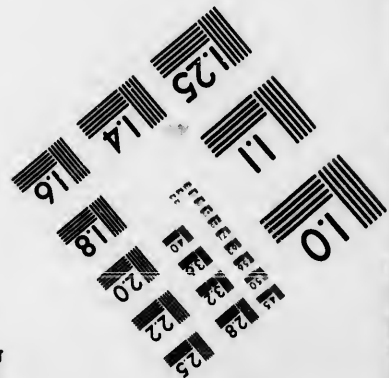
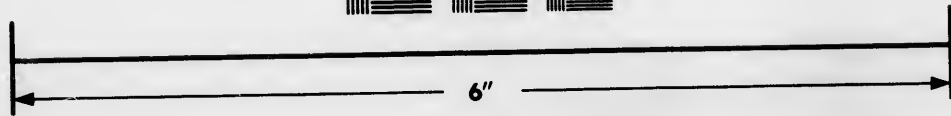
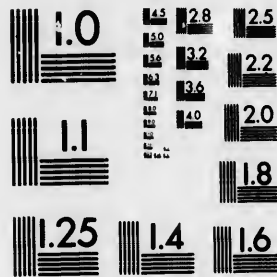


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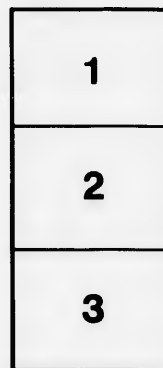
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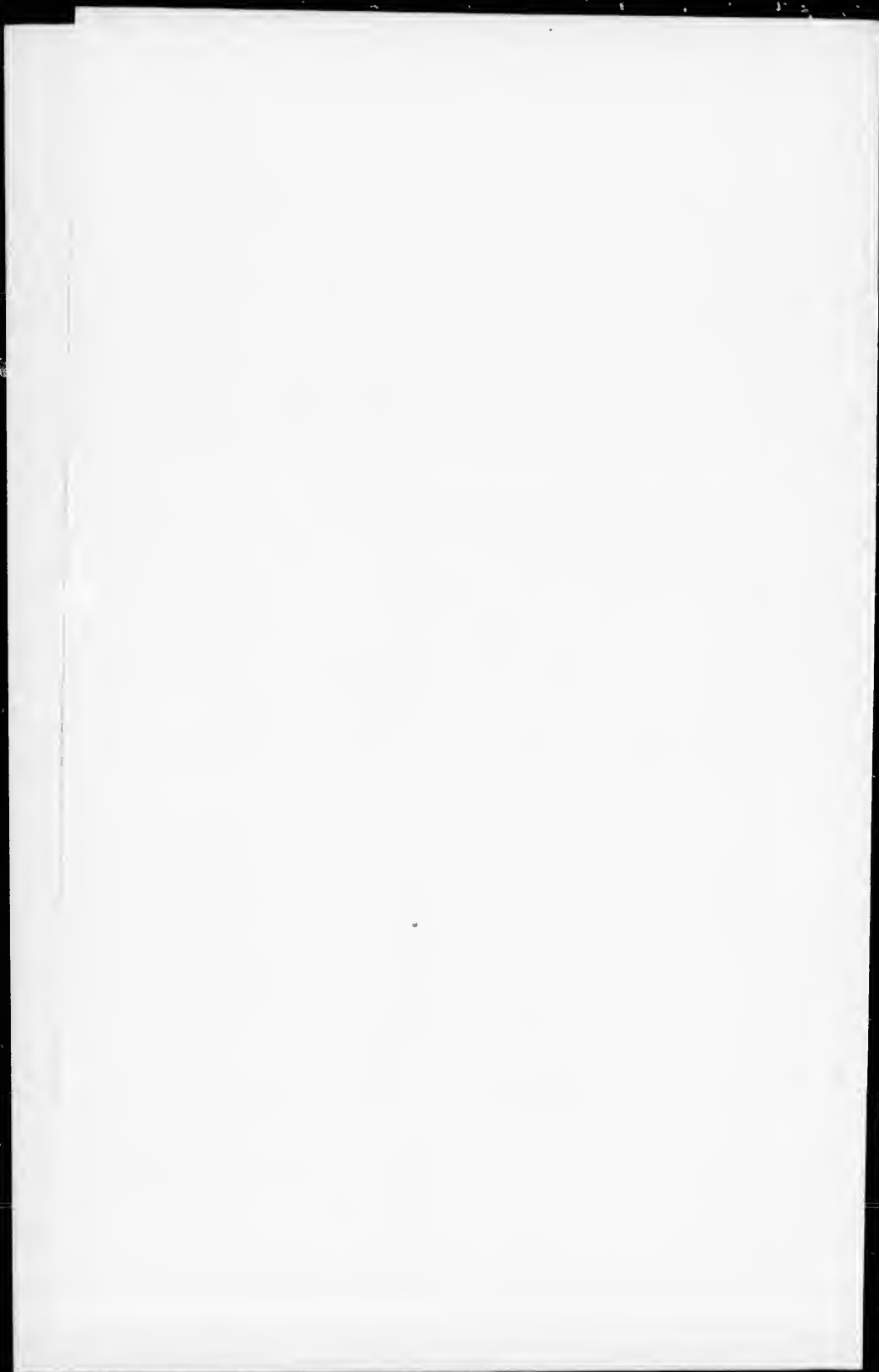
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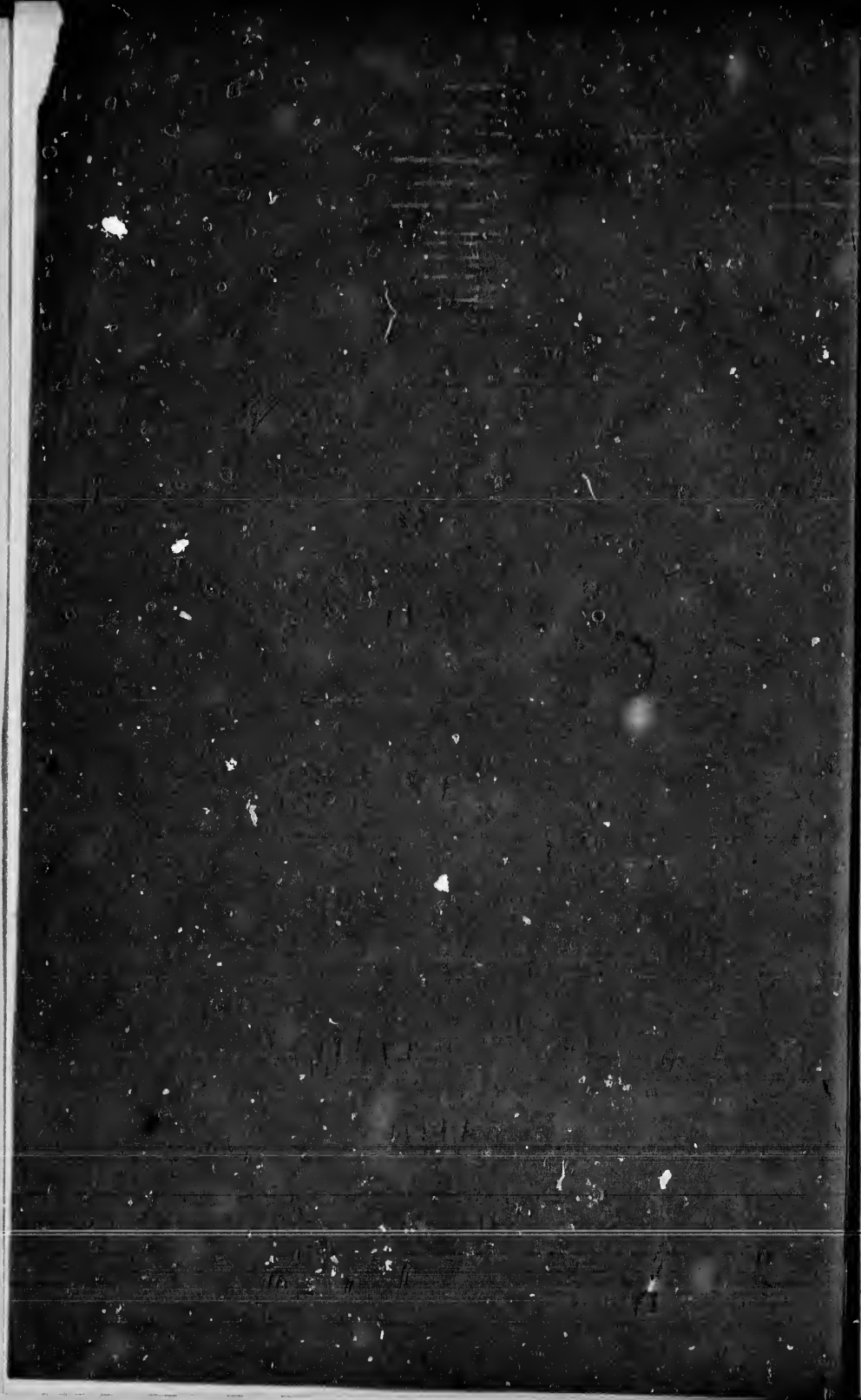


THE
GOVERNOR
OF THE
ISLAND OF SACONA.

BY THE
HON. FRANCIS THISTLETON.

MONTREAL:
E. RAMSAY;
QUEBEC, Y. SIMON; KINGSTON, JOHN DUFF; TORONTO, A. H.
ARMOUR AND CO.; LONDON, J. M. GRAM; BYTOWN, A. EYSON.

1853.



THE GOVERNOR OF CACONA.

"Entered according to Act of the Provincial Legislature, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, by Hew Ramsay, in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada."

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TO BE
G O V E R N O R
OF
THE ISLAND OF CACONA:

WITH A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF

MY ADMINISTRATION

OF THE AFFAIRS OF THAT ISLAND.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY FELLOW LABOURERS IN THE COLONIAL
VINEYARD.

BY THE HON. FRANCIS THISTLETON,

LATE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF CACONA.

"I'd rather lay under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a jerkin of double sheep-skin in winter, at my liberty, than lay me down under the slavery of a Government, between Holland sheets, and be robed in fine sables. God be with you, gentlefolks; tell my Lord Duke that naked was I born, and naked I am: I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came I to the Government, and without a penny do I leave it.—All Governors cannot own to the like."
SANCRO PANEA.

MONTREAL:

H. RAMSAY;

QUEBEC, P. SINCLAIR; KINGSTON, JOHN DUFF; TORONTO, A. H. ARMOUR
AND CO.; LONDON, J. M. GRAHAM; BYTOWN, A. BRYSON.

1852.

HOW TO USE

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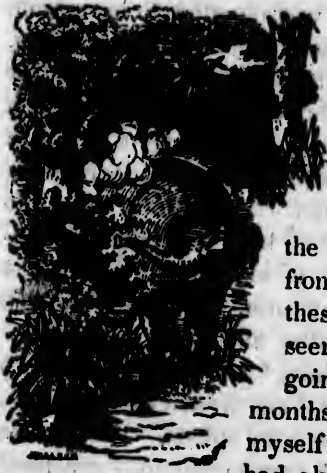
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HOW I CAME TO BE

GOVERNOR OF CACONA.

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-

clusion,—thus opening an easy way to the Bench and the Chancellorship. As, however, the month expired without this gentleman making his appearance, and as, moreover, Mr. Higgins, the landlord, had called twice for his rent, we were compelled to abandon this hope, and come to the conclusion that authorship, and not law, was to be the happy means of helping us up that popular ladder which leads to fortune and distinction. Acting on this conviction, we produced, Pinkerton his tragedy of the "Consumptive Maid," and I, my pamphlet on "Colonies and Colonisation." Of the latter, presentation copies were sent to Lord John and the other members of the Cabinet, as well as to my own relatives and friends in different parts of the Kingdom. I cannot say that either of the efforts had been thus far very successful. Poor Pinkerton's manuscript was reported to have been lost in getting from Covent Garden to one of the minors, whilst the only acknowledgment I received from my attempt to throw light on the Colonial system, was a letter from an old Tory uncle, accusing me of a settled design to overthrow the Constitution, and denouncing me as a Radical and a Chartist. This almost drove me wild, but as Pinkerton (who had been studying mechanics since the disappearance of his tragedy) had just announced his new City Respirator, for turning a fresh current of air through every alley and lane in the metropolis, (thus effectually banishing fever and the cholera,) I did not commit myself to total and irretrievable despair, but, in fact, gradually recovered my spirits. Pinkerton's invention, (which I still think very ingenious,) consisted of an enormous pair of bellows, or soufflades, as he called them, which were designed to be worked by a steam-engine, and which, in that way it was calculated would give out upon an average three hundred millions of feet of cold air an hour. This machine was to be placed on the top of St. Paul's, or some other elevated building,

and by means of a swivel, to be turned so as to be able to play on all the different quarters of the metropolis. It was also a part of the plan that another soufflade should be stationed down the river at Gravesend or Woolwich, to blow up wind-bound vessels, thus performing the rather difficult feat of what is popularly called "killing two birds with one stone," or more properly, in our case, doing two jobs with one breath. The first experiment, which was made in Lincoln's Inn Gardens, in presence of several nursery maids and a crowd of small urchins, was highly successful. One little boy, who approached too near the nozzle of the Respirator, was blown slap into Fleet-street, and two elderly benchers were compelled to throw themselves flat on the ground to escape the effects of the hurricane. Unfortunately the whole thing was marred by the interested opposition of the patent cab-men, who represented through the newspapers that it would be impossible for them to keep their seats on their vehicles if the bellows were kept blowing at that rate, and who got up a petition to the Lord Mayor, which entirely put a stop to our operations. It was now three weeks since this scheme had been abandoned, and nothing but dark clouds had been gathering ever since. Our last sovereign had been expended in procuring leather for the Respirator, and at the moment to which I am referring it would have been as easy for us to have scaled the heights of Quebec, as to procure the necessary amount for a dinner. As generally happens, too, our creditors, (who had been hitherto kept off by the Respirator,) had become importunate exactly in the ratio of our inability to meet their demands. Higgins, the landlord, more especially, had become exceedingly pressing. There, ranged one above another on the wall, were all his several applications, from the first politely penned note, "begging to be excused for the liberty," to the last dirty scrawl, breathing fierce

indignation at "being kept so long out of his money." Under him, as next in magnitude, came Tweedleham, the tailor. Tweedleham, I must do him the justice of saying, never indulged in the extravagance of letter-writing, but then there was no getting away from that weak-eyed man, with a very husky voice, to whom he intrusted the management of his financial affairs, and who was incessantly enquiring on his behalf, "when it would be convenient to pay that 'ere small account." After Tweedleham, came a short memorandum, to mark the place which ought to have been occupied by Blockham, the bootmaker, whose epistolary correspondence had been banished, on account of the strong odour sent forth by the cobbler's wax with which he persisted in sealing his letters; and then, following in regular succession, was a long list which it would not be improper to class as belonging to the victualling department, including such articles as have always been regarded as necessary to the existence of man, as, for example, beef, beer, and bread, with an occasional item of shrimps, crumpets, and potatoes.

Pinkerton was sitting at some distance from me, with his legs turned up on a chair, and his head thrown back on the sofa, apparently watching the motions of a spider which was playing at see-saw from the ceiling. Just at this moment, he raised himself up from his reclining position, and putting his hands to his mouth, gave a loud puff, which brought the insect whose movements he had been watching, down on my face. "There, he exclaimed, as he resumed his seat, apparently very much pleased with the feat—"that's exactly the principle."

"Confound it," I exclaimed, jumping up and shaking myself, to get rid of the intruder, "can't you keep quiet. What principle is there in blowing spiders about the room?"

"Everything, my dear Thistleton: there you have an

illustration of the Respirator ; call that spider the Cholera, and where is it ?”

“Down my back, I’m afraid.”

“Oh, yes— but that is’nt what I mean. Excuse me Frank, for my awkwardness, but what I mean is this :— suppose that spider to be an infectious disease hanging over a city—call your head the city, for example ;—here (putting his hands one on each side of his cheeks) is my Respirator : now just at the moment when the pestilence is descending—puff—I exhaust my bellows—and—puff—it is gone, thousands of mortals are saved from destruction, and science has triumphed : Seriously, my dear Thistleton, don’t you see it in that light ?”

“I tell you what I can see, Pinkerton,” said I ; “and that is that we are pretty well used up individuals. If you could manage to blow away old Higgins (who will be here for his rent presently) as easily as you did the spider, it would be a great relief to my feelings.”

“Oh, confound Higgins—he must wait.”

“No mistake about that—he’ll have to wait, that’s certain. But then there’s the coals, and the bread, and the milk. Old Mrs. Brown swears she’ll make no more advances, and I suppose we can’t afford to keep a cow, or to enter into any extensive agricultural speculations.”

“Cow—phoo !” said Pinkerton, trying to look desperate, and letting two or three drops of a sickly looking fluid fall from the milk-pot on the back of his hand— “devilish little cow about that, I suspect.”

The subject, however, was too painful to be treated lightly, and after indulging in a futile attempt to blow a fly into the slop basin, Mr. Pinkerton relapsed again into a state of apathetic despondency.

“Tick, tick, tick,” went an old clock in an adjoining room, as though beating an accompaniment to the thoughts which were working away in the minds of Her Majesty’s two Counsel learned in the law, as they sat dumpily and

gloomily revolving the various chances which make or mar men's fortunes in this sublunary state of existence; very pleasant music at any other time, but horribly fidgetty and irritating just then. — Tick, (tick, tick—the monotony was growing perfectly unendurable, when suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp pull at the door bell, followed by the jingling sound of the disturbed tintinnabulum.

"That's Higgins!" exclaimed Pinkerton, turning very pale, and jumping off the sofa. — He nodded assent. "Go and let him in."

"No, Frank, you go—you manage these things better than I do: I've got such a stupid habit of stammering when I'm telling a lie, that it spoils the effect. Besides, you made all the arrangements originally. You can say that you hav'nt heard from your uncle yet, and put off the fault on Sunday Post-Office closing."

In anything but a pleasant state of mind, I made my way to the door, where I imagined I could hear Higgins snorting in his peculiarly excited way, and stamping his feet indignantly on the pavement; as was his wont. — Placing myself so as to be as much in the shade as possible, I lifted the latch, and throwing back the door, waited for the familiar never-varying question which haunted me in my dreams—"well, Mr. Thistleton, how about that little matter of rent."

This time, however, I was mistaken. The voice was not the voice of Higgins, nor was the enquiry the dreaded one which was expected. On looking up, after making this discovery, I perceived a short stout man, dressed in a complete suit of blue, standing before me. There was a janty, semi-important something about this person which struck me at once. If he was a collector, he must be a tax collector, and I was proof against them; so I plucked up my courage, and looked him in the face like a man.

"Mr. Thistleton?" suggested the stranger, in a voice that was vastly encouraging.

"The same," I replied.

"Well, you're in for luck, I expect," said the gentleman in blue: "smell that," and he pushed an official-looking letter, with a monster seal on it, under my nose—

"Francis Thistleton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law," just as nice as can be. Perhaps that is 'nt the Secretary's own handwriting, and perhaps there's nothing about a Colonial appointment inside. I wonder (and he turned the letter over in his hand)—I wonder where it can be for? Can't

be Antiguay, can it? Them's all black fellows there, but it's pretty good pay, and there ain't much to do. Then there's Jamaica! They ain't going to bring Trotter home from Jamaica, is they? Or may be it's Nova Scotia!

Well, that's a pretty little bit of business for a man that's up to smart driving. Or, it can't be Canedy again, can it? Crikey, if it should be Canedy!

I've sent lots of Governors there, but somehow or other they never came back. There was Paul Thompkins, who got me cut down £50, and Sir Charles Bluenose, and old Mr. Squaretoes—I knowed 'em all, I did. Sum says it's the climate as don't agree with them, and sum says it's the Responsible Government.

Let's see, who was the last one—it was 'nt Dicky Bounce, was it? Do you know Dicky Bounce, small, stout man with grey hair, as used to come down to the Colonial Office in an omnibus along with his lunch? But there, anyhow it's worth five shillings, which is the lowest we expect for a job of this kind."

With my heart beating against my ribs at this singular speech, which sounded prophetic of some great event, I took the letter, and breaking the seal, proceeded to read as follows:—

Downing Street, 3rd August, 184—.

Sir,—I have the honor of informing you that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer on you the appoint-

ment of Governor of Cacona Island, and that you are expected to proceed with as little delay as possible to take charge of that Government.

Your obedient servant,

Francis Thistleton, Esq.,

Barrister-at-Law.

RUSSELL.

My head fairly ran round as I read this extraordinary epistle, and before I had got to the last syllable I was panting for breath, like a hare hard pressed by the hounds. Governor of Cacona! Was it a dream, or had misfortunes and blighted ambition driven me out of my senses. I put my hand to my face, and tried to make out my features. That was my nose sure enough, and there was the scar on the cheek which Pinkerton had given me in our first pitched battle at College. I looked into the street; there was old Bellows, the special pleader, just going out to take his morning's walk, and Block, the law-stationer's clerk, standing at the door of that familiar establishment, ogling a dirty-tailed drab who was cleaning the windows. But what most struck my attention, was my friend the messenger, who had seated himself on the steps, and was engaged in assorting a number of letters, accompanying the inspection with a flying criticism, delivered in an audible tone, something after the following fashion:—

“No. 1.—‘Mr. Bawly, Secretary's Office, Mauritius.’ Oh, that's for him, is it. Devil take him! where's the half-crown he was to give me for carrying his hat-box down to the steamer! No. 2.—‘Hon. Mr. Peters, Ceylon’—Peters! that's the squinting man whose wife used to come to the Foreign Office so often to see Palmerston. Oh, Moses! They said she was his cousin!—w-h-e-w! No. 3.—‘Rev. Mr. Seedy, Bermuda.’ Seedy! Oh, ah: he's a nat'ral son of the old military Hercules! I know's him well enough. Well, his papa's made him comfortable, any-

how. No. 4.—‘Gibby Bakefield, Esq., New Zealand;’ oh, he’s got out there, has he! That’s him as stole the babby, and went to the Penitentiary: Lord now, only to think of it! No. 5.—‘Patrick Bullyman, Esq., Caona Island’—why, where the devil’s that? I never heard of that place before. It ain’t Hong Kong, is it, or one of the Leewards? Perhaps its something the Turkish ambassador has made the Queen a present of. Caona!—that’s a queer name, that is. Caco——.”

—That was my government!—the very place mentioned in the Secretary’s letter. I, Frederick Thistleton, Esquire, was Governor of Caona!

Leaving the messenger to resolve his doubts as he best could, I rushed back to the apartment, where I found Pinkerton, who turned very pale at my abrupt appearance, and enquired with much agitation “what in heaven was the matter?”

“Matter, old fellow! look here, read this; it’s come at last; there’s no mistake about it, Tom; I’m Governor of the Caona Island, Tom; magnificent dependency, with four thousand a year;” and I cut a variety of extraordinary capers in the air.

“Caona Island!” stammered Pinkerton; (who was evidently under the impression that pecuniary troubles had turned my brain)—“what do you mean; where’s that?”

“Where is it! Who knows, who cares; I’m Governor; that’s all, Tom; and you, yes, I appoint you my Private Secretary, by jingo.”

“Well, I knowed it was something of that sort,” said the messenger, who had followed me into the room: “I knowed it was something about the Colonies from the way the Secretary dotted his i’s. That job’s worth a sovereign, anyhow, Your Excellency,” and he stretched forth his hand with a mock air of humility and supplication.

"Your Excellency!" It was the first time the words had swelled in my ears. Had I had the wealth of Cræsus, I would have poured it into his lap. As it was, I had only a solitary sixpence, but I held it out to him on the tip of my thumb.

"Well now," he said, looking a little blank—"it is astonishing how cleaned out all your new Governors is. There was Colonel Pigeonfoot and Lord Brakennose, and Mr. Muffenman, all first-rate appointments, as had to borrow money from me to drink their own healths. I've lost money by Newfoundland twice, and would have retired last year, only for a trusting of Coast Castle and Demarara. But never mind; I'll write your Excellency down for the money, besides the price of a jug of egg-nog, to drink health and success to the appointment."

Nothing being said to the contrary, the old gentleman vanished for a moment, but very soon re-appeared with a jug of the selected beverage steaming in his hand.

"Now," said he, pouring out a full glass to each—"Here's your Excellency's health, which is a very important thing if the climate don't happen to be good. If Caena's only up near the tropics, your Excellency's liver will suffer, and if it's a cold climate, like New Brunswick or Canedy, you'll find it hard work for your temper. But there's one or two things as I advises you never to do, that is, if you really are going to be Governor of a Colony:—firstly, don't read none of the despatches they'll send you from our department. I never knowed a Governor who went by the despatches as came out at the right end of the horn. They are pretty practice for the clerks in the office, as the Hôn. Mr. MacBlaise used to say, but somehow or other they don't agree with the Colonial constitution: Secondly, look out that you don't let things go on quiet too long; the more rows you have, the better they will think of you at home, and the more mischief you does, the better chance of a Peerage. As

soon as the opposition begins to abuse you, the ministry comes to your aid, and your fortune is made. It's human obstinacy and perverseness which regulates these things, and that's what it is rules in Downing-street."

I thanked the speaker for his information, and between us, we very soon drained the jug of its contents. The messenger then prepared to take his departure.

"Your Excellency," said he, casting down his eyes with an air of affected humility,—“Your Excellency will probably hear from our department again afore long. They're fond of writing, they are, as your Excellency will find out when you gets out to Cacona. But never mind; don't be alarmed; you knows my knock now: Howsumdever, you'd better keep yourself ready for a start, for they're getting so awful sharp since Cobden's got at 'em, that there ain't time to say 'Jack Robinson' after a Governor's got his instructions afore he has to be moving."

And with these remarks, and a rather peculiar wink of the eye, the bearer of the extraordinary news took his departure.

CHAPTER II.

Exhibiting some of the difficulties which met me, and by what means they were overcome.



AS soon as Pinkerton and myself had somewhat recovered from the surprise into which the unexpected intelligence had thrown us, we began to enquire whereabouts my new Government could be.

"Cacona," said P., who prided himself upon his knowledge of geography, "I rather think that's one of the Ionian Islands. I recollect reading about a great pestilence there, which swept off nine-tenths of the people. If it is, it will be a capital place to try the Respirator at."

"It's a pity we haven't got an atlas,"

I observed, taking no notice of Pinkerton's last remark, which indeed struck me as very absurd. "It looks strange to be appointed to a Government, and not know where it is. Don't you think you could borrow one—perhaps Muffin?"—

"Muffin!" exclaimed Pinkerton, taking up the idea; "yes, of course, it is very likely. I heard him say once he had got an uncle in the East Indies, so of course he must have an atlas. I'll run up and ask him."

So off he went up to Muffin's room, which was on the top story, and in a few seconds after I heard him thundering at the door, as though he was summoning

a garrison. Fastenly down he came, looking very warm and excited, but with the atlas under his arm.

"Confound the fellow," he said, "I believe he thought I wanted to pawn it, till I gave him a hint of the business; but here it is, and now to find out the Island of Caona."

That was no easy matter. Acting on Pinkerton's suggestion about the Ionian Islands, we commenced our enquiries in the Mediterranean, on the confines of Greece, but after a diligent search, were compelled to come to the conclusion that my Government could not be there. We then proceeded to Western Africa, both of us agreeing that Caona had something African in the sound, and that it might just as well be there as any where else. It was not there, however, and therefore we sailed on round the Cape, till we came to Asia, where we felt satisfied we should find it, either on the mainland or tacked on conveniently to some of our Indian dependencies. To our disappointment, however, Caona still remained a mystery, notwithstanding that Pinkerton insisted that several places (and particularly one of the New Zealand group) must be intended for the object of our search.

"Well, that's odd," I observed, after more than an hour had been spent in wandering up and down Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

"Very odd, indeed," echoed Pinkerton, looking quite blank at the suspicion of losing his Secretaryship.

"They can't have changed the name, can they?"

"Or spelt it with a K instead of a C," suggested Pinkerton; "you know we only looked after the C's."

"That's a good idea Pinkerton;" and we immediately began to run over the atlas again, but with no better luck than before.

"Suppose some one has hoaxed us," said my companion at length, in a very solemn tone of voice.

"Hoaxed us! Now, Pinkerton, how can you be so absurd; really one would suppose you were a fool. Isn't this the letter of the Colonial Secretary? Don't I know the handwriting as well as my own? (that was a bouncer) Isn't that his twist to the C? Then what is there more likely than that the Ministry should fix upon me, after my pamphlet on "Colonies and Colonization." Did't the *Morning Chronicle* hint at something of the kind at the time when it noticed the work? As to not finding Cacona, who ever expected to find Cacona in such a wretched atlas as this? Not I, I am sure; why, look at its date! 1826. Ha, ha, ha!" and I tried to get up a laugh; "why, my dear Pinkerton, half our Colonial Empire has been acquired since that time; Hong-Kong and the Cannibal Islands—ha-ha-ha; hoaxed indeed! I should like to see the man who could hoax me!"

Notwithstanding this speech, however, I must confess that by this time I began to be pretty much of Pinkerton's opinion, and inwardly rejoiced that I had not had £5 to give to the messenger, whom I now looked upon as nothing more nor less than a swindler.

"Well my dear Thistleton, excuse me," said Pinkerton humbly—"I'm sure I did'nt mean to vex you: only as we have looked over the atlas without finding Cacona, I thought that perhaps Joseph Ady—"*

What effect this dreaded name might have had upon me at that moment, it is impossible to say, since just then our joint attention was once more called off by another sharp pull at the bell.

"Higgins!" shouted Pinkerton, throwing down the atlas, and disappearing in the gloom of the adjoining room.

The name of Higgins acted like a sedative on my ex-

* NOTE.—An illustrious gentleman, lately deceased, rather famed for sending letters promising to reveal "something very important" (very!) for a sovereign. It is not yet known whether a monument will be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

cited feelings, and I was trying to prepare a short speech for our long-suffering landlord, when the door of the room was unceremoniously thrust open, and in walked the Colonial Office representative himself.

