

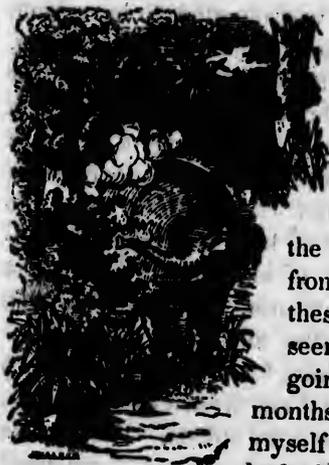
HOW I CAME TO BE

## GOVERNOR OF CACONA.

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### CHAPTER I.

Being another illustration of the Irish adage, that "the darkest hour of night is the nearest to morning."



WAS sitting with my legs thrust out, and in a very melancholy mood, before the apology for a fire, which, after a good deal of trouble, Mr. Pinkerton and I had succeeded in raising out of the handful of coals remaining from the last half bushel. As these smouldered into dust, it seemed as if my last hopes were going with them. For the six months during which Pinkerton and myself had chambered together, we had always had something till that moment on which to sustain expectation. During the first month, a good deal had been said about a certain unknown client, who was to walk in and retain either Tom or myself in an important cause which had baffled half the legal heads in the country, but which we were to find no difficulty in conducting to a successful con-