

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON A RECENT NOTABLE "RECEPTION."

DEER OLD DI,—

Last weak was a eventful weak into my bizness. Mi kash sales rose frum \$4 the previous six days to \$16 on thee weak. Whot was thee kawse of this influx on paper kollars and dikeys? It was bekos Kartchee hed got bak frum Europe. But let this pars.

Mi anglo saxun blood rose up into mi vanes when i was notified to attend thee recepshun of thee nobil nite. Hevin fur a long time been Quarter-Master into thee staff of 1 of our crack milishy corpses (but i hev never seen a quarter fur it yet), i put on mi yuniformal, and skedaddled to the depo. After waitin sum time in thee mud the band struck up "see thee konkerin hero kums." Wee awl kummensd to hooraw, when sum *Witnis* boys began to lall, and awl to once we notisd that it was a false alarm. It was only that inky-colored kuss, King Theodore, who issued forth from thee depo. In a few moments, however, the real King kame out, and lo and behold! it was Kartchee hisself, lookin as smart as a new shillin. After shakin hands with the mayre and me, he spied Leblanc, the Johnny Baptist, who is always kollin' hisself a "infant du saul," tho why he's a infant i kant tell, 'cept its kawse he's advansd in yeers & has lost his hare & wares spettyculs. After Leblanc's hands was shook, the mayre & i presented the folloin' speech on thee part of our kuntrymen. (The mayre spoke & i prompted):—

"Georgy," says we, "yu air welkum bak to thee land of your fathers. We ain't fully postid up on what yu hev been doin' to ingland, but we 'spose it's awl rite. Sence yu hev bin away menny things hev transpired. The drill shed is neerly finished, & the swift velossypeed is performin' its airy gambols within its hollow presinks. Kounseller Jordan hez giv hisself a dinner, & Alderman David expex to bee mayre next yeer if thee Irish vote will let him. MacNamee, your old frend & buzzum kompanion, is elected to the presidensy of the St. Patrix Society. Sum say that thee uther presidens hev resolved not to invite him to thare nashunul dinners on akount of his appeetite; but ireland's rongs are too grate to submit to such a slite. Sum of our brokers & merchants and Denis, thee lawyer—your old frend,—hev gone to the Staats. Denis is tendin' bar too Shikago, & our yung men are skeedadlin' bi thousands. They luv their kuntry so much these *infants du saul*. Wee air awl as loyal as ever, purhaps more so, konsiderin' thee dull times. We hev hed thee small pox bad, & the doctors hev diskovered a hog wich hes had trikyosis, & a thunderin' bad time hee must hev had of it beq he died. It is thee same hog wich has been figgerin' in thee *Daily Noos* for thee last munth. Sumthin' must bee done to restour publik konfidens in pork. Wee fondly hope that now yu hev got home things will move on agane, & we will have good krops. Shovo & Dun kin hev bin pretty good boys while yu were away, but we air sure thay missed you.

"In konklusion, we wish you a merry crismas and a happy nu yeer, et settery. No more at present frum yoors trooly,

THE MAYRE & ZEKE, AS REPRESENTIN THEE
PEEPLOF KANADY."

Georgy stept forrad & in his yusual graceful manner addres'd thee Krowd. Sez he, "We hev hed a good time, to ingland; those fellos no how to live: thee best port & sherry in thee world is to bee hed thare, but, gentlemen, if yu think we did nothing thare but eat & drink, yu are mis taken. We saw thee elyphant, & konkored hur. We bot thee Hudson's Bay doeminions fur a song. We air monarks

of all we survey,—that is to say of awl that thee Hudson's Bay don't kare about surveyin'—in the hostile belt. We had sum injuns into our kuntry before, but thee red men of Kocknawagy are bekummin' bleached out, & the Aboriginy wich lived up at thee Lake of 2 Mountanes onto thare fathers' huntin' grounds, hez bin kicked out by the Seminary folks,—our beeloved fathers. Tharefore we must hev more injuns. Now our glorious kuntry extends frum Novy Zembly to thee coldest part of thee British Kolumby, & we are goin' to git out awl thee Dutch emygrants that kin stand thee kold, & we will give Uncle Sam 'Hale Kolumby.'" (Heer sum inquisitive kuss into the krowd sed, 'Who's to pay the fiddler?') "I was a-waitin' fur this question," Sir George replide; "thare is no money reequired. The muther kuntry advances awl thee kash with a impeeriul garantee, & thee grate kapitalists in ingland air all takin stok, & awl we will hav to pa is 3 per cent. interest annually, & let the interest go on ontill it pays up the prinsiple. Bi this time the kustums revenu will bee such that munny will bee a drug into thee mrket."

At this pint the hole krowd began to holler & hooray, & George spoke a little French to the infant, & i got time to look around & see who was thare. Thare was Bethune who kame neer hekummin a judge when thee last batch was kooked; Beaudry, who is always round when anything Blu is goin on; Pomonville & Karter, who should be judges; Reekie, Bulmer, Brown, & Co.; & Perry, who never misses a fire whare thare is enny smoke. Thare was Mosso Bellyvo, Chaplo (who hez just won a \$1200 case), & Dansyro, & Clarko. These wer all on thee stand. Thee kustumary krowd was down belo in the mud. I stuk to thee kumpany to thee last, & when the mursenary crew hed gone, i went home with Georgy. When we got into his peesful abode, & sot down to our sherry, sez he: "Zeke, i'm surrounded with plais-hunters and interested frends. Tell me yure honist opinion of mee." Sez i: "George, thee truth aint always plesent. Yu hev done konsiderable good to our kuntry, & with awl yure faults yure not a bad fello. Yure appintments of judges & offishuls into Lower Kanidy aint always bin thee best; but i allus attribewted this to yure hevin exosted yure pack. Yu don't allus recognise merit & kapasity; ef yu had, i wuldn't bee now only a milishy ensign of 36 yeers standing,—i wood bee a kurnel at least. But a troos to these melankoly diskushuns on politix. You hed better stay to home now; i shood think yoo hed travil'd enuff. Shovo & Dunkin, & Wemet & the uther fellos down to Queebek hev been at a dead lok while you were away. Thare hes bin some talk of aboloshin those lokal kusses intirely, bekos thay are too expensive. Our kuntry kant furnish so meunny parliaments. When yu kum to sift out enuff to send to Ottywa, whot's left for thee little go down to Queebek aint of much akount, & thare only objec is to spread the munny amongst nunneries & hospitals. Thay ar fiddlin while our yung men ar emygratin bi sholes to a furrin kuntry—makin kolonisashun rodes out to Labrador, & wharves on dreary koasts whare nary steambote goes; & in the meantime, munny is gettin titer & uter, & Kochon is in the loonatic asylum bizness a-makin munny like stix."

But i notisd thet George was yawnin, & biddin him a fond adieu, I retired to my peesful abode in the West End.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

CLEAR AS LIGHT.

The best *hand* at taking a likeness is, certainly, a photogra-*phist*