"Here I am, back again," he said, sitting down in a chair, at the same time producing a hugh pocket-handkerchief, with which he proceeded to wipe the perspiration from his face—"Some people knows what their duties is, and some people don't. No sooner does I get back, than there's a cry of 'where's Mr. Wolfe,' raised throughout the department. 'Where's the confidential messenger as carries despatches,' asks the head clerk himself. 'Here I am,' says I. 'Well,' say he, 'just put your valuable body into a Hanson, and take this letter to the Governor of the Caona Island: you knows where he hangs out, and you give'd him the other, did'nt you?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I did.' 'Well,' says he, 'here's another as is more important than the first; so be sharp, for there ain't no time to be lost.'"

"And where's the letter?" I enquired.

"Oh, that's all right! Look here," and he pulled out a large leather pocket-book—"that's the Colonial correspondence. There it is; all marked reg'lar you see. A place for every thing and everything in its place: W. I. for West Indies: H. K. for Hong Kong: S. for Sydney, and so on: all except Caona, and we'll get that put in by and by. For the present, communications intended for that important Colony goes in along with my private correspondence, which is next to Prince Edward's, where there's no fear of yellow fever or ague. There it is you see, all sealed and tight, and anxious to be opened, I dare say."

So saying he handed me the letter, which I lost no time in perusing. The contents were as follows:—

Downing's Street, August 3rd, 184—.

"The Colonial Secretary presents his compliments to

His Excellency the Hon. Mr. Thistleton, and has the honor to inform him that since his communication of this morning, fresh despatches have been received from the Island of Cacona, which render it imperative that His Excellency should at once proceed to take charge of that Government. The steamer for Cacona leaves Southampton this evening, and it is deemed by Her Majesty's Government to be of the utmost importance that His Excellency should not delay his departure beyond that period. Acting on this necessity, His Excellency's Commission will be forwarded to Southampton this evening, accompanied by such general instructions as Her Majesty's Government may deem necessary. At the same time, the Colonial Secretary desires to have it distinctly understood, that the Government will rely to a great extent on His Excellency's own judgment to conduct the affairs of the Colony, in accordance with the able views laid down in the pamphlet on "Colonies and Colonization."

RUSSELL.

To His Excellency the Governor of Cacona.

"Down train for Southampton at five o'clock," murmured the Colonial Office messenger, who sat with his eyes closed, nodding in the chair before me—"five o'clock—five o'clock."

"What's that you say, old fellow," I shouted, seizing him by the collar; "down train to Southampton at five o'clock, why what time is it now?"

"Halloo! why what's the row?" asked the official, rising and shaking himself slowly: "are the niggers rize? What's the time? look here," and he pulled out a large silver watch—"if the Horse Guards is any authority, it can't be more than 10 minutes to 3."

"Ten minutes to three! why it's impossible: I'll go down and see the Colonial Secretary himself and explain"—

"It ain't no use, I'm going to see little Johnny today,"

chimed in my blue coated acquaintance: "he's off down to Windsor to see his royal mistress; but why *can't* you get off by five? It ain't far to the terminus, and I've know'd Governors go off at shorter notice than yours."

"You have? But there are a hundred things to be done: I must see my banker, and—"

"Oh, if you want to see your banker, that's a different thing. Who does you do your business with?—Lloyd's or Smiths', or Glynn, Halifax & Co.?—or may be you has an account with all of them at once."

"Oh!" I said, impatiently—"its Smiths': Smiths' are my bankers."

"Smiths'! ah! Smiths' and Jones' is nearly everybody's bankers: but just get into my cab, your Excellency: It wont take you long, I suppose, to get all your money out of the bank."

Was the fellow quizzing me? Still something had to be done. In this dilemma, Pinkerton and I retired into the adjoining room for a consultation. Not to obey orders, was to risk the appointment; but, then, how were we to get to Caona without a farthing of money?

"Do you see any way, Pink—any way in the world? If the Colonial Secretary had been in town, we might have got him to advance £500 from the Treasury; but as it is, there's no one—no one at all, that I know of."

"Higgins," suggested Pinkerton.

"Oh, hang it, no: you are always so unlucky in your suggestions—Higgins! absurd!"

"Do you think *he* could?" asked Pinkerton, pointing at the same time over his shoulder in the direction where the government messenger was sitting, apparently dosing in his chair.

"Hith! ah, well, really I don't know: Do you think there would be any impropriety in trying? He looks as if he was worth money, and then he spoke about lending to governors. By gad, I'll try it."

Big with this decision, I broke up the conference, and returned to the room where the Downing-street functionary was waiting.

The old gentleman was seated on the chair where I had left him, apparently in a state of happy oblivion. His rich double chin rested on his breast, and his breathing was full and regular, like the blast of a steam engine. There was, however, a convulsive twitching at the corner of his eyes, which made me doubt whether the sleeper was quite so unconscious as he looked.

I had to give him several shakes before I could arouse him. When, at length, he condescended to open his eyes, he gave two or three terrific yawns, and then inquired in a half-sleepy tone,—“Well, your Excellency, have you done that little job with your bankers?”

“No,” said I, “No, that’s just what I was going to speak to you about. The fact is, my account at Smiths’ is a little overdrawn, and I am afraid there wouldn’t be time between this and five o’clock to arrange matters as I desire. The consequence is, I shall have to seek the assistance of some friend to advance me, say £200, just to pay expenses to Caona. Of course, I shall give a handsome bonus, with security on my first quarter’s salary for the payment.”

“Ah,” said he, affecting not to understand me, “that’s a very good plan; but you had better make haste and see your friend, for there ain’t much time to be lost—Look here”—and he pulled out the big watch again, “five minutes past three, by the Horse Guards, nothing more and no less.”

I was very much disconcerted by the man’s apparent stupidity—but the money had to be got—so I at once told him I should feel obliged if he would lend me the amount, offering him his own terms for re-payment.

At first, he appeared to be very much surprised that I should suppose that he had £200, but when I reminded

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him of his long official connexion, and the familiar intercourse he had held with innumerable Governors, he melted down, and at last admitted, that if he was quite sure everything was right, he thought he might be able to oblige me to the extent of a £100, or so.

"It's a hard case for a young gentleman," he observed, "to have a Colony ready made for him, and not to be able to take possession for want of the rhino." He recollected, too, that when the Hon. Mr. Mouser went to Jamaica, he was just in a similar plight, and that he advanced him a small sum—he couldn't exactly say how much, but he knew it wasn't more than £50—to get him a cocked hat and feathers. Then there was Sir Lucius Malloy, the Irish Captain, who was Governor of Sierra Leone, and who died of the yellow fever, as they said, though others thought it was a severe course of brandy and water—hadn't he lent him £16 10s., on the faith of his word and a watch, both of which turned out to be pinchbeck? Indeed, baring the Indian department, which was generally filled by top sawyers, who had got some stray cash of their own, there wer'n't many Colonial Governors who hadn't been on his books at some time or other; and such being the case, he didn't see why he shouldn't strain a point to do something for such a nice young gentleman as I was. "It is now," he said, "exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3,—it'll take me ten minutes to negotiate your Excellency's loan with my friend Mr. Rothschild, and in five minutes more I'll be back. In the meantime, I advise your Excellency to begin packing up the family jewels and plate, for we ain't got a moment to lose if we mean to sail for Cacona to-night."

"Oh yes," I replied, with a faint smile, (for I suspected the fellow was poking fun at me,) "I'll look after that: but you must make it £200, for my friend is going out with me as Private Secretary, and it wouldn't do to run short of cash."

"Well," he said, looking very grave—"it's a great sum; £200 nett is a high average for a Colonial Governor to start with. I have known some go off with £50, but then they were old stagers, and had friends in trade as could give 'em a lift. But I'll try what I can do, for somehow or other I've taken a fancy to your Excellency, on account of that beautiful book which you wrote, and which Lord John has ordered the junior clerks to bind up in velvet, along with his lordship's Colonial Despatches: And you've got a Secretary too, which is all right enough; but what are you going to do for a 'Sweet?' Governor and Secretary, and Sweet, you know, all the world over!"

"A Sweet!" I repeated, "what's that?"

"What's a Sweet! Oh Moses! But leave that to me, your Excellency: I'll get you a Sweet. Let's see; seventeen minutes past 3; at half-past, John Wolfe will be back, and then hurra for the Caona Island!"

No sooner had he turned his back, after delivering himself of this last speech, than Pinkerton and I set to work as hard as we could to pack up our luggage. This was no very difficult task, inasmuch as it consisted solely of a somewhat scanty supply of clothing, and occupied so little space as to give my Secretary and myself considerable uneasiness.

"How closely clothes do pack in," observed Pinkerton, looking with dismay on a half-filled portmanteau, which contained the whole of his worldly effects.—"It's quite ridiculous, isn't it?"

"Oh never mind," I replied, "we can say that we have left the principal part of our baggage behind us. But what shall we do with the old carpet bags?"

"Put some newspapers into them; they'll do to read by the way," suggested my ingenious Secretary.

"Where are the two hat boxes?"

"Hat boxes! Oh the boy got the last lot of coals in one of them, and the bottom's out of the other."

"That's unfortunate; we ought to have hat boxes. But there's something forgotten now; where are all your theatrical dresses? Why should we leave them behind? They'll do to fill up the space, and besides I may make up my mind to patronise private theatricals on the Island."

Pinkerton highly approved of this idea, and immediately produced a considerable quantity of the costumes referred to, which he had acquired as a member of a private theatrical club, where his histrionic efforts had procured him considerable celebrity. Amongst them were a couple of Spanish tunics, a banditt's dress, supposed to be worn by Alexis Masseroni; a complete Highland suit, several pairs of stage boots, and a variety of other articles connected with the apparel of different illustrious characters. "Look here," observed Pinkerton, putting on a melancholy looking hat, with a large dirty white feather drooping from it—"Would'nt that be rather a stylish thing to open our first Parliament with?"

Just as we had finished packing up the things, Mr. Wolfe returned, accompanied by a big, ugly looking lout of some 18 or 19 years of age, whom he at once introduced as "His Excellency's Sweet."

"My Sweet!"

"Of course: it would never do for your Excellency to go to Caona without a Sweet."

"But I've got a Secretary already; this gentleman, (pointing to Pinkerton,) proceeds to Caona as my Secretary."

"Of course, he does," returned Mr. Wolfe doggedly, "of course he does; and my young friend here goes as your Excellency's Sweet: Secretary and Sweet,—that's just as it should be, and that's how it'll appear in the

newspaper—'His Excellency the Governor of Cacona, his Secretary and Sweet;'" and so saying, he gave the ugly cub who accompanied him a poke in the ribs, which produced from that gentleman a sound something between a howl and a grunt.

"Well, Mr. Wolfe," said I, putting as good a face on the matter as I could, "if the young gentleman thinks the appointment will suit him, I'll take him, though I wish you to understand that the amount of remuneration——"

"Oh, I've settled all that, your Excellency; every thing is satisfactorily arranged, and now all we've got to do is to be off to take possession of our Government as quick as we can, for there ain't a moment to lose."

I saw there was no use trying to resist, so I allowed the Colonial office representative to take his own way, which he did so effectually, that before I got possession of the £200, and paid the first year's salary of the "Sweet," (a point Mr. Wolfe positively insisted on,) I had anticipated the first three months of my income. Yet to believe Mr. Wolfe, I was the most favored man in creation. "I never made such silly terms in all my life," said that gentleman, as he put several written acknowledgements and receipts into his pocket-book—"the fact is, I'm getting more sillier and sillier every day, and if I don't get out of the department, the end of it'll be as I shall die in a workhouse. But it's no use to talk about that; for there's only just time to get to the railroad. Catch hold of that carpet bag, your Excellency, and the Sweet and the Secretary can carry the rest of the baggage. Take care, Sweet, you don't break your back, and keep a sharp look out that no one runs away with his Excellency's plate! Now, is that all right? Here, cabman, open the door: His Excellency and I will ride inside, and Sweet and the Secretary can run and let the railroad know we are coming. There, go-a-head, Sweet,

and if the train should be off, you can stop it, and present my compliments to the directors, and say that 'His Excellency the Governor of the Caona Island will be there in a minute!'"

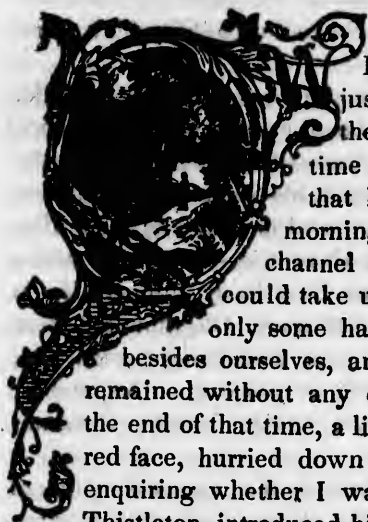
As Mr. Wolfe directed, so it was, and in a short time we had reached the terminus of the railroad, where we found Pinkerton and the "Sweet" dreadfully blown and exhausted.

"Just half a moment to spare," exclaimed Mr. Wolfe, looking at his watch, and bustling up to the ticket office "Here, Master, three first classes for His Excellency the Governor of the Cocona Island, his Secretary and Sweet. And you, sir, (this was addressed to a porter,) look after His Excellency's luggage; there it is—two trunks and a carpet bag. And now, your Excellency, jump in if you please, there ain't a moment to spare. Oh, thunder! there you are off! Good bye, your Excellency; good bye, Mr. Secretary; write as soon as you can:—Despatches, you know, on Her Majesty's service from the Governor of the——"

The sentence was cut short by the increased motion of the train, which was now thundering along with growing velocity. Incomplete as it was, it brought back to my recollection the fact, that I was still ignorant of the situation of the Caona Island, and for a few seconds I felt vexed and angry with myself for not having made more particular inquiries. It was, however, too late to think of that now, so I comforted myself with the reflection that after all, it could make no very great difference in the end. Throwing myself back, therefore, in the well cushioned car, I resigned myself to the influence of the thoughts which came pressing on my mind, and which were all directed towards the unknown Government so strangely placed at my disposal.

CHAPTER III.

The voyage out, and how I arrived at length at the Island of Cacona.



E arrived at Southampton just in time to hurry on board the steamer, and before I had time fairly to comprehend all that had taken place since the morning, were rushing down the channel as fast as steam and wind could take us. There appeared to be only some half-dozen persons on board besides ourselves, and for an hour or two we remained without any one coming near us. At the end of that time, a little stout man, with a very red face, hurried down into the cabin, and after enquiring whether I was not the Honorable Mr. Thistleton, introduced himself as the Captain.

"Got your Excellency's telegraph this afternoon," he said, "and hope you'll find everything comfortable on board. Her Ladyship, I suppose, has determined not to come."

"Her Ladyship!" I repeated.

"Yes, I supposed that that was what was meant by the message," and he handed me a note marked Telegraph Office, on which I read the following words:—"Keep births for the Governor of Cacona, Secretary, and Sweet."

"Oh," I observed, detecting in this the handy-work of Mr. Wolfe, "that has been a mistake of my servant; I am not married, and the word should have been written *suite*."

The Captain laughed heartily at the mistake. "Well," he said, "I'm glad of that, for Caona is not exactly the place for a lady."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Oh," said he carelessly, "they're rather a rough set: that's all."

"Did you ever live there?" I enquired.

"No," he answered, "I was never on the Island in my life," and then, seeing my astonishment, he added, "you know we only touch there, and as the coast is rather a dangerous one, any letters or passengers we have are landed in boats: but I have heard a good deal about the place from my mate, who lived there some time. By the by, that was a queer trick they played the last Governor, was'nt it?—but—excuse me, your Excellency, I'm wanted on deck," and he hurried off, leaving me in a state of no little curiosity respecting the subject of his conversation.

Towards night, it came on to blow hard, and for the next seven or eight days we had a continuance of bad weather. The consequence was that Pinkerton and myself were horribly sea-sick, and saw very little of the Captain, (who was busy looking after the vessel,) or, indeed, of any one else.

On the ninth day, the weather had abated a little, and I managed to crawl up on deck, where I found the Captain, standing near the man at the wheel. As soon as he saw me, he came up and shook hands: "Well," he said, "I suppose your Excellency is pretty well tired of this work: was there ever such cursed weather? I have not had my clothes off since we left Southampton; but I hope there is pretty nearly an end of it now, and if the fog doesn't come on again, we'll be able to give you a sight of Caona before night-fall."

"What," I said, "are we so near as that?"

"Yes," he replied, pointing with his finger, "it ought

to be over the bow there, and if we stand on this course for six hours longer, we shall have a chance of getting too intimate with it. It is a nasty kind of a customer to come in contact with on a dark night, is Cacona. I've told the steward to get up your Excellency's baggage: and mate (raising his voice to a sea-shout) is the boat all ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied a tall and decidedly ugly-looking man, who was standing a few paces forward, giving directions to some of the crew.

"Is that the person you mentioned to me as having lived on the Island?" I asked.

"Yes, your Excellency, that's he: would you like to speak to him. Here, Mr. — but what are they at below that they don't give us more steam? Excuse me, your Excellency, I must go forward and see to the men," and he hurried away, and I saw no more of him for a time.

The intelligence that we were so near Cacona had, as might be expected, put me in a considerable flutter, and very much increased my desire to learn something respecting it. With this feeling, I watched with considerable interest the movements of the mate, and as soon as an opportunity offered, made an attempt to engage him in conversation,

Soon after the Captain left the quarter-deck, he moved up to near where I was standing, and I commenced by asking him how long he thought it would be before we got in sight of Cacona.

"Cacona," he said, shaking the wet from his jacket, after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog—"Oh we won't be long, I guess, rit-tit-too-too-too-ee!"

I heard afterwards that this "rit-tit-too-too-too-ee" was a kind of chorus he had got in the habit of placing at the end of his sentences, so that he was generally known as "rit-tit-too-too-too-ee Baker,"—Baker being his family designation.

"You lived on the island some time, I am told."

"Oh yes, I lived there—rit-tit-too-too-too-ec."

"Pleasant place for a residence?" I asked.

"Cacona a pleasant place for a residence! rit-tit-too-too-too-ee!" and he looked at me, with his mouth open, as though he could have swallowed me.

"Why yes," I said, nervously, for I began to be alarmed at all this mystery—"I mean the people—the inhabitants."

"Oh, ah, yes—the people certingly, rit-tit-too-too-too-ee! There's Suckers and there's Bull-frogs—you've heard of the Suckers and Bull-frogs, ain't you?—rit-tit-too-too-too-ee!"

"No," I replied, "I have not—the fact is, I left England in a hurry, and,"—

"Oh, you're the new Governor, aint you?" he inquired, looking at me with evident interest.

I nodded assent.

"Then you've heard talk of Mr. Bullyman, ain't you?"

"No."

"Nor Mr. Shanks?"

"No."

"Nor Mr. Fester?"

"No."

"Rit-tit-too-too-too-ee! Well you've read about the Governor as we took home the last voyage?"

"Read what? What do you mean?"

"Why, about his losing his — but what are they at with that boat? Halloo! for'ard there—rit-tit-too-too-too-ee! Confound my grandmother's, sister's, aunt's, cauliflowers!"—and so, swearing and cursing at a terrible rate, Mr. Baker moved off, leaving me in even greater doubt and perplexity than before.

Just at this moment, too, another heavy squall came on, and I had to go down below, where I found Pinkerton, who was not less astonished than myself at

learning that we were so near the end of our voyage. Whilst I was trying to give him an idea of the conversation I had had with the mate, the Captain made his appearance, to announce that we were just in sight of the island.

"The weather is so bad," he said, "that we shall not be able to stand very close in, but I am getting a salute prepared, to let them know your Excellency's coming, and if you've no objection," he added, "the steward shall get up two or three bottles of champagne, to drink success to your Excellency's government."

Of course, there could be no objection to this. Accordingly the other passengers were brought out of their berths, which very few of them had quitted till then, and the champagne being handed round, the captain proposed in a bumper—the "health of the Governor of the Cacona Island." "It's a sweet place, as I'm told," he said, "and I hope your Excellency will feel yourself comfortable. [Here the mate, who had come down to get his share of the wine, gave a loud "rit-tit-too-too-ee!"] Politics run rather high, indeed, but what signifies that? The more stormy the sea, the more honor to the captain who brings the vessel safe through: so here's success to your Excellency, again, and may you triumph over all difficulties, and not loose two years (he pronounced the word "years" by dropping the y, so that it sounded like "ears") fruitlessly, as Sir Hercules Mudpole, the last Governor, is said to have done."

The toast being drunk, I returned thanks in a short speech, in which I was preparing to quote from my pamphlet on "Colonies and Colonization," the principles which I intended should guide me in my administration, when I was interrupted by the captain, who said that the boat was ready, and that there was only just time to get ashore before dark.

On getting on deck, we found the crew drawn up to

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receive us—a mark of attention which both Pinkerton and myself felt most profoundly. This feeling of satisfaction, however, was very considerably marred by the absurd appearance presented by the lad Mr. Wolfe had thrust on me, and who (although I had seen nothing of him during the voyage) now presented himself, with his head bound up in a large frilled night-cap, to the intense amusement of the spectators. It was too late to say anything to him, so I only ordered him to go down into the boat, which, after a variety of grimaces and amidst loud roars of laughter, he accomplished. Pinkerton having followed him, I shook hands with the captain, who again wished me a pleasant mission, and took leave of me, observing: “If your Excellency should ever want a passage home in a hurry, and you hear that the *Sea Gull* is on the coast, all you have to do is to send up three rockets from Mud Harbour Creek, and if the thing is to be done, Captain John Thomas will do it.”

Again thanking him, and bowing to the company, who seemed mightily edified by the scene, I mounted the side of the vessel, and in a few minutes was riding over the waves to take possession of the *terra incognata*, which was to be my government. I ought not to forget to mention, however, that just as the boat pushed off, my attention was attracted by the singular conduct of Mr. Rit-tit-too-too-too-ee Baker, the mate, who had placed himself in a conspicuous place, where he seemed to be amusing himself by rubbing his ears with his hands, and making signs which I could not comprehend. Just as we dropped astern of the vessel, he quitted his position, and running forward, threw something overboard, which dropped at my feet. On picking it up, I found it was a piece of folded paper, but as there was no time to read it then, I placed it in my pocket, and in the hurried events which afterwards occurred, forgot all about it.

When the boat had got some distance from the ship,

the loud report of the cannon intended to notify to the inhabitants of Cacona the arrival of a new Governor, came booming on our ears, and I had scarcely recovered from the flutter this had produced, when our craft was brought up sharply on the shore, and I stepped out up to my ankles in mud on the veritable Island of Cacona.

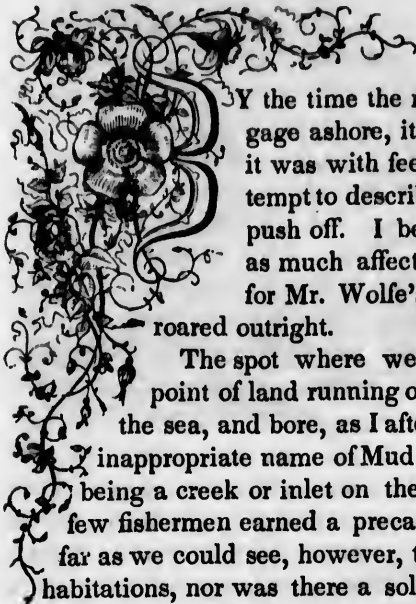


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CHAPTER IV.

My arrival on the Island of Cacona, and what happened to me when I got there.



BY the time the men had got our baggage ashore, it was nearly dark, and it was with feelings I should ill attempt to describe, that I saw the boat push off. I believe Pinkerton was as much affected as myself, and as for Mr. Wolfe's juvenile friend, he roared outright.

The spot where we had landed, was a point of land running out some distance into the sea, and bore, as I afterwards learnt, the not inappropriate name of Mud Harbour Creek, there being a creek or inlet on the other side, where a few fishermen earned a precarious subsistence. As far as we could see, however, there were no signs of habitations, nor was there a solitary soul to welcome us. It was certainly a very singular position for a new Governor to be placed in, and I don't deny that I felt it. What added to our inconvenience was, that it had begun to rain, and as a consequence, the mud by which we were surrounded soon became so soft that it was impossible to advance a single step without danger of falling. Night too was coming on, and as its dark shadows fell thicker and thicker, my spirits and those of my companions fell with them. Seated upon our scanty baggage, we abandoned ourselves (at least, I know I did) to bitter reflexions, only interrupted by the horrible groans of Mr.

Wolfe's protégé, as he found himself growing more damp and uncomfortable.



About an hour had passed in this way, when all of a sudden our attention was attracted by something like the rumbling of a vehicle at a distance, followed ere long by the sounds of human voices. Presently a light made its appearance, apparently borne along by some one approaching the spot where we sat.

As it came near, the bearer set up a shout, to which we replied at the top of our voices. Then came the question—"Are you the Governor?"

The answer returned appeared to be satisfactory, for immediately afterwards we heard the same voice cry out to some one else to "come along quickly, as they (meaning us) were somewhere down in the Creek." This announcement was succeeded by a great pattering of footsteps, and we could follow the efforts of several per-

sons making their way through the darkness and mud in the direction where we had landed.

"Halloo! where the devil are you?" said at length a voice close at my elbow.

"Here."

"D—n it, how dark it is! Which is the Governor?"

"Here he is: I'm the Governor."

"You're the Governor! Hurra boys: I've got him: here he is; here's the Governor; three cheers for the Governor!" and I felt some one clutch me firmly by the collar of the coat.

Before I could recover from the surprise this singular reception had occasioned, two other persons came up, one of whom carried a lantern.

"God bless my soul," said this party, holding up the light, and taking an inspection of us, as we sat shivering on our baggage, "how wet you are; but never mind, we'll soon make that all right. Here, Jem, you look after the Governor's baggage, while I help him up into the carriage. Now, your Excellency, just put your legs over my neck; that's the way we manage at Cacona. Baggs, you carry the Governor's friend. Don't be afraid, sir, we're rough, but we're ready. When the people of Jericho hear to-morrow that you've been on Patrick Bullyman's shoulders, it 'll be a feather in your cap—it will, by thunder!—It will have an effect!"

Not exactly seeing any other way of getting out of Mud Harbour Creek, I did as I was directed, and mounting pick-a-back on the shoulders of the new comer, after a good deal of plunging and splashing, was finally landed in safety at some distance above the spot we had started from. Here I found a one-horse vehicle, which I was informed had conveyed my accommodating friend and his companions to our assistance. Into this vehicle Pinkerton (who had by this time arrived on the shoulders of Mr. Baggs) and myself mounted, our new acquaint-

ance, Mr. Bullyman, (as he called himself) undertaking to be driver.

"We'll have to sit pretty close, Governor," said that gentleman, squeezing himself in between us, "but never mind, we'll soon be there, and it's better than walking." As to the lad and the baggage, his friends, he said, would take care of them.

As we went along, Mr. Bullyman informed us that there would be a good many people to meet us at Antioch, which was the name of the town we were going to. "We've been looking out for you for the last two or three days," he said, "and knew who it was when we heard the gun fired." "The Bullfrogs," he added, rubbing his hands with much glee, "had gone off in another direction, but he had pitched upon Mud Harbour Creek, thinking it most likely we should land there, from the state of the weather."

It was raining hard, and the road was wretchedly bad, so that we got on very slowly. Both Pinkerton and myself too were in a miserable plight, covered with mud and soaked to the skin. In this way, we had proceeded some three or four miles, when all of a sudden Mr. Bullyman pulled up his steed, observing that "he believed that was them coming."

"Don't you hear a noise like a bellows? That's Shinty's old mare. Halloo, boys, is that you? Here we are—here's the Governor. We've got him! Three cheers for the Governor!"

Sure enough, this speech was followed by a faint cheer. Then we could hear the voices of several persons talking together, and finally I became aware that some one was standing at the side of the vehicle.

"Is that you, Shinty?" asked Mr. Bullyman.

"Yes; where's the Governor?"

"Here he is, on my knee. Give me the address. Your Excellency, this is the address of the corporation

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and burgesses of the town of Antioch : 'tis too dark to read it now, but they congratulate your Excellency on your arrival at Caona. Hurra boys! three cheers for the constitutional Governor; three cheers for Governor—what's your Excellency's name?"

"Thistleton."

"Three cheers for the Hon. Mr. Thistleton, hurra! hurra!"

"What shall I say in reply?" I asked, when the noise of the half dozen voices had subsided.

"Say; oh wait a minute! I've looked out for all that. Here, Shinty," and he pulled a paper out of his pocket and presented it to the last comer; "here's His Excellency's answer to the loyal address of the people of Antioch. You'd better get it into the *Scorpion* to-morrow, Shinty; Thunder, it'll have an effect!"

This part of the business being concluded, Mr. Bullyman next proposed that we should take Mr. Shinty into our vehicle;—"he's the Mayor," he observed, "and it'll have an effect."

"But I'm afraid it's impossible," suggested Pinkerton, who was already nearly squeezed into a jelly.

"Oh, not at all: here, Shinty, get into this gentleman's lap: not there—those are His Excellency's legs. Now boys, move on; the Governor's coming: hurra, hurra! We've got the Governor; hurra!"

Accordingly, the vehicle was again put in motion, there being, as Mr. Bullyman informed me, not more than half a mile to go before we got to Antioch.

"Is that the band?" asked our officious friend of Mr. Shinty, as a strange unearthly sound came borne upon the wind.

"Yes, all except the trumpet: Smith could'nt come: he's got the asthma."

"Any illumination?"

"They talked of putting up Mr. Pipp's transparency," said Mr. Shinty.

"Oh d—d that transparency," observed Mr. Bullyman sharply; "Daniel O'Connell ain't appropriate now; why don't they consult the committee before they take any important step of that kind!"

Some other remarks were made by Mr. Bullyman, indicative of dissatisfaction at certain arrangements; and so time passed on, until I became aware, from the lights scattered here and there, that we were approaching human habitations.

"That's Antioch," observed Mr. Bullyman, nodding in the direction of the half-dozen lights. "It's a pretty sight, ain't it? Pipp's transparency is over there, to the left. We can't see it from here, but if your Excellency likes, we will inspect it in the morning."

"Do we proceed any further to-night?" I asked.

"Oh, no: this is enough for one night's work. I expect the citizens will be out to receive us. We are just at the hotel now, your Excellency: a capital hotel, is'nt it Shinty?"

The vehicle by this time had stopped before a building, in front of which a number of persons were collected, who set up a shout when they saw us.

