

## ZEKE TRIMBLE ON A "RATHER DELICATE SUBJECT."

DEER OLD DI—

My dawter Evangeline, (wich is named after Longfello), is very much grieved at thee thots of thee military goin' away. This is a serious infliction to thee kuntry. Sence thay hev bin heer, mi kollar bizness hez bin prosperous to completeness, manely through thee force of example.

Mi dawter Evangeliney, (i call her so for short,) has allers hed her kap sot fur a offiser. She has turned up her nose onto several yung men in thee dri-goods & kummersial lines;—thay do not soot her. Frequently have i said onto her, "Evangeliney, make hey while the sun shineth; there is nothing better in this wurd than a yung man who is urnin his livin by the sweet of his brow, a workin for his troo luv in a dri-goods shop or a grocery or into a tailor's shop." Sez i, "when i korted yoore muther she woz thee farest of her sex, & i hadnt a ten sent pees in mi pokit when i kummenced life with her, in a small room of a hows sitovate in a obscure suburb of this grate sity." Sez i, "yoore muther kood wash & iron & make bread, & she kept thee aysaid room in fust-rate order; but yung gurls now a days air brot up to skate, & go through gymnastic courses and dumb bells & toebogging and slay rides for exersise. Now," sez i, "look at yoore muther's beautifull figure; them beautifull arms was prouced by a strik attenshun too thee brum-handil & wash-board;—but a troos to these reflex-shuns." Menny of thos yung men wich Evangeliney gave thee kold sholder too air now among thee murchant prinse of this land.

Thare is an impreshun amongst thee fare sex into Kanady thet every yung fello thet kums out into a rigiment is descended from William the Conqueror or Oliver Cromwell. This is a mistaik. Billy was not a nobleman, & his muther was thee dawter of a tanner who was a little Frenchman. Billy left only a small family, & thare aint menny left to tell thee tail, & sekundly, none of his pedigree hev as yet visited this kuntry, tho' little Cartchee thinks the contrarie. Cromwell wasnt a nobilman by berth, altho he dun sum nobil things in his day, & thee only relashun of his i ever saw into this kuntry was Cromwell's line of steamships wich runs from New York to Portland, and he is a married man with a large & interestin familiee.

Evangeliney woz much disapited. Sum time sence she woz introjused too a yung Ensign of the Greens. He hed red hare, long legs, & a throat kumplaint wich preeventid him from speekin plane. I never kood understand him. Evangeliney woz in raptors with him. He hed, of course, plenty of time on his hands, & kum to mi hows frequently. Evangeliney she played onto thee pianny & sung eyetalian songs,—(i never kared much fur musik in a furrin lang widge,—mi taste runs onto old Dan Tucker, et settery), & he drunk up moast of mi sherry. All to onse shee found out thet his father kept a dri-goods store to Lundon & shee kut him ded. Sez i too her, "my beelovid dawter, you hev actid presipitately; why do you skorn the traid of yoore poor old father?" she replide in tones of affeshun, "you air an



"DON'T LET THEM GIVE UP THE MONTREAL FOXHOUNDS,—THERE'S AN OLD DUCK!"

old fossil!" I remarkd to mi wife, Betsy, thet a klassike edicashun wos a blessin into a familiee. Betsy sed thet shee hed thro' pretty well without it, but purhaps on thee whole it wos a blessin.

Evangeliney hez ever sence bekum a brokin read,—a blasted willow. Frum bein a gurl whos wait wos clos on to 190 lbs., she hes decreased to 140. Her prospesk in life air glumy. Thee military air goin & thee theatricals air over and it is too lait too pick up anuther Ensign; so, methinks, she must marry sum fello who is into traid after awl, & awl this hez arose frum mi Betsy hev in the skarlit fever. Fur the past 4 years i hev bin obliged to smoke mi pipe into mi garrit on akount of mi hows bein turned into a recepshun room for yung men with red coats, striped trowsers, et settery. Mi brane is filled with vishuns of tabloos vivants, & amatoor theatricals, toeboggins, picniks & large wine bills. Thunderin appytites those yung men hev who air fresh frum old ingland. One more yeer of sich karryin on & mi paper kollar bizness wud hev burst & i shood hev hed to bekum a privet banker into Francis Xavier street, & kut & run to thee Staats with mi frends' deposits. But i stopt thee fun in time. Hevin notisd thet these yung fellos in thee military line allways pade grate attenshun to yung ladees who hed old & welthy payrents, who ware about soon to shuffel off this mortel koil, i became suspishous thet moast of them ware short of muneey & hednt any grate expectashuns; so i sez too a intimate frend of mine, "you may tell mi gests thet i am in a kronick state of insolvincy & thet

awl mi muneey is bequeethed to thee Howse of Industry if any thare bee remaning." Thee effect wos tragical. Thay all deserted us, and mi wife, Betsy, who wos not into thee seekret, is much surprisid, & thee gurls air all grieved very much.

Betsy & i ware a talkin it over last nite, & shee bein in a repentin mood, i took occashun to admonish her as follos: "Betsy," sez i, "lurn frum experiense. Thare air 2 very bad diseeses—thee skarlit fever & thee entertaning fever. As Bobby Burns sez in Hamlet, "clothes do not make thee man—it is thee man who makes the clothes." Sez i, "Betsy, you hev made too much of them—you hev spiled them. Whot's thee differense between a respectyble dri-goods clerk on £75 a yeer & a yung Ensign with £75 a yeer & his mess bill to pay & kid glus to by? Thee only differense i kan see is thet neether of them kan live on £300 a yeer & keep hows at thee present rait of koal & hows rent. How cood a yung marryed kuppel who hed ben brot up on Stineway's piannys and theatricals, struggle through life's thornee path on £75 a yeer? It kant bee dun. Thare aint no sich kase on rekord in thee books. So Betsy," sez i, "if it aint too lait, train up yoore gurls to purform howshold wurk, & lurn them how to transform a storee kottige into a paliss. Teech them ekonome & prudense and thay will bee happee. Advise them too look out for matches with yung men of karakter & plane clothes. And," sez i, "Betsy, dont you never go to krowden yoore old husband out of site into a kold & loneley garrit to smoke his pipe, while sounds of revely abound on thee lower stories of his onse peaseful abode." Betsy cryed & deklared shee wudnt.

Yoore trooley,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.