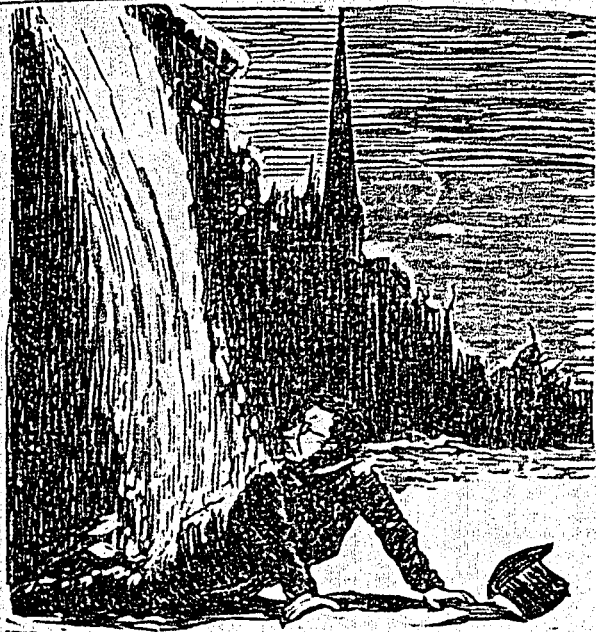




EFFECTS OF A THAW!

MR. SMITH (FROM THE OLD COUNTRY) PERAMBULATES ST. JAMES' STREET ON THE NIGHT OF HIS ARRIVAL AND MEETS WITH RATHER A COLD RECEPTION.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON "DIGNITIES."

Deer old Di:—I was sumwhot kerflustered the other day, when rescevd a card invitin miself, Betsy, and midawter Evangeliney, to a party to meat thee Prins. I knew that all our aistrystracy wood be thair, so i hurried home & told Betsy & Evangeliney to spare no expens in gettin dri goods, and, if thn hadent enuff jooltry, to ware awl thay bad and borry thee rest, as these ware hard times.

Wal, wen thee time kum, we hired a slay and druv to the sete uv war. After waitin sum ours for Betsy and the gurl to git down from the dressin rume, i entered thee recepshun rume. When Our Names was announsed to thee host and hostess, thare was quite a flutter into thee rume. Betsy was dressed in a white dress, with a yallow underskert, a blu panyeer & a lite green skarf with gold spangels thareon. She wore a reath uv immitashun crabappels. Her silph like form (she ways 221 lbs.) set oph these things to perfection. Evangeliney wore a yallow morecantique silk dress, wich kost 4 dollars a yard to Morgan's; a green underskert & a panyeer uv real flowers. She had on her bewteful wrist a bracelet of kairing-rrin stones, presented to her by the St. Andrew's Society; and a dimond necklace which i purchased cheep into the Palay Royal when i was in Paris. She was the bell of the evenin,—so everybuddy sed when thay spoke to me of her. I had on my best bloo koat & brass buttons, white kids, & one of mi latest pattern paper kollars and dick-eyes, which kant be distinguished from the pure irish linen. [I forgot to say that it was my frend Smith and his wife who gave the party.] i remarked to Smith that times had changed much sence we hed 1st cum to the kuntry, when we hadent a penny in our poekits, drank whisky insted of shampane, & went to partees whare folks announsed thareselves and danned the hiland sling together.

"Zeke," sez he, "them was happy times; &" sez he, "i prefer whisky now fur a strate drink to awl the shampane that could flote a ship!"

At this moment the prins was announsed, and in walks the Mare, a smilin & bowin, & after him kums the Prins. The Mare introduced the Prins, and we awl immedietly kummened to dans.

I hed bin dansin sum time in my kustumary vigurus stile, when Smith kums up to me, and, sez he, "thee Prins is anxshus to bekum aquainted with you."

Wal, i went up stares to the little rume which had bin fitted up for him as a privet studdy, and, sure enuff, the nobil yung fello was thare. Sez he, "Mister Trimble, i hav heard of you, & i am delited to see you & sein i stood up, he sed "take a chare; i want to talk to you of men & things into Kanady."

Here he got up, looked around to see if the Mare was under the bed, & findin he was out, he shet the door.

"Now," sez he, "whot is yure opinion of the Mare, & why duz he follo me so?"

