

wid; but I suppose there's no use in takin or puttin onceself in a pashion about it.

I have just larned, on good authority, that His Excellency, the Governor General, out of compliment to our Representatives here and some Members of the Cabinet, is about to import from Scotland a kennel of bag-pipes and a cargo of oatmeal—the sulphur is kept in the back-ground. Well, of course, he must be politic and endeavor to sulate the tastes of all; but sartin I am, it goes agin his grain to work himself into this fit of music and strabout, God help him in his present distracted condition; for well I know, that he doesn't know what the devil to make of the whole of yez—box and dice. You keep yourself out of the fire, any way, until you see a fair opportunity of turnin an honest penny; thin, do like the rest of thin; and you know what I mane by that.

Shure we'er goin to have the parliament up here, right away, accordin to all accounts; and will you bleve me whin I tell you that iver since the news came, eggs is riz and butter is rizzer in the property market and every other market? Still, and withal, I'm not so shure that the Frinch are goin to let go their grip of it so aisy, nor do I suppose that much will be said about it whin the House opens. Whin you vote on the question, keep your finger on the pulse of Montreal. *Verb. Sap.* as our old Milloy used to say—the heavens be his bed.

Do you think the *Ladher* is well informed on the subject of Michael's political wicreabouts? Do the virtue of my oath, if a body is to take that same paper as authority it would be hard for him to tell whilch thimble the pea is undher. At present I'm playin brick at the loop myself wid half a dozen of yez, for I might as well be thyrin to keep out the tide wid a pitch-fork as be endeavorin to make yez out. Yet I have confidence in Michael, and am satisfied he will do the claue thing, if he even makes a summer set at self.

Darcy, dear, this counthry is very extensive, but its badly finced. Rely upon it that it is just what Lord Palmerston termed it, an over-grown municipality. All our fine airs and official bearin, are not worth tuppence. We have neither money nor lineage, nor traditions, for a solid substratum. We are all at a game of "devil take the hindmost," and I'd advise you strongly not to be in a position in the race, so as to give that same blackvizid gentleman an opporitenity of touchin you on the shoulder. No matter what the game, he who wins is an embodiment of human perfection. Have the pewther in your pocket, my boy, no matter where it comes from, for silver, although it sometimes helps a jackdaw to spake whin his tongue is split wid a six-pence, can byo silence in this enlightened and moral age, and stifle all enquiry, to perfection.

Your lovin cousin,  
TERRY FINNEGAN.

A COURT OF ERROR WITHOUT APPEAL.—The Division Court.

N.B.—This is by a man on whom the 91st clause has done its worst.

## TROUBLE AMONGST THE LADIES.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

DEAR SIR.—I can bear it no longer. Our once happy home is made miserable; I and my sisters, from being the merriest and busiest of girls, are fast becoming the veriest mopes. And I dare not complain unless I am willing to have the whole house laughing at me. Now you know, dear Mr. GRUMBLER, that women like well enough to be petted and caressed, but not to be laughed at; so I am compelled to suffer in silence, without a word of sympathy to support me or soothe my troubled spirit.

A year or two ago we were the happiest family in Toronto. My sisters and myself spent the mornings doing household work and marketing; after lunch we used to read and sing for a while, then walk out and enjoy the pleasant afternoon air, and chat to a friend we met down in the city; then our evenings—oh those sweet and delicious evenings, when we all sat in the drawing-room together, one at the piano, one turning over drawings and engravings with some friends, another, (that's me,) doing fancy work, whils some one (no one in particular, I assure you,) sat very near by, and took interest in the work, and chatted pleasantly as I got on. And, indeed, my needle work was always considered very clever, if you had only seen the bread-cloth that I made in crotchet! why apa stood looking at it all bewildered the first time it was put on the table, and held the knife in his hand without cutting any, so long, that somebody burst out laughing; then he started up and began. All my friends are crazy after my card baskets, and I know that none of my acquaintances can come near me at Tatting, Flemish point and Applique work. Well, about year ago Mamma bought a sewing-machine, and she is regularly out of her wits about it; she makes us do all our dressmaking at home, and wou'd let us put out even a handkerchief, though the poor girls who used to sew for us, call now and then, looking just as thin and miserable as they can, and willing to work almost for nothing. More, every evening when we settle down after tea, that nasty thing is brought out, and some one has to sit down to it; while the rest get the work ready, and finish up the button-holes and such things. I declare we work like a parcel of work-house people! Of course nobody comes to see us, for who would like to listen to that burr-r-r-r a whole evening, and have to shout so loud to us, that everybody in the room would know what he was saying! Ah, no, nobody comes; and we are glad to get to bed by ten, or half past. Mr. GRUMBLER, isn't it a very strange way of being economical, to save a few dollars and make us poor girls miserable.

And then, one does not like wearing a dress half so well if one has to make it oneself. Why, just go to the kitchen and see about cooking the dinner for once; the heat, and steam, and flurry destroy your appetite completely, and when the dinner is cooked you can't eat a bit of it; and its just the same with making your own dress; by the time you have leaned over that machine for hours, and

sewed, and basted, and trimmed it, you are got sick of it, and never want to see it again. Oh, how I enjoyed working my last mat for the flower vases! He helped me to choose the pattern, then it was so pleasant to sort out together the shades of violet, scarlet, and green, and all the while I was counting, and putting in the stitches, his voice was near me, talking softly, and not nonsense either; but now it's all gone, and that buzzing come instead. Dear Mr. GRUMBLER, can't you do anything for us?

Yours truly,  
SARAH SCALLOP.

## President Lincoln's Speech at Washington, July 7.

A Procession with bands of Music proceeded to the Executive Mansion, this evening; the President appeared, and spoke as follows;—

"Fellow Citizens, I thank you for this call, and sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called; (Cheers and cries of "You should have thanked God before." It is now more than eighty years ago, on July 4, that this nation declared "That all men are created equal," (Cheers and cries of "so they are, except the darned niggers!")—That was the birth-day of the United States; and, until Death is swallowed up in Victory, never again will the Eternal Sun, look down on such an aggregate of Jye, Peace, and Content. Two most amazing men framed and supported this Declaration—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. John, not being able to write, sez he to Thomas, "You kin write—write it out, and I'll do the holterin." And so, feller citizens, these two great men divided the labor and the tile, (Cheers and cries of "That's the way to get along"—Fifty years after, gentlemen, they had put their hands to the dokymnt, (which John made his mark) they "shuffled off this mortal kyle," and now on this 1st 4th of July, those as wanted to upset and claw up the glorious and jynt work of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, and jined agin that precious dokymnt—I say these men turned tail, and ran, as if resolved to show men are not ekal. Fellow Citizens, I agree with these darned Rebels, men are not ekal. Lee and his cursed vagabonds never can be, and never will be ekal, to our brave troops, our bustin, latherin lads. (Tremendous hurst of cheering, in which the President joined) I shall say no more at present, gentlemen, for fear I should forget names I oughter remember, and forget myself; but when I think of these cusses, and the darned yaller-bellied—However, gentlemen, I will say no more, but will now proceed to harmony, and take the Music." (Loud and continued cheering.)

On the Procession reaching the War Department, Secretary Stanton appeared, and was loudly cheered. He said:—

"That the Huds of the Army of the Potomac covered them all with no end of lustre, and that he was confident in the early closing, he begged pardon, in the early brushing out of the War movement." General Halleck then came forward, and said:—