Dismounting in the midst of this popular ebullition, I followed Mr. Bullyman up a flight of steps into the house, where we found the Mr. PIPPS, whose name had been before mentioned as proprietor of the famous transparency, with a number of his friends, including the Corporation of Antioch, with all of whom Mr. Bullyman seemed to be on the most intimate terms, and whom he proceeded to introduce to me in something like the following manner:—

"Scroggins, you vagabond, permit me—Your Excellency, this is Scroggins. There now Scrogs, don't hang down your head like a goose: shake His Excellency's hand, man: that's right: do it again, old fellow! It won't hurt you if you keep on for a twelvemonth!"

"Now then, Thomas; Mr. Thomas Sharples, your Excellency. Put your best foot forward, Thomas, and tell His Excellency you're delighted to see him. That man, your Excellency, brews the best beer in the Island, and knows how to drink it when its brewed! Suppose you send up a dozen or two Sharples, for His Excellency to try!"

"Mullins, permit me: my dear friend Mullins, your Excellency. Were at school together, and can answer for him with my life. How's Mary, Mullins; you must bring her up and show His Excellency the twins!"

"Bowker, the pride of my heart and the flower of Kildare,—is that you? There's a fist, your Excellency! Now then, old soldier, give His Excellency a grip! It's as hard as a pump-handle, isn't it, your Excellency—as hard and as honest."

By the time the whole company had been gone through, I was thoroughly worn out, and was delighted when Mr. Megs (the landford) invited Pinkerton and myself into a private room which he said had been prepared for our reception.

To my enquiries about our baggage, no satisfactory answer could be obtained. Mr. Wolfe, junior, had not yet made his appearance, and no one knew really when he would. Under these circumstances, Pinkerton and I borrowed each a suit from Mr. Megs, in which we soon after sat down to a wretched meal, Mr. Bullyman being of the party.

In the course of the repast, this gentleman, who soon made serious inroads into a decanter of brandy, informed us that Antioch was a small town nine miles from Jericho, the capital of Cacona, where great preparations were making to receive us on the morrow. He talked very eloquently about the "effect" our public entry would make, and finally got so excited that I thought it prudent to make preparations for retiring.

"Now, d—d it, Governor," he said, on seeing me make a movement to go, "don't be in such a hurry to be off. It's the first time we've met, and we may just as well make a night of it! Suppose we ask Megs in, and have a game at all-fours! What, you won't! Well, if you will go, you must, I suppose, but just wait till I get my boots off. Here, Megs, you vagabond, come and help me off with my boots."

This ceremony being got through, Mr. Megs took a candle and proceeded to lead the way to our sleeping apartment, which consisted of a solitary room, in which were two small beds, placed side by side. These, Mr. Megs signified, were for Pinkerton and myself; and he added, "I'll find a bed for Mr. Bullyman in the garret."

On hearing this proposal, Mr. Bullyman, who had staggered up stairs after us, flew into a terrible rage, launching a whole dictionary of epithets at Mr. Megs for daring to propose to put a gentleman of his consequence into the garret. "If there ain't any other room," he said, "I'll arrange it: I'll sleep with the Governor, I will, by thunder!—It will have an effect!"

To this arrangement, I positively declined to accede; and after some further discussion, the matter was compromised, Mr. Bullyman stipulating on undressing in our apartment and passing the night on a mattress in the passage.

As soon as we had got rid of him, Mr. Megs came up to know if he could do anything to render us more comfortable, and I took the opportunity of enquiring who our singular companion might be.

"What!" said Mr. Megs, opening his large sleepy looking eyes—"don't your Excellency know Mr. Bullyman! Why he's the cleverest man of our party. Lord, bless my soul! Pat Bullyman 'll be Attorney General when the Suckers get into power."

Attorney General! What an extraordinary announce-

ment! Could it be possible then that I had been riding into Caona on the back of the future first law officer of the Crown!

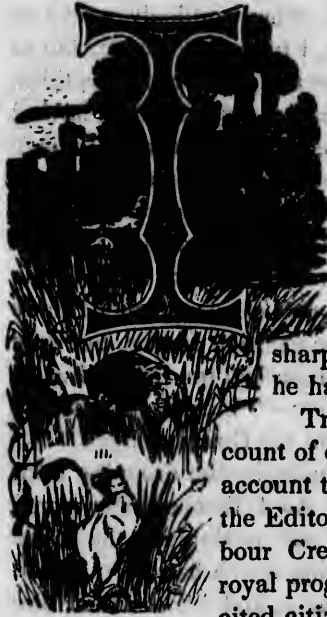
In a state of doubt and amazement, I rolled myself up in Mr. Megs' blankets, and after a time got to sleep: but all night long I had horrible dreams. I thought I was sitting in Mud Harbour Creek, when suddenly a swarm of demons appeared. In terror, I turned to escape, but at every step I took I sunk deeper and deeper into the mire. On with triumphant shouts came my pursuers, having at their head a gigantic monster, who seemed to have assumed for that particular occasion the outward form and features of Mr. Bullyman. As they came nearer and nearer, I could hear them exclaim—"We've got him: hurra! here he is: we've got the Governor!" The hand of the foremost demon was stretched out to seize me, when I made a desperate effort, and with the exertion awoke, but only to hear the words which had disturbed me in my dream, uttered more audibly than before—"hurra, boys: we've got him! here he is! we've got the Governor!"

I started up in the bed, the perspiration dropping from my brow. Was it a dream? As I listened, the words were repeated; and then I at last recognized the voice of Mr. Bullyman, whose sleeping couch had been placed close at the door of my apartment, and whose mind, like my own, was evidently travelling over the events of the day.

Having satisfied myself of this, I again composed myself to sleep, and this time, in spite of Mr. Bullyman and a swarm of smaller inconveniences, was soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER V.

In which I make a royal progress to the Capital.



T was nearly 10 o'clock the next morning before I opened my eyes, and then I was disturbed by Mr. Bullyman, who came to my bedside, holding a newspaper in his hand—

“Look here, Governor,” he said, “here’s an account of our arrival yesterday: pretty sharp for Colonists, ain’t it?” and he handed me the damp sheet.

True enough, there was an account of our arrival, and a most absurd account too I thought it. According to the Editor, my progress, from Mud Harbour Creek to Antioch, had been a royal progress, amidst crowds of excited citizens, and the waving of innumerable banners. What particularly struck my attention, however, was a copy of the Address presented by Mr. Shinty, the Mayor, with my answer thereto, both of which were printed at length. The official paper was rather a long affair, and contained amongst other things a distinct allusion to the political opinions of the good people of Antioch, which were declared to be Sucker to the back bone. In my reply, I was made to respond to this sentiment, and to express my steady attachment to the liberal principles of Government which it was the aim of the Sucker party to maintain.

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As all this was high Dutch to me, and as I had no desire at that time to ally myself with any political party, I ventured to express my surprise to Mr. Bullyman that such sentiments had been put into my mouth.

To this that gentleman replied by saying—that it was all right, everything had been done for the best, and “it would have an effect.” He then urged me to get up without delay, as there was barely time to reach Jericho by the hour fixed on for our public reception. At the same time he brought me my clothes, which had been dried, and which, on the whole, exhibited less marks of the previous day’s wear and tear than might have been expected. “Here’s your Excellency’s boots,” he said, placing those indispensable articles by the side of the bed, “and there’s the blacking and brushes. If you particularly desire it, I’ll get Megs to do ’em, but as our object will be to make you as popular as possible, perhaps you might prefer to do ’em yourself. It will have an effect!”

I, however, declined the offer, and sent Pinkerton, who was almost in a state of distraction, to see if he could find Mr. Wolfe junior. This he failed to do. However, he returned with the boots blacked, though, as he afterwards informed me, he did them himself.

By the time breakfast was over, I discovered that a number of persons had collected about the hotel, and there was a considerable hubbub in the yard. Presently an open carriage drove up to the door, into which Pinkerton and I were requested to get, Mr. Bullyman mounting up with the driver. As soon as we were seated, several other vehicles made their appearance, one of which exhibited a flag, having emblazoned on one side the words “He’s coming, hurra!” and on the reverse—“Suckers for ever!” This vehicle put itself at the head of the procession, the rear being brought up by a small mob of horsemen and pedestrians.

In this order we proceeded for a considerable distance on our way towards Jericho, Mr. Bullyman volunteering a variety of information from the box respecting the "effect" our appearance would have in the capital, and the preparations which he expected were making there for our reception. The country through which we passed was almost a swamp, and I was beginning to get terribly weary, when suddenly on coming to a turn in the road, we found ourselves close upon a cortege of horsemen and carriages.

"That's them and no mistake," exclaimed Mr. Bullyman, on seeing the new comers—"it's rather an imposing sight, ain't it Governor!"

I cannot say that I thought so. However, the appearance of the strangers had a most exhilarating effect on our company, who forthwith proceeded to shout and bellow most lustily. This demonstration produced a similar effort from the new comers, and presently we could see a number of horsemen detach themselves from the crowd, and come galloping at us as hard as they could. As they approached, I became aware that they carried drawn swords in their hands, and wore a sort of military uniform.

"Scroggins' troop of go-at-'em-boys!" shouted Mr. Bullyman from the box, as the party came up in a cloud of dust, and after flourishing their weapons in a most formidable manner over our heads, ranged themselves on either side of the carriage.

"How are you Scrogs?" enquired Mr. Bullyman of a little red-faced man, who seemed to be the leader, and who was puffing violently from the exertion he had undergone—"that was a splendid manœuvre, old fellow;" and then turning to me—"Your Excellency, Captain Scroggins—Captain Scroggins' *corps*, splendid fellows, a'int they? What would the Iron Duke say to them; eh?"

Before I could answer this question, the head of the

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procession had reached us, and there, seated in a melancholy barouche, I first caught sight of three leading Suckers whose acquaintance I had afterwards ample opportunity of cultivating: viz., the Hon. Mr. Shanks, Mr. Buster, and Mr. Fester,—the last, the editor and proprietor of the *Jericho Scorpion*, of all of whom more anon.

Close behind these gentlemen, mounted on the top of a van, was the brass band of the Society of the Harmonious Suckers, in the last agony of "See the conquering hero comes," and stretching far away behind them again, was a crowd of vehicles and horsemen, with flags and ensigns and favors, such as quite revived my spirits, and put Pinkerton into a fever of excitement.

When the last strains of the melody produced by the Harmonious Suckers had died away, the united company set up another shout, which, amongst other effects, nearly unhorsed several of Captain Scroggins' company, and caused considerable confusion.

At this moment my breath was fairly taken away by the sudden apparition of my missing servant or "Sweet," young Mr. Wolfe, whom I discovered sitting very conspicuously in one of the front carriages among the new arrivals, apparently enjoying himself amazingly. He had got rid of his travelling costume and his night-cap, and was magnificently attired in what I took to be a suit of the celebrated Mr. Aaron's latest fashion, having added thereto a cravat of the most resplendent colors. In this costume, and under these auspices, he sat with a cigar in his mouth, and his legs thrown carelessly out of the window, an object of general attention and admiration. On perceiving me, he gave a most condescending nod, and returned my look of astonishment with a leer, which, in spite of the anger I felt, [warmly participated in by Pinkerton, who intimated his intention to kick the gentleman when he got him home] made me laugh heartily.

Mr. Bullyman now proposed that I should offer the Hon. Mr. Shanks and his two friends seats in my carriage.

Accordingly those gentlemen dismounted, and amongst renewed shouts transferred themselves into my vehicle. Shanks was a middle sized man, with a very white face and small red whiskers, and a cast in one eye that gave him an unpleasant expression. He had, however, as I afterwards learnt, tremendous influence with the Suckers and was the Joey Hume of his party : Buster had nothing very particular about him, being, in fact, merely a kind of hanger-on of Mr. Shanks, but Fester was a coin of a different value. He was a little dark man, with the most provokingly precise and freezing manners, so that when I touched the tops of his damp fingers I could hardly persuade myself I had not grasped the hind-legs of a toad, and every time his sneering tones fell on my ear, I felt, or imagined I felt, a cramp in my stomach. His vanity, as I soon found out, was as boundless as his ambition, so that on the whole, Mr. Bullyman's somewhat profane description (made in confidence a few hours afterwards) was not perhaps far wrong, viz., that "he was a d—d kantankerous useful little curse."

In this way, and with this company, we journeyed on till we reached the capital. But it would be vain to attempt to describe our entry into Jericho. Suffice it to say, that as we entered the gates we found an immense crowd assembled to meet us ; that an address was presented, to which I did not permit Mr. Bullyman to reply, although he had obligingly prepared an answer for the occasion ; that three triumphant arches spread their umbrageous influence over us ; that women screamed, and children cried, and men shouted, and that finally I was set down at the vice-regal residence very much shaken and fatigued, amidst the terrific roarings of the Suckers. For the moment I drank the intoxication of triumph, and heartily responded to the sentiment of Mr. Bullyman,

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who was mad with excitement, "that it was a proud day for the city of Jericho!"

Still, in thinking over the scene afterwards, I could not conceal from myself that the triumph was not complete. Although the Suckers had exerted themselves to the utmost to give me a hearty reception, I was forced to remark the silence or sullen contempt of the opposite party—the Bullfrogs, as I now learnt they were called. I noticed that a number of respectably dressed persons looked coldly as we passed, that several laughed outright, and that two or three actually hissed. Some of the best houses we passed had their shutters closed as on the occasion of a funeral, and in one, in particular, where some beautiful children were at the window, an old gentleman with a countenance full of benevolence and kindness, shook his bald head, and threw up his hands so sorrowfully, that in spite of myself my hopes fell, and I felt sad. It is true that these hostile demonstrations were met with loud groans and hootings by the Suckers; that one of the hissing parties was assaulted and beaten; and that mud and stones were thrown at the houses which were closed, but still this did not satisfy me: why should such hostile feelings exist, and what had I done to excite the rancour of party?

With these doubts working in my mind, the cortege stopped before the Vice-regal abode, and in a moment after, the persevering Mr. Bullyman was once more at my side. "Splendid! ain't it?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "What do you say, Shanks, to giving his Excellency another round of the City? It'll have an effect!"

With some difficulty this proposal was overruled, and I was permitted to alight, it being understood that Mr. Bullyman himself would by and by continue the progress as suggested.

Mr. Shanks, Mr. Buster, Mr. Fester, and Mr. Bullyman attended me into my new home, where we

found some refreshments prepared. Whilst we were discussing these, I learnt for the first time, that I was expected to attend a grand ball, to be given that evening in honor of my arrival. I attempted to escape, but in vain, Mr. Bullyman clinching the matter with his usual unanswerable assertion—that “it would have an effect!”

Finally, to my infinite joy, our visitors took their departure, and Pinkerton and I were left to ourselves. Before Mr. Bullyman absented himself, however, I made him promise he would look up Mr. Wolfe junior, and enquire what had become of our luggage, for however flattering the position of Governor of a Colony might be, the knowledge that His Excellency was at that moment without the means of getting clean linen, was not calculated to heighten the feeling—and thus ended the first part of this great day's proceedings, and of my triumphal entry into the City of Jericho.

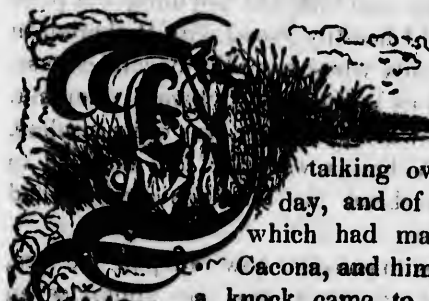


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CHAPTER VI.

I go to the Ball and meet with an old gentleman who gives me some insight into the state of affairs on the Island of Caona.



ARKNESS had set in, and Pinkerton and I were still seated before the fire, talking over the events of the day, and of the strange chances which had made me Governor of Caona, and him my Secretary, when a knock came to the door, and Mr. Bullyman entered.

He was in high spirits, and had evidently been drinking pretty freely. After expatiating on the events of the day, which he set down as a great triumph, he informed me that he had brought Mr. Wolfe with him, and that that gentleman was waiting outside to receive orders. Accordingly I told Pinkerton to go up stairs and look out such things as we might require for the hall, and that I would join him shortly.

When he was gone, I tried very hard to get rid of Mr. Bullyman, but in vain; at length he told me he had come with the intention of accompanying me to the ball, and asked to be allowed to arrange his dress in my apartment. Although I did not like this, I did not see very well how I could refuse, and accordingly we went up stairs together, where I found Pinkerton rummaging over his trunk in a very excited manner. Standing near him was young Mr. Wolfe, with his hat slouched over

his eyes, blubbing in a state (as I had afterwards reason to believe,) of semi-intoxication.

"Was there ever anything so provoking," said P. when he saw me; "that lout there"—pointing to Mr. Wolfe, junior, "has lost the trunk with our clothes: and these,"—(pointing to a pile of theatrical dresses,)—"are all that remain!"

I need scarcely say that this was anything but pleasant intelligence, and I heartily joined with Pinkerton in anathematizing the party whose stupidity or carelessness, or both, had placed us in such an awkward dilemma. I soon discovered, however, that this was quite useless, and that Mr. Wolfe's brains were far too muddled to enable him to comprehend the inconvenience he had occasioned.

The next thing was to consider how to repair the loss, and this was no easy matter. It was now almost seven o'clock, and as the chance of borrowing suits that would fit us, (as suggested by Mr. Bullyman), seemed anything but probable, we were about to abandon all idea of going to the ball, when Mr. Bullyman, whose attention had been attracted by the brilliant colors of the theatrical dresses, which Pinkerton had cast in disorder on the floor, suddenly asked, "why we couldn't wear them?"

"Those," said Pinkerton, apparently startled by the question: "you don't think *they* would do, do you?"

"Of course they would," replied Mr. Bullyman positively: "they are court dresses, ain't they?—thunder! they'll have an effect!"

Pinkerton looked at me, and in spite of my frowns, nodded assent; whereupon Mr. Bullyman declared that he should regard it as an insult offered to the whole Sucker party if we went to the ball in anything else.

Thus pressed, and finding moreover that Pinkerton, (who had a weakness that way,) was favourable to the suggestion, I reluctantly yielded, and allowed myself to

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be attired in the costume both my companions were unanimous in allotting to me. This was a light blue satin tunic, supposed to belong to the magnificent Duke of Aranza, with white silk hose, and satin slippers, and a hat and feathers to match. Having with no little difficulty arrayed myself in this costume, I walked up and down before the looking-glass several times, and heard both Pinkerton and Mr. Bullyman declare that they had never seen anything half so becoming or majestic. Such is human vanity, too, that I am forced to confess I felt tickled with the brilliancy of my attire, and looked forward with no little satisfaction to the effect it was to produce on the unsophisticated minds of the inhabitants of Jericho.

I had been too much engrossed with my own dress to take any notice of my companions. How great was my surprise then, when Mr. Bullyman suddenly placed himself before me, and presenting the outward appearance of a full blown highland chieftain, asked me—what I thought of *that* for an "effect."

The appearance of the enquirer was so extraordinary, that I was totally unable to furnish a reply. How Mr. Bullyman might have looked properly attired in the national costume of the McGregors, I cannot say, but as he actually was, his appearance could hardly have been more ludicrous. The fact is, the dress had been made for Pinkerton to enact the part of Rob Roy, and was, as a natural consequence, much too scant for a gentleman of Mr. Bullyman's formidable dimensions. In consequence of this, the snuff-colored pantaloons commonly worn by that person, had not been abandoned, and could now be seen tucked up under the plaid jacket and petticoats of the warlike McGregor. For a similar cause, Mr. Bullyman wore his ordinary half and half boots, and grey worsted stockings, which latter, however, were pulled down so as to exhibit the natural beauty of his

elves, which would certainly have done no discredit to Rob Roy himself. His legs were, as a matter of course, profusely decorated with bunches of gaily-colored ribbons, which he trailed on the ground after him, whilst, to complete the whole, he wore perched on the top of his head a small Glasgow bonnet, out of which his big red face loomed like a new moon in a mist, or a volcano in a state of latent eruption.

"I rather think that will astonish the natives," he said, glancing down on his gaily adorned legs—"they never saw anything like that before, Governor,—thunder! it will have an effect!"

I saw it would be useless to attempt to undeceive Mr. Bullyman, and therefore said nothing. In the meantime Pinkerton had attired himself in a Greek dress, in which he really looked very well, and the preparations being thus far completed, we all proceeded down stairs, and got into a coach which was waiting to convey us to the scene of festivity.

We were not long in getting to the ball, which was held in a room over the market place. As the carriage drew up, we found a number of persons outside, and could hear the sound of fiddles above.

"There they are at it!" said Mr. Bullyman, as he threw open the coach door and jumped out. "Now little boys, make way for the Governor."

Mr. Bullyman's appearance, however, was not calculated to disperse the crowd. On the contrary, the little boys referred to, set up a most hideous yell, and pressed round us in such a way that I had considerable difficulty in making my way into the building.

When this was at length effected, and we had got to the top of a long flight of steps, we found Mr. Shanks, the Hon. Mr. Buster, and Mr. Fester waiting to receive

They were evidently taken a-back at our appearance,

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but the remarks of Mr. Bullyman soon seemed to satisfy them. "All right," said that enthusiastic person, in reply to some observation—"that's the way they do at the Court of St. James'; push on Shanks, and tell them to strike up 'the roast beef and plum pudding of England!' Thunder! won't it have an effect!"

Accordingly, we heard the band strike up the desired air, and leaning on the arm of the Hon. Mr. Buster, and followed by the others, I entered the ball-room.

It is impossible to describe the sensation our *debut* excited. It was evident Mr. Bullyman had not exaggerated the effect to be produced. At first I thought we should be overwhelmed by the living tide which came flowing down on us. When we at length got out of the crowd and advanced up the room—I, holding my plumed hat in my hand, and Bullyman and Pinkerton following arm in arm behind—a burst of admiration followed us, which finally broke forth into loud huzzas and clapping of hands.

At length this excitement subsided, and to my infinite satisfaction, I saw my Sucker friends making preparations to resume their dancing: I therefore moved up to a platform which had been erected at the top of the room, where I found Mr. Shanks and Mr. Fester, the latter looking particularly uncomfortable and miserable.

As I have already intimated, I had taken a strong dislike to this person the first time I saw him, and something told me that this feeling was mutual. On this occasion, as there was no getting away from him, I addressed him as civilly as I could. "A pleasant sight this, Sir," I observed, pointing to the dancers—"I had no idea Caloona could boast of so much beauty and elegance."

To my surprise, the remark did not seem to please Mr. Fester. Drawing himself up, and elevating his eyebrows till they nearly vanished over the top of his head, he replied with a cold sneer:—"to the eye of the patriot,

your Excellency—to the patriot, the thoughtless mirth of a people is a subject of pain and not of pleasure; doubtless it will be a triumph for the Colonial Secretary to learn by your next despatch, that, amidst all their multiplied wrongs, the people of Cacona can dance.”

“Really, Mr. Fester;” I observed, when the little animal had delivered himself of this extraordinary speech,—“I do not understand you.”

“Perhaps not,” replied the little gentleman in the same freezing tone—“perhaps not; Colonists are very hard to be understood; when did Downing-street ever understand them? Your Excellency’s remark does not astonish me: we are used to be misunderstood; the history of my country—of Cacona—is all comprised in that word—misunderstood.”

“Well, Mr. Fester,” I said, smiling, (for I scarcely knew whether to be amused or annoyed at the self-importance of the little man,) “we will endeavour to understand you at last, and with the assistance of good patriots like yourself, it will be strange if we do not succeed. I need scarcely ask, Mr. Fester, whether you are a member of the Assembly.”

Mr. Fester shook his head dismally—“No,” he said, “the Colonial Minister might have mentioned that fact to your Excellency; he knows it—Downing-street is well aware of the fact.”

“It is a great pity,” I said, feeling immensely relieved at the intelligence.

“It is generally considered so,” said Mr. Fester, quite at his ease; “and measures are now being taken to remedy it. If your Excellency will read the last number of the *Scorpion*, you will there find the address of a large number of the citizens of Jericho to a humble individual whom they are pleased to consider their friend. Other constituences have put in their claims—Squash Vil-

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lage, Comstock, and Hickory Plain—but Jericho is my birth-place, and I owe her——”

“A good deal more than you are ever likely to pay her, old grunter,” said Mr. Bullyman, coming up at the moment, and slapping his political associate pretty smartly on the shoulders. “But never mind about that now. What do you say to a Scotch reel, your Excellency? Come along with me, and I’ll introduce you to a partner: thunder, it’ll have an effect!” and before I could say yea or nay, Mr. Bullyman had disappeared in the crowd, from which he emerged a few seconds afterwards, dragging after him a very tall lady, dressed in a tartan dress, with a profusion of sandy-colored ringlets flowing over her shoulders. This person he forthwith introduced to me as Miss Margaret McTighe, the daughter of a leading Sucker, and a first-rate hand at a jig.

Thus brought to bay, I had to give in, and amidst the approving smiles of the company, who fell back on every side, Miss McTighe and myself proceeded to take up our places. As it happened, I had been learnt to dance reels by an old Scotch aunt, whom I used to visit when a boy, and therefore felt myself not altogether unprepared to emulate the activities of my partner. This, however, I soon found out was no easy matter. No sooner did the music strike up, than Miss McTighe went off at a rate that was perfectly bewildering. All at once, her head, hands, and feet seemed to become possessed of the incarnate spirit of the jig; and jerked and tossed, and twisted themselves about in a way that defies all attempt at description, and that made my poor head grow dizzy as I looked at her. When I state that these performances were every now and then relieved by a sharp cry or howl, (intended to illustrate the war-cry of some illustrious elan,) which would have frightened the soul out of the Black Douglas himself, some faint idea may be

formed of the astonishment and consternation which overtook me.

As soon as I could recover from the first alarm these preliminaries, on the part of Miss McTighe had occasioned, I endeavoured as well as I could to bring my former dancing experiences into practice, and throwing out my feet right and left, and snapping my fingers in the air, proceeded to execute a variety of manœuvres of the Highlandic character, which would have greatly astonished the ancient relative to whom I am indebted for a knowledge of this classic dance.

This demonstration on my part gave, as may be supposed, great satisfaction to the company, who manifested their pleasure by a general clapping of hands, and cries of "bravo, Governor!" "Well done, Governor!" &c. &c.

Fatal encouragement! Fired at my success, Miss McTighe apparently redoubled her efforts, and her feats of activity—marvellous before—became each moment more wonderful and astounding. To whatever quarter of the room I looked, the sandy locks of the fair Margaret were floating about in admired disorder, whilst the music of her capacious feet, as she described the national mysteries on the floor, more resembled the noise of a threshing machine than anything else. Now she appeared transmogrified into a windmill—her arms and legs sweeping round with fearful rapidity—and now as a ship under full sail, bearing down upon me, and concealing me under her wide-spreading canvass! Go where I would—do what I could—there was no getting out of her way, but there she was, bounding before me, —now up, now down—now before, now behind—but always active and terrible!

Against such a rival, it seemed vain to contend; and yet I pride myself—not without some reason, I think—on my dancing. Lady Snivelton, in her satirical way,

used to say: "Thistleton, there isn't much of you, but you are a capital hand at a reel." And I look upon this accomplishment too as something essential in a Governor. My friend, Sir Vincent Von Boosle, assured me that he owed his brilliant success at Tobago entirely to his talent for dancing. "Nothing like trusting to your heels, Thistleton, my boy," I recollect his once saying to me: "I humbled my detractors with a cotillion, and trampled upon my political opponents in a polka. The leader of the opposition (a d—d democratic nigger) stood up to dance a country dance, in which I led off to the tune of 'the devil among the tailors,' and he was never seen afterwards.—I literally danced through my Government!"

Yet notwithstanding this illustrious precedent, I felt on this occasion that the victory was slipping out of my hands. Try what figure I would, Miss McTighe was sure to outvie me; for every bound I made, she gave at least half-a-dozen in return; and once when I had the temerity to attempt the peculiar Highland cry I have already referred to, she met it (bore it back, I might say) with a yell that fairly lifted me off my feet, and almost drove me distracted.

Nor was Miss McTighe the only opponent with whom I had to battle. Whenever (as happened every now and then) she disappeared in the mazy circle of the dance, after having performed some fresh feat of fearful gymnastics, it was only to leave me *vis-d-vis* with a little fat old lady, who continued, though in a more subdued manner, the same sort of painful performances—bobbing up and down before me until, in my wild excitement, I felt tempted to throw my Spanish cap at her, or do some other extravagant act, which might relieve me from such merciless persecution.

The dance had now lasted sometime, and the excitement of the spectators was becoming intense. Miss

McTighe seemed by no means disposed to give in, and I had too much gallantry to set the example. Accordingly, we continued our evolutions till all the rest of the dancers—the little fat lady alone excepted—had retired. It was evident that Miss McTighe had made up her mind to dance down the Governor, and humiliating as the conviction was—I felt, as the perspiration poured down my face, that there was every chance she would succeed. Still I determined to persist, being inspirited thereto by the handsome conduct of the by-standers, who continued to exclaim:—"Go it, Governor!" "Don't give in," and other words of encouragement.

But no man can accomplish impossibilities. At the end of half-an-hour, I found my strength rapidly failing me: my legs refused any longer to perform the national symbols—my arms, instead of being elevated triumphantly over my head, hung listlessly by my side, and I felt that in a few seconds more I must yield to fate and Miss Margaret McTighe, when—in the midst of one of the most fearful howls, that interesting young lady and her friend had yet condescended to indulge in—the magical word "supper" put an end to the contest. Immediately all was confusion—the music ceased, and a general rush took place to the other end of the ball-room. Surprised in the midst of a fresh pirouette, Miss McTighe threw back her sandy hair from her eyes, uttered a loud "oh!" and then coolly taking hold of my arm, proceeded to join the procession, whilst the old lady, picking up a mysterious looking piece of red ribbon she had dropped in the excitement of the dance, waddled off by herself, without as much as deigning to offer a remark on our performances.

At supper, I found myself placed near Messrs Bullyman, Buster, and Shanks, who expressed the most unbounded admiration at my dancing, observing, that they had never had a Governor who could do any thing

like it before, and that it would "have an effect." Mr. Bullyman, indeed, gave it as his opinion that it ought to be repeated after supper, but this I decidedly objected to. I was, however, compelled by the importunities of that gentleman to make two speeches, one in reply to my own health, and the other for Miss McTighe and the ladies, both of which, I was afterwards informed, "had had an effect."

