

## THE DINNER TO "HIS EXCELLENCY."

Deer old Di—

Ez usual, thee Execution Kumitee sent me a card to attend the festive seen, & as thee french say, "hear we ar."

After we hed gorged ourselves to bustin point with Hogan's best, the toasts began.

Ez usual thee Queen was propoged—lowd cries arose around the room—some shouted fur Perry to anser, others Delisle, but the strongist party shouted Trimble. When the howlin tempest was stilled bi our wurthy mayre, i rose to reespond. "Feller citizens, strangers & invited guests"—(this wuz ment as a slur on the Execution Kumitee fur not invitin our Quebec brethren to thee splurge)—sez i, "ef thers ance tost wich i drink with pleasure it is thet of our trooly beluvd & nobil queen; long may she rane." (sum intosticated cuss sed here—amen!) "Ef thers any buddy in this wide world thets down on the Greshun Bend & all sech onwomany follees" (heer i had mi i on a individooal who hes a large familie of gurls & consequently a large dri guds bill) "its her," sez i. ("heer, heer," sez he.) "But revenue to our mutton," as the french say.

"I will not introjuice poletix into this speech, bekos this is a festive occashun, but let me say, wunce fur awl, britons wont never be slaves, & ef some of the intercolonyal railway contrax is not awardid to sum of the intellygent individooals i see around me, then look out fur squalls, thets all," sez i, "enuff sed."

"Mi frends & brethren," sez i, "take a leaf out of the Queen's Book on the hilands" (i speak now to marrid men), "thares a passidge thare wich says, it is much better for yung ladees to be seen into thare muthers kitchens, then gaddin round the streets showin off thare finery, and,—continoos the nobil author,—thare is no grander site not even in thee hilands than a gurl who kin play upon the brumstick ez well ez upon the pianner, and noes how to dust out heer mother's parler as well as universal history. Kin a man live on three hundrid a yeer & marry such gurls as we kumonly see round in publick now?" sez i (frum every side kem up cries of no, no, yeas, yeas, heer, heer, et settery.)

At this junction uv the proseedins Mr. Clarke sung "God save the Queen." I am not much of a musicianer, but i think it must hev surprised His Excellency some to heer what a high piich (i think it was g. sharp) we hev struggled up to in the musik line in this kuntry. mi naybor, who hez traveled in italy & heerd the best fiddlers in the world, sed it beet mario & greasy, the grate italyan singers. i sed, yes, i shud think it wuz.

Sum fellers at Perry's table, whu wuznt much acustomd to hi livin, struk up "for he's a jolly good feller, with a hip, hip, hip, hooray," but this wuz frownd down immejatly.

Hearupon thee Mayre rose & sed in floing terms, "gentelmen," sez he, "thee next tost on thee list will be drunk with enthoosiasm. i present to you the armee & navée." Gen. Windham hee got up fur the reglars, & sez he, "i have smelt powder at Sebastopol, faced the rigid cannon bawl on Ballyclavy's heights, and seen the blood of Englishwomen at Cawnpore, but i never got so scared at anything in my life so much ez at thee stacks of pretty gals wich i have encounterd in Kanady." Sez he, "thay quite deemoralise thee soldger. Thee queen in consequens is going to recall all the yung offisers wich heve grate expectashuns, and wich are expectked to marry in ingland to keep thee money thare."

Kurnel Dyde hee reeplide, thet now the drill shed wuz near finished, thee kuntry mite feel no alarm, ez in time of peas it wuz allers best to prepair for war, & ez fur thee volunteers, thay were allers ready; & he alludid tuchingly to the nobil sacrifices made by thee hoam guard durin the late Feenyann invasion. Hevinserved three weeks in this nobil brigade as lanse korporal, this tuk mee quite bi surprize, & i wept.

Thee mayre now rose again, & sez he, "ef thers anything thet will touch your feelins & rows youre enthoosiasm, it is thee tost wich i will now propose—to wit, thee Kolonial Ministers." (i notisd this wuz a mistake, bekos we ar no moar a kolony but a Doeminion, but thee mayre stuck it out, & the rest of the fellers kep a reepeatin thee Kolonial Ministers like mi old poll parrot, so i sed no moar.) John Rose, hee gut up. Now, ef thers a pleasant feller in thee world, its John. I ve voted against him every time, but it went aginst mi hart to do so,—he wuz so gude humord about it, & shuk the hands of miself & wife & fameely so corjeely after it. But ingland expex every man to do his dooty, and i did it.

