

quietly walked off to Marshboro', and no doubt thought that he had stolen a march on me; I could not follow him until some days after, and when at length I arrived there I found my bold Tommy quietly ensconced in the chimney corner at my own particular friends' house; he made his worthy host believe that he was sincerely attached to me, and Mr. Brown my friend gave him house room and hospitality entirely on the strength of his being my friend; Tommy was such a dodger that he could not help playing little games wherever he went, so first he began by canvassing very quietly round Marshboro', next he tried to get some promises of votes from the people about the mercantile establishment; here however he reckoned without his host, Brown smelt a rat, he saw it brewing in the storm Tommy was creating, (and to use a classic metaphor,) "he nipped it in the bud." On my arrival you may be sure I soon had a full, true and particular account of all Tommy's misdoings with various handsome offers, when my friends heard how things stood, all made in the most sincere and friendly manner, to pitch Tommy over the wharf, to land him on a barren rock outside the harbour, or to tar and feather him whichever best suited my particular fancy; I am afraid my worthy constituents had only confused-notions about the liberty of the subject; however, they had very clear ideas about Tommy's behaviour to me, and they were determined, come what may, that he should not be member for Marshboro'.

I told them to leave all to me, I would manage Tommy. We met at Mr. Brown's dinner-table that day and had an excellent dinner; over our wine I rallied Tommy on his attention to the pretty girls in Musselecreek, and of all the choice stories I would have to tell Mrs. Jones about him on my return home. Tommy prided himself on being a favourite with the sex, so he took it all in good part, whilst our worthy hostess, who was propriety personified, thought Tommy must be a very Don Juan in wickedness to listen to such an account of himself without denying it. I had not seen my old friend Brown for some time, so that evening we made "a night of it," and over our punch I gave Mr. Tommy what the ladies call "a bit of my mind" about his treachery towards me. Brown told him in still more emphatic manner what he thought of him, and whether it was from the irresistible force of our arguments, or the mellowing effects of the punch, I never could tell, Tommy began to cave in, he told me he never intended to act so, that the men, and especially the women of Musselecreek had taken such a liking to him and had so pressed him to stand, that he could not resist their solicitations; only give him until next morning to consider, and he would make up his mind. Well we sealed this compact with a hand-shaking all around; we voted Tommy a jolly good fellow after all, and we got him to sing the Last Rose of Summer, which, as well as I can remember, he chanted in the most lugubrious, and melancholy of tones. After that we had sundry and various tumblers, songs and sentiments, and Tommy retired to his chaste couch in a very moist condition. I left Marshboro' at dawn to visit some outlying parts of the District and secure votes. I heard no