The refreshments disposed off, the company returned to the ball-room, and I remounted the platform, where I found myself again subject to the persecution of Mr. Fester, who was continually at my elbow, pestering me with his croakings. In order to get rid of him, I moved down to another part of the room, where a number of persons were seated, looking on at the dancers. In one of these groupes, I recognised the old gentleman I had noticed while making my public entrance that morning, and whose appearance and behaviour on that occasion had strongly impressed themselves on my mind. He was dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black, such as might have been in vogue a quarter of a century before, and held on his knee a pretty little girl, who, from the likeness to him, I set down as a grand-daughter.

Attracted by the pleasant looks of the old gentleman and his companion, I approached, and addressed a few words to them on the events of the evening. These were answered so courteously, that in a few minutes we were chatting together as familiarly as though we had known each other for years.

"I suppose you know that gentleman," I asked, pointing to Fester, whom I could see watching us at a distance.

At the mention of this name, the old gentleman's countenance became suddenly grave, and even sad in its expression. "Oh! yes," he said, "I know Mr. Fester: I saw him speaking to your Excellency just now. Did

he tell you the Colony was standing on the brink of a volcano, and that he had been invited to Parliament by half the constituencies in the country?"

"Why, yes—he did say something of that kind: but I suppose you and he are not on the same side of politics—that you are a Bullfrog, whilst he is a Sucker."

"Oh, as to that," replied the old gentleman, "I don't trouble my head much about politics now. They are nasty things everywhere, but they are particularly nasty at Cacona. Besides, they don't manage matters as they did when I first came to the country. We had no parties then—no Bullfrogs and Suckers—nothing but our good consciences and our duty to guide us, and on my word, I think we got on quite as well as they do at present, with all their struggling and fighting: But Mr. Fester don't think so, and Mr. Shanks don't think so, and Mr. Bullyman don't think so, and I dare say they have good reasons for not thinking so. They prefer the present system, by which the community is divided into Bullfrogs and Suckers, and peace seems banished for ever."

"Well," I said, struck with the sad tone in which these words were uttered—"I suppose I shall understand something about these things in time: at present, I confess, they are not very intelligible to me."

"I could almost hope they might never be," replied my new acquaintance: "but, if I may be so bold as to ask, from what part of England does your Excellency come, for I see that you are an Englishman."

"Me? oh yes; I am from the South: I was born, I believe, in Sussex."

"Sussex, dear me," and the old man's eyes glistened brightly. "Why, I've followed the harriers over the Southdowns when I was no higher than that," and he placed his hands so as to indicate the size of a rather diminutive boy. "That was a long time ago, you may be sure, and yet I remember it as if it were to-day."

And your Excellency's from Sussex; they used to be capital cricketers there in my time, and many a hard day's work I've had batting and bowling: I'll be bound your Excellency knows something about it."

"Oh, yes," I said laughing—"We haven't lost our cricketing laurels in Sussex."

"Oh, I'm glad of that; and now you've come out here to play a harder game than cricket with Sucker and Bullfrog—to be bowled at by Fester, who's as cunning as a fox, and caught out or stumped out it may be by Bullyman or Shanks, who have no more bowels of compassion than a couple of crocodiles: Well, well, I suppose it's all for the best:—but look! here come the very gentlemen themselves, making good the old adage, I suppose, and not looking over pleased either at finding your Excellency in communication with such a fierce Bullfrog as old John Grey, of the 'Bears!'"

True enough, as the old gentleman said, up came the two, and Mr. Bullyman, putting his arm unceremoniously through mine, drew me on one side.

"That will never do, Governor," he said, when he had got out of Mr. Grey's hearing, "that's a terrible blunder. I suppose your Excellency isn't aware that that old villain there has done more mischief to the country than all the rest of his party together. If it hadn't been for him, we should have had popular institutions twenty years ago, shouldn't we Shanks? Why when he had it all his own way, and that was a plaguy long time, there was no Sucker voice in the country: the Sucker heart was inanimate and death-like—wasn't it Shanks? It has cost the Colony a tremendous effort to get out of that state of terrific tranquillity—hasn't it Shanks? and even now the old hypocrite is scheming and intriguing. What business had he here to night? None at all: except to brew mischief."

"Well," I said, "he seems a pleasant old gentleman

enough; and what is more, I find that he and I come from the same part of England."

On hearing this, Mr. Fester gave one of his sardonic laughs, and Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Shanks exchanged looks with each other. However, they said nothing, whatever they may have thought, and we walked on together to the head of the room, where preparations were making for a grand country dance, at the end of which I had signified to Mr. Bullyman my intention of retiring. On getting up to my old place on the platform, I found Pinkerton, looking dreadfully jaded, and his Greek dress in a great state of confusion. He complained bitterly of Mr. Bullyman, who had insisted on his dancing the whole evening with the wives of two eminent Suckers, on the ground that such an extraordinary mark of attention "would have an effect."

In the meantime, the dance was progressing most boisterously, being headed by a person whose manners and costume, as Pinkerton and I caught sight of him in the crowd, struck both of us as rather peculiar. This person wore what seemed to be a pair of hussar trousers and a red-shell jacket, neither of which seemed to be anything like a fit. On his head he had a kind of foraging cap, and we could hear the sound of his spurs rattling on the floor when he moved down the dance. As I looked at him—his back being turned, it seemed to me that the outline was familiar to me, and that I must have met the party before. A similar impression took hold of Pinkerton, who moreover suggested that the dress was very similar to one he had worn in the thrilling melo-drama of the *Soldier's Bride*, and which had been packed up with the rest of the theatrical properties. "It is certainly very singular," said Mr. Pinkerton, after we had both looked on for some time,— "I could swear those were my military pants: I wish I could see who it is."

The party, however, seemed determined not to furnish us with this opportunity : and I could not help remarking that whenever he was required to take up a position where we might obtain a full view of his person, he invariably sided away, so as to keep his face out of sight. Just as the dance was drawing to a close, however, a circumstance occurred which made all these precautions quite useless.

It happened as follows :—

Mr. Bullyman, who had been drinking pretty freely all the evening, had by this time become undisguisably drunk, and was now going about the room posturizing and screeching, and performing all kinds of mad antics. Amongst his other feats, he had made several attempts to introduce himself into the dance, but had been hitherto successfully repelled. Determined, however, not to be foiled, he had at length prevailed on my late partner, Miss McTighe, to stand up with him at the head of the set, and watching a favourable opportunity, had set off at a most furious rate, waltzing or rather reeling down the room. As he and his partner came on, increasing their velocity with every turn, every one who could got out of their way. It happened, however, that the mysterious stranger was at this moment leading his partner down the dance, and, as he had his face turned in the opposite direction, could see nothing of Mr. Bullyman's furious progress. The result can be better imagined than described : The hindmost waltzers overtook the foremost, who were sent rolling in different parts of the room, amidst the roars and screams of the company. Nor did the matter end here—the party thus roughly dealt with, did not seem to take the tumble quite as a matter of course, and angry voices were heard, and hands, raised as though to strike, were seen above the heads of the spectators. Presently two or three heavy blows became audible, and then forth from the midst of the crowd burst

Mr. Wolfe, bleeding copiously at the nose, yelling most lustily, and closely pursued by Mr. Bullyman.

The mystery was now explained: Taking advantage of our absence, my "Sweet" had made free with Pinkerton's theatrical wardrobe, and in this disguise had come in late after supper, thinking to escape detection in the crowd; a result in which he might have succeeded but for the catastrophe brought about by Mr. Bullyman.

This incident pretty well put an end to the ball, and drawing the mantle of the Duke of Aranza closely around me, sick at heart, sad and weary, I retired with my faithful Pinkerton from the scene of festivities, and so closed the first public ball given in my honor by the inhabitants of the City of Jericho.



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CHAPTER VII.

In which my popularity receives a slight check.



It was late the next day before I saw anything of my self-constituted friends, the Suckers. At about three o'clock, however, Mr. Shanks and Mr. Buster made their appearance, accompanied by Mr. Fester and two other persons, whom they introduced as Mr. Foker and the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper. In reply to my enquiries about Mr. Bullyman, they informed me that he was slightly indisposed, which I could very well imagine he might be.

After a few preliminaries, Mr. Shanks handed me a list of the names of eminent Suckers, out of whom he proposed the construction of a ministry, adding, that in the opinion of himself and friends, such an arrangement would be highly satisfactory to the country. On looking at the list I found it as follows:—

Civil Secretary,..... Mr. Shanks.
 Attorney General,..... Mr. Bullyman.
 Keeper of the Public Chest,.... Mr. Fester.
 Solicitor General,..... Mr. Foker.
 Public Roads and Turnpikes,.. Hon. Mr. Buster.
 Superintendent of Schools and
 Colleges,..... Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper.

The principles on which such a Government would be formed, Mr. Shanks said, were Suckers to the backbone. The gentlemen whose names appeared on the list, were the leading men of that party, well known to the constituencies, and having their entire confidence. If the arrangement met with my approval, he, Mr. Shanks, as the head of the new cabinet, would be prepared to advise an immediate dissolution, the result of which, he confidently predicted, would be an immense Sucker majority.

I need hardly say that I was not at all pleased with this proposal. My desire was to remain quiet for a few weeks in order to ascertain something of the state of public feeling in the Colony, before I took any step in one direction or the other. Up to the present time, I had, by a series of accidents over which I had no control, been thrown entirely into the hands of the Suckers, who seemed very much inclined to regard me as their own peculiar property, to the exclusion of every one else. It was evident that the Bullfrogs looked with suspicion on me, a circumstance which I attributed in great part to the answer in reply to the Address of the citizens of Antioch, which Mr. Bullyman had palmed off on me, in which that party had been strongly disparaged, and the Suckers proportionately elevated.

After some hesitation, I ventured to hint these doubts to Mr. Shanks, who received them in anything but a Christian-like spirit, expressing his astonishment at what he was pleased to call my extraordinary inconsistency and vacillation. "However," he said, "the Suckers must judge of the matter for themselves. As for himself and colleagues, they neither desired nor sought office. It was notorious that nearly all of them would have made great sacrifices in accepting office, and could be induced to do so, only by a stern sense of what was due to the country. Take the accomplished Bullyman, for instance !

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It was notorious that Bullyman's practice yielded him at least £2000 a-year;—why then should Bullyman desire office? Then there was Mr. Fester, the high-minded and incorruptible Fester—what could the paltry inducement of £1000 a-year be to Fester? The idea was perfectly ridiculous. As to himself, God knew he did not seek the responsibility of office. Sweeter to him was the crust moistened in the mountain stream, than the sumptuous meal swallowed in the turmoil of official existence. Personally, therefore, they had reason to rejoice at the resolution taken by an infatuated Governor, who, doubtless, only acted under instructions. But he warned Downing street—he warned the Colonial Minister—to beware. He did not say the Suckers could ever be brought to resort to open resistance—he desired his political friends who were present to take particular notice he did not say THAT—but he did assert that there was a point beyond which endurance became impossible, and submission on the part of the Suckers would be a crime."

This speech was received with great approbation by Mr. Shanks' political friends, and the whole soon after took their departure, with undisguised manifestations of indignation and displeasure. The Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, in particular, was loud in his denunciations, rending his clothes after the fashion of King David, and making particular enquiries as to what had become of Magna Charta. Mr. Buster also exclaimed loudly against what he described as a "regular sell," and gave it as his firm conviction that justice would never be done to the Colony till there had been another "jolly good row."

It was in vain that I attempted to explain that I was acting under no such instructions as they seemed to suppose; the only answers I got were sneers and reproaches. Had I not been received by the Suckers on my landing? Had I not been brought by that party in triumph to

Antioch? Had I not in my answer to the Address of the citizens of that place, expressed my entire sympathy with the Sucker party, and my abhorrence of the opposite faction? Had I not entered Jericho with the heads of that party, and had I not attended a Sucker Ball given expressly in honor of my arrival? How could I pretend, then, that I was ignorant of the state of parties when I had already pronounced my opinion on those parties, and had done all in my power to inculcate the belief that I was what I had pretended to be—an out and out Sucker?

It would not have been very easy to answer these interrogatories, supposing Mr. Shanks and his friends had been willing to hear me, which they were not. Indeed, their indignation increased to such a pitch at last, that I felt really relieved and thankful when I saw the door at length close upon them.

As soon as they were gone, I began to think over the matter, and had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that my position had by no means improved in consequence of what had just happened. If I cut the cable with the Suckers, where was I to look for support? The idea did cross my mind of seeking out the old gentleman I had conversed with at the ball, but the ignorance in which I was as to his standing and influence, beyond what had fallen from himself, made me hesitate, and finally deterred me. In this troubled state of mind I remained for some time, till Pinkerton, who had been writing some letters up stairs, made his appearance, and then the subject was again taken up, and talked over and over without any resolution being come to, till the shades of evening began to close in.

The clock had struck eight, and we were still engaged in conversation, when all of a sudden, we both of us became aware of an unusual stir in the neighbourhood, and on looking out of the window saw a large concourse of

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persons assembled in front of an inn on the opposite side of the street, and not many yards from our residence. Some of these persons carried banners, and the whole of them had their eyes turned towards a balcony, on which four or five individuals were standing. As we looked on, there was a great shouting and waving of hats, followed by perfect silence.

"It must be a public meeting," observed Pinkerton nervously: "Let us open the window, and hear what they say."

Accordingly, the window was thrown open, and the blinds being down, we could both see and hear all that was going on.

At first the tones of the speaker—for there *was* a speaker—were indistinct, but as our ears got accustomed to the sound, both Pinkerton and myself became impressed with the idea that the orator was no other than Mr. Bullyman himself. When we first heard him, he was giving a sketch of some great political party, whom I had no difficulty in setting down as the Suckers. He spoke of their struggles against difficulties—how they had been deceived and ill-treated—how generous and patriotic they were—how disinterested, pure-minded, and noble. He said they were the only party who had constantly refused office—who spurned office—who despised office. The country was something to them—liberty was something, but office was nothing. A Sucker was a man without selfishness, who was all heart, who lived for others, and not for himself. Was it not a fact, that within the last twelve months the Suckers had six times spurned office. (Loud cheering). They had spurned it, and why? Because it was offered shackled with conditions which, had they been agreed to, would have made the time-honored name of Sucker a term of reproach throughout the civilized world. They had all heard the rumour which had been circulated that after-

noon—which had fallen like a thunderbolt on the souls of men. As he had been the first to receive his Excellency the new Governor, (loud groanings and hisses,) he could speak with an intimate knowledge of all that had taken place. The very first question His Excellency had put to him on landing was, “are you a Sucker, Sir?” “Yes,” I replied. “Then,” said his Excellency, pressing me warmly by the hand, “I respect you.” Now was it not extraordinary that after this, his Excellency should declare to-day to my friend the Hon. Mr. Shanks, “that the Suckers were a dangerous party; that he would have nothing to do with the Suckers; that he would put them down, or they should put him down!” How was it possible to account for such extraordinary conduct? “When his Excellency,” continued the speaker, “presented me with the answer to the citizens of Antioch—an answer which filled the minds of the people with joy—I, feeling the delicacy of my situation, ventured to suggest the propriety of his Excellency’s moderating some of the terms contained in that remarkable paper—but what was his Excellency’s reply? ‘No,’ said he, ‘I know what I am doing; I have made up my mind as to the course I shall pursue; I was a Sucker long before I came here, and a Sucker I intend to remain.’ Now gentlemen, in the face of such a declaration, to what are we to ascribe the conduct of his Excellency to my honorable colleagues to-day? And here let me mention, that the object of the visit of my honorable friends had not the least connection with office; they had not the most remote idea of offering their services to his Excellency, however much the country desired it. They went as simple citizens to enquire after the health of the Queen, and they were met by a fierce denunciation of their principles as a party: ‘I will crush the Suckers, or they shall crush me!’ (renewed groanings and hisses). Gentlemen, we cannot be surprised to find

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that such language carried the deepest grief into the bosoms of those at whom it was directed. It has been stated—perhaps I ought not to mention the fact—that that exemplary citizen and pious pastor, the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, burst into tears when he heard it. But, gentlemen, can the Suckers be crushed? (loud cries of ‘no, never,—we’ll die first.’) It has been noticed that at the ball which his Excellency attended last night, he was seen in deep conversation with a *Grey-headed* (the speaker laid great stress upon the word *Grey*) Bullfrog. (loud hisses.) Now, can it be possible that his Excellency dreams of sending the country back into the claws of the Bullfrogs? (Continued groanings). It may be that his Excellency has been only deceived for the moment, and that he will repent. Personally,” said the speaker, “I feel a sincere regard for his Excellency; I knew his family, and his respected father was my late uncle’s most intimate friend. Mr. Wolfe, whom we all esteem, and who has come out as an attaché, assures me he has heard his Excellency command the attention of the House of Commons for six hours at a time. My private letters all speak in the highest terms of his Excellency. Let us not then despair. Before to-morrow, it may be his Excellency will have discovered his error: if not, we know what to do. Is there not a pole in the market-place, and are not the shears of deliverance (so I interpreted what Mr. Bullyman said,) near at hand?” (Great excitement and cheering).

When Mr. Bullyman had concluded, somebody else took his place, and in that somebody I soon discovered the form and voice of Mr. Fester—but I had heard enough, and closing the window, paced the apartment overcome with anger and astonishment. In this state I remained, till in a short time my attention was again attracted by the noise of the crowd, which seemed to be drawing nearer. On going to the window I perceived,

surely enough, that the mass was in motion, and crouching down so that I might escape observation, I watched its progress with mingled feelings of anger and trepidation. At the head, walked Fester and Bullyman. Immediately behind them, was a man carrying a black flag, followed by others bearing banners and torches. But what more particularly struck my attention, were two men, each with an enormous large pair of shears, such as tailors make use of, and which they kept snapping to and fro' to the evident amusement of the multitude.

On getting opposite the window, they stopped, and gave "three cheers for the Suckers," followed by a like number of groans for the Bullfrogs. Then there was a cry for the "Governor," which was however hushed, and finally, to my great relief, they passed on. In short, what with the ghastly light of the torches, the black flag, and the shouting and noises, the scene was calculated to produce some alarm in my mind, and such I freely confess was the effect.

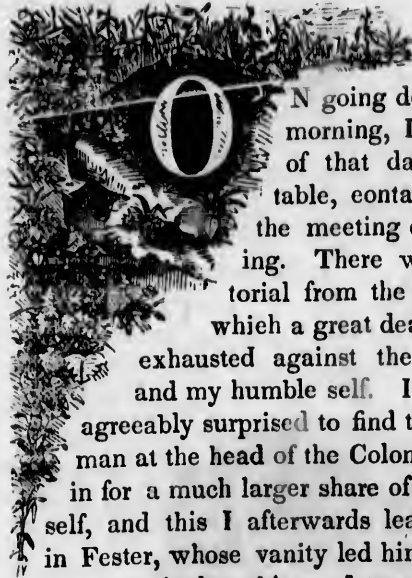
Sitting together late that night, Pinkerton and I talked over our situation, in the vain hope of finding some means of relief. My desire still was to seek out some respectable parties—if such were to be found—and try to learn the actual state of parties in the Colony, of which I was as yet totally ignorant. There were, however, difficulties in the way. It was evident I was in the hands of the Suckers, and that any attempt to escape from them would be attended with risk, and it might be with danger. In this dilemma, I finally yielded to the persuasions of Pinkerton, on whom the events of the night had produced even a greater effect than on myself; and it was agreed that I should the next morning address a formal letter to Mr. Shanks, entrusting him with the task of forming a Sucker administration. If they are the majority, I observed, they have a right to office; and if not, I shall soon find it out, and can take

measures accordingly. At all events, they will not be able to say that I have not given them the chance, and it remains with them to improve it. And with this resolution I went to bed, and slept more soundly than from the events of the day, I had reason to expect.



CHAPTER VIII.

In which I resign myself into the hands of the Suckers.



IN going down to breakfast next morning, I found a damp copy of that day's *Scorpion* on the table, containing a full report of the meeting of the previous evening. There was also a long editorial from the pen of Mr. Fester, in which a great deal of indignation was exhausted against the Colonial Secretary and my humble self. I was, however, rather agreeably surprised to find that the Hon. gentleman at the head of the Colonial department came in for a much larger share of the abuse than myself, and this I afterwards learnt was a weakness in Fester, whose vanity led him to imagine that he was a particular object of terror and dread to Her Majesty's Government, and to trace to this feeling every political act which he supposed to be hostile to his party. And this I have since been told is a common failing with Colonial newspaper editors, who imagine their thunder to be heard terrifically in Downing street, and who never launch an arrow but with the full expectation of seeing a minister fall. So much was this the case in Caeona, that there was once (as I afterwards learnt) almost an insurrection in consequence of a declaration made by a leading London Journalist,—in accounting for a mis-statement which had appeared in his columns—that he never read Colonial newspapers, and that all the

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Scorpions went into the waste basket. Perhaps on the present occasion I should have felt Fester's attack more, had not my attention been attracted to a paragraph in another column of the paper, announcing the arrival of later intelligence from England, landed by a steamer the previous evening, and containing the following intimation:—"We learn that despatches were brought by this steamer for his Excellency the Governor. Although the contents have not yet transpired, we believe we may state that the Imperial Government have consented to a loan of £250,000, in favor of the public works of this Colony. Like every thing else from the same quarter, this comes *too late*. Twenty-four hours ago, it might have been regarded as a boon—*now*, it will be looked on as an insult." What struck me as most singular in this announcement was, that I should have heard nothing of this arrival, or of the reported despatches. Anxious to learn the truth, I summoned Pinkerton, and sent him off to the Post Office to make the necessary enquiries.

He returned in about half-an hour with the intelligence that the mail had arrived as reported, and that certain packages, which the postmaster took for despatches, and which were directed to the Governor, had been delivered to Mr. Bullyman late the previous night. Whilst he was communicating this, a knock was heard at the door, and in came Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Shanks, the former holding what turned out to be my despatches in his hand. On taking them, I perceived at once that the seals had been disturbed,—a circumstance which Mr. Bullyman explained by saying, that they had been delivered to him by mistake, and that he had not discovered the error till he had opened the envelopes. He assured me, however, that he was quite unaware of the contents, and that his object in calling was simply to deliver them into my own hands, and explain what he called a singular circumstance. At the same time he

and Mr. Shanks very coolly sat down and made themselves quite at home, whilst I proceeded to glance at the papers.

I was not at all surprised to find that the announcement made in the *Scorpion* was correct. In the first despatch I glanced at, the Colonial Secretary informed me that Her Majesty's Government—anxious to aid my efforts—had determined to advance the sum of £250,000 as a loan to Cacona, the interest to be secured on certain public works hereafter to be completed; despatch No. 2, were general instructions to guide me in my Government, covering, as near as I could guess, about sixteen quires of foolscap paper: No. 3, contained a number of queries as to the resources of the Island of Cacona—whether I was of opinion the silk worm would thrive there—whether Mud Harbour Creek could not be fortified by a chain of martello towers—whether vaccination was generally practised, and what amount of yellow soap had been imported since the settlement of the country. These different queries I was requested to answer by the next mail, in order that they might be ready by a certain day, when Mr. Hume was to make a motion in Parliament for an enquiry into “the resources and present position of the Island of Cacona.”

“Well,” said Mr. Bullyman, when I had laid down the papers, after this hasty glance at their contents—“much news? How's Victoria and her illustrious consort, and the children?” I replied, that for aught I knew to the contrary, Her Majesty and Prince Albert and family were in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Apparently satisfied on this point, Mr. Bullyman took up Fester's newspaper, and referring to the paragraph which had first struck my attention, asked whether there was any truth in what was stated there respecting a loan.

Having informed him there was, both he and Mr.

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Shanks expressed the greatest surprise, observing that Fester was a most extraordinary person, and that it was a mystery to every one how he got his information.

I did not think it worth while to say what I thought on this point, but after waiting a few minutes, took Mr. Shanks on one side, and told him frankly that I had come to the determination of leaving in his hands the task of forming an administration.

To my surprise, the gentleman received the communication very coolly. He didn't know, he said, but that it was too late; yesterday there would have been no difficulty, but since then a great change had come over the public mind. Finally, however, he promised to communicate with the parties with whom he generally acted, and let me know their determination in the course of the day.

He then left me to ponder over the voluminous correspondence of the Colonial Office, and speculate on the chance (a very feeble one, I suspected) of having to form an administration without the aid of the Suckers. In about two hours, the sound of footsteps in the passage announced Mr. Shanks's return, and he entered the room, accompanied by Messrs. Bullyman, Foker, the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, and the detestable Fester.

The party having seated themselves, Mr. Shanks proceeded to unfold to me the tremendous difficulty he had had in inducing his honourable friends to listen to the proposal I had entrusted him with. He had found, he said, Messrs. Bullyman, Foker, Pepper, and Buster fully determined never to enter public life again, and it was only after representing to them how deeply the country must suffer if they refused, that they had at length consented to waive their objections. One condition, however, they had considered it indispensable to make, and that was, that I should put myself entirely into their hands. In consequence of what had already occurred, they felt

entitled to demand that there should be no holding back on the part of the head of the Government, and that the Sucker policy would be observed to the very letter. As an earnest of this policy, he, Mr. Shanks, had undertaken on my part that such offices as were now filled by Bullfrogs should be immediately vacated, and filled up with Suckers, and that for the future no Bullfrog should be held eligible to enjoy either honor or profit under the Government.

Although I by no means approved of such a step, I regret to say I had not the firmness to resist it, and taking my silence for assent, Mr. Shanks proceeded to unfold the views of himself and colleagues respecting the future Government of the country. From what he said, I learnt that the popular branch of the Legislature in the Island of Caona (called the Roundabout) consisted of 44 members, who at that particular moment were nearly equally divided into Bullfrogs and Suckers, the former having rather the advantage. Besides this body, there was an Upper House, consisting of some twenty members, nominated by the Crown for life, and in this body the Bullfrogs had a decided majority. In regard to the Lower House, Mr. Shanks and his friends were unanimously of opinion, that the result of a new election would be highly favourable to the Suckers, and as to the Upper House, or Drowsy-heads, as Mr. Bullyman called the members composing that branch of the Legislature, it was agreed on all hands, that it would be advisable to make short work of them, by swamping them with an overwhelming infusion of Suckers. "It's only putting a little more water into the constitutional teapot to stir up the old dregs," said Mr. Shanks, facetiously. "If those old noodles were allowed to have their own way, they might go rejecting a Bill some fine day, and so upset the Constitution altogether."

Accordingly, it was agreed that the present Roundabout

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should be at once dissolved, and an appeal made to the country—a stirring Sucker appeal, as Mr. Shanks eloquently phrased it. At the same time it was proposed that in order to give me personal popularity, as well as to strengthen the Sucker interest, I should take a tour through the most populous parts of the Island, in company with Mr. Bullyman, whose popular and winning manners, it was represented, would be sure to produce a favourable effect on the constituencies.

In regard to the composition of the ministry, also, it was considered advisable to make several additions to the list previously proposed. Thus a Mr. Ferrit was named Commissioner of Fortifications—an office created with a view to the contemplated works at Mud-harbour Creek, and a Mr. Mites (to both of whom I was soon afterwards introduced) Inspector of Silk Worms and Head of the Yellow Soap Department.

At this council, as Mr. Shanks called it, a good deal of conversation took place respecting the £250,000 loan to be advanced on the security of public works. The general opinion seemed to be, that bills should be immediately drawn on the Imperial Treasury for the amount, which would be placed in the hands of Mr. Fester, as keeper of the public chest. It was also agreed that £30,000 of this sum should be considered appropriated for the purposes of fortifying Mud Harbour Creek, and that the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper should be at liberty to draw for £10,000 for the purposes of sound Sucker education.

I endeavoured to oppose the two last resolutions, on the ground that no appropriation could be legally made till the Roundabout had given its sanction; but this was over-ruled, Mr. Bullyman observing,—that as to Mud Harbour Creek, they were only following out the evident intentions of the Imperial Government, and as for the vote of the Roundabout, why, if they, the Ministry, couldn't "fix" them, they didn't deserve to be Suckers.

Having transacted this important business, the Council broke up, it being understood that the writs for a new election should issue without loss of time, and that Mr. Bullyman and myself should set out for our tour in the course of a week or two at the furthest.



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CHAPTER IX.

In which Mr. Shanks makes a proposal for a grand political dinner—division in the Cabinet.



OUR object is to make your Excellency popular," said Mr. Shanks, in an interview which he had with me in the course of the next morning: "Every thing which does that, must strengthen the Ministry; and, therefore, what does your Excellency say to a dinner?"

"A dinner, Mr. Shanks?"

"Yes, a political dinner, composed of distinguished individuals. All Colonial experience goes to show the importance of the culinary art. Whenever there is a waverer in your ranks, invite him to dinner. Men's principles, your Excellency," said Mr. Shanks, who prided himself on being a bit of a philosopher, "lie very much in their stomachs. He is a wretch of the deepest dye, who takes a cut of your mutton, and goes and votes against you. A Governor's dinners, allow me to assure your Excellency, are a strong test of a Governor's principles. If the Suckers are satisfied with your dinners, you may lead them like lambs."

"In that case, we must certainly give a dinner. When ought it to be?"

"Oh, immediately. Some remarks have been already made on the delay, and we must not lay ourselves open to suspicion. I will see the other members of the Cabinet in the course of the morning, and we will have a meeting to consider the details."

“ Had not those be better left to the cook ?”

“ The cook ! Oh dear, no !” and Mr. Shanks smiled condescendingly.—“ You have no idea of the importance of the step. I look upon this dinner as a great political experiment. If we fail there, goodness only knows what may become of us ;” and Mr. Shanks took his departure.

He returned in about an hour, with some other members of the Cabinet, and they all retired into a small ante-chamber, which was understood to be that devoted to the serious deliberations of the “ Council.” As I did not conceive that my presence could aid their deliberations, I remained where I was, but I could hear them engaged in earnest conversation where I sat.

At first everything appeared to go on smoothly, but presently some kind of misunderstanding seemed to have arisen between Mr. Shanks and Mr. Bullyman, whose voices were heard raised in angry contention above all the others—

“ Hot ! never !” I heard the former gentleman say—
“ I’ll resign first !”

