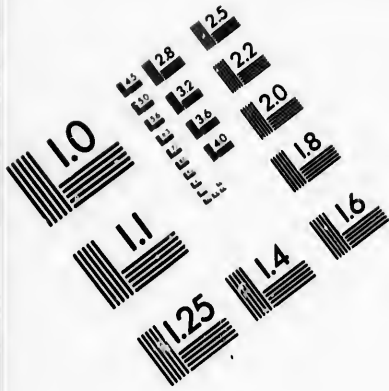


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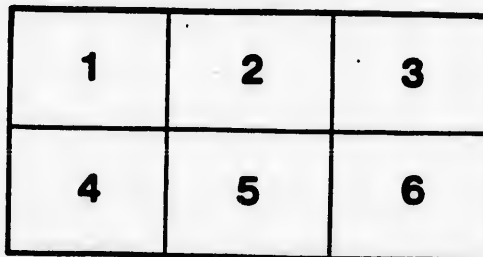
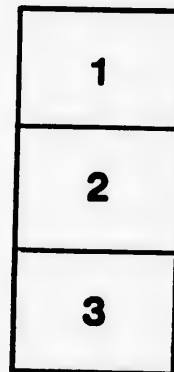
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BARNEY ROONEY'S LETTERS,

ON

CONFEDERATION, BOTHERATION,

AND

Political Transmogrification.

BY BARNEY ROONEY, ESQ.,

OF ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, ETC.

FIRST SERIES.

HALIFAX, N. S.

"CITIZEN" CALORIC POWER PRESS, SOUTH FERRY WHARF.

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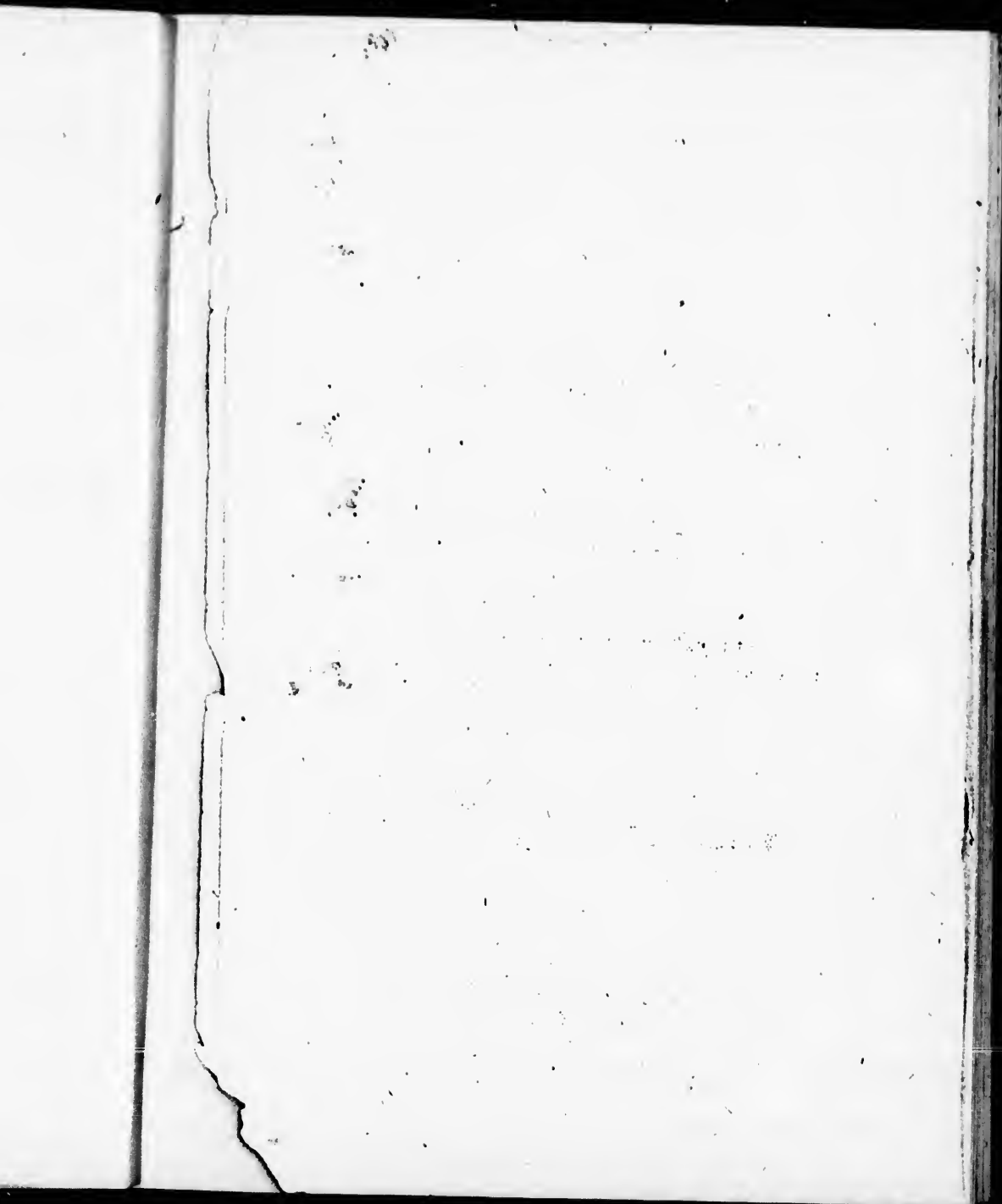
HALIFAX, N. S.

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1865.



1865  
(75)



BARNEY ROONEY

DEDICATES

THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS

TO

*His Brother Delegates from the Maritime Provinces,*

*IN MEMORY OF THEIR EXHAUSTIVE FESTIVITIES AT QUEBEC.*

*AND TO THE PUBLIC GENERALLY,*

*For whom they are reprinted on behalf of*

*WIDDY CASEY,*

*AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER RINT.*

*Rooneys Roost, Suburbs of Halifax,  
February, 1865.*

34217



## LETTER I.

MR. ROONEY INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
November 18th, 1864.

DEAR CITIZEN,—May be ye don't b'leve now I was right, when I rote to yez last about my knowin' the sacret doins of them deludherin' pollytishuns at Quebec? Faix it's sorry yez are now, I'll go bail, that ye didn't put more thrust in a gintleman, unknownst to yez indade, but that's seen a deal more nor many iv his neighbors since he left swate Kerry many's the long year ago! "Barney Rooney's letther is under consideration," sez you, in yer notis to correspondents, as if I hadn't given it the hoigth of considerashun meself, as long as a pint iv prime sperrits lasted, that a dacent widdy who keeps a tidy shebeen under "Rooney's Roost," chalked up for me till I cood pay her, when I got ped for my writen to the press. Was it afeard iv me charges ye was, when I towld yez I'd let ye have the hole basis iv the Confederashun in a jiffy if yez cared fur it? Oeh, thin, be me sowkins, ye wrong me intirely; the dirty dthrop never was known in Barney Rooney; if yez ud give me a guinea a scratch, I'll not go to disdain it; but if ye prent it for favor, yer welkim, and the widdy—Lord help her—must wait.

But ye've got it at last, I obsarve, and what do yez think iv the dokyment? And don't yez wondher how I kim to git howld iv it so early? And what would yez give if I tould a lot more that id open the eyes iv yer readers as wide as a windy to consave? By the piper that played before Moses, the basis yez prented is only a part, and not the *basest* part neither, iv the pranks iv these dellygashun fellies, when they shut the world out and drew round the Conference toddy bowl. Ye see Terry Finnegan, a soort iv a relation iv me own, for he coorted me pretty cousin Molly afore she married Billy Malowney, and left him to the tindher marcies iv the rid-headed randy that murders the dacent boy intirely wid her thorn iv a tongue; this same Terry's a paper correspondent in Kanady, and a thirteenth cousin to D'Arcy McGee. Ov course it was no use tryin' to pump D'Arcy—for begorra it D'Arcy that'll take in more nor he'll let out any day. But Terry can watch his chance as well whin he houlds a pencil and note book as whin he used to flourish his darlint kippeen iv a black thorn and thrash the Flanagans, like the handy bouchal that his father bred him, clane out iv the tint iv a fair day in Ballinosloe. So whin the dellygates got dark afther a hard day's conspiracy, and D'Arcy rung fur light and lemons, faix it's, nate and aisy Terry slipped into the room, and was as snug as a hare in a cabbage row upon a mountin iv champagne baskets in a corner, afore the gas light was lit. When that was done, Jarge Brown double-bolted the door, sorra take his suspicious carcass; and

then clapped his rid long flap iv an ear to the aky hole to try would he hear any one breathin' beyant it.

"Och, quit yer fidgets," says D'Arcy wid a wink to Tilley, "I stuffed a bit iv yer paper in the kay hole, Jarge, and if iver any sinse gets through *that*, it's more nor has happened yet."

"Jarge is right though," sez John A. McDonald, "and that's more nor I've sed iv him afore; but we must kape this thing quiet till we sec the run o' the cards and what chance we hev to bluff the Kanucks and the Bluenoses," sez he. "I propose," sez he, feelin' fur the poker in a significant way, an' drivin' it home in the grate, "to make yez all Freemasons, an' thin the very calves among ye," sez he, "won't bleat till they die first."

