

EXCLUSIA

Whilst I was still in my agony, the picture passed away and in its place I saw another.

TABLEAU XIII. Once more inside the Parliament Buildings, in the room with Maybush, Fiddlestick, and Windbag, seated in silent despair. With them I found again the Spirit of the Day, and he performed a surgical operation on the head of Fiddlestick, and immediately the latter cried out with great joy—"Thank God!!—I see a way out." Then he seized pen and paper and wrote with great haste, covering sheet after sheet; with Maybush and Windbag gazing over his shoulder almost stupefied, until gradually the agony fell from their faces and a sort of trembling assurance took the place of fear as Fiddlestick held up the mass of papers on which I saw written the title—"GENEOLOGICAL TREE OF THE WHITE MAN"—And Fiddlestick gave a great shout and exclaimed—"We are all excluded!—We are all Asiatics! We have no legal right in the Republic of Exclusion!!"

I also was glad and looked again at the Geneological tree to find, the roots were planted and had grown in the very centre of Asia. Whilst I looked, the faces of Maybush and Windbag were again covered with apprehension as they gathered round Fiddlestick and said—"Are you sure you have not inserted a negative clause? Remember the fatal blunder you once made." But he was humbled now, and turned, with a pleading look, to the Spirit of the Day; who, for answer, flashed the white man's geneological tree on the great sheet, in front of the building. Then all the people of Exclusia saw the writing and cried out with one voice—"Thank God! We are all Asiatics. WE ARE ALL EXCLUDED!"

At this point the hand of Vulcan relaxed its hold on mine and I saw him droop his head as if in deep humility, so I said to him very