

WHISPERINGS OF A PHANTOM! OR FAREWELL ADDRESS TO LORD CATHCART.

This was one of the most touching evidences of public esteem for a Governor-General on record, and cannot fail to have its due weight in England, particularly at the Horse-Guards. As the present number of *The Satirist*, nearly as short and pithy as one of the Duke's letters, may from that very fact claim the notice of his Grace, it may be as well to explain for his information and satisfaction the very flattering manner in which it was "got up."

The whole proceeding was one of no ordinary kind. The custom usual in these cases of calling a public meeting for passing resolutions and adopting an address, was dispensed with, and an extraordinary course, marking the extraordinary merit of the Earl, adopted. The following may be relied on as the true state of the matter.

The Queen's Thinker had been gazing at the planets Jupiter and Venus, on the evening when these brilliant luminaries first appeared in the Western horizon; and with the fore-finger of his right-hand resting on the tip of his nose, and his head thrown a little on one side, had suffered himself to be overcome by one of those fits of abstraction which so frequently mark the contemplative mind, when suddenly a shooting star dropped at his side, and assuming the form and voice of the "Perpetual," whispered in his ear these remarkable words: "In a day or two hence, Lord Cathcart—he who has enriched us with copper mines, which the Indians now seek to wrest from us by petition—leaves these shores for ever. The dolts of inhabitants, not appreciating his worth, because they have not shared in the same benefits with ourselves, have neglected, notwithstanding all the hints I have thrown out on the subject, to get up an address. Now, independently of the debt of gratitude we owe our late head for what he has done in the matter alluded to, an address to him cannot but reflect favourably on ourselves. Take the hint, and act."

On uttering these words, the phantom disappeared, vanishing into thin air. The Queen's Thinker rubbed his eyes, and looked everywhere around him—he was at the time standing in the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, whither he had gone to have a better view of the bright Venus, unobscured by any intervening object—but nothing was visible save the sentinel of the 52d, who counted, on his measured paces, the minutes that must elapse before he should be relieved, and one or two pairs of lovers, who were too much occupied to think of any other Governor than

Cupid, or to trouble themselves with any other addresses than their own.

His thoughts, with his eyes, now fell on mundane things, and he reverted to the words he fancied he had heard, and which still seemed to tingle in his ears. He rivetted his eyes upon a pebble at his feet, and struck it lightly, yet abstractedly, with his cane, as thus he mused: "What the devil is the use of a Governor-General at all in this country? They can do nothing of themselves: Draper, that capital fellow,—who has swallowed hog-heads of my best wine, and dearly loves brandy and water and Lafontaine,—is the ruler; and whether the Governor be a man of capacity or a fool, that difference matters not: all are under his thumb, and they cannot make a single important move without him." He reverted to the first—the second—the third—the fourth Governor-General who had swayed the destinies of his adopted country. All of these had obtained some credit for their mode of ruling the Province. He himself had had the pleasure, the gratifying task, assigned to him, of praising them in turn; but the fifth, he for whom he was now called on to exert himself, alas! he was something like the 5th Light Dragoons,—he was a nonentity,—knocked into his own cocked-hat,—less a semblance of a Governor than Sancho Panza, and as gloomy and taciturn and ram-rodged, as the pot-bellied Governor of Brataria, the antipodes in figure to him, was, without even a shadow of pipe-clay or starch. What was he expected to say of him? What was to be done in order to give a denial to the assertion that "Ex nihilo, nil fit"?

The soul of the Queen's Thinker melted within him, as he reflected on the good he might do. The Lachryma Christi—meet beverage for one who is given to star-gazing—had been copiously shed by him; and he generously resolved that the neglected nobleman, neglected by the ingrate country whose multitudinous cords of wood he had so long condescended to warm himself by, and whose tough ration beef had formed the chief luxury of his table, should not leave the theatre in which he had been so unceremoniously supplanted by another, without some testimony, compulsory even though it might be, indicative of regret and all that sort of thing, to console him in his humiliation.

When once the Queen's Thinker fairly embarks in a service for a friend, he speedily goes through with it. No sooner was his resolution formed, when turning his back upon Venus for the moment, he hastened to his office, his heart swelling with generous interest and Lachryma Christi combined. Here orders were given for the immediate preparation of some half dozen slips of parchment; and these having been promptly put into the