

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON THE CARTER QUESTION.

DEER OLD DI,—

Hevin reseved your instruksions to speshully reeport thee proceedins to ventilate the Karter's greevanses, i hied me to the randyvous of the enemy. Thee headquarters of this inflooshial body i ascertained to be sitoated in a one-horse grog-shop, containing one story and a gallery, into Blank Street. Proceeding into the sanktum of thee Kummittee of Arrangements, (wich was into a little privct offis behind thee bar, about 7 feet square,) i found tharein assembled thee beuty and fashun of the Montreal Bar. Mr. Paint-Brush, Mr. Black-Currants, "F.B.", & Mr. Chapo, the \$1200 lawyer, awl members of the Brotherhood & Head-Centres thareof. Thay awl had green neckties on, & looked green about thee eyes, wich i thot might proseed frum the nine-mile whisky wich is sold therein. Thee Kummittee were busy smokin, & drinkin, & draftin resolushuns. Thee Karters had a deputashun there also. Says Paint Brush to the hed man thareof, "Hev yoo brot enny munny with yoo to defray thee expenses of this meetin?" Thee Presydent of thee Karters replide, "Worthy brother, times are hard and munny is scarce; can we not proseed on tick?" Black-Currants smiled grimly, & sez hee, "We air willing, ef thair is no munny in your krowd, to proseed on tick; but yoo must deposit with our lurned brother, Chapo, yoor wotches as security tharefor."

This kawsed sum konsternashun amungst thee Karters' kommittee, whareupon the Presydent spoke up, & sez hee, "Ef thers to bee enny pawnbrokin, we hed rather trust Paint-Brush with our wotches & jewelery." After konsultashun amunkst thee perfessors of thee nobil art, Paint-Brush delivered thee judgment of the court in thee followin terms: Sez hee, "Mi frends, wee love yoo; wee all reesolved to trust to yoor onor to pay us for thee sooperhumin exershuns wee air makin to preeserve yoo from thee frends of law & order, but times air precaryous, & offishul assynees air numyrous; & we allus make a rool to get awl the klient has before we start." "Heer, heer," sez Chapo; "dems my sentyments," sez he. Black-Currants, in a speech of flowery eloquence wurthy of Daniel O'Connell, ef he had lived, sed, "My worthy brothers, we air poor in munny and rich in spirits. We kin raise munny on watches, but promises never paid a whisky bill. Our motty has allus bin 'no tick,'—so shell out yoor tickers." Thee tickers were projuced & konsined to thee care of Paint-Brush, who wiped his whiskers & drunk sum whisky & cried, "Hooraw for Cartchee & virtew." Thee krowd outside in thee streets, wich was komposed of peesful, sober & virtuous karters, who hed just returned frum beetin 2 or 3 karters wich were a konformin to law and warin numbers, begun to make a noise, when, in konsideration of the finanshul questun hevin bin settled, the kommittee adjourned to the gallery outside.

Paint-Brush was thee fust speaker. Hee moved, seconded by Black-Currants, "That whareas numbers were inkonvenient on carridges, in konsequens of thee owners thareof bein likely to be found out when thay run over or robbed people, tharefore thay shood be abolished."

"Mi frends," sez he, "thee Chief of Poliss is a tyrant & a despot; hee is a forsin you to ware numbers bekos he is a spekylating. Thee karters ware badges enuff already. Sum had red noses, & sum hadn't; sum got drunk & sum didn't; sum wore a number on thare hats, & most of them carried thee number in thare pokits. As a klass, thee karters were not more frequently represented befour thee Recorder than thee klass hee beeloned to, wich was next to thee klergy. It was wrong to insist upon karters warin numbers at all. Thare shood be free trade in karters, and thay shood be allowed to make karpet bags disappear, and insult thee grate publik in thee same way as anee other perfession, of which he was

proud to be a influential member. For his part he was a Q. C., and ef he was not, or thee bizness was bad, he wood fly to thee perfession of a karter for his daly sustenance. But as a rule, he did not care to earn his livin in such a arderous way by thee swet of his brow. Hee preferd to make uther peeples brows swet for it. But hee wood not detane them anee longer. In konklushun, hee wood sing them an old song, to wit, "God save thee Queen."

Mr. Chapo, now addressed thee krowd. Hee is a lawyer of very prepossessing apearanse, long hare, sum branes, & plenty of tongue. Sez he, "I am in favor of shuttin up thee korporashun, & abolishin thee numberin of karters." Sez hee, "i am indebted to a karter wich onse took mee round thee mountain to meet a klient; hee took mee in thee rong direcsun, & i made munny thareby. I have furgotten whether hee had enny number or not. Mi frends, i am a member of thee legislatur, & bein out of wurk now, i will see you rited & thee best way to git yooore rong rited, is to subscribe a good sum of munney, mi frends." (Heer thee honorable member wuz interrupted by kries of "Long-toe, Long-toe," & "shoe, shoe," wich i understood to meen, that thee honorable speker was originally a cobbler.)

Black Currants then kame forward. Hee is a hansum yung man & a graceful speker, & reminds mee of Dan. O'Connell, with whom, in mi yuth i wuz very intymate. Sez hee: "Mi lurned brethren, thee karters of Montreal air a prowld & impulsive race; sum peple say that thay air awl honist, but i think this is a exaggerashun. It has been asserted frum this platform, that thare never wuz a kase of incivility known to be performed by a Montreal karter. Indeed thee Rekorder's Court could not be supported for one day, ef thare wuz no karters, & whare wood wee be in electshun times ef thare wuz no karters. Thee karters' professhun is not to be sneared at,—indeed, it wood be better for sum lawyers ef thay ware carters, & i am thinking that in these hard times, i kin make more munny drivin a bus than into thee legal professhun. Gentlemen of thee jury," sez hee, "i rekommend you awl to atend thee next Kounsil meetin & heer Rodden & David & Bernard & Stephens, speak onto this grate question."

A kollexshun wuz now taken up, amountin to 72 cents, & thee krowd broke up. I returnd to the offis of DIOGENES to discharge thee mournful task of ritin up those reflexshuns.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."

The irrepressible penny-a-liner scribbles advertisements so rapidly, that his paragraphs are often placed in most quaint juxtaposition. Here is a case in point from the columns of the *New York Sun*:

"The bar-room of the Astor House has been newly painted and adorned in the highest style of art, and the parlors and sleeping-rooms have been furnished with nearly 300 Bibles, presented by the American Bible Society. A new stock of choice liquors has been laid in for summer use."

The writer of this notice is apparently of opinion that men's spiritual and spirituuous wants are intimately connected. The true spirit of his "puff" is evidently contained in its last paragraph, as the cream of a lady's letter is often kept for the postscript.

"RUBBISH SHOT HERE."

"What John Bull is going to do, we cannot say. *Just at present he is acting the part of the choleric individual in the play, who seizes a quiet Quaker by the shoulder, shakes him well, wants to know what he loves his temper for, and screams: 'Why can't you be calm like me?'* It is one of the most curious demonstrations the world has witnessed for a long time, and we wait for the upshot."—*Boston Journal*.