"Yer very kind," sez Tupper, wid an onaisy hitch in his chair, "but it's meself that misgives that some iv us hev too many irons in the fire already," sez he. "There's all the iron in them Annapolis and Antigonishe railways on me consense," said he, and wid a white look to Henry.

"It's likè ye, McDonald," sez D'Arcy, "to bring on yer bliggard notions afore every body's too dacently dhrunk to persuaive them but meself, that kapes sober ever fur the sake iv the rest, espeshially whin I can't thrust me company. Be the rock o' Cashel, an' that's too hard for Freemason's hewin'," sez he "dhrav that masonic weapon from the ribs iv the grate this minute," sez he, "or by the holy poker, it's across yer own ribs I'll draw it, an' make ye mark master in a screech! No, no," sez he, "if

it's to raise Old Harry we're met, we kin do it widout raisin' blisters on ourselves," sez he. "Why, man alive, Jack, don't ye think we're doin' enough to disqualify ourselves fur iver sittin' in Parliament agin if we go to the polls, widout goin' to disqualify ourselves from sittin' anywhere else in the mane time?"

"It's afeard ye are," sez John A., wid a snarlin' laugh, "but hand us the tipple iv ye iver stopp'in to see iv it's strong enough; an' toss a lemon to Tilley, the sowl, iv he must do penance like a patriarch."

"I'll hae whuskey," sez Jarge. "Yon stuff's owr kittle for my wame, but I aye ken when to stap wi' aquavitæ. My certie, ye're richt though, Darcie, lad, aboot the danger o' gangin' ower early tae the polls. We ken better than the people what's guid for them; an' we would be clean daft to gie up a' our fine arrangements for personal aggrandizement, just to please a wheen land-loupers that's only whingin' for no gettin' the chance themselves. Dinna ye think sae, Mister Crupper?"

"Sir," sez Tupper, as he drierd the bottom iv his tumbler, and held it handy to D'Arcy's ladle, "the well understood wishes iv the people are so notoriously in favor iv this scheme that it would be a reckless and infamous policy to put them to the trouble of expressing themselves in a special vote upon it. We would be shamelessly recreant to our own noble pledges to each other to do so. My dear McCully, I am sure you will agree with me that the retrenchment of time and money which an



election requires, would be preferable to the loss of the grand things which our good friends offer us?"

"My dear Tupper," sez McCully, "yes—no—that is, I mean yes—or rather no; but I want to see you privately about it, and explain some points."

"Musha then, Jonathan, avick," sez Darcy, "here's the hole thing handy; I got a copy iv our resolutions an' doins from the Secretary to study my speeches on"—an' he shied a bundle iv foolscap at McCully's head, which he missed, an' by the best iv good luck it whacked down on Terry's skull where he lay curled up like a hedge hog. "Bedad, somethin' bruk there," sez Darcy; "its well it's only an empty bottle," sez he; "but let the perilous stuff lie there quiet till we want it," sez he; "an' in the manetime I'll let yes hev a bit iv a song."

"Och, thin, it's mad enough an' merry enough their Conference grew; Brown dancin' "Tullochgorum" to a ballad from Darcy on Brian Boru, an' the rest clinkin' glasses ivery second or two, 'till Tilley got the hiccup wid the sour lemons he sucked, an' tryin' to light his bedroom candle put out the gas, an' fell over the manly figger iv Cartier undher the table; an' afther that ye needn't wait to be towld that there was a yelp in Frinch, an' a howlin scrimmage, in the middle iv which Terry grabbed the manyscrip, an' shot out iv the door just as the watch kem tumblin' up the stairs.

In an hour afterwards he had made himself a well ped patron in several editors' offishes; an' I devoutly hope that whin I rite to Terry agin I can say the same thing consarnin' your humble sarvint,

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER II.

MR. ROONEY AT QUEBEC.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 November 24, 1864.

CITIZEN DEAR,—Isn't it quare now intirely, that  
 thim dellygates pursist in purtendin' that all that  
 they have done at the Confrince was to dhrav up  
 the lopsided schame that Terry secured as I towld  
 yez? Bad luck to the likes iv sich sinful desate.  
 Sure what was saycret in that, that they had to go  
 hidin' an' huddlin' far worse nor iver a dacent  
 properator iv a potheen facthory in the hills would  
 bemane himself to do, wid a hole gang iv dirty  
 sowld guagers afther him, bint on makin' govern-  
 ment liquor iv his blissid mountain dew! Arrah,  
 thin, iv that was their saycret, why did ivery one  
 iv them blab it out whinivir their meetins wor over,  
 why more betoken did sum iv them run from the  
 room neck an' neck to the telegraph office, an' hurry  
 off a dispatch to sum iv yer "interprisin'"—I mane  
 privateerin' contimporaries—tellin' how many iv  
 the ruinous resolushuns for the cconfiscashun iv the  
 Salt Water Provinces to Canady they had passed  
 already! By the powers, but it raley heart scalds  
 me to find them stickin' out, afther that, that it  
 wasn't to do their own private bisness that they

kep private. Faix, it's well they might be shame-faced about the patchy constitushin that they framed; but signs on it, I see two iv thim at laste that's braggin' it up in their organs, an' huggin' themselves up in the swete belief that the biggest part iv their plottin' is still unbeknownst to the public. But it'll take a little more bran than they tuk back in their pockets to stuff Barney Rooney; an' they know, an' they darsn't deny it, that *I was a "dellygate" to the Confrinee meself!* By the windpipe iv Bill Henry—an' that's a sayin' that'll do as much sarvice as it's subject—ye may well be surprized, but it's thtrue! An' bedad, I may as well make a clane breast iv it, an' tell yez all about it.

Ye see, whin I found that a select party iv our pollytishuns were goin' to take out as well as they wor able the gratified returns of Darcy McGee an' his crowd for their summer's jollificashun down here, I thought I'd like to listen to the music iv poppin' champagne corks as well as the rest iv thim—especially as my right to constitute meself a "dellygate" was aigual to theirs, 'an' as more betoken, the duns wor gettin' too familiar wid the door knocker iv "Barney's Roost" than was at all convanient fur me timperament. So faix I up an' tuk a thrifle iv clothes, an' a pocket pistol well primed wid a sup iv the best; an' afther sum little throuble wid sum hotel bills, an' a tindency iv the road to git broader as the flask giv out, I managed at last to be liftin' the latch iv Terry Finnegan's lodgins' in Quebec a little afore midnight one evenin'.

Troth I was hungry enuff to hurry to the other side iv the door in a jiffy, an' be the powers iv glory, who wos it but Terry himself that sat nursin' his left leg on his knee, smokin' a smutty dudheen like a lord, eyein' the swate, fragrant, insinuatın' steam from a jug that was fit for two hours' sarvice, an' thinkin' away for the dear life iv him, like a leprauchin cobblin' the fairy's shoes!

"Hooray, Terry, my jewel," I shouted, whackin' me caubeen on the flure, an' my bundle on tap iv it. "Is it yerself that I see as happy as the Grand Turk, an' an honor to your relashins? Sure, Terry avic, ye mind Barney Rooney, that wos iver yer mate for mischief or mirriment undher the owld skies iv Ballynasloe!"

"I do," sez he. "But spake aisy, Barney, an' shut the door afther ye," sez he; "that's the fashin here," sez he.

"May the saints be about me," sez I, "but it's yerself that's larned to give the cowl'd welkim iv the Sassenach, Terry. Sure," sez I, bitterly, liftin' me crushed headgear, an' feelin' fur the door, "I wos lookin' for the warm hearted bouchal that used to go coortin' cousin Molly, an' that I stuck to like wax whin the Flannigans thried to empty the house iv our faction at owld Dinnÿ Carrigan's wake! But, hanım an diaoul, it's not beside that heavenly whiskey he's sittin', or me whistle wouldn't be as dhry as the last peat in the stack!"

"Och, Barney honey," sez he, mollyfied belike be me mintion iv Molly, "don't go to ruin us both be yer passion. Sure its welkim enuff yez are,

Barney, as sunshine to shamrocks; *cead mille faillte*, me darlint. But, I'm bothered to death wid thim dellygates," sez he; "they haven't left this blissid house more nor a minnit ago, an' they've drained me jug more times nor ye'll find in the multiplication table," sez he. "But, however, there's a dawshy dhrop left," sez he, handin' over a noggin, "that'll help yez to tell yer story widout chatterin' yer teeth."

Well, thin, signs on it, I told Terry the hole iv my plan; but he shook his head as if he thought it's little share iv the champagne it ud bring us. Howivir, I soothered him into consinting to thiry; an' next day up the stairs we marched to the Confrince, as bould as barrack rats, an' knocked at the door as iv it wor the Lord Mayor iv China, instead iv a couple iv cute bogtrotters, that wos in it.

"Who's there at all at all," bawls out Darcy's voice.

"A couple iv dacent dellygates, yer Worshipful," sez I, in the dandiest tones I could coax to me tongue.

"Begone, ye misbegotten schamers," sez Darcy comin' to the door, an' recognizin' Terry, "no Irish need apply!"

