

constitutional work they had just performed; all hands in the town had glasses of grog, and three cheers were given for the new member; there used to be a story that when they elected a former member called Bryan Porson, the constituents did not catch the name very accurately and instead of giving three cheers for Bryan Porson they gave three cheers for *Blind* Porson. In those blest days neither politics nor law disturbed the even tenor of my noble constituents' lives, they certainly had a Justice of the Peace, my worthy friend the Returning Officer, but as he never had tried a case in the long course of his official career, and his whole legal reputation was based upon the fact of his looking very wise, and being the owner of a very old edition of Burns' Justice, and his greatest exercise of magisterial authority once having locked up a drunken lumberman in his ice house; I am afraid the majesty of the law was not conspicuous in Marshboro', strange to say however my constituents got on very well notwithstanding these drawbacks, they fished, they shot, they paid their way, they married and were given in marriage, and had children to their heart's content. They were sound church and state men like their forefathers from the old country, and their love and respect for the Royal Family of King George and all his descendants were unbounded.

Well gentle reader I represented these model representatives for many years, and I think that I was a model representative; I belonged to the same church, I was descended from the same old English stock, I had the same choice taste in liquors, I knew all the babies, good points, and could talk critically to their mothers about them, and I had painted all the churches and school houses in the District, what more could be expected of me? But lest any of my readers should think of standing for Marshboro' and indulge fond hopes of vaulting into legislative honours over the backs of my honest old voters, I must hasten on and tell how Marshboro' became changed, and how under those changed circumstances I won my last election; when now I gaze from the lofty serenity of private life upon the Marshboro' of to-day with its stipendiary magistrate armed with the last edition of Okes' Magisterial Guide, its paid constable, its excitable politicians, and its new-fangled ideas about the responsibilities and duties of members of Parliament, I begin to realize what a conservative of the old school must have felt, as he saw the ruthless hand of Earl Grey and Lord John destroying the time-honoured institutions of Gattam and old Sarum. The first downward step in the deterioration of Marshboro' arose from the introduction of the Circuit Court, for though the court touched but on the extreme borders of the District, and remained there but forty-eight hours, its pernicious effects soon became only too apparent; my constituents gradually became litigious, next some began to be discontented with their quiet political existence, and at last some very evil-disposed persons began to find fault with their member. Wherever a court comes, and young hungry barristers knock about, legal excitement, and next thing political excitement will ensue, as surely as the carcase draws the eagles and the vultures from their airy heights upon the mountains, (a fine simile this but I am afraid it is not quite orig-