

THE GOVERNOR'S LEVEE.

BY ZEKE TRIMBLE.

FEB'Y 4, 1869.

DEER OLD DI,—

Thee paper kollar biz bein dull i thot i'd jest drop in to the levee & pay mi respecx to the representyive ov our beluv'd queen.

We wuz talkin on divers subjees & amungst thee rest thee depresd state of the dri goods trade and thee greeshun bend, when i heerd a loud talkin out in the passidge.

Thinkin mi frend Perry hed got into a scrape i sallied out. I notissed the yung man in kullerd clothes who took our paste bords & maid himself genrally yusful, wuz quite exsited and bustlin round konsidrabl.

Thare wuz a little bald hedded cuss with spettyculs a talking frensh & english & kickin up Ned genrally.—We must go in fust sez he, "news some lays anfans du sol," sez he, & he kep a reepectin this ez ef hiz life dependid upon it. Ez i am not familiar with thee ded langwidges, I kuldnt see thru thee trouble. I thot thee little cuss ment sumthin about vaccination. But a little, stout fat feller who i cud tell was a Englishman & liked his beer, was fumin round & a saying to thee Frenshman "theres no hus ov your talkin about the sol ef yure thee anfans du sol, were his muther & father & must go hin furst."

A noble looking, tall Scotchman with a gold chain on his neck slung around with thistles & a latin maxim writen thereon, wich a friend told me afterwards wuz to the effect that "oatmeal wuz skerse when Scotchmen wuz round"—regardid the tryin scene with a mild & benignant countenance.—After sum reflexion sez he "nully secun dus" is our motto, and i cudnt think of going in after Johnny Baptist in a British Kolony.

A gentleman of dignified demeanour and a black mustash whom I shud rekognise anywhere as a son of the emeritus ile, which the poit calls ireland, stud by sumwhat exsited.

Now sez he that Ireland is to get her rites and the Established Church is bust, I cordially unite with my felly kuntry man, and insist that St. George shall enter fust, & sez he I move thet as soon ez we get thru the door and where it is wide enuff, we walk arm in arm three abreast, the St. George Society fust, show that like Siamese twins "united we stand deevideid we faul."

Turnin to the little bald-hedded man who stood pensively by regardin thee exsitin seen which he hed created, sez i whats "anfans du sol" and whats all this mus about him—sez he it means that we are the infants of the sile and must go in fust.

Infants, sez i, whuts becum of thee aby rigines—When i wuz up to Cocknawaggy thee cheef wuz a laymentin to me thet thee Simon pure ingun wuz no more,—sez he thare i ingun & i french considerably mixed, sez he. Johnny, sez i to bald hed, you dont mean to say that the Johnny Baptists are bekummin sevidges, and air goin hoopin round, cuttin it fat on whut thare ansesters did?

Hereupon Johnny got mad, & sez hee, wuznt this kuntry squatted on bi my forefathers. Wuznt Jack Carter be a Wolfe? Aint we the natterals of this kuntry? Hevnt we preserved our lang widge, & our religion, & our morils—& so 4th?

Sez i, Johnny, I dont understan your langwidge, & fur my part i think it aint thee kurrect thing to call a roast leg of mutton "a gigo de mouton a la Provencale," but let that pars—this is a free kuntry, & every one hez a rite to go to what church hee likes—except Dr. Balch, & he must take anny Yankee munny except at par—& as to your morils, sez i, why the less sed about thet thee better—weve all got the greshin bend pretty bad.

& sez i, Johnny, the less we say about ansesters in meny cases the better. Mi ansesters cum to this kuntry und

suspicious circumstances—& i've heerd uv sum Frenchmen who kum out amungst thee early settlers who kudent shou a clean bill of helth. So let that pars.

But, sez i, this is a British Kolony und whose a better rite to shake hands fust with the guvnor then thee representative of the old Lion. Sez i, do not stir up the old animile; he wunt stan much kickin—yu kin parley wous around him, an mus-kitty bite him, jest a little, but dont rile him too much. When hee gits mad hes apt to smash the krockery.

& sez i, twenty-forthly, whut wuz this kuntry be a the inglish Langwidge wuz introjuced here by General Wolfe & the 78th Highlanders, and purifid by the Royal Irish and loyal Amerikins?

Whence arose civilisation & commerce, and bitter beer, & a free press, & stilton cheese, & the Allan line of steemships & John Rose, ef it wuz not for ingland?

Who introjuced scotch snuff & the bagpipes & curlin, & bank clerks, and savins banks ef it wuz not for thee Scotch?

Whare wud we hev bin ef axe handles hed not bin brot to this kuntry by Irishmen, those warm-harted & amiable cusses, who punch yure hed one minuit & ask you to lick the next?

Who invented Bolony sassengers and brot em out with them in the steerage ef it wuznt the Dutch? & whut wood bekum of our fur trade without em?

Who inventid flour mills, lether shoes, sowin machines, & Mrs. Winslow's soothin syrup, & menny uther things too numyrous to menshun ef it wuznt Brother Johnathan?

Thee abuv subjees i alluded to & discorsed to him thereon—& I koncludid by askin him who pade the expensis of all the soldgerin thet hed bin done & wuz bein dun for us?

& sez i, 16thly—thares plenty room fur us awl in this magnifiscent kuntry, & it aint your hollerin out about your langwidge, your reeligin, & youre morils thets agoin to do enny good towards elyvatin you—but sez i, whisperin in his ear, the way to do it will be to send your boys to good kummershial skools, & edicate the gals. & sez i, 8thly—dont make such a rou about goin in fust, my experiense is that thee feller thet goes in last at these shows, sees the most peepel. Hereupon the little bald hedded feller with the spettyculs aforementioned, got red in the face & cut his lucky, and hesnt bin hurd on since!

Peas bein restored, I returned to thee awjunce room, whistlin Rule Britanny, & requested an eminent Queen's Counsel, (recently made), to sing, "God save the Queen," which hee did, windin up with "he's a jolly good feller," & so the proseedins termynated with a address from my friend, Delisle, who proposed the ladies.

I remain, yours truly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

N. B.—i seek not guverment preeferment—i am not open fur a g. c. to mi name—but ef enny uv them nice koats sech ez wuz worn bi Guverner Howland and the Kolonial Ministers at thee dinner, air thrown roun' loose—i wood except one uv those.

HORRIBLE.

Why are those employed in the Point St. Charles Work-Shops addicted to cannibalism?

Because there, every day, the Locomotive Superintendent is eaten (Eaton).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications are held over for insertion next week.

Also, "The Reply of the Most Affable and Serene Grand Vizier Kerfoozelum to the Address of the Tribe of Bam-boozles."