

colonial House of Lords were not quite as dignified and as noble a body as the British House of Peers, when they struck work until they got two dollars a day sessional pay; perhaps Lord Derby or some of the Dukes would not have done so, but on the whole, the Colonial Lords were all honourable men, a grand and imposing body. We had been jogging along on our quiet ways for many years, when suddenly a storm arose in our colonial political tea-pot such as had never agitated it since the days when the fiat of the colonial office created our miniature King, Lords and Commons, it was a great political question, far too great a one to be discussed by such a writer as I am, or within the limits of this short article, it caused a great change of parties, and necessitated a general election, and before our party was sent to the country, the great leader of the opposition, Mr. Bones, gave us one final philippic to annihilate us in the opinion of the great public to whose enlightened opinions we were about to appeal. He commenced by referring gracefully to his own fall from power: he had been turned out of office by the governor: "The gallant ship of his (Mr. Bone's) party struck on the quick-sands of back stairs influence, she struck and he scuttled her, she went down amid the jeers and derision of his opponents, she lay at the bottom of the ocean the wild fowl screamed over her; he, the captain of that noble band of patriots now lay high and dry under the cold shade of opposition, an antiquated viper with his fangs extracted suffering from the recalcitrating influences of the gubernatorial toe; but who were the men that had hurled him from the heaven of office into the depths of opposition; he had taught them their political alphabet, they were mere tyros in statesmanship, he had warmed them into political life, and now like the frozen serpents that the shepherd in the fable nourished in his bosom, immediately the vital warmth permeated through their reptile forms, they stung their benefactors; it was a mockery to call such men statesmen, they were only fit to be carved on tea-trays and snuff-boxes, in the grotesque attire of chinese mandarins; instead of exhibiting the rapid and elegant paces of the well-bred courser, they were like the contemptible crab and lobster; he appealed to them, he conjured them in this his last, final farewell, to fling away the conservative rag that scarcely covered their nakedness, and to clothe themselves in the ample folds of the robe of the constitution." This great speech, which will give my readers a fair idea of our colonial eloquence, is copied by permission from the columns of our leading provincial organ, the *Swamptown Daily Viper*.

Well, our Colonial Parliament was dissolved and the Colony went through the throes and agonies of a general election. I had to go to Marshboro' again to "clothe myself in the ample folds of the robe of the Constitution," in plain English to get myself re-elected. All sorts of rumours were current as are usual on such occasions, many embryo politicians were twirling their mustachios and strutting about in their pailot coats in the flutter of official expectations, all sorts of queer candidates were starting, and all were quite sure of being elected; one day I heard accidentally that my friend Tommy Jones was going to stand for Marshboro', first I treated it as a joke, but finally not wish-