John looks well in thee new livery, but i culd see hee wanted sum place

to put his hands;—them pokits on thee sides, all kuverd over with gold, only bein sham pokits. He went on to tell how it was the kuntry, came intoo the state intoo wich it hez now Bekum—bein a grate Doeminion, insted of a little one. He alluded in feelin terms to Novy Scoshy, but did not say "errin sister let her go." He rayther insinooated thet Howe would fech the bawky horse back intoo the sorrowing famelee surcus. Hee alluded in a misterious manner to thee finances, & sed ther wus a surplus, altho ef his frend Holton, who sot on his rite hand, hed a chans to speak hee mite sho a deficiency.

But sez he (& hear the whole awjence cheered) there will bee lots of munny flyin round while the interkolonyal is bein bilt, (a vulgar feller near me, who hed bin drinkin Hogan's shampane bi the quart, & hed got so he didnt know on wich side uv pollytix he wuz, showted out "give us somethin about annexashun.") Hear a lot of yung frenchmen wich wuz emploid in the Court House cried silens, and the incebratid feller shet up. But John kep on his way; you kant stop him when he gits wound up. Thare wuz much thets useful in his speach, but whut struck me moust wus the koncludin sentense, wich, in thee words of Robert Burns, Scotland's grate poit, wuz sublime. Ez near ez i kin rekollect it, thee following wuz thee nobil sentymnt: "Kanady must bee developed,—whut thay really hed to gard aginst wuz bein too fast." He sot down with lowd applaws.

I sez to a admirin cirkle of friends around me, themis my sentymnts; lets git all the furin kapital into our kuntry fur raleroads, et settery, & borry ez much ez possible, & then pa off our credeters with reedooed consols. This is a age of payin off debts bi borryin more munny; every buddy now is in favor of lettin futur ginerashuns pa thee piper.

I tried thet on a small skale to Gibb's, but it wouldnt wurk. Thee old bukkeeper was too smart fur me; he nipt mi projects in the bud before i cud git any children old enuff to shuffel off the det onto.

It faled on a small skale, but perhaps it may succeed when tride on strictly wholesale principles.

Delisle spoke here on the fare sex, but he dont seem to be poplar, & ez Hogan hed thrown round his shampane pretty loose, bi this time every-buddy seemed to want to make a speach on his own hook, particularly Perry. Ez i hed tried, & faild, & hed drunk ez much shampane ez wuz konvenient, i left fur home in disgust with human depravity.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

## CITY ITEMS.

The doors of the Post-Office have not been altered for a whole week. It is said Mr. Freer is anxious for another change; but in deference to public opinion, he has consented to wait for the warm weather, when the doors can be altogether removed.

—The Editor of the *Herald* is concerned because of his name having been mixed up with the "discourtesy" question. He is a great admirer of the Quebec Legislature and would make a public profession of his devotion, if it had anything to give away.

—The Chief of the Clan-Fraser is coming to Montreal and the whole of our Scotch lassies will line the streets in honor of the occasion. "Rob Roy" and "Hydraulic Tam" have volunteered their services as masters of the ceremonies.

—The Stromboli Life Insurance Company has arranged with the sextons of several city churches, and, in future, neat cards showing the advantages attending insurance on the half-and-half system, (by which the whole of the profits are swallowed up by stockholders and agents) will be attached as markers, to all prayer books left in the pews. The notices will be printed on embossed paper with a green tint, and fastened with a decidedly green ribbon to symbolize the "tooralooral" character of the institution.

—Reynard (the fox) is intent on chawing up *Le Duc* in St. Lewis. A good many intelligent Frenchmen will not be sorry. The Cynic believes in Reynard's capacity to look after the agr-r-grid of the citizens, and having for himself "enough and to spare"—he will be the right man in the right place.

—Dr. Bernard of course, will go in for the Centre. A civic "Tear'em" is indispensable while "Roads" and "Finance" reign.

—Lumber appears to be unopposed in St. Mary's. Meanwhile the bells tinkle and the city helps to pay.

—"Sterling worth" will walk the course in the West. If not, the Cynic will have something to say.

—The "Editor in Chief" of the *Daily News* informs the Public that he was a Poet, Philosopher and Reader in Hamilton, and that it is high time Montreal recognised him in those capacities. He denies that he wrote the letter signed "A School Boy" in the Cynic's last number.