But, by the hokey, whiniver the door was opened I made a boult to the middle iv the room, an' "Betther late than nivr, jintlemen," sez I, wid a bow an' a manin' look to the half empty decanter. "Allow me to introduce meself an' frind as dellygates from Sable Island," sez I, sittin' me down into Darcy's empty chair.

"Och, murder, what a lie," bawled Tupper and McCully at onst. "Sure, Sable Island," sez they, "is a depindincy iv the Province that we dellygated ourselves fur," sez they.

"I am plazed to larn that yer usual perlite talk s left to ye yit," sez I, stiffly, and that ye're both as thick as thieves now, which is only nateral indade whin there's lots iv sich licker to thicken yer tongues. But I'd have ye to know, me gay birds, that Sable Island has bruk from legislative union wid Novy Skoshy as aisy as ye split one pace iv Canady from the tother yerselves, and I appointed meself and this relashun of mine," sez I, "to come and sell all her rights to Jarge Brown, for a title and an office like the rist iv the marytime mimbers."

"Ay, say ye so," sez the biggest rhinoceros in the crowd. "Weel, then, callant, I'll gang to work wi' you as I've done wi' the ithers afore ye. Steek the door there," he added, turnin' to Darcy, who was winkin' to Terry and gettin' rid in the jollers wid tryin' not to laff at the fun. "Noo, sir," continued he, "ye tak notice o' this pile o' paper, I howp?"

"Less notice than I do iv the want iv another tumbler," sez I.

"Whist ye E. nose haverel," sez he, "mind ye're afore yer Canadian superiors. Wull ye sweer to extend representation by population to Sable Island?"

"Sorra the much poppilation that's there," sez I, "barring the say gulls and ponies."

"The verra thing," sez Jarge.

"So much the better for Upper Canady; and besides yer no waur nor yer neebors, for this scheme is guan to make ye a' gulls and beasts o' burden."

"Baste yerselt," sez I, "and its a basting ye'll git if ye talk to the head iv the Rooney's tike that." And I laid hold iv the bottle to punish him, but betther thoughts previnted me, an' I punished the sherry instead.

"Noo, sir," sez he again, "after agreein' to that ye must adopt our Canadian tariff and—but in short jist sign this bit o' parchment and its done."

"And what will I git for my civility?" sez I.

"Why," sez he, "that's the very thing we've met here to discuss. Darcie, my lad, just bring out the paper ye hid when we head them knockin' and read out what the rest have gotten. Meantime let me introduce myself to you Messhers delegates as Sir George Brown, that is, ye ken, I'm 'guan hame when the Confrince ends to get the title, which is a' my modesty allows me to accept. But the maritime delegates wull be rewarded weel for the complaisance they showed to Canady. Read, Darcy lad."

"Faith," sez Darcy, "before I read, the two Nova Scotians that wer disputin' which in thim should be made Duke by the viceroy must agree on that momentous pint," sez he.

"Tupper, alana," sez McCully, wid a vice as soft as a tub iv Cumberland butther, "consider the claims iv the Opposishun."

"Troth will I, McCully mavourneen," sez Tupper, as soft as another tubful iv the same, only twice as

big, "afther I look out for number one, as my way is ye know."

"To my sorra I knows it," mutthers McCully, "and the country that yer sellin' knows it as ye'll find whin the Annapolis writs are returned. But it's yer chance now, an' take it."

"Well thin," sez Darcy, "that's settled, an' I'll be glad to congratulate by an' by His Serene Highness, Charles Duke iv—

"Parrsboro' Snag" sez a vice in the chimney wid a distinctness that wud hev startled me, but that I knew it was my own doin', fur I larned ventriloquism as well as native Irish, an' kin apply my stomach to language an' liquor together, which is mighty convanient I find.

But musha, the rest were skeered I tell ye, all but Tupper, who wudn't be persuaded that it wasn't McCully. Wid a falterin vice Darcy proceeded. "The most noble the Marquis McCully—"

"Iv Brunswick Place," interposes the vice in the chimney!

"Preserve us," yelled Jarge, "there's somethin' no vera canny in the lum!"

"Sacre Bleu," screeched Cartier, "dis is what I have made plottin wiz ze infernal raskels. You have raise le diable wiz your Confederation cursed. You let me go will you; make me no dukes, no nothzing. I sall no longer stay near your Upper Canady, and his friend in the cheemney!"

"Stap yer sweerin, ye skirlin' sinner," sez Jarge, "Are ye no feared to invoke the powers o' darkness that way, and them maybe no that far awa'? Eh



sirs, my heart misgives me. I've no been honest enough wi' the Lower Provinces. Gentlemen, jist let us cancel yon document, fling awa' our title list, and do honestly by the absent!"

"Fling away the titles indeed," sez the biggest representative of Cumberland butther, "and send us home empty-handed? No, no, Mr. Brown, I regret to see you so superstitious, well do I know the fiendish spirit that suggested that sneer at the noble wharf of Parrsboro'."

"The same spirit that built it, no doubt," sez McCully, coolly.

But Darcy, after whisperin a minit wid Terry, burst out into a laugh, an sez he—

"Quit quarrellin' the hole bilin' o' yez," sez he. "It's Tilly that's in it," sez he. "Sure but it's ill tryin' to straighten the legs iv a grasshopper. I jist poured a toothful iv the nadeful into the Temperance Patriarch's coffee cup, an' be me consence ye remimber he went out in a huff, an' its gone to his head it has, the crather, else why would he take the chimney instid iv the door on his way in agin? I'll help him out whin the rist iv yez go to dinner, and that's ready now; and I'm done wid the Timperance min afther this!"

Wasn't it stout now iv Darcy to help one out iv the scrape in that fashion? But that was nothin' to what he tould us all in the evenin' at Terry's lodgings, where they supped so often that Terry declared he had more nor his share iv the Canadian Tariff already. I larned more nor I kin remimber now; but among the rist ye may be sure our big

dellygates were'nt forgotten by no manner iv manes. Ministerial portfolios and judges' ermines, and court suits, and bouncing salaries, and aristocratic handles for names, were settled all round, and the whole set staggered on to the Confrince omnibus, in the top of good humour, Brown droning out "Soggarth Aroon" to plaze Darcy, and Darcy blarneying the Scotch to plaze Brown, and McCully and Tupper swearin' eternal frindship on Confederashun, wid a few exemptions av coorse. As for me and Terry, begorra we drew a few more corks, and finished the long evenin' as asily as I now finish this long lettler.

Yours, etc.,

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER III.

## MR. ROONEY PROMISED PROMOTION.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
December 26, 1864.

CITIZEN DEAR,—I haven't sint yez any letter since I rote to yez last, bekase it wasn't intirely convanient, be raison iv me havin' to attind to a lot iv dirty wr's an' duns an' the loike, wid which a few spalpeens of creditors have embittered my enjoyment fur the last half dozen Christmasses. But dade thin, sorra the hap'orth they tuk fur ther pains; an' here I'm agin this blissed holiday, spindin' the forenoon wid me legs on the mantel-piece, waitin' till Widdy Casey is done wid washin' me shirt, to go to a rale grand party this evenin'. An' so, faix, as I knock the ashes out iv me dhudeen I've a month's mind to insinse yez iv a piece iv partickler impertinence that the Docther, as his darlint Conferate used to style him, dun agin yer humble sarvint.

Ye see I was callin' the tother afternoon on my gallint counthryman the General, who has a rale warm Irish heart, God ble. the same; and it was not long I tell ye afore there was a decanter from the side board, and a noggin in aich iv our hands. Begorra, time was goin' as fast wid us two

as a jig at a wake, when all iv a suddint a rap comes to the door as loud as if Bully Hector himself was thryin it on wid his knuckles; and in bounced the sarvint wid news that the Docther was in the passage wid a face on him that hot that ye might light a box o' matches aff it.

"Gineral, jewel," sez I, "'tis meself mislikes to be in the company iv one that'll niver be a jintleman until that wather there turns into punch widout an infusion of the essintial iliment," sez I. "So," sez I, "wid yer lave, Gineral dear, I'll slip round this fire screen forninst us, till ye take him into the other room, and—"

Afore I could say any more, in flies the door wid a murtherin bang, an' the Docther himself stud in the middle of the flure, wid a vindictive gleam in his basilisk oi.

"Ye're takin' it coolly," sez he, wid a snarl, viewin' the Gineral's tumbler, fur I had taken mine full beyant the screen, not willin' to lave a sup fur sich a poor spirited gossoon.

"Ye're out there, Crupper," sez me darlint host, "it's hot, it is," sez he, "as ye may thry fur yerself if ye loike."

"Business first," sez the Docther, shortly. "Gineral," sez he, "there's a Mr. Rooney, that captin' in the 99th Halifax Militia, that's bin writin' fur the press, the bliggard. Dismiss him at once, av ye plase; what right has sich as he to have a commission, an' to dabble in politics?"

"What!" sez the Gineral, "air ye in yer sivin wits, Crupper?"

"Och, now, General," answers the other, "it's jokin' yez are, sure, honey; ye won't refuse yer namesake Charlie a reasonable request like that. Begorra, ma bouchal, yer military subordinates are that hard on me in the papers that if ye don't muzzle the crew in a minnit, they'll hurt the government, so they will. But what makes ye miscall me Crupper?"