Apprehensive that some serious difficulty had occurred, which my presence might remove, I arose and proceeded to the Council room. Here I found Mr. Shanks and the Attorney General sitting at opposite sides of a table, looking very heated and excited, whilst the other members of the Cabinet were looking on in evident doubt and perplexity.

“ A very serious matter,” whispered the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, as I passed by him—“ I’m afraid it’ll lead to a break up. Do speak to them, your Excellency,—there really must be concessions.”

“ You may just as well give up the party as give up the hot stuff,” said Mr. Bullyman, continuing the debate, and looking steadily at me as he spoke.

“ What stuff ?” I enquired—“ what is the difficulty, gentlemen ?”

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"Gin!" said Mr. Bullyman, doggedly: "Here's Shanks, with his d—d new-fangled notions, objects to hot stuff after dinner!"

"I'll resign first," observed Mr. Shanks firmly.

"I'll resign if we don't have it," retorted Mr. Bullyman. "What's a Governor's dinner without hot stuff afterwards. We ain't going to smoke upon cold sherry, are we?"

"I object to smoking," said Mr. Shanks—"I'll resign!"

"This is very serious," interposed Mr. Potts Pepper. "It is most unfortunate the misunderstanding should have arisen, and on such a critical point too. Although I perfectly agree on the propriety of hot stuff—"

"I'll resign!" interrupted Mr. Shanks, making a feint to grasp his hat, which was just under his nose.

"I say," continued the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, "although I fully agree on the propriety of hot stuff, I consider there ought to be a compromise. Suppose instead of hot stuff—(although personally, I repeat, I have no objection to hot stuff)—instead of hot stuff and pipes, we make it cigars and cold brandy and water?"

"I'm content," said Mr. Bullyman: "come, Shanks, old fellow—what do you say?"

"I've no objection to brandy and water and cigars," observed Mr. Shanks; "but I do repeat that hot stuff would be fatal to the principles of our party."

This difficulty got over, I was about to retire, when Mr. Buster, who acted as President, intimated to me that there were some other matters which required adjusting. "We are settling the arrangements for the dinner, and we want to have your Excellency's opinion on one or two points. First, as to the goose and plum-pudding:—goose before or after pudding?"

"Before, I should say!"

"Oh, dear no," murmured several of the Council.

"I distinctly object," said Mr. Fester. "I cannot consent to that arrangement. At the last Sucker dinner, the goose came after the pudding. That dinner gave the most perfect satisfaction. I consider, therefore, that any change on the present occasion, would involve a matter of principle, and if the point is insisted on, I must resign."

"Oh! certainly not, Mr. Fester; I really have no choice. Let us have the goose last of all, if you wish it. I'm sure I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Well, then," said Mr. Bullyman—"There's only the soup and tea question left. Some think that if we have soup, it ain't necessary to have tea; and if we have tea, it ain't necessary to have soup."

"We don't want so many light liquids," observed Mr. Foker: "although we are Suckers, we can't live by suction alone. Soup and no tea—that's my opinion."

That seemed to be the opinion of all the Council also, and was therefore agreed to unanimously.

"Now then," said Mr. Buster, "it's all settled. There's the band, and the invitations, and the dinner, and the toasts, and the songs—that's all, ain't it?"

"There will be religious exercises, I trust, before breaking of bread," observed the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, in an unusually grave tone.

"Oh, ah," said Buster—"there's that ain't down. Who's to do it?—eh?—will you Potts—short and sweet you know!"

"Why I don't know," interrupted Mr. Shanks,— "the Rev. Magog Kilhog is to be invited, and we cannot overlook him as a guest."

"I resign!" said Mr. Potts Pepper.

Now here really was a serious difficulty. My ministerial adviser and the other Reverend Gentleman, whose name has been mentioned, belonged, it seemed, to different churches, and although politically united, were re-

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ligiously divided. The consequence was a bitter enmity and rivalry between them. To give precedence to one over the other on such an occasion as a Governor's dinner, would be to create a division in the Sucker party. Under these circumstances, the greatest perplexity reigned in the Cabinet, until Mr. Bullyman, with his usual felicity, found a way to overcome the difficulty.

"Let 'em both do it!" said he;—"where's the odds! When Kilhog has finished at the top of the table, Pepper can begin at the bottom."

"I decline to follow the Rev. Magog Kilhog," muttered Mr. Pepper sullenly—"I resign!"

"Follow him! oh, I didn't think of that: Well, both start at the same time. What's the good of being so precious stiff. Surely if I gave in on the hot-stuff, you oughtn't to be so infernally crooked about the prayers!"

This last remark of Mr. Bullyman, seemed to be a clincher, and accordingly the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper acquiesced in the arrangement proposed.

"Now, Bullyman," said Mr. Buster, as the Council at length broke up—"We look to you to give us a good dinner. We've made the Attorney General head cook for the occasion, your Excellency, and if he don't do his duty like a trump, we'll do something terrible, we will."

"Why, what will you do, old badger," asked the high legal functionary thus threatened, poking his official colleague good-naturedly under the ribs—"What will you do?"

"Why," said Mr. Buster, returning the poke, and putting his finger up to the side of his nose—"We'll resign!"

CHAPTER X.

In which is contained a particular account of the Vice-Regal Dinner.



THE day following the meeting detailed in the last chapter, Government House was the scene of the most terrific confusion. In his newly assumed character of head cook, Mr. Bullyman kept the whole establishment in a state of constant excitement. Twice he made his appearance at the

Council Chamber, (from whence the invitations were being issued under the superintendence of the rest of the Cabinet,) with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and small fragments of pastry sticking about his legal fingers. On another occasion, he debated some important point which had arisen with a young sucking pig in his arms, and finally Pinkerton found him standing over a pot at the kitchen fire, stirring up some savoury compound with more than his usual zeal, at the same time accompanying the process with a string of expletives expressive of his intention to "produce an effect."

The rest of the Council were also very busily engaged. To Mr. Potts Pepper, I found, was assigned the selection of the fluids to be used on the occasion, and as there was a very strong alcoholic smell about the Rev. Gentleman during the whole time the preparations were going on, I have every reason to believe that he attended strictly to his duties. Mr. Buster and Mr. Shanks were the in-

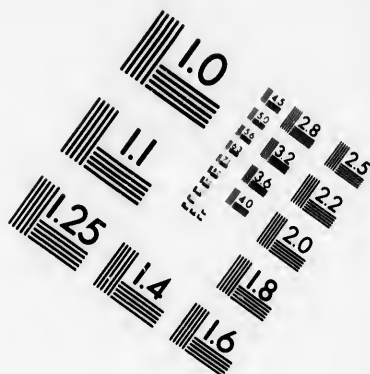
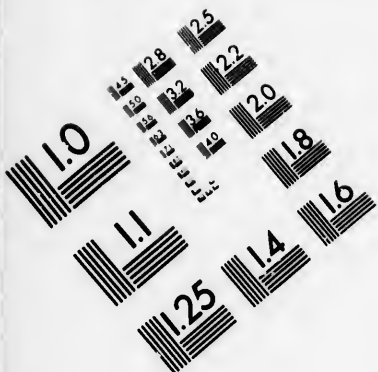
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invitation committee, and to Mr. Foker and Mr. Fester were assigned the responsibility of receiving and numbering the guests.

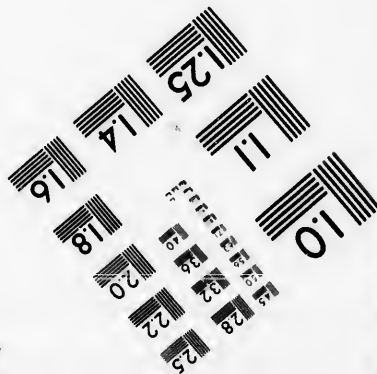
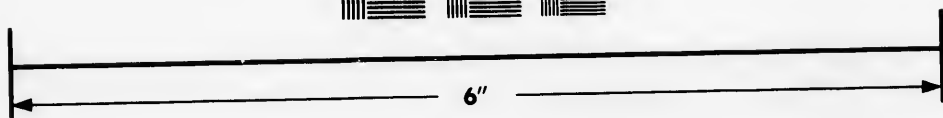
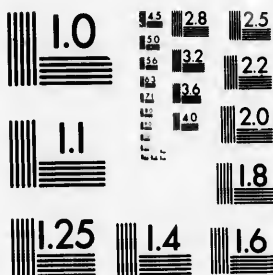
At length the day and hour arrived, one of the first indications being the arrival of a guard of honor, composed of members of Captain Scroggins' troop, who walked abruptly into the apartment with drawn swords in their hands, and took immediate possession of Pinkerton and myself. They were shortly followed by the band of the Harmonious Suckers, who took up their position in the hall, and commenced playing a variety of patriotic airs in a key and with an animation which threatened to blow the roof off the dwelling.

The visitors now began to arrive, each one as he came being taken into custody by two of Captain Scroggins' corps, who lead, or rather dragged him up to the spot where Pinkerton and I were standing. The ceremony of introduction had been simplified by an invention of Mr. Bullyman's, made in Council, and which indeed was one of the things on which that gentleman had threatened to "resign." In order to prevent unnecessary confusion, the Attorney General insisted on having every guest numbered as he came into the room. "There are so many guests and so many plates," argued Mr. Bullyman, "chalk your guests and number your plates, and there's an end of the matter." Accordingly, as each visitor entered the reception room, he was seized by two of Captain Scroggins' military heroes, one of whom held him fast, whilst the other proceeded to mark his particular number, which he did by drawing a figure in chalk, some two inches in length, on his shoulders. By this means the ceremony of introduction was rendered exceedingly simple. With great forethought, Mr. Bullyman had had a list of the names and numbers of the guests put into my hands in the morning; all that remained to be done, therefore, was to run the new comer





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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up to the top of the room, wheel him suddenly round, and leave me to interpret his hieroglyphics.

The first comer who was presented in this way was a little red-faced man, down whose back a rather tipsy looking I had been scored, with a dash underneath, which a reference to Mr. Bullyman's list informed me, meant "No. 1—first side table." He struggled a good deal in the hands of the "guard," but finally—after having been duly read and interpreted by Pinkerton and myself,—was allowed to depart, and fluttered away to hide himself in some distant corner of the apartment. The next gentleman who presented himself was my old friend Mr. Megs, who being properly done into English came out as "4, next to the fish, and right 'n front of potatoes." The party who succeeded Mr. Megs, was "No. 3 on the right of the mutton," and so it went on till the dishes and guests had been all exhausted, and there was no more chalking to be executed.

By this time the room was full to suffocation, and what with the noise of the visitors, and that made by the band of the Harmonious Suckers, which kept up a full blast all the time, I felt as if I must go distracted. Mr. Bullyman's ingenious scheme had rendered every gentleman anxious to learn something about his neighbor's posteriors, and for a long time the whole company were engaged in an interesting examination of each other's backs, and spelling out the hieroglyphics which gave them a place at the Governor's table. I was glad to find from the remarks, that the scheme was very much approved of, and that chalking your guests was considered a decidedly genteel and elegant way of effecting an introduction.

The dinner had been named for five o'clock, by which time the last of the visitors—No. 53, next to the salt cellar—had dropped in. For half-an hour afterwards, every one was too busily engaged in deciphering his

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neighbor's back and shoulders to show any impatience for dinner. Starting from that time, however, the excitement began to subside, and with it the appetites of the invited ones to grow keener. There was, I could perceive, a general reference to watches, and a comparison of time-pieces, which indicated the thoughtful interest the expected meal was exciting.

"Nearly six, Governor," at length observed a long hungry looking gentleman—marked "No. 10 to the left of the carrots,"—"you are a *leetle* after the hour."

"I'm really very sorry," I observed,—"but—"

"Oh, don't say anything about it, Governor: I shouldn't have mentioned it only we are so very regular at home, and I didn't take any lunch in the morning."

I must say I began to be anxious for the announcement of dinner myself. It was now within a few minutes of six, and for the last half-hour I had seen no signs of any of the "Cabinet." The signs of impatience amongst the guests also began to grow less equivocal. As a general thing, they had all given up talking, and sat upright on the benches which had been placed round the sides of the room, looking at me with a fixed hungry look, which, to say the least, was anything but pleasant.

Still time went on. Six and half-past six, and still no signs of Bullyman or the dinner. Little as I generally desired the presence of my Ministry, I felt that I would willingly give a quarter's salary for a sight of even Fester's gloomy visage. As I glanced round the room, I was struck with the cold altered air of my visitors. The band of the Harmonious Suckers, instead of rending the air with their melodies, were as mute as death, each man standing behind his instrument looking freezingly at me, as if he could eat me. When I withdrew my gaze from the hungry musicians, it was only to encounter the sharp swords and appetites of the ferocious Go-at-'em-boys, whose countenances—solemn and sad—secretly

upbraided me. On all sides, in short, there were sullen looks, and impatient gestures, with low whisperings, rising like the ominous roar which precedes a hurricane, and gives warning of something terrible which is coming.

As seven o'clock struck, Capt. Scroggins let his sword fall heavily on the floor, and the big drum of the Harmonious Suckers emitted a hollow groan which distinctly indicated the uncomfortable state of its owner's stomach. I felt now that matters were coming to a crisis, and glanced round imploringly at Pinkerton, who stood by my side the very picture of dinnerless despair.

"It's a d--d shame!" exclaimed at length some half dozen persons in different parts of the room.

"I should like to know, Governor," said a voice which I recognised as that which had spoken earlier in the evening—"I should like to know whether there is any chance of our getting dinner to-day. My card, (and he pulled out a dirty-looking piece of paste-board) says five precisely, and I ain't eaten a morsel since morning. If there ain't any victuals to be got, why say so. We ain't particular for an hour or so; but if there's going to be any dinner at all, it's my opinion it ought to be ready by this time."

"Dinner! dinner! dinner!" shouted the united company, at the end of this speech—"Let's have dinner." "Up with the dinner!" "What the devil are they doing with the dinner!"

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, (for I felt the matter was growing serious) "I am really unable to account for this singular delay. The Hon. Mr. Bullyman, who has charge of the dinner arrangements, must have met, I fear, with an accident: but with your permission, I will send my aide-de-camp to enquire into the cause of his absence. Mr. Pinkerton, will you be kind enough to des-

and to the kitchen, and enquire of the Hon. Attorney General when we are likely to dine."

"I beg your Excellency's pardon," observed Captain Scroggins, laying his hand at the same time martially on the hilt of his sabre—"I beg to propose an amendment. I vote we all go."

"Certainly," exclaimed fifty hungry voices—"we'll all go. D—n Bullyman, what does he mean by keeping us waiting for dinner!"

Accordingly, there was an immediate move made to the door. Captain Scroggins put himself at the head, and proffering me his arm, we all descended to the kitchen.

Long before we reached that mysterious laboratory, the struggle of conflicting odors became oppressively distinct. The smell of burnt pig was particularly prominent, and called forth a general remark among the guests that "Bullyman had been singeing the crackling." There were also faint indications of apple-pie and garlic, and a decided flavor of brandy.

We had some difficulty in getting down the dark stair-case which led to the kitchen, but had finally nearly overcome the difficulties which Captain Scroggins' sword was constantly throwing in our way, when a terrific crash, followed by the most frightful yells, proclaimed that some fearful catastrophe had taken place in the culinary department.

What this was, a few minutes sufficed to explain.

On entering the kitchen, the first thing which met my view was the extended form of Mr. Buster, lying among what I had no difficulty in recognising as the ruins of the long expected dinner. His head was softly pillowed on a dish of mashed turnips—two or three little pigs seemed to have sought refuge in his ministerial bosom, whilst around and about him were a small army of cabbages, potatoes, and dumplings, swimming in a river of

savoury sauces. Standing over him—the picture of vengeance and wrath—with a mincing knife uplifted in one hand, and a soup ladle in the other—was the fiery form of Mr. Bullyman, whilst looking on in evident consternation and despair were Messrs. Shanks, Potts Pepper, and the rest of the Cabinet.

“For God sake, gentlemen,” I exclaimed, as soon as I could sufficiently recover from my surprise to speak—“For God sake, what is the cause of this singular scene. Mr. Bullyman, I call on you to explain.”

“They are all drunk!” said Captain Scroggins, emphatically—“the Ministry is intoxicated.”

“You are a liar, Serogs,” gasped out Mr. Bullyman, shaking the mincing knife ferociously at his martial accuser—“the reason is all about that miserable vagabond there”—(pointing to the prostrate form of Buster)—“he would have mince-meat pies served up with roast veal, and brandy sauce poured over cold gander; but I’ll teach him”—and he aimed a blow at his shrieking colleague with the ladle, which might have been fatal if it had not been intercepted by the drawn sword of Captain Scroggins.

“But where is the dinner,” enquired half-a-dozen hungry voices—“where is the dinner, Bullyman?”

“The dinner,” said Bullyman, looking sorrowfully round on the fragments—“the dinner, ah, where is the dinner? Don’t you smell the frig? The crackling was a little burnt, to be sure, but still it would have been beautiful. Then there was the plum-pudding; that’s it over there, (pointing to a mess of queer-looking stuff sticking against the wall.)—It wasn’t a bad aim for Buster, was it? If that pudding had only been boiled for two hours longer, what a dish it would have been! Just smell that,” and he scooped up some liquid from the floor with his ladle, and pushed it under Captain Scroggins’ nose,—“there was a sauce to gladden the heart of a Sucker!”

"Nonsense, Bullyman," exclaimed Captain Scroggins petulantly—"what's the use of making a speech; why don't you serve up the dinner?"

"Serve up the dinner!" echoed Mr. Bullyman sadly. "No dinner to-day, Scroggy! Buster has done for the dinner! Only to think that the hopes of the Suckers should be smashed up in this manner! If you had seen how he upset the table and the dishes, and made snowballs of the puddings, you would retire for ever from the public service. But it's useless to disguise the truth, Scrogs. There ain't no dinner to-day; you'd better take a drink round and be off. We'll send the fragments over to the Blue Boar, if you like, and you can take a pick there. But the Cabinet's dissolved and done up for. There isn't a member of the Ministry that has got any appetite, and we are all going home to mourn over the fallen hopes of our country."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the consternation this announcement caused amongst the guests. The indignation against Buster at one time warmed into open violence, and several potatoes were aimed at that gentleman, as he lay on his back amidst the ruins he had caused, apparently quite indifferent to all that was passing around. After a time, however, this feeling passed away, and as it was evident that Mr. Bullyman only spoke the truth, it was thought best to adjourn at once to the Blue Boar, where the fragments of the feast were ordered to be sent to. I was strongly pressed to form one of the party, but resolutely declined. I learnt, however, afterwards, that the entertainment passed off much better than had been expected, and that in the oceans of wine furnished by the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, the unpleasant events of the first part of the evening were almost entirely forgotten.

The cause of the catastrophe had been correctly stated by Mr. Bullyman. A dispute having arisen between

Mr. Buster and himself on the propriety of having mince pies served up with roast veal, and brandy sauce poured over cold gander, the former gentleman had, in the heat of the dispute, upset the table on which the principal part of the long-expected dinner had been placed. Enraged at the destruction of so much of his skill and labour, the Attorney General was provoked to cast a dish of dumplings at the head of his delinquent associate, who immediately retorted with the plum-pudding; and thereupon a battle royal ensued, ending with the overthrow of Buster and the complete demolition of the dinner. I expected of course, that the affray would lead to a break up of the Cabinet; but in this I was disappointed. Buster told me afterwards he fully expected Bullyman would have resigned, and Mr. Bullyman, in the same spirit of confidence, expressed his astonishment to me that Buster could be mean spirited enough to remain in office after what had occurred.

Beyond these remarks no notice was taken of the affair, and the Sucker party seemed to be as confident, as buoyant, and as jolly as ever.



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CHAPTER XI.

In which I hear from an old acquaintance, and have an interview with a great railroad contractor.



THE day after the event last recorded, I received a number of despatches and papers from the Colonial Office. On looking over them, I found that although full of the most contradictory suggestions, they generally ended by referring everything to my own discretion, and that the more I studied them, the more confused my ideas of Colonial Government grew. Amongst them was a letter from my old friend Mr. Wolfe, which was so characteristic, that I cannot do less than submit a copy to the reader:—

Colonial Office, September 184 .

To the Governor of the Caona Island,
Most respected Sir,

Things having been so busy here, is a reason I have not written before to say how happy we all is to hear of your Excellency's success, and what a capital Governor you are making. Every one thinks here that Caona is going to be the happiest island on the face of the earth, in which case there will be a Peerage for sumbody. We have been very busy makin constitutions since your Excellency left, and has not got through yet, the West In-

gies not being suited to their liking. There ain't nothing which shows more how contrary human natur is. We had seventeen shies at Newfoundland before things would answer at all, but Lord John thinks now that he has got hold of the pill which will suit. Cocona, however, is the great *Model* at the Colonial Office just now. I heard His Lordship say yesterday that that Island was going to *astonish the world*. He thinks Mr. Bullyman the greatest statesman of the age, and there is a report since yesterday of a *Nighthood*. When your Excellency writes, I should like to know about *the Sweet*, which is my sister's own ehild, and very clever for his age. If he should want any new boots, which is likely, being hard upon leather, if your Excellency will advance out of the public chest, I will see it made good. Also remember me to your Execlleny's *Sec.*, which is certainly the most promising gent. I ever met in my life, and likely to be a *great blessing* to the Colonies. Please tell him to wear a rabbit skin *over his chest*, which is good for asthma.

Hoping your Excellency will keep your health and spirits,

I am your Execlleny's

Devoted humble Servant,

JOHN WOLFE.

P. S. Please tell John, his Aunt Marey is gone—to heaven we hope, but nothing certain. Also, that the black-muzzled terrier bitch pupped nine in the head clerk's velvet cap, being at the time in the Private Sec's Office.

I had just got through this singular epistle, when Pinkerton came to announce that the Council was sitting. There was a stranger, he said, who had something to propose, about which Mr. Shanks and Mr. Bullyman could not agree.

I accordingly hurried in, and found the stranger in question, who was introduced by Mr. Shanks as Mr. Sleeper, the great railroad contractor. He was a tall person, with a remarkably shrewd expression of countenance, and reminded me of one of the "detectives" of London.

"We are going right into railroads, your Excellency," said Mr. Shanks, rubbing his hands briskly. "My friend, Sleeper, is prepared to run a line from Antioch to Jericho. A splendid opportunity for the commerce of the country!"

"From Antioch to Jericho! But isn't there the canal?"

"Certainly there is," said Bullyman; "the canal doesn't pay a copper: what's the use then of building a railroad? It's all gammon!"

"My dear, Mr. Attorney General," said Mr. Sleeper, with a most amiable smile, and speaking in the softest tone, "I'm afraid you are sadly behind the spirit of this gigantic age, otherwise you could not fail to be aware that the only way to make the canal pay is to build the railroad."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how that can be," observed Mr. Bullyman, sulkily.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," continued Mr. Sleeper, with a graceful wave of the hand, "but I do, I do. I have studied the matter, my dear Mr. Attorney General, and my experience satisfies me of the fact. For instance, there was the Potsdam and Pendulum turnpike road, which never paid a farthing till they built the Thunderdrum railroad close along side of it. What was the result? The turnpike trustees got so enraged that they immediately took to driving coaches all day long—lived literally on stages, and at the end of the year paid a splendid dividend to each other. How many families are there upon the line of Canal?"

"Eight," said Mr. Bullyman, "besides old Fetch-and-carry, the blind fiddler, who only travels with his dog."

"Quite sufficient to pay a handsome profit," said Mr. Sleeper. "Those families at present do not come to Jericho more than once a-week probably?"

"Not that," said Mr. Bullyman. "Dodds told me the other day he had only been in once for three years, and then it was on an extraordinary occasion, such as pelting a Governor."

"No matter, no matter," observed Mr. Sleeper, with another eloquent sweep of the hand. "We'll manage Dodds—we'll make him come. Build your railroad, and you will find that the incarnate demon of travel will seize upon every one of those families. It is a law of railroads. Give six members to each family—six multiplied by eight makes forty-eight. [I believe that is correct, Mr. Bullyman?]-Let each soul take three trips a-day—and they can't prevent themselves from taking less, if they try, and what is the amount of your profits? Enormous, Sir, positively enormous. I declare, your Excellency, my imagination grows heated with the prospect."

"Bah!" said Mr. Bullyman, contemptuously: "And what's to become of the canal? If all the travel goes by the railroad, where's the canal, I'd like to know?"

"Not *all* the travel," said Mr. Sleeper, sweetly: "I did not say *all* the travel, Mr. Attorney General; you will observe that I did not include the violinist in my calculation, nor his faithful dog. But besides that, there is the luggage. All railroad experience goes to show that freight is aquatic, and naturally takes to the water. Of course all the passengers will go by the railroad, but Mr. Attorney General, it is just as sure as that that glorious luminary (pointing in a direction where Mr. Sol certainly did not happen to be) will rise from its bed of roses to-morrow, *that their trunks will go by the canal*. In short, I do not hesitate to repeat that a more splendid

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investment for all parties than the Antioch and Jericho Railroad, was never offered to public competition."

"And at what do you estimate the cost, Mr. Sleeper," I enquired, not at all taken with the glowing picture.

"Cost, your Excellency! Pardon me, but that is a word not to be found in the railroad vocabulary. The greater the cost, the greater the profit. All railroad experience goes to show that the more you pay out, the more you get in. If I lend your Excellency twopence, your Excellency only expects twopence in return; but if I give you £100,000, of course I expect to get a large amount of interest back with my money."

"Yes, but expectations are not always answered, and men sometimes sow where they do not reap, Mr. Sleeper."

"Quite a fallacy, I assure your Excellency, as far as railroads are concerned."

"Well," said Bullyman, "the matter will have to be talked of in full Council. Buster isn't here, and the understanding is, that no money is to be voted without the whole council are present. I can't make out how making a railroad is to cause the canal to pay, and I suspect it will cost a plaguy lot of money anyhow, and money is a scarce article with Colonists."

As my views this time entirely coincided with those of the Attorney General, Mr. Sleeper took his departure, and the Council soon after broke up.

The subject was, however, brought up a few days afterwards in full Council by Mr. Bullyman himself, who, to my surprise, told me that, on thinking over the matter, he had come to the conclusion that the railroad wasn't such a bad idea after all. "What I objected to," said that gentleman, "was stopping at Antioch, but now we've arranged to make it a **GRAND TRUNK LINE**, to run right through the Island—in at one end, you know, and slap out at the other. It will develop the resources of

the country—stir up the manufacturing interest, and put life into the oyster beds. If it's well managed—and Sleeper's the man to poke it along—it's sure to succeed, and will have an effect. Here's the plan," and he produced a large chart, on which the line of the proposed railroad was laid out, something after the following fashion:—



On proceeding to inspect this plan, a warm discussion ensued between the members of the Ministry, as to the advisability of the particular line selected, each gentleman, it appearing, having some peculiar interest to advocate, which it was considered was not sufficiently represented in Mr. Bullyman's scheme.

"That'll never do," observed Mr. Buster, opening the engagement, "You ain't going to give Boggem the go-by in that manner, are you? What's Boggem done, that it's to be cut out of the map of the world? Boggem's an important place, ain't it? Is it necessary that a certain Honorable Member should rise in his seat to move for a Parliamentary return of its annual consumption of bricks? Then there's the soap factory and Biddle's pickling establishment—is there any particular reason why these great interests should be smothered? The fact is, Bullyman, if the railroad goes to Jazes, it goes to Boggem, by Gosh! It's only fifteen miles out of the direct line, and what's fifteen miles when you travel by steam?"

"But there's difficulties," said Mr. Shanks—"a rock-cutting, or something of that kind, which Mr. Sleeper can explain."

"Well, suppose there is," rejoined Mr. Buster, "you'll want rock to make your bridges of. There ain't such a splendid lot of rock anywhere as you meet with in Bog-

gem : It's so hard that Sleeper's conscience is a fool to it."

"You have mentioned Boggem," said Mr. Fester, who had been peering diligently over the map, "but where is the Town of high aspirations and glorious products—where is Squash Village?"

"Now, what *is* the good of going to Squash Village?" exclaimed Mr. Bullyman—"why, they don't raise nothing but pumpkins!"

"Pumpkins!" emphasised Mr. Fester, in his most sepulchral tone—"Pumpkins! and yet Freedom's voice has sounded in those vallies! I know not, Honorable Gentlemen, what figs the tree of liberty produces, nor on what fruit the elder Brutus fed; but this I do know, that if to be a pumpkin be a reproach in these degenerate days, then I glory, aye glory in standing here to represent that noble plant. The Honorable Gentleman will understand me when I say—I am a pumpkin!"

"Well now what's the good of blowing out at such a rate," said Mr. Bullyman, after his worthy colleague had delivered himself of this extraordinary speech—"who the devil cares whether you are a pumpkin or a cauliflower, or both! As to the railroad, which is the only question before the Council, if it's thought best it should go to Squash Village, why let it go. It ain't the most direct line, that's certain, but, lord, I'd sooner take it to the moon, than be pelted with pumpkins by old Gloomy there."

"Comstock," observed the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, in a more than usually dignified manner,—“might, I think, have met with more consideration from a Sucker Ministry. They are a religious people, and import a large number of axe-handles at each general election. As a means of diffusing tracts, a railroad would be very important to them. They are moreover engaged in the manufacture of a peculiar, and I may say, highly fra-

grant description of whiskey, which has met with the approbation of two of the elders and several members of my congregation. "There, may of course," said Mr. Potts Pepper, gravely, "be objections—serious objections—to the manufacture of intoxicating drinks of a coarse and common character, but this whiskey, I can assure my honorable colleagues, (that is such as have not tasted it,) is good, remarkably good. On these grounds I must insist on the railroad going to Comstock."

"Well," said Mr. Bullyman, "that's a strong argument, and though it's infernally out of the way, I suppose it will have to go to Comstock. Is that all, then:—Is the Main Trunk Line wanted anywhere else?"

"Pricklyhill," suggested Mr. Foker. "If you're going to Jazes, you must go to Pricklyhill. It's only a little to the left, and opens the best potato ground in the country."

