

ZEKE TRIMBLE HAS A TALK WITH THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Deer old Di,—

Ez i was sittin into mi bak shop a kuttin out a nu pattern kollar fur thee spring trade, to be kolloed thee Greshun Bend, i wuz surprised in thee act bi a good lookin yung man. Hee greeted me with the folloin sentens:—"Hollo, old i & 6 penny, when u'll Mister Ezekiel Trimble bee in?" I saw at once he wuz i of mi fello kuntrymen frum thee uther side uv thee water—to wit, deer old England, and bein fresh lan lid, hee spoke in thee authoritative tone wich is the kumplaint uv thee Anglo-Saxon race wich hes not travilled. I replied, "How long hez your boss let you out fur?" This riled him kunsidrably, and i saw hee wuz goin to kummit himself, so i concluded to smooth him down a little. "Yu see be, yu thee individooal," sez i. "I'm not old. i & 6 penny, but," sez i, "mi name is Zeke Trimble; I hev maid a fortin in the paper kollar Biz, and hev 4 becutifull doters at home, smart as litenin, & i intend to settil a large sum onto each of them when they conclude to marry," sez i. This hed the desired effect. Thee yung man's kountynance changed immejiately. Sez he, "introjuice mee to thee lovely gurls,—but i furgot my biz," sez hee. "His Excellency hez got tired of thee krowd wich surrounds him, and wants you to kum up this evenin tu see him. Hee wants to see a natyve Kanajun, ef any thure bee, in this kuntry."

I sez tu him, "i shall obey the kummands uv his Xcellency, and sho him a troo natyve."

I put on mi best close, and resorted to thee Saint Laurens Hall. I went up to the Guvner's room, and he received me most corjeely. Sez hee, "Ezekiel,"—kollin me bi mi christean name—"I am glad to see you; sit down and make yourself at home. The fact is Rose don't feel natyral in his gorgeus suit, and i kant git any fun out of Howland or Cambell while thay've got thare yuniforms on." Sez he, "i think thay've all got Howe on the Brane, and i want to heer sum buddy talk natyral. Now," sez he, "i'm goin back to Ottywa (wich, thinks i, is equal to goin to Kingston or Rowse's Point fur amewsmnt); i want you to tell me, plainly, whut thee peepel think uv mi visit heer?"

Sez i, "Sir John, yure speech at thee dinner wuz a i, kopper bottomd. Frum all i kin learn thare is not a disenshent voise in the Provins. That part of it which kounsils us not to borry enny more munny then we kin pay kash fur, and not to go intoo anee more gigantic speky-lashuns ontill thee Grand Trunk & interkolonial Raleways bekum payin konserns, meets with hartly approval."

"Kum, kum! Zeke," sez hee "I'm an irishman myself, & i know whare thee blarnie stone is in mi kuntry, & judgin frum your konversashun, yu hev i in this kuntry."

"No, Sir John," sez i, "i of the advantages of hevin a guvner sent out to us ready-made frum ingland, is that we air always sure uv gittin a gentleman & a skolar, & we find in you both thees qualities, kumbined with kondescension & a kind hart." Sez i, "It aint every guvner that wood go to dine in Mountin St. or Sherbrooke street, & i & mi frends onor yu fur it. Your predicesor woodnt giv anee dinners, & woodnt go nowheres to dinner except to a hotel. He wuz an ekonomikle cuss, & i always suspishuned hee didnt go out tu privet dinners koz he woodnt bee sure of thee quality of thee wine, & bad wine maid him sick, & the doktor hed to be paid in konsequens."

The Guvner sed "praps so,—but whut's yure opinion uv mi ministry & the grate men of Kanady?"

Sez i, "in regard to thee grate men of Kanady, ef you want to find out how menny we hev hed, jest purchases Morgan's byography; thare you'll find how menny of our selebrities were projuced out uv our kuntry, principally in Grate Britain & Ireland, & formerly in France. The most

of the grate men yu read of into Morgan's book noboddy ever heard of before hee diskuvered them. The spesphies has bekum skerse sence that book was rote. Perhaps the gratest man of our day is John A. He's a Scotchman & a lawyer,—2 good rekomendashuns. A famus poit has sed, "Katch a Scotchman yung, & you kin make ennything,—even turtle soup,—out of him." Now, John A. was kot yung, & much hez bin maid of him. I think marryin agen hez improved him, fur he never beat Cartchee ontill after hee took unto himself his second wife. Trooly matreemoney is a grate institooshun, notwithstanding much hez bin done to ruin it by the divoorse courts in the old country and in the Doeminion of Uncle Sam. i thing i hev notisd. If a man's a Skotchman, & he rises to bekum ennything, it is generally found out that he is a Skotchman. Sum fello rites to the noospapers, & sez as how he wuz born in Glassgo, or some uther Skotch village, & so on, & the publick gets informed in time that ef hee had not ben born in Scotland hee wudnt hev ben whut hee hez beekum.

Thee above is a beautiful trait in the Skotch karakter. Who hez not heerd it shouted out all over thet Burns wuz a Skotchman, & mite hev bin ez hi as lord Pamerston, or Grand Master of the Masons, ef hee hed not preferd to remane into the kustom house of his native town. "But I digress," says I. "We wuz a talkin of John A. I admire John A.," sez i, "fur his koalishun fakulty. Hee never kin git out of power, fur when things git stormy, hee gits up a koalishun, & fetches in thee bawky horses, & all goes as rite as ninepens. See how he tikled up Howe & thee Novee Skoshyns. 'Munny makes thee mare to go' (and the horse to sometimes), & by consolin Novy Skoshy's wounded feelins, John A. hez koalished them. Then look how John A. hez koalished little Cartchee. Ez long ez Cartchee hed the priests & the French to back him, John A. pertended to play 2nd fiddle to Cartchee; but, when Doeminion kame, down goes 2nd fiddle, & John ketches up 1st violin. Cartchee hez got disgusted, & hez gone off to London to fuss round with them Hudson Bay fellers, who, hevin got all the fur out of the Nor' West Territory, ar now tryin to skin us poor Kanajuns."

At this point in mi discourse, i notised Sir John yawnin, & lookin kinder sleepy, so i remarked that it wuz late, & i wood kum back agin & finish up this matter. Thee yung man who hed brot me thee letter heer winked at me, ez if to say, "thet's rite." (I found out that this yung man belongd to a hi famelee in England.) So i sez, "good night," & to air mi French a little, sez i, "i'll be back soon. *Adoo!*" Thee yung man, he kum out intoo the passidge, & sez he "wunt yu take a drink?" So i sez "yes," & down we went into the bar-room, and thare, while refreshin ourselves, hee sez, "bi the bi, whot's the number of yure howse? I wood like to koll & pay mi respex to thee yung ladees." So i told him mi figure, & wee parted.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

A SWEEPING ASSERTION.

The Ottawa *Times* discoursing a few days ago on the Ontario Legislature, paid the following bouncing compliment to Her Majesty's loyal Opposition in that august body:

"With the solitary exception of Mr. Blake, there is not a man on the Opposition benches who would not be a disgrace to the Province by being made a Cabinet minister."

The style, to be sure, is a little slipshod, but there can be no mistake about the sting—that is quite sufficiently exposed. How it will be relished by the wise men of the West, it is not for DIOGENES to say. 'Tis a tough morsel, but the Cynic would regret to hear that it had intensified Boyd's colic, or, materially interfered with McKellar's prodigious appetite for good things.