"Bekase," sez me host, "ye're a *Tale Bearer*. Och, it's little else ye've iver had to say to me barrin' 'Dismiss here, dismiss there, dismiss everywhere.' Sure, are ye iver done? Didn't ye come to me twice wid a mouthful iv curses agin Captain *Bullfrog* and Major *Molasses*, for givin' ye the ould boy's own skinnin' in the *Wakely Tadpole*? Didn't I tell ye thin that a British officer was as free here as in the ould counthry, where he can go into Parliament if he likes an' oppose the ministhry? An' bekase some iv me officers here may take to more intellectual exercise nor billiard playin', an' use the right iv a Briton to express their opinions freely, ye want me to play the tyrant to gratify yer paltry spleen? If ye kin confute their argyments do so, an' don't come snivellin' here about military restrictions, which bigger statesmen nor iver the likes iv ye niver dared to hint at!"

"Aisy, aisyy, General dear," sez the Dochter. "Sure I'm sorry to vex yez, an' ye lookin' so well too. Niver mind the *Bullfrog* jist now, I'll put me mark on its impudent captain, confound the grandmother that helped to produce such a thafe iv the world! But it's this ruffin Rooney I want

to give a hist to at prisint. Sure he's only a militia man after all, an' we kin dismiss him fur special cause, the ignorant, insolent, reckless, shameless, besotted—

"Stop there, ye cutthroat," sez I, wid a bound right over my ambush iv a screen. "I'd thank ye," sez I, rollin' up mew ristbands, "to repate a little iv that sentimental language ye used jist now in the General's back yard," sez I.

"Och, me dear Mr. Rooney—Captin Rooney, I mane," sez the Dochter, "is it yerself that's in it? Sure now, didn't I know ya wur there the whole time, me dear and honorable frind? Bad luck to the heart that wud iver say the hard word agin so patriotic an' effishent a milisha officer, so stanch a Conservative, so straightforward an Irish jintlemin. Shake hands, Captain, and forgive me thryin to humbug ye wid my innocent joke!"

"The back iv me hand an' the sowl o' me fut to sich traitors as ye," answered I.

"May I niver," sez he, "but I came to the General to ax fur promotion fur ye," sez he. Sure, ye know, Rooney, honey, I'm fond iv me joke."

"If Retrinchment's a joke, ye're not far wrong," sez I, "but ye'll find it no joke at the nixt election. But howsumdiver, why don't ye ax my promotion now?"

"Och, blood an' botheration," sez he, gettin' dark in the face. "It's now I remimber I clane forgot the papers I prepared for the General's signature! But they'll do for to-morrow. Mane-

time, Mr. Rooney, an' ye'll walk down the street wid me, I want to discourse wid yez a little."

Well, my dear, it's little I thrustud the deluderin' tongue av him, and sorry I was to lave the good company I was in; yit, as the Ginceral had stalked aff in a rage, and as I might larn something useful from the schamer, I consinted. What happened I'll tell in my nixt.

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER IV.

## THE COLONIAL CASTLEREAGH.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 Dec. 30th, 1864. }

DEAR CITIZEN,—I was tillin' ye how the Docthor thried to put the comether on me whin he tuk me from the Ginerals down to his offish to bring me to raison, he sed, and to show me that my interests lay in favor of Confederashun.

"Mr. Rooney," sez he, whin we got alone in the room, "it's a pity that tongue iv yours doesn't wag under a thrifle more brains, an' thin ye'd larn to talk on the side that brought most grist to yer mill. Sure, man alive, ye may as well quit writin' and spakin agin Confederashun, for me and McCulle is goin' to pass it in spite iv all the teeth in Nova Scotia, if we kin git the mimbers to jine our plan, as I'm takin' care they shall do. Did ye iver sarch yer dixonary for the manin' iv the word 'Hush-money,' my boy?"

"I've heard more nor I've seen iv that same," answered I.

"Troth, thin," sez the Docthor, "you've yerself to blame, if ye havn't a cool hundred to begin wid,



as the price iv yer consint to write up the beauties iv Confederashun!"

"A cool hundred!" sez I. "Faith it's yerself that's cool to mintion it. Why, man alive, I could airn more nor that iv I sold meself bone and gristle by the pound for a cannibal supper party!"

"My offer's the best though," sez he, wid a laugh. "Sure, Rooney, ye ommadhun, don't ye see the pickins ud all be clane gone away from ye by such a New Zealander bargain, whereas my offer manes more pickins to yerself by-and-by. What wud ye say if when I'm appointed Governor in this Province I naded a lord chamberlain in waitin'—of your size and appearance? Rooney, ye sly dog, wouldn't ye look grand in ye're bran new court dress, followin' me to open the House? I partly promised the post to my friend Halibut, but its yours fur all that if ye say so."

"Such bobtail flunkeyism isn't jest my line," sez I, "and sorry I'd be to disappoint Hallibut, the sowl," sez I. "Besides," sez I, "how would yer grand chamberlain look av people, filled wid an honest contempt for the man that taxed his country-woman's tay to git to be a governor no less, wud give him as little throuble in way of social intercourse as a Governor got afore frum some spiteful folks, eh? No, no," sez I, Halibut's 'homogenous' fur such fooling, but your humble sarvint is *not*."

"Well, well," sez he, testily, "ivery man's got his price, ye know yours, I spose; name it yerself. Must I promise ye as much as I promised McCulle;

would a berth aigual to Minister iv Public Instruction satisfy yer extreme modesty?"

"Tush, ye gommach," sez I, "yer promise wouldn't carry a shorter man nor meself very far. Troth its well McCulle hez a betther howlt on the Confederashun exchequer than your promises would stick in his tin commandments iv fingers. Besides," sez I, "McCulle an' me isn't 'homogeneous' intirely," sez I.

"Och, Rooney," sez the Docthor, sez he, "yer more rogue nor fool, I'm thinkin'!"

"All the fitter fur the Railway Office, me jewel," sez I, "to judge by yer recent policy there."

"Whew," whistles he, "is it there ye are; och, then, be me sowl's salvation, av ye'll only give me a spell iv help in writin' up Confederashun, I'll kick out the Avardicious varmint that's in it as fast as ye'd rowl an impty cider barrel across the gutther," sez he. "Sure," sez he, "I kin make him inspector iv liquors under the new act for the regulation iv the rale stuff, that I'm goin' to fetch in nixt session, and I'll stick on a bit iv a salary in my usual retrinchment way," sez he, wid a hearty laugh and a playful poke in me ribs. "Come, Rooney," sez he, "it's a bargain, and a good one for you, and ye ought to quote the earliest offishal language of the late Financial Secretary, and say 'what' l ye drink?"

"Sure," sez I, "'tis meself that thinks ye had a bigger skinful av licker in Canada than ye've managed to digest, by the confusion iv yer argyments lately. No, sir, it isn't a bargain, and

what's more I'll tell the people, so I will, who's to be 'homogeneous' Governor, 'homogeneous' public instruction man, and 'homogeneous' grand flunkey to his Excellency Charles—"

"Then," interrupted the Doctor, "I'll bowldly declare that ye lie."

"If any man but yerself had spoken that rude way to a Rooney," sez I, he "wud be fittin' his nose into the hollow of me largest knuckles nixt minnit," sez I. "But sure, ivery one knows ye lack the essintial illiment, bad scram to ye! Och!" sez I liftin' me caubeen an' buttonin' me coat, "it makes me as sick as a fly in soap suds to hev the likes iv ye latherin' a poor body up wid offers iv a salary! Sure I'd scorn such dirty schames, an' what's more, Docther, fur all yer grand flummery, begorra, it's not much Canada money ye'll jingle in yer pockets yerself if the people git fair play an' a voice in the arrangement. Sure if ye talk till yer tongue's as dead tired as a fiddler's elbow, afther iliven o'clock at night, on St. Patrick's Day, ye'll nivir git the people to sell all they have an' buy a larger field fur statesmin! Poor Halibut will be too round in the stomach fur a smart Governor's flunkey uniform, before he gits it. McCulle will have larned to write an' spake grammatically by the time he gits Public Instruction, an' ye will have begun to spake the truth, an' given up that portion iv yer salary ye once said ought to be retrinched—whin another man had it!"

Faiz, he was mad, that a fact, but I didn't give the toss of a trauneeen fur his anger, an' whin he,

run afther me to the door an' bawled in the passage "Git out ye dirty, brazen, reckless, infamous, recreant, shameless, nefarious, falsifying, personal, unparalleled, Munchausen-like, unconstitutional, Irish blackguard," I winked at him as serenely as the bubbles brimming on a whiskey jug wink ye to come an' have a sup; "an'," sez I, "hadn't ye bettther take another thrip to Canada, Docther dear, fur ye're not quite cured iv yer owld thricks iv abusin'," sez I. "Sure, yer Excellency that is to be," sez I, "ought to hev the handbook iv ginteel talk by heart, now, to see how you wud resave yer visitors." An' wid that I left him!

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER V.