"Wal," sez i, "the Mare iz a mild temperd, amcabel, good natured, disinterested and trooly virtuous man. He iz a grate finanseer, tho he kant rase thee stock of his Bank abuv par, and sumtimes its below it. He iz a gai & festiv kuss when you make him angry. He loves his enemies, & iz charitable to his friends, & iz good at forgivin anybuddy who crosses him. Now," sez i, "az to his expectashuns thay air grate; fur he dont ginerally aim low, altho i hev heard that he was editin a one-horse comick paper. But lite literytoor is not his 40. He shines more in thee heavyer walks ov intellectuol pursootes, & he iz fond of ladies' sostiety and widdurs. He thinks he's handsom, but my Betsy says his booty iz spiled bi not wearin mi last Byron kollar. Furthurnore," sez i, "he's expectin to be nited. He expex to be made a nite of the Order of the Bath; but my Betsy, who iz a smart gurl—ef i say so, wich shoodont—sez that thee only order of nitehood wich will be successful into this kuntry is thee Order of thee Golden Calf; & i think she iz rite. 'No man iz a heero to his own valce de shambre,' sez Shakespeare in Hamlet's famous solilyquee; and in this kuntry, wee air so famylier with each other's antysedents that a handle to a man's name dont change our opinyons of his previous kareer."

Heer the shampane was brot in. After drinkin "Her Majesty, God Bless Her!" the Prins got familyer, & sez he:

"Zeke, now tell me whot the peeple think uv me into Kanady; be frank," sez he, "for frankness is a virtue rarely seen nowadays."

Sez i, "it aint often that i am in Prinsely kumpany, & yoo'll hev to excuse me if i say that, wharever i am, ile tell thee trooth and shame thee devil." Sez i, "Thare's too much callin things bi rong names nowadays. Sum old Anglo Saxon words hev bekum obsolete. Steelin iz only finansing; swindlin iz only temporary aberrashun of thee mental fakilities, et settery. In thee good old times thay kalled things bi thare rite names, and i am 1 of those wich stick to old fashion plates, in this partickyer. Altho mi paper collar bizness is ta sum extent a decephshun, i allus tell my kustumers they are paper. Therefore i may say i will be frank & tell you whot peeple think of you into Kanady."

"Thay say you air a jolly good fello & no nonsens about you. i hev no dout that thee abuv expreshun of opinion is onparliamentary; but, in the words of thee poit, 'them's mi sentiments,' and so say we all of us." Sez i: "Her Majesty, your mother, lives in the harts of her Kanajun subjects as a trooly grate sovereen. Wee luv her, & wee air prepaired to treat her children well for her good sake. We find you a chip of the old block, and we air proud to make you happy amungst us." Sez i: "Yoo needent feel hurt at awl our pretty gurls sturin at you so. Bless thare pretty faces! thay hev awl set thare harts on sum 1 wich is a prins to them, & thay only look at yoo to see how much yoo resembel thair prins." Sez i: "Tho i am old, i kin konsiensshusly say that i hev traveld awl over the world, and thare aint no nicer, pruttier gurls anywhere than in this dominyun of Kanady, not forgettin Novy Scoshy, Quebec, & Port Hope. Thair's mi Evangeliney," sez i, "altho her hare is sumwhot red, she's as bewteful as the Venus de Medichy, and kin make a darnd site better bread out of potater yceest. Those air thee kind of gurls we want into this kuntry,—gurls that kin help a fello, and play upon the broomstick as well as the pianny 40. But a troos to these sad reflexshuns; i bore thee," sez i to his ryal hiness.

"Yes," sez he, in artless innosens, "yoo doo!" & off he went to dans with the pretty gurls we had ben speekin of.

I returned to Betsy & Evangeliney, who, heerin of mi intymissy with thee Prins, had refoosed severial advantageous offers to dans, for wich pees of human fralety i lectured Evangeliney (its no use sayin ennything to Betsy).

Sez i: "Liney (i coll her thus for brevity), yoo must not despise ordinary mortals bekos thare iz a chance to dans with a Prins; whare yoo are asked 100 bi a Prins, thee chances air yoo never will bee agane. Litenin never strikes twice in the same plais; and," sez i, "fortyninthly, thair aint thee slitest chance of thee Prins a marryin you, & thares yung Smith a strugglin hard to make a competency & he loves you, & he will be in this kuntry when the Prins is gone."

This argyment took her down sum, and we went up to supper. Betsy hed a good appetite, & Smith's lobster salad suffered, and we went home to sleep—as the poit sez, "purchase to dream"—not much better, but sumwot wiser from having seen and talked to His Ryal Hiness.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

A COCK AND BULL STORY.—The cartoon in the last *Clown and Horse-Collar*.