

form the ground-work of the "Governor of Cacona," are not so very extravagant after all.

Again, if an illustration from historic fact is required, it is only necessary to refer to the "Narrative" of Sir Francis Bond Head to find it. The truth is, that there is nothing recounted by Mr. Thistleton, respecting his appointment to the Government of the Island of Cacona, which bears so much the air of burlesque as the account given by Sir Francis Bond Head himself of his own appointment. Let the reader compare the following extract from the opening pages of the "Narrative," with the corresponding event in Mr. Thistleton's history, and then declare impartially which is the caricature—the Government messenger, with his batch of letters and shrewd knowledge of human nature, sitting on the door-steps of the briefless Barrister's Chambers, soliloquizing on men and things, or the half-dressed servant with "a tallow candle illumining an honest countenance," coming to inform the under poor-law Commissioner in his blankets, that "a King's officer has come after him":—

"It had blown almost a hurricane from S. S. W.—the sheep in Romney Marsh had huddled together in groups—the cattle afraid to feed, were standing with their tails to the storm—I had been all day immured in New Romney with the Board of Guardians of the Marsh Union; and though several times my horse had been nearly blown off the road, I had managed to return to my lodging at Cranbrook, and with my head full of the unions, parishes, magistrates, guardians, relieving officers, and paupers of the County of Kent, like Abon Hassan, I had retired to rest, and for several hours had been fast asleep, when, about midnight, I was suddenly awakened by the servant of my lodging who, with a letter in one hand, and in the other a tallow candle, illumining an honest countenance, not altogether free from alarm, hurriedly informed me, "*That a King's Officer had come after me!*"

"What could possibly be the matter in the workhouse of this busy world I could not clearly conceive. However, sitting up in my bed, I opened the letter, which, to my utter astonishment, was from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, expressing a wish that I should accept the Government of Upper Canada, and that, if possible, I would call upon him with my answer at half-past eight the following morning, as at nine o'clock he was to set out for Brighton to see the King."—*Sir F. B. Head's Narrative*, chap. 2, p. 23.