## PATSY HOOLIGAN'S BREECHES.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 January 6th, 1865.

CITIZEN DEAR,—Little did my dandy little  
 counthryman, Tom Moore, dhrame that he was  
 furnishin' a selfish maxim for a brace iv bare-faced  
 pollytishuns in Nova Scotia, whin he was inspired  
 by the jolly chorus iv the dusky canoemen, to sing—

"Ottawa's tide! you trembling moon  
 Shall see us float on thy surges soon."

And yit sich is the uppermost fancy iv Messrs.  
 Tupper and McCully at the prisint moment. Och,  
 murder! what a time this poor disthracted counthry  
 had wid the squabbles iv thim two salary suckers!

It used to be, the Nova Scotia "lyre" and "poison  
 bag docthor," just as if McCulle's dissectin' knife  
 had diskivered a venimous gland in his Cumberland  
 inimy like the fetid gland that's peculiar to the  
 nigger, I'm towld. "Cursed be Canaan" growls  
 the slave driver, sniffin' the dirty reek iv Sambo's  
 arm-pits, and "cursed be the Docthor" was Mc-  
 Cully's mornin' bawl as he turned up his lobster  
 claw nose at the editorial iffusions iv the "poison  
 bag." An' thin the docthor's tongue an McCulle!  
 Bedad, it 'ud bother a baker's dozen iv darkey

winches, settlin' ould scores wid each other on a blue-berry barren, to kape up wid the docthor whin he lets his jawin' tackle out! wid yells agin "Munchausen," and sneakin' slimy hints about how the Railway fares grew beautifully less about the time that Brunswick place was bought.

But by the blissid Millanium, all that's over now, and ye might as well look for a toad in the bogs iv Tralee, as a row between the precious pair iv them. Sure its nothin now but "Jonathan, jewel," and "Docthor, dear," "McCully me darlint," and "Tupper, me honey!" At the hall they cuddled lovinly together, as if their chairs could niver be near enough; Tupper bent in fond whispers to McCully's ear, like a spendthrift gambler soothin' a rich, indulgent uncle, and Mr. McCulle gazed at him by the hour wid a smirk as broad an' as bright as a bran new turf shovel, as much as to say, "Och, be the hookey, I like the way ye gild yer pills, Docthor, avourneen!"

Thin, agin, Jonathan has bragged very loudly iv late, that he throwed away his owld political duds, an' was ready fur a bran new Canadian rig-out from blanket-coat to moccasins, an' a purty figger he'd make in the like! Bedad, whin he's goin' on that way, he puts me in mind iv Patsy Hooligan's britches, so he does! Ye see Patsy, the crathur, was as shanky as a young fowl whin he was a gossoon, an' was iver knockin' the knees iv him into a nest full iv tatters, an' so, signs an it, his mammy cut down an ould pair iv her husband's moleskins to make a new pair fur Patsy, an' what less would

suit her than to make thim as baggy before as they were behind to save patchin' by an' by. Sure, the cut was quare, I till ye, an' made more nor the masther stare whin Patsy skulked to his sod sate in the hedge school late one mornin'.

"Come here, Patsy, ye loitherin' cub," bawled the masther, "what, sir, is it runnin' aff yez are?"

"No, but comin' masther," whimpered Patsy. "Was I runnin' Barney? Sure av its plasin' thin, it's me new britches, savin' yer prisince, makes me look like turnin' me back an ye, masther!"

"Och! be the mortal blissid Joseph, boys," sez the masther, wid a laugh that loud that it scattered the hens in the potato patch outside, "poor Patsy's right! Dade thin, ye misfortunate omadhaun, it's ye that's made the match fur the Banshee! May I niver agin whistle 'Vinegae Hill' if yer mother hasn't made a holy show iv thr risin' generation! Troth, not to spake iv her inconvenience iv riggin' ye fore an' aft, in such a uniform fashin that yer preceptor that's responsible fur thrashin' yer larnin' well intil ye, doesn't intirely thrust himself where to begin, it's a mighty ondacency, Patsy, to make ye look like an imp that can sit an two stools at onst! More, be token, ye'll always be late now, ye vagabone, fur how are ye iver to tell by lookin' at yerself iv yer comin' to school or goin' home!"

. An' be me sowkins, now, McCulle's in the same mess wid his new political breeches; as Patsy was! Whether ye look at him before or behind, he seems to be movin' away from his party! Sure, not to

spake iv the ondacency iv his coorse in lettin' Dr. Tupper an' Darcy Magee tinker up a patchwork pair fur him, the way he's goin' on wid ould frinds an' ould foes is enough to stagger a billy goat! 'Och, *it's aisy to see which way he's takin' himself*, howiver! He isn't beslobbering the men he used to spit at, an' slanderin' the party that helped to make him the "public man" he cracks himself up to be, fur nothin' now, I tell ye! Sure his eyes are more on Ottawa than on Annapolis, jist now, the desaver, fur he's thinkin' more iv the portfolio iv public instruction, an' a political lawyer's berth there. nor iv the principles for which the party that sustained him so long are strugglin' hard an' manful, in the face iv that humbuggin' Dochter that has mesmerised McCully into bein' his bottle holder! Och, but let him take care that he is not tripped up be thim same baggy reversible britches he's airin' his trotters in as grand as the Lord Mayor iv Timbuctoo, that threw away his costume late in life, an' shoved his shanks through the sleeves iv a murdered thraveller's pea jacket, in a way that was more picturesque than comfortable till he fell in a bog hole one evenin' an' nivir could arise fur the tightness, causin', av coorse, a vacancy in the august Timbuctoo Corporation.

Sure it's Tupper that'll sarve him the dirty turn yit fur all his blarney, as I'll show ye some day soon, whin I've nothin' betther to do, an' have more ink fur me pen, nor 'baccy fur me pipe: Till thin, oh Rivir!

BARNEY ROONEY.



## LETTER VI.

## MR. ROONEY'S DREAM.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 January 13, 1865. }

Tare-an'-ouny. CITIZEN dear, its meself that had the quare dhrame sure enough the other night, an' dade it's a fortune the speerit-rappers, the deludherin' rapparees that they are, wud make intirely, if only sich visions wud go fur to rise before their slapin' eyesight. Sorra the speerits there was in the room howsomdever, no, not the laste sup in the jug that was full an hour afore, though I own there was rayther a strong scent of "Crosskeen Lawn" in the atmosphere iv the Roost, an' maybe the jug had its own share iv the jugglery in me brain, but ye'll hear fur yerself.

Ye see I had pushed my chair away to the fire from the side iv the empty noggin on the little table bekase I don't nade larned min to till me that "nature abhors a vackuum" whether in air pumps or whiskey jugs. Nursin' me knee at the fire, faith I fell to findin' all manner iv quare faces in its sinkin' imbers. Sure, close be the bars didn't I see a hot spatch iv a cinder wid a taste iv white ashes an top that was the born image iv what McCulle wud look whin made Lord Chief Baron iv

the Confederashun Bench. More be taken there was a thunderin' lump black enough, by bein' purty well extinguished, that was the head iv Bill Hinry all over, as sure as pays is pays. An' thin in a corner there was a weeny little coal, rosy red, an' winkin' away at me wid a merry blaze that put me in mind in a minnit iv dear little Norah, the sweetest colleen in the counthry side, that more nor kilt half the boys wid pure devotion for the teasin' darlint, that made the mighty mistake in marryin' that owld miser Teddy Flynn, whin she might hev had me if she liked! Dear, dawshy little Norah, I darsn't blame ye, nayther, cushla machree; it was yer cross-grained bodach made ye marry the scarecrow, an' it's you that didn't trouble him long, agra! The dew is on the daisies that jewel yer grave, Norah, dheelish! an' the tears are full in the eyes iv a lonely owld bog trotter whin yer mimery warms in his heart!

How long it was afther that I dunno, but afore I knew where I was, signs an it, I was fast ashlape, an' out iv the current of me dhrames flowed a wide dark river wid rocks as grim an' bare as the bones iv a dead world shuttin' out the moonlight from the sullen channel. Musha, I misliked to find my precious carcass near such an ugly spot; but from the shore where I sat I seen a bulky black scow, wid large streaky letters iv dirty ochre an its ugly side, naming it "Confederashun." Towin' at the tail iv the tub was a little crazy skiff, which I recognized as Dr. Tupper's private canoe, which he used to paddle till it got too shaky, like the trash.

that it was, to keep him afloat, an' he was only too glad to tie it on the large but not much safer vessel. Sure, too, there was the Docther himself at the helm, lookin' pretty scared, I tell yez, at the way the canoe was leakin'; there was Adams Archibald takin' soundin's at the prow wid a long yarn iv his own manufacture, wid the story of Oily Gammon an' "Tin Thousand a Year" in one pocket, a flask iv chape Canadian whiskey in the tother, an' a smutty bit of a dudheen stuffed full of Canada twist in his mouth. An' och, by all the powers iv blarney wasn't it McCulle that was killin' himself polin' away, and singin' the Canadian Boatsong wid a hard timber note now an' thin like one who larned to sing the tune late in life. Holy Moses, but he sung for his supper, I tell yez, though ivery time he got to the end iv the Grand Confederation scow, an' seen the Docthor's private canoe towin' there he shook his head and made unpleasent remarks on the state iv Denmark. But at ivery sich juncture faix Tupper bent down to the old ommaudhaun's ear an' whispered "Ottawa," an' that ud start him off again as lively as a toothless scraggan of a knock kneed horse, that bolts as nate as a blood colt up through the fair, bekase iv the ginger that's under his tail."