"Well, I suppose it does," said Mr. Bullyman meditatively, "though it's an awful twist to be sure. Look here, what a tipsy kind of a Main Trunk we've made of it," and he traced with his pen on the map the line of the Railroad as altered by the Council, of which the following, as nearly as I can recollect, is an accurate copy:—



"Well it's rather crooked, to be sure," said Mr. Fester, after a short pause, during which he and his friends had been engaged in looking at Mr. Bullyman's drawing—"but what is this but another evidence of the force of popular opinions? Why does the Railroad travel in these

singular curves? Is it not a proof of the moral influence of Boggem, and Comstock, and Squash Village? It's despotism makes straight Railroads, but wherever Liberty reigns and public opinion prevails, they will be as crooked as the Main Trunk Line from Jericho to Jazes."

"Well, I believe you are right," observed Mr. Bullyman. "It's Liberty does it all. It's a splendid article liberty, ain't it Governor?"

"Very! Mr. Bullyman."

"So cheap too."

"How! Cheap!"

"Why, it don't cost anything,—like breeches and gaiters!"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, that's what I mean."

And with this philosophic reflexion, Mr. Bullyman, and with Mr. Bullyman the Council, took his and their departure.



CHAPTER XII.

Showing how my Council decide upon making a number of Sucker appointments, with other matters of startling interest.



HAVE said nothing yet about the amount of correspondence which I was now daily receiving, and which occasioned both Pinkerton and myself no little perplexity. Memorials for the redress of grievances, and applications for offices, furnished by far the greater portion of this. Not knowing how to dispose of them, I laid them before Mr. Bullyman, and asked his advice. "Oh," said that gentleman, glancing his eyes over the letters which Pinkerton had piled up on the Council table, "this will have to be looked to. The fact is, Governor, our party has been so long out of office, that they are grown pretty hungry. If you shut up your ratters for a week without food, and then show 'em a good fat carcase, they'll raise a pretty loud howl, won't they? Well, that's just how it is in Cacona. The Suckers ain't had a smell of the good things for a long time. The Bullfrogs swallowed up every thing, and now our friends have got a chance, they are so precious ravenous, that they'll devour your Excellency and all your Cabinet if we don't satisfy 'em."

"But is it possible to satisfy them?" I asked, pointing to the huge pile of letters.

"It has to be done," replied Mr. Bullyman,— "patriots can't be kept waiting: The machinery which works popular Government must be kept greased, or it'll go to pieces."

"But there are some three hundred applications; surely it won't be possible to entertain the whole of that number."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Bullyman. "If a situation's asked for, it's a pretty good sign it's wanted. However, we'll see about that when we meet."

Accordingly, there was a meeting of the Council that afternoon, at which all the Ministry were present, and the correspondence having been produced, Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Shanks proceeded to go over it, the rest of the Cabinet looking quietly on.

"Now, then," said the former gentleman, at length,— "here they are,—everything regular and in order. First, there's Dowkings, Stitcher, and Strut, all think they would like situations in the Customs. Dowking's father has always voted for the Sucker candidate, and don't think he's been well used by the party. Stitcher's aunt commands two votes, and Strut's quite sure that if he gets the situation he can bring over six Bullfrogs. No objection to that, I suppose, Gentlemen—carried unanimously, of course. Next comes old Growler: says he's got the rheumatiz, and ain't fit for active service: Would like to have something to do, where he might sit still all day, and not be disturbed of nights. Highly recommended by fifteen leading Suckers, besides a private letter from Grump, threatening to go over to the enemy if he ain't provided for. What shall we do for Growler—give him a turnpike?"

"A turnpike's too hard," observed Mr. Buster. "He might be persued to get up in the night, and over-

exert himself in opening the gate ; besides, it's fatiguing handing out so much change. Why not make him a policeman ?”

“ Aye that's it,” said Mr. Shanks : “ that'll just suit. All he will have to do will be to sit on a door step when the sun's out, and go home when it rains !”

So Growler was set down for a policeman.

“ Well, then,” continued Mr. Bullyman—“ Here's Whitehead and Smithson—have come to the conclusion that they won't have any objection to take charge of the Antioch post-office.”

“ Smithson !” observed Mr. Potts Pepper,—“ isn't he in the jug ?”

“ Of course he is, and we are going to get him out. A dark conspiracy, your Excellency, against one of our rising men. They pretended that he had robbed the mail, just because he happened to mistake the Antioch letter bag for his wife's portmanteau !”

“ But I suppose he was honorably acquitted ?”

“ Not a bit of it. He's in jail now. You see it happened just on the eve of a contested election, and they wanted to get him out of the way. But we've got to show the country that the day's gone by when popular champions can be annoyed in this way, and that's why we must give him a post-office appointment—It'll have an effect !”

“ I didn't see it in that light,” observed Mr. Potts Pepper—“ Proceed !”

“ Mustard and Sligo,” continued Mr. Bullyman, “ apply for something light and easy. Mustard would have no objection to the Secretary's office, but requires a larger grate put into the Clerk's room. Sligo lost his eye at the last election, and thinks he ought to have a pension, but as the principles of the Government don't admit pensions, I've made a memorandum that he's to have an extra £50 put on to his salary, to find him in spectacles.”

A murmur of approval from my Council marked their acquiescence in this arrangement.

"Next is an application from Mr. Phillimore Fustian, author of the famous anti-Bullfrog letters, which created such a tremendous sensation. Thinks he would have no objection to be appointed Inspector of Licenses, or else made a Judge. He has sent a copy of his letters—also an Ode, entitled "The Rising of the Suckers," dedicated to Patrick Bullyman, Esquire. How about this application?"

"Fustian is a most extraordinary man," observed Fester, "and would make a capital judge. At the present, with the exception of Mousetrap, there isn't a Sucker voice on the Bench."

"Is the gentleman a lawyer?" I asked.

"Not artificially," said Mr. Bullyman, "but naturally. He is like Mousetrap. You couldn't make Mousetrap an artificial lawyer; you couldn't bind *him* down with your rules of practice and decisions of Courts. If you say to Mousetrap 'that thing has been decided,' he asks you—'who decided it?—An erring creature like myself; a thousand erring creatures—nineteen million and a half of fallible men, it may be! But shall I be bound by fallibility? Shall error say to Mousetrap—'this is law, 'this is Precedent.' What is Precedent? Has Precedent a conscience like Mousetrap? Can it see, can it speak, can it feel? Why then should Mousetrap yield his reason to Precedent? How do I know that Precedent isn't an impostor? Why mayn't I try Precedent, as I try any other suspected person? What is to keep me, Mousetrap, from looking Precedent in the face, and telling it that it is a humbug? Why should Precedent build up a cage and say to Mousetrap, 'remain in there.' But Mousetrap won't remain in there: Mousetrap will jump out of the cage; he will escape from Precedent; he will shake his fist at Precedent; he will laugh in Precedent's

face ; he will scratch Precedent's nose ; he will make war, terrible war, against Precedent !* Now, that's the kind of a judge we want, Governor : none of your worn out nonsense about reports, and cases, and rules, but just, pure, unadulterated, warranted to be genuine equity, and straight up and down Sucker justice."

As Mr. Bullyman's opinions on this point were entirely coincided in by my council, Mr. Fustian was put on the list for a judgeship.

"Now," said the Attorney General, "here's Slasher !"

At the announcement of this name, there was quite a "waking up" amongst the members of the Cabinet, which manifested itself by one or two decided "hurras," and a general clapping of hands.

"Slasher," observed Mr. Bullyman, addressing himself to me, "is our great electioneering agent : It was he who won the last Jericho contested election."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Oh, it was a very clever thing ; quite a remarkable incident in the annals of our country. You must know, your Excellency, that it was a very severe contest. At four o'clock on the last day, the votes stood :—

Stitchem (Bullfrog,) 361

Wackem (Sucker,) 360

and not another vote to be got. Our last attempts had been two patients out of the Lunatic Asylum, but when we got them up to the poll, they would insist on voting for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so that wouldn't do. Well, we were about to give it up, when Slasher came into the room, 'surrender,' says he—'gammon!—

*It must be admitted that Mousetrap is not alone in his opinions, but has, in fact, high authority on his side. We are told by the Biographer of Judge Jeffreys, of humane memory, that he had a most profound contempt for precedent, and was wont to say "he had as good right to make a precedent as any of his predecessors"—Life of Jeffreys, by Humphrey W. Woolrych.

How many more votes do you want?" "Two," says the Chairman, "to win." "Two votes," well, I've got 'em. "What do you say to Mrs. Grunter's two twins?" Now, Mrs. Grunter, your Excellency, is a respectable middle-aged lady who lives by her mangle, and whenever anything of a domestic nature happens in that house, it is sure to be twins. "How old are the juveniles?" asks the Chairman. "Oh, they ain't particularly venerable," says Slasher, "you may call them six months and some days." "That's rather young," says the Chairman; "I am afraid there's a chance that our unscrupulous opponents might object to them as minors." Not at all," says Slasher. "I'm not afraid of their age—what I'm afraid of is the oaths; but make the job worth £50, and I'll do it." Well, your Excellency, the thing was agreed to, and Slasher went off to make the arrangements to bring up the voters. At first Mrs. Grunter was a little alarmed, but at length she consented. "I'm Sucker," says she, "to the bone of my stays; just wait till I nurse 'em, and then I dedicate them to Wackem and my country." A beautiful sentiment, your Excellency, and strongly indicative of the tremendous hold our principles have on the maternal minds of the country. So Slasher puts the lady into a close carriage along with the voters, and off they drove as hard as they could to the poll. They had to stop two or three times on the way to give the young electors the bottle, so that they didn't arrive till just as the Returning Officer was about to close the poll, amid the triumphant shouts of the Bullfrogs. "Halloo," says Slasher, driving up very smart, "what's all this about? I'd thank you, gentlemen, not to make such a noise, else you'll disturb the two sick persons inside, who are come up to vote for my particular friend, Mr. Wackem." You may imagine, your Excellency, what a sensation this announcement occasioned. At first, the Bullfrogs made a rush round the carriage to get a sight of the voters, but Captain

Seroggins' men, who had been sent on express, kept them off with their swords, and hustled the poor Returning Officer so, that he was just frightened out of his wits. 'Now then,' says Slasher, putting himself right in front of the window, so that no one could see who was inside, 'who has got anything to say to the voters.' 'I have,' cried Stiche's agent out of the crowd—'what's their qualification?' 'Property qualification.' 'Don't they pay any rent?' 'Devil-a-bit.' 'Well, that seems all right,' says the Returning Officer, who was very uneasy and wanted to go home to his supper. 'I don't know that,' says the agent, 'put the oath against bribery.' So they handed up the book to Slasher, who dropped it into the bottom of the carriage, and then the Returning Officer read the oath all smoothly enough, till he came to the last line, when one of the young electors (who was beginning to get thirsty again,) set up such an infernal yell as made the people standing round suppose that some one was going to be murdered. 'What's that?' says the agent, 'that sounds like a baby!' 'It's the poor man groaning at your barbarous conduct in keeping him here, when he wants to go home to expire,' says Slasher—'the Society for preventing cruelty to animals ought to know of it, and if they don't take it up, the Government must.' So the result was, your Excellency, that the twins both voted, and Wackern came in at the head of the poll. Wasn't that clever?"

"Very clever indeed! And what do you propose to do with this gentleman?"

"Well," said Bullyman thoughtfully—"that's given me a good deal of difficulty, but finally I've come to the conclusion that we can't do better than make him Secretary to the Purity of Election Fund, which we are going to establish!"

It was unanimously agreed that this appointment would exactly suit Mr. Slasher, and in this way the

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whole of the applications were favourably disposed of except two—one from a widow woman with fifteen children, whose petition to be appointed to the situation of house-keeper to the Roundabout was rejected because her son (an urchin of seven years of age,) had omitted to halloo at the time of my triumphal entry, and the other, which was from a decayed merchant asking for a clerkship, on the ground that he had not subscribed to a public testimonial to purchase Mr. Buster a tea-pot.

“ Now,” said Mr. Bullyman,—“ there’s only one thing more to be done,—we’ve got to hang somebody. The Bullfrogs hung a Sucker when they were in office, and there’s a general opinion amongst our friends outside that we ought to hang a Bullfrog. I’ve told the jailor to come up with a list of all the prisoners under his care, and we will just go over it and see who’s to be the favored individual. Now, gentlemen, attention if you please, we don’t get a chance to hang a political opponent every day in the week !”

Thus admonished, the Council became very grave, whilst Mr. Bullyman proceeded to run over the list. This consisted of a considerable number of offences, some of high magnitude, such as shooting with intent to kill, arson, forging, mutilating cattle, &c., &c. It happened, however, that the parties in all these cases were ascertained to the Suckers, so that hanging was out of the question. The consequence was that Mr. Bullyman got to the end of the list without having passed sentence of death upon any one.

“ Well, now, that’s awkward,” he observed, after the merits of the different culprits had been fully canvassed, and each in his turn declared to be unworthy of the high honor of hanging.—“ The country’s getting too virtuous by half. I’m afraid we shall have to advertise for someone ! Is this all you have under your charge, Mr. Turnkey ?”

"Yes, your Honor," replied the party designated, who had been *in attendance* during the enquiry—"all except old Sharp, the knife grinder, who was taken up drunk last night and put into gaol, because they did'nt know where else to put him."

"Old Sharp," said Mr. Bullyman eagerly—"he's a Bullfrog, aint he?"

"I think he is, your Honor: I'm told he always votes the blue ticket."

"That'll do," said Mr. Bullyman—"we'll hang him. You can call at the chaplain's as you go home, and tell him to be ready for Friday!"

"What!" I exclaimed, horrified at this cold blooded proposition, "hang a man without trial. I'll never consent to such a proceeding."

"It's to satisfy the party," said Mr. Bullyman doggedly—"we must satisfy the party. It's generally expected that a Bullfrog will be hung, and our friends won't be satisfied without it. If your Excellency objects to old Sharpe, however, we must wait for some one else, though it's a decided mistake, and will spoil the "effect."

I need hardly say that I did object, and have the consolation at least of knowing that during my short administration, the unfortunate knife grinder was not sacrificed to the political calculations of my ministers, and that equality of hanging was not established between the Suckers and Bullfrogs.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Showing how I proceed on my tour.



NOW found that my duties had commenced in good earnest. For the next five or six days my Ministers gave me hardly any rest, and I was nearly fagged to death listening to them, and signing the papers they put before me. A great number of these were for the dismissal of the obnoxious Bullfrogs, and the appointment of Suckers in their places. The amount of patronage thus placed in the hands of the Government was immense, for it would seem that nearly all the principal offices had been filled by the proscribed party. Amongst the names which more than once occurred in connection with these dismissals, was that of Mr. Grey, whose disgrace seemed to afford the greatest delight to Mr. Bullyman and his friends. "Confound the old vagabond," said that gentleman, as he ran his eye over a paper in which I had just signified Her Majesty's pleasure to remove the party in question from his office of Justice of the Peace, "it is time he was gone. What with his son-in-law, and the rest of his relatives, he's had his pick of the best things in the country. But the time's past for that now, and he'll have to eat humble pie like the rest of them."

I need hardly say that I did not at all participate in this feeling. On the contrary, my conscience whispered to me, that in removing Mr. Grey I was sacrificing an honest man at the shrine of political expediency, and I

sighed heavily whilst I did it. I could not help discovering either that this wholesale proscription was by no means unanimously approved of. Whilst taking a drive with Mr. Bullyman, an evening or two afterwards, on passing what seemed to be a public news-room or Exchange, an indignant hiss was set up by a number of persons; and on returning a rotten egg was thrown, which struck the Attorney General in the eye, and put him in a terrible passion. These indications, though treated with indifference by my Ministers, were not lost upon me, and increased the anxiety I began to feel as to my actual position. One thing which more particularly alarmed me, was the rapid manner in which the £250,000 loan was being taken up. Thus, in addition to the sums already mentioned, a warrant had been issued for £15,000 in favor of Mr. Shanks, for a Purity of Election Fund; another £12,000 had come to Mr. Bullyman as a bounty for the encouragement of the Tommy Cod fisheries, in which that gentleman's constituents were largely interested: and £5000 had also got into Mr. Fester's hands, ostensibly for the purpose of surveying Mud Harbour Creek, but in reality, I suspected, for some political object connected with that person's election.

The dismissals having been got through, the elections now formed the great object of discussion with my Ministers. It was necessary that all these gentlemen should get seats in the Roundabout, and from what I could learn, considerable apprehension was felt by some of them on that score. Mr. Fester, in particular, seemed very nervous. Notwithstanding the great popularity and influence he represented himself to possess, I learn from Mr. Bullyman that it was a very great question whether he was going to get in. It appeared that a Mr. Vaughan, a son-in-law of Mr. Grey, was his opponent, and that the Bullfrogs were exerting themselves to the utmost to prevent his return. Mr. Shanks, who was the Sucker ean-

didate for Antioch, was also quaking in his shoes ; and the same was the case with Mr. Ferrit and Mr. Mites. Indeed, the only person who appeared to be quite at his ease was Mr. Bullyman himself, who represented, as I have already intimated, a small fishing town, largely interested in the Tommy Cod Bounty, and whose friends declared, that they would carry him to the devil and Dr. Faustus (much less into Parliament) if it was considered desirable.

In this state things were, when, on the twelfth day after the appointment of my Ministry, I set out with Mr. Bullyman on the proposed tour through the Island. For this purpose, that enterprising gentleman had procured the loan of a stage coach, the inside of which he crammed with all kinds of eatables and drinkables, whilst we (that is he and I, with a dirty-looking driver) took up our places on the roof. Pinkerton, it had been decided, should remain behind to perform certain duties Mr. Shanks undertook to find for him, and as to Mr. Wolfe, I had not set eyes on him since the night of the ball.

The first stopping place marked out on our route, was a small town about twenty miles from Jericho, where Mr. Bullyman informed me he expected to be received by a large party of his political friends. Accordingly, after travelling nearly all day through most wretched roads, we found ourselves towards night-fall on the outskirts of this place, and Mr. Bullyman (who had been asleep for the last two or three hours) was beginning to show signs of renewed animation, when all of a sudden a horseman rode up, and addressing Mr. B., informed him that the Bullfrogs were out in great force, and were determined not to allow us to enter the place. The Suckers, he said, had been beaten and dispersed, and he himself had had great difficulty in escaping from their clutches. He advised us, therefore, either to return to Jericho, or to proceed to Poker, a small village some ten miles

off, where he thought no interruption would be offered to us.

Mr. Bullyman swore horribly on hearing this news, and at first declared that he would proceed in spite of all the Bullfrogs in the Island; but after a few minutes he cooled down, and finally (having in the meantime emptied the best part of a bottle of brandy with the new comer,) determined that we should strike off as proposed, and make the best of our way to Poker.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and as neither Mr. Bullyman nor the driver was particularly sober, there was considerable danger of our losing our way, or ending the journey in a ditch. It had begun to rain hard also, and as we dragged our way through the wretched roads, it would be impossible to conceive a more uncomfortable party. At length, after about four hours weary wandering, we reached Poker, which was a long straggling line of houses, situated on the banks of a canal. A solitary light burning in a window indicated the village inn, and driving into the yard, Mr. Bullyman and myself dismounted, and shaking the wet from our garments, entered the house. We were met on the threshold by a thick-set sturdy-looking man, who replied in a somewhat surly tone to our salutations, but finally conducted us into a comfortable-looking apartment, in which a bright fire was burning.

"That's what I call snoozy," said my companion, presenting as much of himself as he conveniently could to the flames—"that's what I call snug; just bring in those hampers, will you, old Rough-head, and we'll see if we can't make a night of it."

There was some delay in executing Mr. Bullyman's order, which that gentleman bore with a very ill-grace. At length, however, the hampers made their appearance; and Mr. Bullyman (having in the meantime taken off his boots and shifted his outside apparel) set too to make the

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necessary preparations for what he styled a regular "jolly blow out." He had made considerable progress in this, and was inviting me to draw up my chair, when all of a sudden we heard the noise of voices outside, followed by a loud rapping at the door.

"What the devil's that?" asked Mr. Bullyman, letting drop his knife and fork, and turning very pale.

Before this question could be determined, the knocking was repeated, accompanied this time with a peremptory demand for admission.

"Who are you?" asked a voice, which I recognised as that of our landlord,— "What do you want here?"

"It's me,—Jem Watson: there's twenty or thirty of us. We have followed Bullyman and the Governor all the way from Cramp Village; open the door, will you, for we're freezing with cold."

"What's that he says?" asked the owner of the house, turning round towards us as he spoke. "Do you know any thing of the men he speaks of? Are you—" and he paused as he looked at me.

"Yes," I said, disregarding a violent kick from Mr. Bullyman—"yes, I am the Governor, and I look to you to protect me from violence."

"Look to me to protect you—look here," and he pointed to the copy of an *Official Gazette*, containing the dismissal of the Bullfrogs from office—"you turned me out of the situation I had held on the canal for twenty years, and why should I protect you?" "But," he added, after a short pause, and in a more respectful tone of voice, "you are the Queen's representative (God bless her!) and though you had done me fifty times more wrong than you have, you should come to no harm under my roof. But as to you (turning to Bullyman, who was as white as a sheet,) you mean-spirited reptile, the devil of any protection shall you have. Here, your Excellency, be pleased to step up those stairs

—you will find a room to your left; and you, Mr. Attorney General, look out and save your skin if you can. When I open that door, the Philistines be upon thee, Bullyman. Halloo, boys! look sharp—you've run the fox to cover. Now, sir,—one—two—three—” and as he uttered the last word, he drew back the bolt with a crash.

Mr. Bullyman did not wait for any further warning, but uttering a hideous yell, precipitated himself through a window on the opposite side of the room, and disappeared like a flash of lightning in the surrounding darkness.

The next instant the room was filled with strangers, who, on perceiving what had happened, raised a loud “tally-hoo!” and followed in hot pursuit. Two or three only remained behind, who, after some conversation, carried on in a low tone with the landlord, also retired.

As soon as quiet was restored, that person came to me, and asking me to follow him, led the way up stairs to a comfortable bed-room. “Your Excellency will excuse this rough treatment,” he said, as he placed a candle on the table, “our people are rough, but they mean well, and you are as safe here as if you were in the Government House at Jericho.” Then bidding me a good night, he left me to my reflexions.

The room was as clean as hands could make it, but inviting as it looked, and worn out with fatigue as I was, I did not soon seek my couch. Opening the window, I could hear the cries of Mr. Bullyman's pursuers, and I dreaded the treatment he would receive at their hands. Presently, however, the cries ceased, and shortly after the party returned. From their conversation I gathered that they had not succeeded in finding the object of their search, and from other remarks, I became aware that they knew of my presence. Whilst listening to their whisperings, my body gradually yielded to the influence of sleep; but my slumbers were uneasy and disturbed, so that at length I started up in the midst of a frightful

dream, with the sound of Mr. Bullyman's pursuers ringing again in my ears. The impression was so strong, that I sprung from my bed, and looking out of the window, expected to see the unfortunate Sucker a captive in the hands of his enemies. But all was quiet there. The pale moon shone coldly on the canal, over which the reflexion of a solitary poplar tree only made dullness more melancholy. Assured that it was only my fancy which had deceived me, I therefore crept back to bed again, and this time slept soundly till morning.



CHAPTER XIV.

I leave Poker, and fall in with Mr. Bullyman ; we return to Jericho.



WHEN I awoke again, it was day-light, and the owner of the house was standing by my bed-side. "Excuse me," he said, respectfully, "but I thought your Excellency would want to be off early : breakfast is ready below, and the horses are in the carriage, so that there is nothing to detain you when you wish to take your departure," and then with a low bow he retired.

Contrasting the conduct of this person with that of Mr. Bullyman's friends, the Suckers, I dressed myself and proceeded down stairs, where I found a substantial breakfast set out in a little room off the one Mr. Bullyman and myself had occupied the previous evening. The only person I saw here was a neatly dressed young woman, whom I took to be the daughter of the landlord, and who was most assiduous in her attendance upon me. When the meal was over, this young person retired, and in a minute or two the landlord again made his appearance, to inform me the carriage was waiting. I thanked him for his attention, and wished him to accept a sum of money, but this he promptly refused. "It was not such accommodation," he said, "as he could have wished to have offered me. If he

had known His Excellency was coming that way, he would have been able, perhaps, to do something better. He hoped, however, I would not judge of the people of that part of the country from what I had seen last night. The party who provoked the assault had richly deserved all he got, and was lucky to have escaped so easily as he had done."

"Mr. Bullyman then," I observed, with some embarrassment, "has suffered no injury."

"No, your Excellency, Old Nick, they say, takes care of his own. He managed to hide himself somewhere, and is, no doubt, a long way on his road back to Jericho before this."

I felt it would not be wise to push my inquiries any further, and therefore followed my host to the door, before which I found a number of persons (the same, I suspected, who had come in search of us the previous evening,) waiting to see me depart. They all raised their hats respectfully as I passed, and finally allowed me (after shaking hands warmly with my host) to drive off in silence.

Without any instructions from me, the driver took the road leading back to Jericho. The morning was fine but keen, and the horses, refreshed by the night's rest, bounded forward at a dashing rate, which brought the blood into my cheeks. We had proceeded in this way some five or six miles, when, on making a sharp turn in the road, we came suddenly upon a person walking a few yards a-head of us. He was hatless and shoeless, but it only required one glance to satisfy me that the apparition was no other than Mr. Bullyman himself.

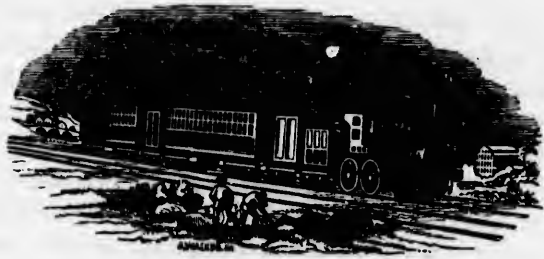
On first seeing the carriage, the Attorney General seemed to be uncertain whether to fly or remain; but as soon as he had made us out, he set up a loud shout, and came running towards us. "All right again, by thunder!" were the first words I heard him utter—"hurra Governor!

Suckers for ever!" and then clambering up to my side, he commenced shaking me violently by the hand, and enquired "how I had got away from the enemy."

I explained to him as well as I could what had occurred after his flight, at which he expressed great surprise, having made up his mind that I should get what he called a little "rough tinkering." In answer to my inquiries about his own escape, he informed me he had never been so hard pressed in all his life, and had only managed to get off by jumping up to his neck in the canal, where he remained till his pursuers retired. After the search was abandoned, he managed to crawl into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he remained undiscovered till morning. He had lost his hat in his flight, and altogether cut a most miserable appearance. However, after he had taken a few pulls at the brandy flask, his spirits began to revive, and he set too anathematizing his opponents, whom he represented as the most cowardly and despicable of mortals, and on whom he invoked all the vengeance of the Suckers. I was glad to find, however, that he had given up all idea of pursuing our expedition any further, and was as anxious as I was to get back to Jericho, where he represented that both our presences would be required. As to what had occurred, he said, it was, after all, a good thing for the party, and would "have an effect," as the country would now be able to discriminate between the brutal ferocity of the Bullfrogs, and the mild and peaceable conduct of the Suckers.

In this manner, we journeyed along till we came to a spring, where Mr. Bullyman washed his face, and removed some of the traces of the last night's adventure from his person and apparel. He also borrowed a rough coat and cap, and pair of boots from the driver, by which means a visible improvement was effected in his external appearance. It was evident, however, that his confidence had received a shock, and he exhibited signs of

uneasiness and alarm whenever we approached any village. Nothing, however, occurred to interrupt our progress, and by night-fall we were within sight of Jericho. Instead, however, of entering the city by the way we had come out, the driver, by the directions of Mr. Bullyman, made a circuit, so as to avoid the principal thoroughfares; and in this manner, winding through wretched alleys and obscure streets, we at length reached the Vice-Regal residence I had quitted the day before, and the attractions of which, I must confess, had by this time diminished very much in my eyes.



CHAPTER XV.

Giving an account of how matters have been going on at Jericho.



LEARN'T from Pinkerton that matters had not improved during my absence. He (Pinkerton) complained bitterly of Mr. Fester, who had insisted on dragging him out to assist in his canvass, and who had kept him from morning till night engaged in that business.

Notwithstanding all this, and the free use which had been made of my name, it was not Pinkerton's

opinion that the Sucker cause was improving. At a number of places where he and Mr. Fester had presented themselves, the inmates had slammed the doors in their faces, and at one house the contents of a dirty ewer had been emptied on their heads, and they had had to retreat hastily for fear of worse treatment. These things had served to impress Pinkerton with the belief that the Suckers were not quite the all powerful party Mr. Bullyman and his friends represented them to be, and rendered him very anxious to get out of their clutches. Of Mr. Fester, he had, as well as myself, a very great horror, representing him to be equally cowardly and mean in his nature. For his ability in lying, he referred me to several numbers of the *Scorpion*, in which I found the most unwarrantable use made of my name, mixed up with statements no less mendacious and impudent. Another circumstance on which Pinkerton dwelt, was the behaviour of Mr. Wolfe, junior. Between that gentle-

man and Mr. Fester, Mr. Pinkerton informed me, the most intimate relations seemed to exist: they were constantly together, and, as Pinkerton believed, the result of this intimacy was, that everything which occurred in our household was immediately reported to the editor of the *Scorpion*. The effect of this high alliance too had been anything but salutary on Mr. Wolfe, who conducted himself in a manner which had on several occasions nearly procured him a kicking from my indignant private Secretary.

This information did not, of course, contribute to remove my previous uneasiness, but only rendered me more anxious to get out of the hands of the Suckers. Of this, however, I saw little chance. On the contrary, every day the chain seemed to be drawn tighter round me.

At a Council which assembled the day after my return, the subject of the elections was brought under discussion, and it was given as the unanimous opinion that something more was required to be done, to place the Sucker interest in a perfectly commanding position. What this "something" was, did not long remain secret. On the suggestion of Mr. Bullyman, who had by this time recovered all his wonted assurance, a very large sum was recommended to be expended in various patriotic schemes, most prominent amongst which was a Sucker bakery, for supplying bread to indigent Suckers, and a new Sucker Seminary, unconnected with religious instruction. £10,000 more was also voted for the works at Mud Harbour Creek; £16,000 for the Grand Trunk Railroad, and a considerable sum for what Mr. Bullyman called "fear of accidents Fund," and Mr. Shank's dignified with the name of "contingencies."

