



SLEEPING (?) CARS.

Sleeping cars are nearly tolerable, provided one is not put into a berth with a greasy man who snores, puffs, and gnashes his teeth all night.

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON THE "WATER QUESTION."

Dear old Di:—

A large & influential deputashun of mi fello citizens from the St. Ann's Ward, kolled upon mee yesterday & presented a testymoneal to mi bereeved familiee un thee occashun of my hev'n exposed the Skotch into my public corrispondens. The testymoneal is kumposed of a 15 dollar gold watch, with mi name printed into the inside of it—with the devise, "For distinguished services." Their was much speekin on this occashun, but i will not report privet conversashun. The chairman of the deputashun, however, in konkludin his remarks sed that, "the community in which hee lived wuz desirous of heerin mi opinion onto thee water question." Sez he, "as you don't drink much of this refreshin' & invigoratin' beveridge, & 4thly, ez you are into the kollar bizness and hev no konnektshun with Shanly or Keefer, or Makguavran, or Bartly, or Jacob Kalleper, or Lesage, or, in fack, any uther man, & hev managed 4 of Grover & Baker's sowin' machines for over 2 years—you air kompetent to diskuss this grate question."

To this i replide, & address thee meetin as follows: "Gentlemen," sez i, "water is thee staff of life. Thee whole body politick must hev water. Who thet hes entered into the buzzum of his familiee on washin' day, (which, in mi familiee, is a Monday,) hez not smelt thee delicious kumbinashun of perfumes, wich bein given out bi thee soap suds, corn-beef & kabbidge all onto the kookin' stove at wunce, pervades the balmy atmosphere? The spicy odors of the South See Ilands are nothing to those, but perhaps, there is amongst mi awjunces sum of thee fare sects, wich is not married: to these i say,—get married at wunce & take charge of washin day, & find thee water short, & then acknowledge the blessin of "water, water everywhere, & nary drop to drink!" But let this pars. Without water we may as well emigrate at wunce. Water is useful in menny ways. Ef there wuz no water where would thee "Young Ernest Teetotallers" bee? Eko answers, nowhere. Without this ellymentary prinsepill, the steam engine wood burst & intemperance wood rage unchecked over the land. Without water we never wood hev had Atwater. Without water John Dougall's occupashun would be gone! Much more mite be sed on this branch of mi subjec, but life is short & i must kum to thee pint. I will divide mi diskoarse up into 42 heds. Perhaps i may not think of some of them, but let that pars. Thee grate fack still remanes that the punshons are onto the streets again,* & who is to blame for this? "There are sum rotten eggs into Denmark," as Burns says, in 1 of his immortal poems. Mi opinion is that, we hev 2 menny ingeneers into the korporashun. From thee rite Honorable Mr. McShane, of Brooklyn, down to Alluvial Rodden, there are twenty-seven up thee 1st ingeneers into this kuntry. I think thee member from thee St. Ann's

Ward, who is presently into the chareman's place, studies his hydrawlix frum a homeopathy book, or purhaps from Punshon's surmons. Mi frends & fello citizens," sez i, "we air over ingeneered. There is too much science into our korporashun to projuce enny grate results. To illustrate this pint of mi diskoarse," sez i, "uv what use wood the fire marshuls bee ef hose reels hed not bin invented furst? What this city wants is more water & less ingeneering. Their air sum ignorant cusses who kumplain that in a multitude of kounsellers there is wisdom. But this is plaid out, except in Saint Mary's Ward, which, always sends wise and intellygent men into the korporashun to defend her rites. When Makguavran was fresh into thee traces, i had sum hopes thet things was going to change, & felt konfident thet, hev'n run a saw-mill for sum years, he must hev bekum ackwainted with ingeneering & canals in all thare branches. But mi hopes have bekum delapidated. Thee more he talks the less water comes down the old aqueduct, & i hev to drink mi whiskey, pure, which is rooinin' mi konstitutshun. One of two things shoold be dun; inkrease his salary, or let him tend thee saw-mill altogether." * * * * At this pint in the adress, sum inquisitive kuss in the krowd showed out, "You hev furgot awl about thee watch!" "That's so gentlemen," sez i, "bein of such extrordinary cheepness, i forbare to thank you fur her until i find out how shee goes." But to return to the water question—ef mi watch goes out of kilter, (i never yet hev practised emplyin a carpenter nor even a blacksmith to mend her, i allers emply a fust class watchmaker to cooper hur up, & one thing i hev remarked, thet he allers charges \$3 for repares, grate or small. So ef i wuz to bee kolled upon to manidge thee water wurks of this mayjestic city, i wood employ one fust-rate ingeneer, who had not served his time into a saw-mill; & mi frends, every thing would go right. Too menny kooks spoil thee broth, & ez long as you hev 27 kounsillors with 400 frends, demandin' kontrax bi the million, sumbuddy must suffer ef the kontraktor dosen't, & it is most allers the city. But to change the subjec, mi frends—heve you seen F. B. Browne's lamentashun on not gettin into thee kounsill? Ef not, purchase one. Thare yu'll see the evil effex of bad kumpany. Thee yung man was too good for the kounsill. It hesn't arisen to thee hi pitch, which demands the presens of sich. Publik opinion aint up to the pint of swallyin so much virtoo & purity at one gulp. But," sez i, "ef thare's enny yung man in this krowd wich hed not herd Doctor Irvine's remarks about Dido, let me cawshun him to avoid bad kumpany, & if he kant git enny other, he'd better stay to hum."

Here 1 of mi awjunces remarked that, "he wuz accustomed to sermons only 15 minutes long, & as he hed only subscribed 10 cents towards the testymoneal thet he kudn't think of stayin enny longer on account of it's bein robbery to git more than his munney's worth." I kollapsed, & the awjunces dispersd, with three cheers for miself & Missus Trimble, & the band played that good old tune, "We're a' noddin'!"

Voures trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

*DIOGENES is delighted to find that, thanks to the much abused Steam Engine, the puncheons have, he hopes, finally, disappeared.