"Thunder and blazes, boys, yank her," sez Jonathan. "Hooray there, Ottawa's tide, this rolling river! What's got into ye, Hinry, ye spalpeen, that ye niver crook them elbows iv yours to help us up stream? Musha, man alive, d'ye mane to skulk?"

"Arrah, shut up yer row," groaned Henry. "Sure it's sick I am I tell yez, and what's more I won't kill meself laborin' till I'm sartin sure iv the pay. Why don't Dickey there mix in and take his spell? Is he affeard iv splittin' his gloves wid them lumberin' poles?"

"Och, whist, the hole bilin iv yez," snarled the Docthor. "Archibald, alannah, won't ye want a leetle more yarn ahead there? McCulle, mavourneen, I thank ye kindly for yer zeal, but arn't ye rather loud, me honorable frind? It's reckless ye know, to rouse them floatin' batteries there by the Nova Scotia shore."

Dade thin, by the bones iv Brian Boru, as the night was growing gray, and the hew dawn comin', I seen as gallant a fleet as iver St. Kevin counted from the high hill iv Howth. There was the sturdy iron-clad CITIZEN, flying the ould liberal pennant at the fore, and the silver bright flag of Nova Scotia at the main; there were the staunch war steamers *Free Press*, *Eastern Chronicle*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Casket*, *Transcript* and *News*, and the dandy gunboat *Bullfrog*, wid a smashin' Armstrong aboard, lookin' each as lively in the water as a salmon on his summer rambles up the Shannon, and as full iv fight as Billy Malowney that went for a soger was when he tossed his frieze coat and gave the signal to his faction to raise their shillelahs wid a murdherin' whack on the skull iv squintin' Dick, the Brannigan's bully. "Blur and agers," cried Jonathan, takin' Archibald's Canadian flask from mouth, "not a one iv meself is afeard iv them,

anyhow! It's getting beyant their range we are boys, all but the ould frigate *Chronicle* near us, an' I spiked her guns meself, and tore away her flagstaff, which, be jabers, is the very pole that's puttin' yez all up to Ottawa at sich a bouncin' rate. Whooh, yer sowl! Hoorroosh! Ottawa's tide, you trembling—"

Bang came a shot over the wather, makin the spray skip away in fair white terror where it struck, and smack went the pole that was sich a brag fur McCully, and plump wen' that worthy himself, in the river no less!

"Oh holy Joseph what a splash," screeched Archibald, "McCully overboard!"

"So he is, the sowl!" says Tupper as asy as a colleen at her Catechism, "and maybe he's drowned! May the heavens be his bed, we could have better spared a better man!"

"Ugh, Doether, Doether, Doether dear" sez McCulle, whin he rose to the surface, "take me aboard, there's a honey, or I'll be kilt wid the cowl, and this January too! 'Och hurry will yez!"

"I'm afeard I can't," sez Tupper coolly. "Ye won't be anny soort iv use now, your pole's broke! Besides ye kin swim so well, deacon darlint, that be me sowl's salvation, I'm envyin' ye! Ain't it very like a whale" sez he to Dickey, wid a grin, an' makin a jab at Jonathan wid a boat-hook, might hev sent him to Davy Jones, only for the scow strikin' a snag so sharp that the doctor swore wid the fright. Faix it was a stout bit iv Annapolis timber, and knocked a hole in the scow almost large

enough for Longley to shove an apple barrel in!  
 Dade, thin, Jonathan tried to crawl in at the hole  
 end foremost, but he stuck; and would hev  
 dthrowned outright, the misfortunate crather, onl  
 for an ould bit iv drift wood he clutched at. I  
 noticed a lumberer's mark an it—J—R—N—L—  
 and was thrying to spell thim into since, whin the  
 scow whirled round in an eddy, went down the  
 rapids, and entered Salt River, where she floated  
 fair fur a sand bank. Just thin I woke, found the  
 fire out, smelt the jug to see would I find the laste  
 drain in it, but faix I had to go dhry to bed, and  
 find pleasanter dhrames!

Yours, etc.,

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER VII.

## MR. ROONEY RECEIVES A CHALLENGE.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 November 18th, 1864.

CITIZEN DEAR,—By the powd'ers o' war its well this owld bag o' bones that I paid me poll tax for wasn't mashed into a mummy intirely tother night by that murtherin' dead lion McCulle and his two faced friend the Doctor. Dade thin, ye may belave me or not, but how ud ye look at all at all, if I was sint to my untimely grave afore writin' yez this letter, instead iv takin' it aisy in my own Roost that's the foinest owld bachelor's hall in the city, if the rint was only paid!

Faix it's thinkin' iv that same rint I was that night, as I sat humming "Deacon Machree" in the chimney corner, and helpin' me thoughts wid a sup now an' agin iv an essential element that's been a mortal dale oftener in Dochter Tupper's mouth I'll go bail, nor the tother essential element that Dochter Cramp missed so much, d'ye mind? Sure ye persave Widdy Casey, an' small blame to the crathur, was in one iv her tantrums in the afternoon, and hinted purty stiffly about wishin' the color iv some people's money ud meet her eyes as often as the color iv their last week's linen; and whin I offered for to go fór to blarney her about

her bein' so well, an' about the bran new gown I was goin' to furnish my obligin' landlady whin I rased me money as an author, she towld me saft soap like that wouldn't wash me shirt next week. So signs an it, I was bothered, but I had half a hope that the sootherin' music iv "Widdy Machree" might melt her into fancying that her owld lodger was growin' tinder under her tratement, for she raely belaves that hearts are like praties an' soften in hot wather. Faix it was "McCulle Machree" I was consolin' meself wid, but if the widdy was at the kay hole, she could nivr take notice iv the differ.

Arrah, you know, one has only to spake iv owld Nick an' he comes, an' may I nivr die, if I didn't hear the "dead lion's" growl on the stairs as I finished my devotions. Next minnit the door swung open and in stepped the Docthor and Jonathan as grim as a pair iv mounted police. They were on their high horses sure enough, the Deacon was flourishin' a Fenian pike he had bought in Toronto, an' the Docthor had a mammoth blunderbuss undher his arm, that had nivr been cleared from its rust since it was taken out by a Frinch Canadian in Papineau's rebellion.

In front was a short squab soort of a jackal to the "dead lion," and sez the jackal, sez he—

"Mr. Rooney, I belave."

"Faix, thin," sez I, "its more nor I'd do to belave you. Have ye ivir a name, ye spalpeen!"

"Sure, Mr. Rooney," sez he, "I done a great dale fur yez. Wasn't I the felly that announced



ye to spake in the hall tother night."

"Troth, thin," rejoined I, "I was thinkin' as much, its not many has sich a face to intrude their odious familiarities. I don't know," sez I, "an' don't care to be betther informed regardin' ye."

"Och," sez he, wid a swagger, "I was a Confederashun man afore any in thim diggins. Me and McGee done more"—

"Stop your prate an' be aff wid yez," sez I. "Be aff now, or be jabers I'll welt ye as wake as butther milk. There's the door ye wicked little woodpecker."

Faix he fled hot fut, and the pike began to thrimble in the dead lion's paw, as he heard the quick clatter iv the jackal's disappearance.

"Sit down on the stool there. Come in to the fire, Dochter dear, and put yer toothpick, Deacon, in the corner there."

"Sir," sez the Dochter, "this reckless infamy must be punished. I am the bearer of a challenge to you from my honorable frind here."

"Oh, dear, no," sez Tupper, "my dear McCulle, didn't you promise to fight him first?"

"Aftther you," sez Jonathan, wid an oneasy smile.

"That's a lie!" sez the Dochter, growin' yaller in the face. "Sir, aint you engaged to do all the Confederashun fightin', whether wid pen or wid pistol? Must I kape a dog and bark meself?"

"Another lie nailed," growled McCulle, who didn't seem to belave wid Solomon that a livin' dog was betther nor a dead lion any day. "Sure ye

said, Docther, that you'd undhertake to malivogue this wild Irishman ef I only done all the other hard work."

"An' ef he did," sez I, wid the warm blood in me face, and reachin' down me darlint kippeen iv a black thorn from the shelf, "he tuk the hardest half iv the work, as he'llfi nd afore pay day's over. But troth I'll soon settle yer squabble, fur I expect both yer challenges; an' if it's a batin' ye want, ye've come to the right shop for promptness an' despatch. Hanim an dhioul," sez I, swingin' the blunderbuss out iv the windy, afore Tupper could git over the shock that the sight iv me limber shilalah produced, "which iv yez hez the best fist fur a stick, or the hardest head fur a crack?"

"Sure," sez Jonathan, wid his teeth chatterin' as the flourish iv me weapon sent the wind in his nose, "that's a haythenish tool to handle, an' I don't wish to lower meself to bludgeon practice."

"Och, you're the purty Fenian," sez I, "to be scared wid nate Irish wood like this is. Down on yer knees, ye swamp angels ye, an' swear to apologize or dic. Faix ye'll not swamp Barney Rooney, whatever ye may do wid Bluenose!"