It was in vain that I protested against each of these propositions; I was either met with a howl which frightened me, or looks and sneers that maddened me, and in either case my protestations were disregarded.

To one proposition, however, I positively refused to accede ; and that was a suggestion made by Mr. Bullyman that I should issue a Proclamation in the Queen's name, commanding all good subjects to vote for the Sucker candidates, with a further promise of a copy of my portrait, and a shilling, to every one who obeyed the instructions. Although this might seem novel, Mr. Bullyman said he could prove to me that it was perfectly constitutional, and would be useful in removing an impression which existed (and which was doing an immense deal of injury) that I did not go heart and hand with my Ministry. He appealed to his colleagues whether at this moment the great difficulty they had to encounter, did not arise from this cause ? If the people only once knew that the Queen's Representative was *really* with them, he pledged his personal reputation it would have "an effect."

To this I replied, by reminding Mr. Bullyman of all that I had done to assist himself and his political friends, even to yielding my opinions in matters which I feared my judgment did not always approve. As to this last request, nothing, I said, could induce me to accede to it. As far as I was concerned, every man had a perfect right to vote as he thought fit, and it would be a gross act of impropriety in me to interfere either on one side or the other.

This declaration was received with a very bad grace by my Ministers, and Mr. Fester remarked "that he had always suspected how it would be, and that he did not believe the time would ever arrive when Downing-street influence would not be at work to undermine the liberties of the country."

After the Council had broken up, that gentleman made it a request to me that I would grant him the services of Mr. Wolfe, junior, during the election. He had, he said, formed a very high opinion of his abilities, particularly

in the art of canvassing, in which he had exhibited the most decided genius. Although I felt annoyed, I did not very well see how I could decline, and therefore told Mr. Fester that though Mr. Wolfe's services with me were of a less elevated character than he seemed to suppose, if he thought they could be of any use to him, he was welcome to them. Mr. Bullyman also made a like request in respect to Pinkerton, to which, as this latter did not make any very serious objection, I also assented—

I was thus left alone. The time for the elections was drawing on, and I saw very little of my Ministry, who were distributed over the Colony, looking after their different interests. Once or twice Mr. Bullyman came in to get my assent to some new act, which was "to have an effect," and with these exceptions all that I knew of what was going on out of doors was derived from the tri-weekly issues of the *Scorpion*. This impartial journal represented the projects of the Suekers to be brilliant in the extreme; but I cannot say I placed much reliance on its statements. As to judging from my own personal experience, that was out of the question. Since my trip with Mr. Bullyman, I had not set my foot over the threshold, it being the opinion of my Ministry that until the elections were over, it would not be safe to do so. The Bullfrogs, they said, were a most ferocious set, and were just then in a highly excited state; they (the Ministry) were responsible to the country for my safety, and would have to answer if any violence was offered to me. For these reasons, they insisted that I should remain *en cachette* till the struggle was over, and the complete triumph of the Sucker cause had placed the City and Colony at my feet.

Although these reasons were far from satisfactory, I allowed them to prevail. To speak the truth, after what had occurred, I was not anxious of appearing publicly in Jericho again,—at least, till the excitement was over. I

therefore remained a kind of willing prisoner in the Vice-royal residence, ignorant, except from the sources I have mentioned, of what was going on around me.

Upwards of two weeks had passed in this way, and my health and spirits were beginning to suffer from the confinement, when one evening, as I was sitting in a melancholy mood before the fire, I heard a scuffling of feet in the passage, and in a minute or two afterwards Mr. Fester made his appearance.

I was surprised to see him, as I was aware that his election came off in a day or two. However, notwithstanding my aversion, I made an effort to receive him courteously, and enquired after the prospects of the contest. To these questions he replied in his usual cold and mysterious manner, and having deposited his hat and gloves on the table, drew up a chair to the fire-place and seated himself nearly opposite to me.

After a short silence, during which the room seemed to be growing colder and colder, he broke the spell by informing me he had come to see me on a matter of the utmost importance to the country. "The Sucker cause," he said, raising his voice, and speaking in a very solemn tone, "hung in the balance, and the next eight-and-forty hours would decide the fate of the Colony."

As he paused after uttering these words, I took the occasion to observe, that I had imagined from what I saw in the *Scorpion*, that the Suckers were proceeding most triumphantly.

"Triumphantly! triumphantly" he repeated coldly—"when was liberty ever secure? Was it secure when the Tarquins were banished from Rome, or the head of the wretched Stuart dropped on the scaffold? No! though he was proud to say that the most supernatural efforts had been made by the friends of liberty, still something more was required to be done before that sacred cause was secure, and its enemies prostrate in the dust."

As Mr. Fester looked very hard at me as he pronounced this sentiment, I immediately suspected some fresh attack on my forbearance, and I was not deceived. Continuing pretty much in the same strain, I at length learned that, notwithstanding all the efforts Mr. Fester spoke of, his own election was at that moment in a very unsatisfactory position, arising principally from the defection of an eminent Sucker. What most surprised me, however, was to hear Mr. Fester intimate that I was the main obstacle in the way of his perfect success, and that it was in consequence of some act of mine, that the eminent Sucker referred to was keeping aloof from his natural party. At first this was hinted at darkly, but at length it was put in such a palpable form, that I was compelled to take notice of it. In reply to my enquiries, then, on this point, Mr. Fester informed me that the party referred to was the Hon. Mr. McTighe, with whose daughter I had had the honor of dancing the reel on the ever memorable occasion of the ball given in honor of my arrival at Jericho. On referring to this circumstance, Mr. Fester fixed his nasty little black eyes on me, as though he would read my very soul, and then added in a tone of voice intended to convey the deepest anguish and commiseration—"poor lost Elizabeth!"

"Do you refer to Miss McTighe?" I asked, more in the dark than ever, "Is the lady unwell?"

"You remember her then?" said Fester, still looking fixedly at me.

"Certainly I do; may I venture to enquire what has happened to her?"

Fester shook his head, turned up his eyes, and placed his hand on his heart—or rather over the place where that organ is generally imagined to be.

"Poor girl!" I remarked, quite amused with the little gentleman's pantomime, and rightly interpreting it to refer to a blighted affection, "who is the swain? He

must be a person of very bad taste to slight so lovely a blossom."

"Who is he? who is he?" echoed Fester, rising from his chair and coming close up to me: "what if your Excellency should be that person?"

"I! impossible!"

"Yes," continued Mr. Fester, raising his voice, and speaking with extraordinary rapidity—"your Excellency, I say, *is* that person. Won by your pointed attentions on the evening of the ball, Miss McTighe—the only daughter of one of our leading Sucker families—a family with which Princes might be proud to form an alliance, has ceded to you her entire affections. At any time, such a circumstance could not fail to exercise a powerful influence on the state of political parties, but at the present moment it is overwhelming. Mr. McTighe is aware of the state of his daughter's heart, and feels all the interest natural to a parent. As one of the heads of the Sucker party, he is entitled to look for a high alliance for his child, and it is not surprising, it cannot create astonishment, that he should make it a condition of his support at the present moment, that his Elizabeth's happiness be secured. He is not ambitious, he is not selfish; but he is a father. 'Seek his Excellency,' he said to me a few hours ago, 'tell him that the blood of nobles runs in the veins of the McToozles, (Mrs. McTighe was a McToozle)—say that they are related to the Murphys of Ireland; inform him that with one motion of his finger, McTighe can put the Bullfrogs in the dust; that he is ready to make that motion, but that he must first learn that his child—his daughter—his Elizabeth, is happy.' Yes, your Excellency, such were the words of Murdoch McTighe, and it now rests with you to show yourself worthy of the occasion. The ball is at your foot—a lovely bride, a glorious future, and the lasting gratitude of the country: what does your Excellency say? are you, oh, are you equal to the occasion?"

Certainly I was not; yet I was so overwhelmed by the extraordinary character of the proposition, that it was some seconds before I could muster the necessary presence of mind to reply. When at length I did, I told Mr. Fester that I had no intention of forming any matrimonial alliance in Cacona, and that, however much I might regret the important effect on the Sucker party, it was out of my power to comply with his flattering offer.

"And thus it is the hopes of a party are blighted?" screamed the disappointed Sucker, after a short pause, during which his countenance underwent all the varied expressions of rage, hatred, and malignity.—"This is the gratitude of rulers! Thus it is England returns the deep seated love of her Colonial children; thus it is that the badge of inferiority is placed on the poor despised Caconians! But a day of retribution is at hand. Do not suppose, haughty Briton, that you can trifle in this way with the hopes and affections of the McTighes and McToozles! He who occupied this building before your Excellency learnt what it was to arouse the indignation of the Suckers. Have you never heard how they dragged him to the market-place and—"

"Wretch! vagabond!" I exclaimed, boiling with uncontrollable rage at the insolence of this language, "do you dare to threaten me? Instantly pass out of that door, or by the heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from here into the street. Do not delay," and I advanced towards him with the intention of expelling him by force from the apartment;—but he did not wait to have the threat put into execution; trembling in every limb, and as pale as a ghost, he sneaked out of the room, and was gone almost before I had time to discover his absence. Left alone, I paced the room a victim to the most conflicting emotions. This last insult had maddened me in a way that I had not thought possible, and when the first paroxysm of rage had passed away, there

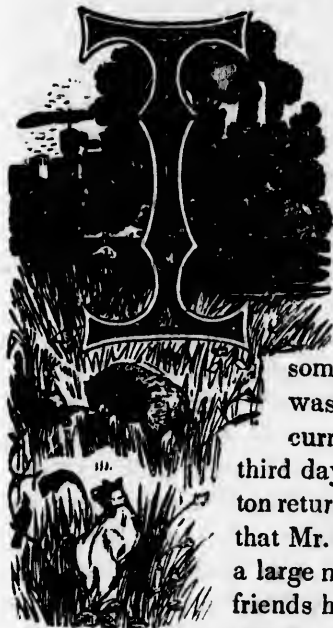
came a sense of humiliation which was still more painful. Is nothing, I asked myself, sacred to these men? Are they not content with deceiving me, but they must also make me their slave? Where is this to end, and what is to be the next attempt? As these thoughts pressed upon me, I buried my head in my hands, and fairly wept like a child. But though they were tears of bitterness, they were tears of hope. In the long hours which succeeded, and during which I remained alone in the apartment, a change came over my mind, and when I at length retired to my chamber for the night, I felt the relief of a man who, after long wanderings through unknown ways, finds at last a path which is to conduct him back to safety—it may be to honor.



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CHAPTER XVI.

I make my first Royal Speech and open Parliament.



THAT two or three days passed after the event last recorded, during which time I saw little or nothing of my Ministry. Mr. Shanks only called once or twice to inform me of the progress of the elections. He did not, however, refer to Mr. Fester, though I suspected from some remarks he dropped, that he was not ignorant of what had occurred. On the evening of the third day, much to my relief, Pinkerton returned, and from him I learnt that Mr. Fester had been defeated by a large majority, Mr. McTighe and his friends having persisted in their threat not to take any part in the contest. Mr. Foker had also lost his election, but the rest of the members of the Cabinet had been returned, though not without some hard contests. Pinkerton himself was in high spirits. Mr. Bullyman, it appeared, had been returned without opposition, and the time which would otherwise have been spent in hard work, had been devoted to festivities. He represented Mr. Bullyman's influence to be unbounded amongst his constituents, who, although a rough set in some respects, had treated them with great hospitality. More particularly, he spoke in high terms of the attentions received from one family

to which Bullyman had introduced him. I gathered from what he said that there were some females in this establishment, and was surprised to hear Pinkerton (who was remarkably particular in such matters) describe them as "deuced nice girls."

About a week after Pinkerton's return, there was a grand muster of the members of the Cabinet to decide on a programme for the Session. At this meeting, provision was made for obtaining seats in the Roundabout for the defeated Ministers, by the resignation of two less prominent Suckers, who both accepted offices of emolument under the Crown. The outlines of a speech to be delivered on the opening of the Roundabout, were also submitted by Mr. Bullyman, together with a number of Bills to be introduced by the Government. From what passed on this occasion, I learnt that the probable majority of the Suckers on a test question was estimated at two—"rather a close shave," Mr. Buster observed, "but quite enough to fix the flints of the Bullfrogs." At this sitting, it was also resolved to proceed to the immediate creation of a number of Members for the Upper House, where, as I have already said, the Suckers were in a minority. The transacting of this last piece of business afforded a great deal of amusement to my Ministry, and numerous were the jokes perpetrated at the expense of the "grey-headed bantums," as Mr. Bullyman facetiously nicknamed the grave and reverend seigniors who sat in the uppermost Assembly.

In accordance with this resolution, I was soon after called on to give force to Her Majesty's writs, creating the necessary number of Drowsyheads: the parties selected being, as I afterwards learnt, neither the most respectable nor the most intelligent of the community. So much, indeed, was this the case, that Mr. Megs, the innkeeper at Antioch, in whose house I had passed the first night after my arrival, and who was among

the number selected, complained loudly of the dirty company into which his political friends had introduced him.

"Damn it," said that gentleman to me, in the course of a private interview which he had solicited a few days after his appointment—"Bullyman might have done something more decent for an old friend than kicked him into this pig-stye. I never felt so mean in all my life, Governor; it's just as if I had been picking pockets or swearing a false affidavit!"

"But surely, Mr. Megs," I observed, "to be an Honorable is something."

"Oh! ah, so it would be if they'd do the job properly, but when they go making men like Fitch and Tinnyman Honorables, I don't see much honor about it. The fact is, Governor, Mrs. Megs is so disgusted at it, that she's been suffering from spasms ever since."

"That's a pity," I observed, "dignities of this kind are intended to elevate those on whom they are conferred."

"'Elevate!'" echoed Mr. Megs, contemptuously, "How can you elevate Tinnyman! Lawks bless you! he's going to have a new shop-front painted, and put 'Honorable' upon it—'the Honorable Thomas Tinnyman—scissors to grind!' How'll that look, I wonder? Now if *I* was to alter *my* sign, and make it 'Blue Boar, kept by the Honorable Mulligrub Megs,' it wouldn't read so bad,—but, scissors, Governor! Oh, d—n it, that's low!"

"But," I observed, quite amused at Mr. Megs' nice discrimination, "how came it that Mr. Tinnyman, being the kind of person you represent, got his appointment?"

"Oh, it was just a business transaction. The Cabinet all owed him for penknives, and as it wasn't convenient to pay, they thought they'd make him an Honorable!"

"And yourself, Mr. Megs, I trust that you have not been a pecuniary sufferer by your elevation to the dignity of a senator?"

“ Me ! oh, dear no, nothing to speak of ; there’s a small account for beer against Bullyman, ’tis true, but then my position, you see, is so different to Tinnyman’s. As proprietor of the Blue Boar, of course I might expect to be made an Honorable any day in the week ;—but scissors ! Oh, Moses ! that’s low ?”

The drawing up of the speech was a matter of more difficulty than creating the Honorables. To the one submitted by Mr. Bullyman, I positively refused to give my assent, for reasons which will be very apparent when I give a copy of the document itself, which was as follows :—

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ROUNDABOUT, IN ROUNDABOUT ASSEMBLED.

Gentlemen,

I congratulate you in the name of our Gracious Queen, and Prince Albert, and the children, on the great Sucker triumph which has just been accomplished. There can be no doubt that the effects of that triumph will be felt throughout civilized Europe, and will be chalked upon the cottage of every freeman, from the shores of the Bosphorus to the City of Peking, which is (as you are doubtless aware) in the dominions of His Highness, our friend and ally, the Emperor of China.

Let me refer to an interesting topic.

Gentlemen ; the disappearance of the potato rot is a great event in the history of our national progress. The singular coincidence, that with a sound state of political feeling, the most interesting vegetable our beautiful Island produces should be pronounced convalescent, is (every one must admit) exceedingly encouraging. I infer from it that the rottenness of the old political system was affecting nature itself, and that by the operation of a natural sympathy existing between the potato and the friends of civil and religious liberty, both were equally affected by the same injurious causes.

Gentlemen, I have to inform you that, acting by the advice of my Council, and following, I may say, their instructions, I have caused a number of our most distinguished citizens to be called to the Upper Legislative Chamber. Among them I would particularly refer to our friend Mr. Megs, whose excellent beer we have all tasted, and whose well known establishment at Antioch has, I may truly observe, an almost European reputation.

[There was a note attached to this last paragraph in Mr. Bullyman's own hand-writing, signifying that "it would have an effect."]

Gentlemen, in order to give their proper value to the magnificent fisheries of the Colony, I have, by the advice of Mr. Attorney General Bullyman, offered a bounty on that important branch of our commerce connected with the capture and pickling and preservation of tommy-cods. The mysterious influence which draws these interesting strangers yearly to our shores, is an evident direction to our hardy fishermen to make the most out of them. It is a notorious fact, however, that tommy-cods do not pay, and that what nature intended should be a source of profit and wealth, has hitherto proved ruinous to the enterprising capitalist. Under these circumstances, it becomes the evident duty of the Government to hasten to the rescue, and by sharing the loss with the public-spirited speculator, add to the wealth and increase the resources of the country.

Gentlemen, education, particularly as connected with reading and writing and the use of the globes, is a duty incumbent on Governments, and without which it is almost impossible for the sublime arts, and literature in particular, to flourish. Animated by these views, and following in this as in every thing else, the advice of my Council, [here there was another note by Mr. Bullyman to signify that the words "in every thing else" would "have an effect"].—I have intrusted to the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, a gentleman with whose talents the world

has long been acquainted, the important task of educating the young Sucker mind of the Colony, so that it may rise superior to narrow religious influences, and place itself in a position as sublime as our native rocks, and as imposing as a general acquaintance with geography and the rules of arithmetic, can make it.

In regard to public improvements, Gentlemen, you will be pleased to learn that, by the direction of the Imperial Government, steps have been taken to make Mud Harbour Creek a depôt for the naval tonnage of Great Britain. It is to be regretted that a larger amount has not been voted by the Mother Country for this important work, but I entertain strong hopes that, listening to my expostulations, Her Majesty's Government will yet feel themselves authorised to come down more liberally with the tin, and I shall communicate with the Colonial Secretary on this important and interesting subject. Money, as has been beautifully remarked by the poet, makes the mare to go, and there can be no doubt that this rule, liberally applied, will exactly suit the complaint with which Cacona has too long been afflicted.

Gentlemen, I have to inform you that the revenues of the colony are in excellent keeping, and that the stimulus occasioned by the expenditure of the Imperial loan is producing the most excellent results. It is a source of great satisfaction that several flat-bottomed boats have recently arrived at Jericho, from Antioch, laden with bricks, thus marking the commencement of a most important trade between those flourishing cities. When a lamp has been put on the lock-keeper's house, there will be nothing more required on that magnificent chain of inland navigation. [There was another note here to signify that the reference to the absent lamp was intended as a hit at the last administration, closing, of course, with the remark—"have an effect."]

Gentlemen, as regards railroads, I am glad to be able to

announce that arrangements are about being completed with that eminent contractor, Mr. Sleeper, for the construction of a Main Trunk Line between Jericho and Jazes, stopping to take up freight at all intermediate places. Some dissatisfaction was at one time expressed at this line by several of our Sucker friends, on the ground of expense, but I am glad to say that these objections have all been satisfactorily removed without the abatement of one single sixpence on the original contract to the public ; thus, affording a strong proof of the honesty of the Executive, and the incorruptibility of public men under a sound system of Sucker Government !

Gentlemen of the Roundabout, It is Her Majesty's particular desire, conveyed in her own handwriting to me, that you should pass the different Bills which will be submitted to you by my Ministers, who have her entire confidence, and in whom, to speak emphatically, she is well pleased. When you return to your homes after your arduous duties, remember me to your wives and children, and may the milk of maternal kindness in their bosoms be tinctured with the aroma of freedom, so that the cause of Suckerdom may go on increasing for ever and ever. Amen.

Out of this rodomontade, I selected such portions as I considered most appropriate, and with the assistance of Pinkerton, doctored a speech which, although anything but what I could have desired, was a decided improvement on Mr. Bullyman's bantling. I had, of course, great difficulty in getting that gentleman and his colleagues to consent to this ; but, finally, finding that my mind was made up, they gave in.

In regard to the bills these gentlemen had drawn up, and which they condescended to submit to me, I decided

not to interfere with them, throwing the responsibility on my Ministers, which responsibility, I must do them the credit of saying, they did not seem to be in the least disposed to shirk.

Among these measures, were several aimed at the Bullfrogs, respecting which I made up my mind as to the course I would pursue should they pass; but as they did not pass during my administration, it is unnecessary to say anything more about them.

On the day appointed for the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Bullyman drove up in a coach and pair, one of the line between Antioch and Jericho, and Pinkerton and I, dressed out in splendid Spanish hats and feathers, selected from the theatrical wardrobe, got inside, where we found Mr. Shanks and another of the Ministry, the rest being outside with the Attorney General, who prided himself on being a first-rate whip, as well as a great political leader. The horses were gaily decked out with ribbons, and there were two buglers in the diekey, who struck up "God save the Queen" as we started, and continued that celebrated National Anthem till we had reached the Legislative buildings. As we passed along, we were loudly cheered by the Suekers, who had mustered in great force on the occasion, and who evidently regarded our proceedings as a tremendous triumph for their party.

The hall where the Roundabouts met, was crowded to excess, and it was with great difficulty that Mr. Bullyman and his friends (including, of course, ourselves) could squeeze themselves in. I never got so tumbled before in my life, and had it not been for the assistance of the Attorney General, who certainly fought like a tiger, I doubt if there would have been any Governor's speech delivered that day. As it was, I found myself at last elevated above the multitude, and amid infinite hubbub, read my speech, very little of which could be heard, I suspect, by the spectators.

When I had got through, I felt myself lifted off the platform on which I had been standing, and again pushed through the crowd till I had reached the ante-chamber, from which we had started. Here I found Pinkerton, who had been unable to make his way into the building, and who complained loudly of the rough treatment he had been subject to. He had lost his Spanish hat in the throng, and looked very much tumbled and heated. On looking about, we could see nothing of Mr. Bullyman or his friends, or the vehicle : even the buglers had vanished. Under these circumstances, we had nothing to do but to elbow our way out as well as we could, and slip-slopping through mud and rain, make our way back to our dwelling, leaving my Ministry behind to enter on their first campaign, and fight the battle of Suckerdom with their opponents.



CHAPTER XVII.

In which I am honored with an introduction to a great Moral Reformer.



THE morning after the opening of the Roundabout, I received a visit from the Reverend M. Potts Pepper. He was accompanied by a seedy-looking indi-

vidual, with a remarkably red nose, whom he introduced as Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins, "a reformed blackguard." "Mr. Snuggins," he said, referring to this individual, "has taken pity upon the moral desolation of Jericho, and has come here to give us a series of lectures, illustrative of his experiences as a blackguard. These lectures are, I may be permitted to say in the presence of my remarkable friend, [and here the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper bowed reverentially to Mr. Jeremiah Snuggins,] among the most remarkable efforts of the age. The experience which my distinguished friend has had in every description of vice, renders him, your Excellency, peculiarly fitted to be a great moral teacher. In this respect, my friend may be said to have enjoyed all the privileges of vice—to have been admitted into her most secret haunts, and to have wallowed in her impurities from head to foot. I believe I am correct, Mr. Snuggins, in stating that you have been a drunkard."

Mr. Snuggins smiled pleasantly.

"A liar?"

Mr. Snuggins coughed slightly.

"A gambler?"

Mr. Snuggins breathed heavily.

"A Sabbath-breaker and a scoffer?"

Mr. Snuggins snorted audibly.

"A miserable vagabond, vagrant, and swindler?"

Mr. Snuggins groaned painfully and penitentially.

"And having been all this, your Excellency," continued

Mr. Potts Pepper, "Mr. Snuggins condescends to become a moral teacher. As a reformed blackguard, his lectures have been attended by crowds of admiring audiences. For instance, my distinguished friend will represent all the stages of drunkenness in a way that is perfectly amazing. He will show you the infatuated youth taking his first cup, and finish off with that sublime moral picture, 'the venerable inebriate wallowing in the gutter.' Perhaps, Mr. Snuggins, you will be kind enough to show His Excellency the scene of the 'venerable inebriate.'

Thus solicited, Mr. Snuggins seemed to be suddenly seized with the staggers. His body swayed to and fro like a pendulum, and finally he plumped down on the floor, where he commenced going through a variety of spasmodic performances, intended to represent the grand moral picture of "the venerable inebriate."

"That scene," continued Mr. Potts Pepper, "has saved thousands, but still I do not think that, as a moral effort, it is equal to the 'gambler's victim.' In the 'gambler's victim,' your Excellency, Mr. Snuggins exhibits his own experiences as a gambler—shows how to cheat at cards, how to load dice, how to turn the ace, and, in fact, everything connected with the mysteries of swindling. If there is a pack of cards here, my distinguished friend might win a shilling or two of your Excellency, just to explain the object of his lectures."

"This moral information then," I observed, without taking any notice of Mr. Pepper's last suggestion "is all imparted by lectures."

"Yes, your Excellency, but Mr. Snuggins is just now engaged in an effort of a more stupendous character than any he has yet undertaken. As a reformed blackguard, the result of my distinguished friend's experience goes to prove that there is a large field in his particular line still unexplored. It has been noticed that the moral world requires excitement; that to produce an effect now a-days, you must go out of the old beaten track and get up a sensation. The Bible and the old morality are not sufficient to do this, but you must go into the world and drag forth the filthiest object you can find, and make that act and speak, and then the public will come and hear you. Although proud of his success as a reformed blackguard, my distinguished friend has discovered lately that the public are not quite so enthusiastic as they used to be over the 'venerable inebriate,' and that the 'gambler's victim' is gradually losing its interest. Warned by this, my distinguished friend is now employed in making a grand collection of all the vices of the age, which he proposes to place before the public in the most striking and popular point of view. With this object he has engaged 'an awe-stricken murderer,' a 'faith-holding forger,' a 'hope-to-be-forgiven house-breaker,' and a 'penitent pick-pocket,' all of whom he intends to introduce to the public as lecturers, in order that they may explain and illustrate their experiences to the audiences. Thus the 'awe-stricken murderer' [who is just now taking his bitters at the White Lion] will describe with thrilling effect his first emotions on killing his mother. How he knelt over her body, and asked her whether she knew him, and where she had hidden the two silver spoons which had prompted him to commit the horrible crime. After this, he will go through the 'dance of remorse,' and finally conclude

with the 'abominable horrors,' in which the spirit of his murdered parent is beautifully introduced singing a temperance song for her vile son's forgiveness. In the lecture by the 'penitent pick-pocket,' Mr. Fagin will explain all the ingenious contrivances of his former profession, from the simple but not inelegant process of drawing a pocket-handkerchief to the more elaborate and combined movement of abstracting a gold repeater from a fat gentleman's fob. Such lectures as these, delivered to our youth by the actual actors, must have a strong moral effect. Doubtless, many an inexperienced lad who has never handled a card will be prevented from doing so by the amusing tricks of my distinguished friend, Mr. Snuggins, and our wives and children must increase in wisdom and virtue by having such models as the 'awe-stricken murderer' and 'faith-holding forger,' set up before them. Doubtless your Excellency sees it in this light."

"Why I do not know Mr. Potts Pepper that I do. I must confess that I have some doubts whether the cause of sound morality is likely to be advanced by the interposition of 'reformed blackguards' of any class. It seems to me that it is placing the moral platform on a wrong foundation, and is making the transition from vice to what is supposed to be virtue far too easy to be pleasant. In order to be effective moral teachers, it is not necessary that your pastors should have actually followed vice into her dens, and embraced her in her most loathsome forms, for if it were so, your schools of morality would begin in brothels, and gambling houses and grogeries furnish the neophyte's first lessons in practical virtue. That your neighbour has ceased to be a sinner, is a cause doubtless for rejoicing, but is no good argument why you should set him up as a model, or take him as your moral instructor. Virtue has but one likeness, and you cannot increase her contrast to vice though you do (profanely speaking)

put a black patch on the side of her nose. This homœopathic way of treating things—bringing gambling to cure gambling, drunkenness to cure drunkenness, and murder to destroy murder, is, I admit, somewhat in vogue, but still, I repeat, I have no faith in it. Doubtless there are many things connected with the details of vice, that a penitent thief or a reformed blackguard can explain better than any one else; but what interest have you and I in these details, or what ought we to care for the experiences of blackguards? A morbid curiosity may be gratified by their recital, but to a well constituted mind ought they to render, or can they render, virtue one whit more beautiful, or vice more detestable? Believe me, Mr. Pepper, such exhibitions can have no permanent salutary influence. If you require model lecturers, take them from those who have gained their diplomas in the colleges of virtue and morality, and who like Cæsar's wife are above suspicion. It can no more increase the moral powers of a lecturer that he has at one period of his existence wallowed in the mire, than it can add to the glory of a soldier that he once lost his shield. The failings of poor mortals are things to weep over, not to glorify, and there is always great danger that of those who listen to your reformed blackguards, some may make the mistake of supposing that it is because your friend Mr. Snuggins was once a sinner, that he is now a saint, and that the temple of virtue lies somewhere half-way between the Penitentiary and the Meeting-house."

"These are very singular opinions," said Mr. Potts Pepper, freezingly, "am I to understand, then, that your Excellency declines to take stock in our great moral railroad?" And he held out a number of tickets of admission to Mr. Snuggins' lectures.

"One shilling each," observed Mr. Snuggins himself, speaking for the first time in a snuffling tone—"children and servants half-price."

"I am afraid I must decline, gentlemen," I replied, "your railroad travels too fast for me, and on the whole I think I should prefer a different conductor to either the 'awe-stricken murderer' or the 'faith-holding forger.'"

At this announcement, Mr. Snuggins groaned heavily, and Mr. Potts Pepper looked particularly grave and majestic. Indeed the great moral lecturer himself became so far overcome, that I was at one time under the impression he was about to repeat the impressive scene of the 'venerable inebriate,' but in this I was mistaken. He, however, insisted on playing several rounds of 'poker' with Mr. Potts Pepper, in order to illustrate to me the various methods of cheating at that popular game, but in this, somehow or other, he did not altogether succeed, for, strange to say, out of four games which the two moral reformers played in my presence, my worthy political adviser came out the victor in three, thus proving himself to be a better hand at swindling than Mr. Snuggins himself.