"Och, be me sowl," sez the Docthor, "something must be done soon, or this bliggard here will be the manes iv death to both iv us!"

"Something must be done soon," yelled McCully in answer, wid a torrent of profane expressions far too blue fur me to write wid black ink, as he—handed the pike to the Docthor.—"Screw yer

"courage up to the stickin'-pint," sez he, quotin' from Shakspeare, as his failin' is he know.

"Tare-an'-ounty, McCulle," sez his superior officer, "let's come to tarms wid the ruffin. Rooney, what will ye take to lave the counthry?"

Faix, the sly fox that he was, he was thryin to edge behint me wid that murderin' pike, for all his peaceful palaver, whin out under the table sprung "Bogle," a terrier that's grown tough and rugged wid changin' his climate for years at the heels iv his master. Sure "Bogle" seen the deadly glitter iv his oi, an' had him pinned be the throat in a jifty. Faix its more nor onst the Docthor screeched "Weirasthru" in the rough and tumble on the floor; an' McCulle losin' his head, begun to bawl out Shakspeare at random. "To be or not to be!" he roared. "Is that a dagger that I see before me!" "I was a coward on instinct, Hal. the lion ran away when he saw the true prince." "What, shall pampered jades of Asia—"

"Hoot ye villain," screeched Widdy Casey, comin' into the room wid a kittle iv hot wather an' a broomstick, "who d'ye call a jade? How darst ye insult a dacent widdy at her own kay hole, ye impenitent varmint? Is it to murther the lodger that pays me rint ye kem to do, Tupper, ye thafo iv the world? An' you that a subdisguised paper once wrote down an ass, as this dacent jintleman Mr. Rooney towld me, shure they didn't go far enough—for its an assassin ye are, an' the curse o' Cromwell on sich a dirty pair."

"Madam," faltered McCulle,—

"Whisht ye fool," sez I, laughin' at the sport, "as ye're so fond iv Shakspeare ye'll understand whin I say, Stay not upon the order iv yer goin' but skedaddle at once! The same quotation is ready for you, Docther," sez I, "an' all over the Province, whinivir ye give it a chance to discoorse ye."

"Troth yes, an' its be steam power they'll go," said me buxom heroine mixin' in wid broomstick and kittle.

Och, murther, sich a racket as there was whin the pair iv thim slittered down stairs wid Missis Casey an' "Bogle" at their heels! Up come the landlady wid a handful iv hair, a piece iv a paper collar, an' a flask that supplied the Dutch courage to me distinguished visitors. It was only chape Canada whiskey, however, and I let the poor widdy kape it for her own immediate refreshment—only resarvin' the pike as a trophy. I'll show it ye the next time ye come to the Roost.

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER VIII.

## THE ROUGH EDGE OF BATTLE.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 Feb. 10th, 1864. }

CITIZEN DEAR,—It's meself that's bin gittin' the hoight iv ingyement lately. Bedad ye must know I was goin' to the moose huntin' the other mornin' about a wake since, an' tuk the train fine an' airy. Sure whin I intered the cars there wor two fellics wid shiny black bags, that put me in mind iv the chaps that wint to make a big cinder iv New York by goin' wid black bags full iv phosphorus into the hotels, and playin' owld scratch wid the bed posts. It was aisy to see wid half an eye that it was more iv them dellygates goin' to deluther the honest boys iv King's County wid their Confederashun clash. Faix thin, the Docthor stared as I passed him, and semed rayther streaky about the gills, as if Widdy Casey's bilin' wather had interfered with his shavin' operations, by givin' him more blisters nor lather.

"The top iv the mornin' to ye, Docthor," sez I, "an' sure now its a nate stretch iv villainy that brings ye out by daylight like this I'll be bound."

Och, ye shud hev seen the murtherin' look he sint me. Dade thin, he was as mad as a rattlesnake

caught be the tail in a gate hinge, an' he smiled as swate as prussic acid, while he turned to look out iv the windy, lettin' on he didn't rightly hear that I spoke.

Howsomivir I moved to the ind of the car, an' there I seen that owld gutcher Jonathan so wid many black bags round him, that he looked fur all the world like the king iv the cockroaches. There was a desperate droop in the corners iv his mouth that made him half appear the ghost iv a defunct Railway Commissioner, that had been revisitin' the scenes iv his former greatness, an' was jist beginnin' to dreem away afther cock crow.

"Well thin, Jonathan boy," sez I, sittin' down foreninst him, "it's seedy ye look, sure enough, this blissid mornin'! Maybe ye've been goin' through the streets all night, pickin' up smutty similes fur yer next essay, eh? Sorry ye left in sich a hurry the tother night, but ye wor foolish intirely to go to crass the Widdy. Missis Casey gits narvous whin suspicious characters are round."

"Spake not to me, thou reprobate Rooney, iv that degraded female, whom I intind to prosecute fur scratchin' my nose and riffin' my honorable frind iv his whiskey flask. My statesmanlike thoughts soar high, I apprehend! I look beyant Nova Scotia I am apt to think! I do not deny my noble ambition to revisit Ottawa? But woe to this Province if it prevents my boyhood's dream from bein' realized! Ha, ha, I smell the battle afar off!"

"So Job's war horse once remarked," sez I

carelessly, "but this is the first time I found a donkey imitatin' a better quadruped's sentiments."

"What, sinful man," sez he, "dost thou dare to jist at scripture? Deuce take you, I shall write you down in the religious press."

"Sorra the haporth I care," sez I, "if ye don't write me down an ass as ye do iv yerself, an' so claim me as a blood relation."

Musha, that med him laugh in spite iv himself, but he glanced unaisily at the grim Docthor who looked hard in our direction like a cat tryin' to stare a mouse out iv his sinses an' his hidin' hole together. That sight made the Deacon grave, an' sez he, "Rooney," sez he, "d'ye nivir feel afraid that this hardened race iv Bluenoses, if they reject our high and holy Confederashun, will be ravaged by the Yankees almost immediately if not much sooner?"

"Not a bit iv me fears it," sez I, cuttin' aff a lump iv a quid an' handin' him a chaw.

"Nivir mind the baccy," answered he, wid a gruff shake iv the head. "Sure Darcy, the dacent boy, sint me enough iv the rale Canada twist to last me till I'm promoted to Ottawa. Besides I'm thinkin' more iv the forefront iv battle nor the pipin' times of peace."

"Arrah, I see yer improvin', Deacon," sez I, "an maybe ye'll manage a joke yet. But what owld woman's babble is this about war?"

"What," sez he, "hear you not the neigh of the Northern war horse?"

"Nay, nay," sez I, ne'er a neigh. Faith it's meself that thinks the unfortunate baste ye're so

bothered about hasn't got another neigh in his hide, you've hacked him about so much from stump to stump that he's worn down to a worse skeleton nor the dead lion, an' it wud be only ordinary dacency to turn the totterin' owld broken-winded scare-crow to grass. Howsomivir, ye'll hev to take it out yerself some day soon, for the folks will sind ye to grass very soon afther the Doether is sint there, and that wouldn't be long afther spring rains, I'll go bail, if the farmers only had the chance to fix up this Nebuchadnezzar iv a Doether that's braggin' about buildin' us up."

"Well, thin," pursued Jonathan, "don't ye hear the Federal war trumpets blow blood an' thunder agin our Province?"

"Yes, I don't," sez I again. "Och, be all the monkeys in Mesopotamia, ye mix yer punch rayther sthrong at nights, Deacon dear, when it leaves ye wid sich a singin' in yer head iviry mornin' that that makes ye believe it's the trumpets ye hear, when its only the clink iv the tumblers ye imptied that's in it."

"Manalive" sez I "There isn't a Yankee Unionist trumpet that'll do half the harm to Nova Scotia compared to the mischevious tin trumpets that the mischevious news-boys thry to extend the trifling circulation of the McCully-Tupper *Unionist* wid. An' more be token, the Doether and yerself have thrumpets iv yer own that ye blow so incessantly, that the very dead walls are sick iv yer echoes."

"Hark, hark," screeched Jonathan, snatchin' a black bag an' wavin' it wildly. "Is not that the



Yankee cannon roarin' on the rough edge iv battle!  
Oh, what a crack was there, my countrymen!"

"Och, poor timirous sowl," sez I, "it's yer own head-piece that has the worst crack I see, except the cracks in Tupper's reputation, that lacks the essential element so badly now that it resembles a good character jist as much as a bung-hole resimbles an intire barrel. Faix, too, there's a dead lion about that kin-roar louder nor all Butcher Grant's swamp angels. The worst guns that this Province has to dread jist at prisint are the 'brass swivel gun' that somebody found planted in the *Journal* dirt heap the other day; and the deadly rifled cannon that they call the 'Docthor,' thrying to rifle our constitution out iv its sacred shrine, but that's apt to overshoot the mark I'm afeard. Troth, too, there's the Colchester smooth-bore; an' if the Financhal Secretary only proves himself a bomb mortar, wid that cast iron conscience iv his, and shells out on the wrong side iv Retrinchment as fast as his masther requires, there'll be a sad park iv artillery agin poor Bluenose."

At this I heard a short cough like the croak iv a hungry raven, that can't jist find the carcass he's looked fur, and up came the Docthor behind me,

"McCulle, my honorable frind," sez he, "I wonder ye waste yer 'valuable impulses' on this disgustin', ill-bred Irishman. Kape that capital spache, me jewel, for Kentville."

"Faix, yer right, Docthor," rejined I, "it ud look more nateral like for him to be discoorsin' you. Birds of a feather, ye know. But listen to me my

gay fowls, both iv ye; it's a long fly to Ottawa especially whin yer wings are clipped; and that will be done at *caucus* soon; signs on it, too, Blue-nose will maybe have ye both nailed on his barn doors afore long as a warnin' to all other birds' iv prey."

"Sir," sez the Docthor, "I wish that the Yankees would come and rob one roost anyway in this Province. I'd pay thim handsomely to come."

"That wud be more iv yer Retrinchment, wudn't it?" sez I. "Be japers, I don't terrify meself about invashins iv my humble Roost. How many ruffins did little Widdy Casey rush down the stairs the other night? As fur the Yankees," sez I, "they've more roosts to rob down south thin they kin well work through, an' they'll be afeared to let their battered owld eagle fly from home fur twinty years yit, fur fear a phanix would rise from southern ashes in his absince an' become cock iv the walk agin, not to spake iv the Frinch eagle that's hoverin' dangerisly near him in Mexico. Take my advice, me' bouchals, and repint iv yer fearful political misdeeds, an' don't fancy the people a pack iv cowards to be frightened be the bluster iv any Jonathan in the Union, or the *Unionist* Jonathan either. Don't tell lies, don't misrepesint yer naybers, don't sware nor cuss, nor plot yer country's ruin fur yer personal advancemint. But faith I might as well tell yez not to be McCully so Tupper; an' as I see me Injin guide waitin' wid all the huntin thraps at the stashin, there, I lave ye to yer own devices. I can't say bliss ye both as

long as ye kape from wickedness, for that blissin  
wudn't last yez a mile, I'm thinkin; but I'll say,  
bliss thim that don't belave ye, an' that shows that  
I feel kindly to more nor nine-tinths iv the Provinc!  
Adieu, poison-bag; dead lion, adieu."

Och, Citizen, dear! if looks could kill, thim two  
preshis "brethren in arms an' rivals in renown"  
wud have made short work in that partin' glance  
they gave me. Faix, in place iv me sindin yez the  
fine haunch iv venison that accompanies this letter,  
a coroner wud have bin sittin at his aise on

Yours intirely;

BARNEY ROONEY.

## LETTER IX.

KENNEDY AND WIDDY CASEY.

ROONEY'S ROOST, SUBURBS OF HALIFAX, }  
 February 24, 1865. }

See here to me now CITIZEN DEAR; Its likely ye nivir heard iv me grandmother's aunt that kem near gettin' twice married, only she changed her mind about union the first time, an' lucky for her she did, the dacent woman, or else she could nivir have been so happy and wholesome all out as she was whin she married in airnest young Mickey the Thrasher. Och, be the pipers, 'twas himself was the handy boy at risin' the flail, whether on barn flure, or fair green; at weddins and wakes, faix his flail was as sure to be seen as the fiddle, and it was a proud night for him intirely whin they named him Thrasher at the wake for flattenin' four Flanagans over the corpse that was in it, and them friends iv the corpse too, an' made a saucy chap that was winkin' at Auntie Molly, face the music by brakin' the fiddle across his snout in a way that made splinters iv both.

Well, ye see, Molly Bawn, as he called her, was rayther fond iv Mickey the boy at heart, but a scapegrace called KENNEDY, the son iv a squireen, that had more good looks nor good morals, and

could spake Frinch betther nor he could spake the truth, bad cess to the young rogue, had cast more nor one sheep's eye upon Molly, and flattered her into thinkin she loved him, an' all becase his hands were so white wid handlin' nothin' but cards and tumblers, instid iv bein horny and rid like honest Mickey's wid the flail. But fur all he was such a dandy jintleman, an' Mickey only a poor bouchal wid a frieze coat, sure the owld lad, Molly's father, could nivir stand the slinkin' looks iv that KENNEDY, and forbade the colleen to discoorse him, or he'd disinherit her iv the cow and bed, an' fifty pounds an' punchbowl an' a pair iv goold ear-rings he wud will her whin he should be reseaved up into glory. But musha, what d'ye think, the deludherin' villain coaxed Molly one night to consint to a run away match—on condition that she'd take the owld fellow's fifty pounds out iv the chest in undher his bed. Faix, thin, one foine dark night he helped her on the horse behind him; an' away they rode, him lookin' on the fifty pounds as jist as good as licker already, and she rayther afeard iv the coorse she was goin'. At last sez she in a soft voice, "Kennedy," sez she, "ye love me, don't ye, by all the saints in the calender?" "Perhaps so," sez the young ruffin, feelin' purty sure iv his prize, an' thinkin' the girl was too far committed to go back, whatever he said.

But, signs an it, the scamp mistook the quickness iv woman's wits, and especially the ready resolushun of Miss Molly, for all at once she slapped her hands on her pocket, an' sez, "Holy Joseph,"

sez she, "I forgot the money, Mr. Kennedy, let's go back an' fetch it." Faith they both wint back ready enough, an' she slipped in, glad to hear her owld daddy snorin' agin, an' lockin' the door, wint quietly to rest. Aftther waitin' fur twenty minutes, and hearin' nothin', the young fellow called out softly, "have ye found it out yet Molly?" *Perhaps so,*" sez she, openin' the windy, and pitchin a jug full iv dirty water in his face. Och, murther, it's him that was fit to curse the roof aff the house, but the noise iv the owld man gittin' up to see what was the matter, an' to try the charge in his blunderbuss, sent young Kennedy scamperin' down the dark road, that was light itself to the dark road down which he had tried to deluther young Molly; an' in three weeks' time Molly danced at her own weddin' in Donovan's barn, where Mickey was found for the first time widout his darlint flail, sayin' it was too noisy a divarsion for a new married man.

Now thin, Citizen dear, don't ye see what a beautiful application this charmin bit iv genealogy has to Confederashun? Sure we all know ivery time Mr. McCully opens his mouth who "Kennedy" is; nothin' less nor Canada wid his Frinchified airs, an' spindthrift habits, an' bad bringin' up! Sure, whin we axed Canada over an' over agin to unite wid us—its cold, contemptuous answer was "*perhaps so,*" an' faix, thin I think whin it's anxious fur union in its turn, only fur the sake iv handlin' an' spindin' our moderate fortune, our answer ought to be fur ten years at laste—" *perhaps so!*"

But besides all that, whin we axed our deceitful

dellygates to allow us to say at the polls if we wanted confederashun, they nudged each other knowingly, an' answered wid a jeer "*perhaps so.*" Now thin, they are movin' round wid a mealy-mouthed manifesto in favor iv Union, and axin ivry one to declare for it an save thim, an' ivry one that respects his rights or his counthry should answer their eager entreaties to sign wid their own sneerin' language, "*perhaps so!*" Sind thim to Ottawa, eh? "*perhaps so.*" Set thim up as British American statesmen, no less? "*Perhaps so.*" Ruin oursilves an' our childre to make thim rich, indeed! Stint our bit an' our sup to give McCully an' Tupper more mate an' dbrink nor they honestly work for, eh? "*Perhaps so.*" Jist let thim come to the counthry at once, if their courage isn't as small as their consence, an' the people will open their eyes in a jiffy, an' make dhrinkin' dishonest dellygates rayther unfashinable characters for a century to come; ye may take yer oath on that me dear!

Arrah, now, ye may belave it or no, but as I was writin' this scrowl, I heerd a commotion down stairs in the kitchin, an' goin' down to light my dudheen, an' see what was up down there, Missis Casey towld me as well as she could for pantin' an' laughin', that a sneakin' pimpin' cully iv Tupper's had been in axin' her to jine the Union League by payin' two dollars into the dellygates committee's hands, an' signin' her name to a bit iv paper he had wid him, that looked for all the world like a warrant to distrain on the poor widdy's goods, only it wasn't so harmless as that fur it was raaly a warrant iv

destraint on ivry soul in the counthry to pay money to "Kennedy."

"Musha, yer honor" sez the Widdy sliely, "I dunno how to write at all, but there's Mr. Rooney up stairs that's grate wid the pen; shall I call him to see yer honor?" An' she lifted the shovel to put more coals in the stove belike.

"What" sez he wid a scared look, "Rooney is it?"

"The saints be about us, no, my good woman; dont bring that rascally Irishman down here, and for yer life don't mention about this visit to him, there's a good crater. But ye need niver bother about writin' darlint, sure yer mark's enough— wid the two dollars, ye know!"

"Thin here's me mark" screemed the Widdy on a suddent wid a score iv the hot shovel on his sconce that made him screech in turn and think more iv stickin plaster nor his treacherous paper. "Take that ye son iv a scarecrow an' larn manners afore ye spake agin about Mr. Rooney or any other gintleman that's more nor mate for yer masther!"

My blissin on the Widdy, surely, it's herself has the genteel heart any way, and i'll pay her the rint without fail, the first time luck sends an odd pound or two to

Yours incorruptibly,

BARNEY ROONEY.