After this exhibition, and another attempt to prevail on me to patronize the lectures, the two gentlemen took their departure, evidently not at all pleased with the result of their mission, and leaving me scarcely much better impressed with the moral than the political aspect of affairs in Cacona.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is money makes the mare go. Mr. Bullyman proposes to buy up the Roundabout.



It is money makes the mare go,' observed Mr. Bullyman, as he entered my apartment in his usual unceremonious manner, about a week after the meeting of the Legislative body. "Things ain't going as they ought, Governor. The Suckers have

got to make an effort, or they'll be left in the mud. Something more must be done to produce an effect."

"What do you propose, Mr. Bullyman?"

"Why, I've been turning it over in my mind, Governor, and the only way I can see is to buy up the House."

"Buy up the House, Mr. Bullyman!"

"Yes, it ain't difficult to be done. You see here are only forty-four members altogether: and of these eight

are ministers—three brothers of ministers: five cousins of ditto, and four political dummies, who are bound body and soul to the party. That makes twenty, don't it? Well, we've got to buy two to make it a tie, and three to secure a majority."

"But I thought you had secured a majority?"

"So we should have done, if it hadn't been for Mc-Tighe; but he's dead against us. His brother-in-law, Snivens, told me last night he was afraid he couldn't support us, and Cowtail and Crumpet are shaky. It's a hard situation for a new ministry to be placed in, ain't it?"

"Why yes, it certainly is, Mr. Bullyman, but I don't see how I can have anything to do with the buying of members."

"Why, no, it ain't exactly that, but you might write to Snivens, and ask after his health. He is a proud man, and would take it as a kind of an honor. As to the others, I'll go and see Shanks and consult what's best to be done, and perhaps we'll call in the course of the morning."

Accordingly, in the course of the morning, Mr. Bullyman again made his appearance, accompanied by his colleague, whose countenance expressed no ordinary degree of doubt and perplexity.

"Well," said Mr. Bullyman, after he had seated himself—"we're in a bit of a quandary and no mistake. Snivens ain't to be bought, and Cowtail and Crumpet are extortionate: two hundred down—a seat in the Cabinet, and a pension for life, ain't honest or reasonable; I'd sooner resign first."

"I'm surprised at Crumpet," said Mr. Shanks, "he got £200 out of the Purity of Election Fund, besides a snug berth for his nephew. But there is no gratitude in public men, and if my heart wasn't so strongly in the cause, and it wasn't for the glorious principles, I'd abandon my office to-morrow."

"Them's my sentiments too," said Mr. Bullyman, "but it won't do to consult private feelings—so let's go over the list, and see if we can't buy some one else."

"Well," said Mr. Shanks resignedly—"proceed.—Who's the first?"

"Why there's Jorum: he's precious hard up. What's he worth do you think?"

"Jorum!" repeated Mr. Shanks—"I don't know exactly. Perhaps £100 for himself and a silver coffee-pot for his wife: I mention a silver coffee-pot, because that's a delicate way of managing the transaction, and it won't do to wound a patriot's feelings!"

"No, that's true," observed Mr. Bullyman—"we might put the £100 into the coffee-pot. It would serve to work up the groats and strengthen the beverage. At all events, we'll try it. And now, who's next?"

"There's Cocker," observed Mr. Shanks—"that's a man who's always talking about his principles. He's got a conscience as big as a green cheese, but some how or other he diddled me infernally I know with that mining stock. What do you think about Cocker, Mr. Bullyman?"

"Well, I think Cocker's to be had," said the Attorney General, "only we'll have to pay for him and his principles too. What do you think of a contract on the Jericho railroad—prices unlimited, and appoint his own engineers?"

"That's it," exclaimed Mr. Shanks—"Cocker's too honest a man to take a bribe directly, but if you make it a chisel—oh, Moses, won't he walk into the chest!"

"Now, we want a couple more," said Mr. Bullyman, after Mr. Cocker had been disposed of.—"Let me see—Hopkins—Hopkins—Hopkins—how about Hopkins?"

"Won't do," said Mr. Shanks—"I've tried him. He had the impudence to tell me he was too poor to be a

scoundrel. What do you think of that for political effrontery?"

"Well, it is amazing," observed Mr. Bullyman—"but never mind him: he'll die on a dung-hill if he sticks to those notions. But what do you say to the Fidlers?"

"There, now you've hit it:—they're the men!" exclaimed Mr. Bullyman—"John Fidler and Jemmy Fidler—there's two of them, and a precious pair they are, to be sure. Of course, they're to be had: I'll send 'em both a £100 bill to-morrow, and pretend I lost it at billiards."

"But ain't there the Church and College question in the way?" enquired Mr. Shanks.

"Oh bother the Church and College question," exclaimed Mr. Bullyman petulantly—"if it's going to be a money transaction, of course we must buy them outright. Religion's always extra in politics. We'll call it £200 each for the temporal sacrifice, and £100 for the Church."

"Well, how does the Sucker list stand now, then?" enquired Mr. Shanks.

"Here it is," replied his political associate, handing over a small slip of paper on which he had marked down the result of the conference.

Ministers,.....	8
Brothers-in-law,	3
Cousins,	5
Political Dummies,	4
Patriots, bought and paid for, .	4
Grand Total,.....	24

"That's a majority," exclaimed Mr. Shanks triumphantly—"There's the Constitution fairly at work, and now—death and destruction to the Bullfrogs!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bullyman reflectively, as he folded up the slip of paper and deposited it in his waistcoat pocket—"that's the Constitutional majority, but those are

awful heavy prices to pay. Patriotism is like butter—it's getting up in the market. Why we are paying for each of the Fidlers, Shanks, as much as you would give for a first rate nigger fellow in the land of universal liberty and equality! That's too costly. The article 'll have to come down, or we can't carry on the Government. Patriots ought not to sell as high as niggers. It's paying too high a price for our liberties."

With these remarks, the two ministers were about to take their departure, when at that moment the messenger handed in a card on which was written the following invitation:—"Mr. and Mrs. Stumpy solicit the honor of the Governor General's presence at a *soirée dansante* on Friday evening next."

"What's this," said Mr. Bullyman, who had coolly taken up the card after I had laid it down—"that won't do. Can't go there Governor: a *soirée dansante* ain't the thing, and then Stumpy and his wife ain't *over the rope*."

"What do you mean by 'over the rope,' Mr. Bullyman?"

"Oh, 'over the rope,' means 'in society!' It's the line which etiquette (or in other words, old mother Whippletree) draws between the noble and ignoble vulgar. There are some ladies and gentlemen who stand all their lives with one leg on one side of the rope and one leg on the other—but that ain't a comfortable position.—Stumpy had the heel of his boot over once, but they made him draw back."

"And who is Mr. Stumpy?"

"Oh, he's a decent person enough—quite well educated and respectable. I don't think he cares much about the 'rope,' but then his wife's horribly ambitious. Do you know that woman has been heard to say that she will never consent to die happy until she's had her legs (they're both crooked) under a Governor's mahogany! There's something awful in that, ain't there?"

"Very, but will you be kind enough to tell me Mr. Bullyman, what are the qualifications which entitle a person to be 'over the rope?'"

"Why that's not settled at present, Governor. It ain't paying your debts, that's certain, nor it ain't high birth and breeding, nor it ain't being over honest, nor it ain't having too much brains,—but it is, let me see, what is it, Mr. Shanks?"

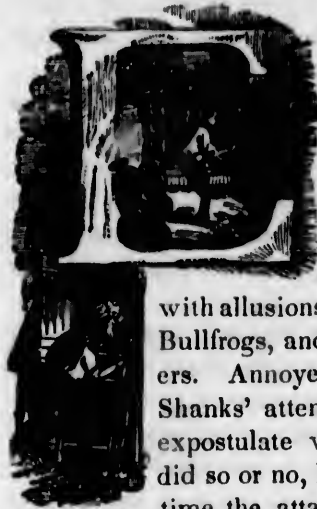
"Why, it's just 'being over the rope,' that's all I know about it," said Mr. Shanks. "You can't explain it, and no one else can't explain it. There's some hemp in it, (that's the rope,) and there's a good deal of impudence in it, and that's the company. But anyhow it's a hard jump to make, and poor Stumpy and his wife couldn't do it with a spring-board."

Thus warned, I had to give instructions to Pinkerton to write to Mr. and Mrs. Stumpy, declining their invitation, though without assigning the mysterious reason furnished by my Ministers, (and which, I am told, is law in other places besides Cacona), that these unfortunate individuals did not enjoy the high privilege and distinction of being '*over the rope!*'



CHAPTER XIX.

My Ministry propose to pass the famous Sucker Obejoyful Bill.



VER since the evening of my misunderstanding with Mr. Fester, that hateful little person had avoided coming into communication with me, contenting himself with putting forth his venom in the columns of the *Scorpion*, which teemed with allusions to me as a secret favourer of the Bullfrogs, and a natural enemy of the Suckers. Annoyed at these attacks, I drew Mr. Shanks' attention to them, who promised to expostulate with Mr. Fester. Whether he did so or no, I cannot say, but in the meantime the attacks, instead of becoming less frequent, only became more virulent and offensive. One cause of this was, doubtless, the bad success my Ministry (notwithstanding the sacrifices they had made in purchasing patriots) were meeting with in the Roundabout, where several of their pet measures had been defeated, and themselves left in frequent minorities. From the reports and editorials of the *Scorpion*, I learnt that the leader of the opposition was Mr. Vaughan, son-in-law of my old acquaintance Mr. Grey, and the same party who had defeated Fester in the representation of the City. He was one of the persons who had been destituted of office, and was represented by Pinkerton, who had been down several times to the Roundabout, to see how things were going on, to be a very clever debater. One of his attacks on Fester, which Pinkerton had heard, had completely used up that

little gentleman, and it was my Secretary's opinion that even Bullyman himself trembled before him. His taunts and sarcasms, repeated night after night, carried confusion into the Sucker ranks, and, as I gathered from the blank looks and conversation of my worthy councillors, was gradually reducing their numbers. Measure after measure which they had introduced, had been withdrawn, and nothing but a direct vote of want of confidence—of which notice had been given, and which was to come on in two or three nights—was wanted to complete their downfall.

It was whilst things were in this stage, that Mr. Bullyman notified me one morning that a special meeting of the Cabinet was to be held that afternoon, to consider some matters of the greatest importance.

"Things," said that worthy gentleman, whose manners had not improved during the Session, and who kept up his hopes by copious draughts of his favorite beverage—"things were not going on as they should do. He had talked to Shanks about it, and the opinion of Shanks, who had talked to Mr. Potts Pepper was, that something must be done to 'produce an effect.' The fact was, the government at home had not behaved as they ought to have done. If the Queen's proclamation had been issued at the time of the elections, as he proposed, everything would have been right: but that was just the way they always acted at Downing Street. Why didn't the Colonial Secretary come over himself to see how things were going on? That was the way to satisfy the people, instead of sending a beggarly £250,000, which was only a drop in the bucket, and was likely to do more harm than good to the cause."

Accordingly, that afternoon a meeting of the Council took place; and when they had all assembled, Mr. Fester opened the ball by calling on Mr. Bullyman to give his views on the existing state of affairs, and the steps it

was necessary to take to strengthen the Sucker interest, which it was admitted was in anything but a promising state.

Thus called on, Mr. Bullyman proceeded to take what he called a review of the state of political parties, as bearing on the paramount interests of the great Sucker cause. As respected the unsatisfactory state of this cause, he agreed with Mr. Shanks and Mr. Fester. Notwithstanding the individual sacrifices which had been made, the country was not satisfied, and something more had to be done. Although it was universally admitted that the financial arrangements of the Ministry had been admirably conducted, there was no concealing the fact, that the public funds were completely exhausted; the credit of the country, he was happy to say, was never better, but there was a scarcity of money. Perhaps it would be asked, what had become of the imperial loan? Although he had no objection to the most rigid enquiry, he trusted his honorable friends would not allow themselves to be coerced into explanations. One fact he might mention, and he was proud to have the opportunity of stating it, viz. that the sum expended amongst his own constituents in the encouragement of the tommy-cod fisheries had been attended with the most brilliant success. He believed he was at liberty to state, that up to the present time no less than 60,000 bushels of that valuable fish had been collected, on which a bounty of 9d. a bushel had been paid. These were now stored, ready for exportation, and as soon as freights would admit, would be shipped off to the care of the Lord Mayor of London, for consumption amongst the luxurious classes of the metropolis. It was expected that the country would eventually clear a large profit by this transaction, though he denied that this was the object of the Government. God forbid that they should seek to make a profit out of tommy-cods! Fish was a perishable article, but he

trusted the tommy-cod bounty would be engraved eternally on the heart of the country. In respect to the works at Mud Harbor Creek, difficulties had occurred, which had not been expected. He believed, however, that the whole of the money had been expended, principally on surveys, which there could be no doubt would turn out by and by to be exceedingly valuable. It was the same with the educational grant. He was not prepared, at the present moment, to state precisely the amount which had been expended in preliminary enquiries, but he knew it was considerable. No one could accuse the government of having hoarded the public money (cries of hear, hear.) One of the first enquiries he had made that morning of his learned friend, the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper (the head of the great Sucker intellectual movement) was—have you disposed of the money, and his friend replied, and he believed him—that he had. That was what he called energetic action in a government, and he hoped the country would appreciate it. The country required the money, and the country had got the money, and there, for the present, was an end of it. As to the small sum devoted for the encouragement of silk worms, it was necessary to state, that in consequence of the adverse opinion of men of high scientific attainments, that idea for the present had been abandoned; but the appropriated sum had been expended in the erection of a series of public pumps on a scale of national magnificence which he felt confident would meet the approval of the public. Next to civil and religious liberty, he placed a liberal supply of fresh pump water, and he trusted that the young Sucker generation, when they washed their infant faces every morning, would never forget to whom they were indebted for that inestimable privilege. There remained then only the £15000 grant for the purity of elections, and of that he might say, in the language of the eulogist of Sir Christopher Wren—if you want to know how it has

gone, just look about you. Certainly when it was considered that all the leading Suckers had seats in the Roundabout, the country could not complain. On the whole, then, he contemplated the financial operations of the government with unmingled pride and satisfaction. Out of a comparatively small sum they had achieved results of the most extraordinary benefit to the public, and the effects of which, he hesitated not to say, would be felt by the latest posterity. It was not on that account, therefore, he felt the least anxiety. Where, then, was the danger? It was to be found, as it always had been found, in the uneasing efforts of the opposite faction. We have scorched the Bullfrogs, not killed them. Influences had been at work which had given renewed life to that expiring faction, and this being the case, it became more than ever necessary that a step should be taken to crush them outright. This step he was now about to propose. He held in his hand the draft of a Bill which required but little explanation: It was entitled the "Sucker Obejoyful Bill," and had for its object to compensate those who had made such devoted efforts last spring in destroying the dwellings of the foes of the constitution and of the country. His honorable friends were aware of the circumstances to which he alluded. In a moment of popular excitement, the Suckers, in various parts of the Colony, had risen to vindicate their rights. In the town which he had the honor of representing, they had burnt two churches, gutted one charity school, destroyed nineteen private dwellings, stoned one political parson, pulled down thirteen Bullfrog signs, and broken an unlimited amount of crockery and glass windows. For these efforts, noble as they were disinterested, an ungrateful country had as yet offered no recompence. When amongst his constituents, he had been repeatedly asked, "when do you mean to pay us for breaking the windows?" He thought it only right that the Government should recognize

those claims. He knew one gentleman who had sprained his arm severely on that occasion—was it fair that he should suffer? By rights England ought to pay, but England wouldn't do it. He believed that if they waited till England did it, they would wait for a very long time; and, therefore, he proposed that they should do it themselves. His Bill provided that a sum of £80,000 should be levied on the Bullfrogs to indemnify the Suckers. This sum, he calculated, would give about two shillings an hour to every Sucker actively engaged. His idea was to include both sexes in the indemnity. It was well known that the ladies had distinguished themselves equally with the gentlemen on that occasion, and it would not be fair to exclude them. He believed that a large number of windows had been broken by the ladies. A case had come under his own notice where a virgin had knocked down a policeman. One clause of his Bill provided that whenever a lady could establish that she had a child in her arms, the little innocent should go for half-price,—that is to say, two shillings an hour for the mother and one for her offspring. He felt satisfied that such a Bill would produce an effect. What could be more just, he would ask, than that parties who had been stimulated to madness by years of neglect, should be paid for the trouble they had been at in licking their opponents? Some of his friends had enquired,—why not pay the Bullfrogs for their windows, but he spurned the idea. It was not the glass he looked at, but the principle. That principle he did not hesitate to say, was to look after your own folk. The Suckers were now in a position to strike a terrible blow at their opponents, and he could not imagine anything more likely to be effectual than to make the Bullfrogs pay for breaking their own windows. Of course there would have to be a commission to estimate the losses, and he proposed to put His Excellency's young friend and protégé, Mr. Wolfe, at the head of this commission.

If his views were concurred in by his honorable friends, the Bill would be introduced *instanter*, and he pledged his word—the word of a Minister and a Sucker—that it would have an effect, a tremendous and stunning effect.

Who is prepared to doubt that Mr. Bullyman's suggestion met with the hearty concurrence of my Cabinet? For my own part, I was completely dumb-founded at the proposition: To tax one portion of the community to pay for the consequences of the illegal acts of another portion, seemed to me so preposterous, that I asked for time to consider the details of so extraordinary a measure. But no sooner had I expressed this sentiment, than a perfect yell was raised by the Council.

"The fact is," said Mr. Fester in his most freezing tones, "the action of the Government is paralyzed. Constitutional Government in Cacona is a fiction, and our presence here a mere mockery. His Excellency wants no advisers—let us retire."

"The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," muttered Mr. Shanks doggedly.

"Down with the Bullfrogs!" shouted Mr. Buster.

"No compromise," suggested Mr. Foker.

"Let our institutions perish, but never surrender," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper.

"Death or victory!" yelled the indomitable Bullyman.

Thus confronted, I abandoned my defensive position in despair: "Do as you will gentlemen, do as you will," I stammered out, "only permit me to reserve the liberty of acting hereafter in the matter as I conceive best for the interest of the community, and most consistent with the honor of the crown."

This matter disposed of, several other propositions were brought forward, having for their object the obtaining of more money from England. Thus Mr. Bullyman proposed that they should anticipate the sum to be raised by the Sucker Obejoyful Bill, by issuing debentures on

the assurance (which I was to give) of the guarantee of the Imperial government. It would be a mere matter of form, that enthusiastic gentleman observed, and would obviate the hardship of compelling the ill-used Suckers to wait the further action of Parliament. I was, however, firm in declining this, as well as several other like propositions, to the evident disgust and annoyance of my ministerial advisers. The fact is, I began to feel the necessity of screwing my courage to the sticking point, but lacked—I am sorry to say, the resolution to do so. Heavens! how I had degraded my high office—how abused the name of my sovereign, and trifled with the authority with which I was invested! If inward repentance could atone for this, there *was* atonement, but repentance was not sufficient; it wanted other qualities I had not, and yet wished to possess. Nevertheless, I mustered up sufficient resolution to enquire why—if the difficulties of carrying on the Government were so overwhelming, they—my hated cabinet—did not resign. “It seemed to me,” I observed, “a more natural and constitutional way than having recourse to such extraordinary expedients.”

“Don’t you wish you may get it, Governor!” said Bullyman, after I had, in a trembling voice and with pallid cheeks, given expression to these bold (as I then thought them) sentiments. “We are *in*, and we ain’t going to go *out*, if we can help it. If you knew what a plaguy deal of trouble it has given us to get into office, you wouldn’t be surprised that we hold on like grim death. Those sentiments of yours may be constitutional—I don’t say that they ain’t—perhaps they are according to British practice, and I rather think they are—but they ain’t Caconian. We never go out here till we are physically kicked out. If there’s any measure that’s likely to bother us, we don’t make it a Government measure. We treat it just as some papas treat their natural children, and

don't know anything about it. We drop the bantering right down in the gutter, and swear we never saw it before. In this way you see, Governor, it's very hard to get hold of us. When we are close pressed, we 'dodge'—go out indeed!—Not a bit of it! The country couldn't survive it, and our party would never forgive us!"

"But," said I, growing desperate at this bare-faced effrontery—"is such a course consistent with *my* position, Mr. Bullyman? Is it *my* duty to accede to these extraordinary measures to support a party who seem not to possess the confidence of the country? In short, Mr. Attorney General, who am I, and what is my position in the Government?"

Mr. Bullyman fixed his eyes on me for a moment, and then answered coolly,—“nothing!”

“It is strange,” said Mr. Fester, chiming in as usual, with a voice like a raven's—“It is strange that the principles of Constitutional Government will not be understood by the representatives of Downing street! I hear some-one ask ‘what is a Governor?’ I adopt the sentiment of my learned friend, and say ‘nothing!’ If I look to the practical working of the constitution, what do I see? I see Mr. Bullyman, I see Mr. Shanks, I see Mr. Buster,—but I deny that I see any Governor. There may be such a person, but constitutionally speaking, the Sucker party cannot acknowledge him. If he is a part of Mr. Shanks, it is well,—the country knows Shanks—if he dwells in the bosom of Bullyman, it is well, the country knows and loves Bullyman—but if he is anywhere else, then, *I say*—he is nothing!”

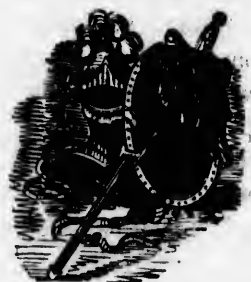
“And is this,” I asked, “the constitution?—am I to understand that I have no power, no influence?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Bullyman, picking his teeth coolly with the stump of a pen—“that's the constitution according to Fester! You shall have anything else you

like Governor ; but as to power and influence, it can't be permitted—it can't upon honor !”

And this then was my position as defined by my actual advisers. Oh ! how I wished for that physical strength Mr. Bullyman had referred to, as necessary to eject the Suckers from office, but as I had it not, I bowed my head to the decrec, and was silent.

It was late when the Council broke up, and I retired weary and sick to my chamber, where I found Pinkerton, who had just returned after an absence of a day or two in the country. Latterly I had missed him a good deal, and was somewhat puzzled to know where he could spend his time. On shaking hands with him now, I was startled at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He looked haggard and pale, and his eyes were swollen and red, as though from weeping. At any other time, I should have enquired the cause of this change, but now I was too much occupied with my own cares, to have time to sympathise with those of others. We therefore passed the rest of the evening in silence, I musing on the perplexed game in which I was involved, and poor Pink. sitting before the fire with the poker in his hand, sighing over I knew not what.



CHAPTER XX.

Showing how Mr. Pinkerton gets into trouble.*



THE *Scorpion* the next morning, under the head "glorious news," contained a sketch of the new Sueker Obejoyful Bill, which it characterised as a measure equally just and patriotic. I was, however, by this time, too familiar with Mr. Fester's editorials to place much reliance on what came from that quarter, and was about to lay down the paper, when my eye alighted on a paragraph in another column, which at once excited all my curiosity. It was headed "marriages in high life," and conveyed the intelligence that "two gentlemen connected with the personal staff of his Excellency the Governor, were about to form alliances in the family of one of our leading Suckers, the female members of which had long been celebrated for their charms of mind and person: the event," the paragraph added, "will, it is understood, come off in the course of a few days."

"What the deuce can this mean?" I exclaimed, throwing the paper over to Pinkerton, who was sitting sipping his coffee, in a melancholy mood, on the other side of the table. "Have you heard anything about these marriages, Tom?"

"Marriages! how! no! yes!" exclaimed my companion, starting up and seizing hold of the paper in a terrible state of excitement.

"Yes—marriages: don't you see—look there—'two gentlemen form alliance?'—'leading Sucker family,'—what does it mean?"

Had the eyes of my unfortunate Secretary lighted on a

tiger open-mouthed, and about to spring on him, he could not have exhibited more terror than he did as he followed the movement of my finger down the column of the print, till it rested on the mysterious paragraph. For a minute or two, he stood with the paper in his hands the perfect picture of despair, paying no attention to my enquiries as to the cause of this singular distress; finally, casting the *Scorpion* from him as though it had been the veritable reptile itself, he darted out of the room, and rushed up stairs to his apartment, where I could hear him lock the door, and cast himself heavily on the couch, a victim, as I was forced to believe, of the most intolerable anguish.

Alarmed at this extraordinary conduct, I soon followed Pinkerton to his room, the door of which he reluctantly consented to open. It was, however, some time before I could get him to let me into the secret of his sorrows, and when he finally did so, I hardly knew whether to be most amused or alarmed. The truth was—as the reader has doubtless anticipated—my poor friend had fallen into the trap I had had some difficulty in escaping from. The daughter of one of Mr. Bullyman's constituents—a large recipient of the Tommy Cod Bounty—had proved too much for my poor Private Secretary. How it all came about, Pinkerton had the most confused idea in the world of. All he knew was, that (after a warm introduction by the Attorney General) he had been to the house of his affianced one's father several times to eat (don't faint, romantic reader!) perrywinkles, by special invitation, and had found only Miss Melinda Vantoozler, the youngest of three sisters, at home. It was, Pinkerton explained, a very ingenious operation to get a perrywinkle out of its shell, and somehow or other Miss Melinda never could manage it. The consequence was that Tom had to learn her the process, and to do this it became necessary that they should sit very closely together.

Still, as Pinkerton innocently observed, who could ever have imagined that perrywinkles were to pave the way to the temple of hymen? It happened, however, that one evening whilst engaged in this interesting work, the young lady ran her pin into her finger, and was so alarmed at the sight of the blood, that she fainted, right into Tom's arms: Just at that moment, in bounced Mr. Bullyman and the paternal protector. "My daughter in the arms of a villian!" exclaimed the indignant sire, and catching up the poker, was about to annihilate Pinkerton on the spot, when Mr. Bullyman interposed, and offered his services as a mediator—the result being a proposition that, in order to avoid all bloodshed and scandal, my unfortunate Secretary should, within a reasonable time, become the happy husband of the agitated fair one. Whether he had assented to this proposition or not, Pinkerton could not say: he only knew that ever since that time he had been very wretched and miserable—a state of mind which was not at all alleviated by the fact, that every day's mail brought him long epistles from the lady, and baskets of pickled tommy-cods and perrywinkles from the other members of the family, who affected to regard him with the most extraordinary interest and affection.

"There they are," said Pinkerton, on closing his narration, pointing to a number of small baskets piled up in one corner of the room, and from which a strong fishy odour was proceeding—"She salts them herself!"

Ludicrous as the affair was, I could not help pitying the poor fellow, who declared that he would sooner die than marry Miss Vantoozler. Pointing to a small bundle of clothes which he had just finished packing up, he announced his intention, in case I had no power to help him, to try and leave the Island that very night, though he fully expected to be torn to pieces should he fail.

Finding him bent upon this course, I appealed to him

by the recollection of our old friendship not to desert me at that crisis, promising him faithfully that I would do my best to rescue him from the fangs of the Vantoozlers, and at all events if I did not succeed, we could at the worst take our departure from Caeona together; that I was not less wearied and disgusted than he was, and that before the time he so dreaded arrived, either I should have got rid of the Suckers, or they would have got rid of me.

Having by this means relieved his immediate fears, I left him in better spirits, and was coming down stairs again, when I met a person going up with a small hamper, which I at once recognised as another of poor Pinkerton's presents.

"Here," said the bearer, thrusting the package unceremoniously into my hand, "here's some more fish for Miss Vantoozler's young man. When's it going to be, do you know?"

"What," said I, "the marriage!"

"Yes, of course: it's a pretty good thing for the Vantoozlers, isn't it? Did you see what the *Scorpion* said about it?"

I nodded assent.

"That other fellow that Meg's going to get, is a pretty clever fellow too, ain't he? Our people likes him better than the other—he don't give himself such airs, you know. He's been in the army, ain't he?"

"Who?" asked I, quite bewildered.

"Why Wolfe—the chap Meg's going to be spliced to. He's got such a free and easy kind of manner—not stuck up like the Secretary. Do you think there's any message back? The old man always wants to know what the young gent says about the fish."

"No, no answer to-day: Mr. Pinkerton isn't in."

"Oh, he isn't," and turning on his heel, the messenger went off whistling.

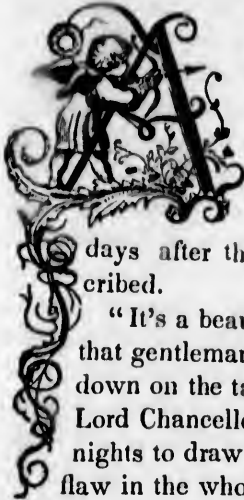
So the whole meaning of the paragraph was explained!

"This will be nice news for Pinkerton," said I to myself as I descended the stairs after the messenger: "with Miss Melinda for a wife, and Mr. Wolfe for brother-in-law, the prospect is certainly a pleasant one," and closing the door of the sitting-room, in spite of my own vexation, I burst into a loud and hearty fit of laughter.



CHAPTER XXI.

In which is contained some more particulars about the Sucker Obejoyful Bill.



AS the Sucker Obejoyful Bill was the crowning measure of my Administration, and led to the most important results, I think it necessary to give a copy of the Bill itself, as laid before me by Mr. Bullyman, a few days after the meeting of Council already described.

“It’s a beautiful model of legal precision,” said that gentleman, as he cast the precious document down on the table,—“and would do honor to the Lord Chancellor himself. It took Foker and I two nights to draw it up, and I don’t think there’s a flaw in the whole of it. It’s meant to cover everything, and does cover everything. When a thing has got only one meaning, we have given it a dozen, and that’s the patent way of drawing up Acts of Parliament. I remember one Act of Foker’s in which the Courts were compelled to admit pump-handles and hard tooth-brushes under the general description of coarse cotton manufactures. But there, read that Governor, and then say if you don’t think it will have an effect.”

Accordingly I did read it, and now present it, in all its legal perfection, to my readers.

A BILL TO RECOMPENSE CERTAIN SUCKERS FOR THEIR EXERTIONS IN BREAKING WINDOWS, &C., IN THE YEAR 184—

WHEREAS it has been represented to this Honorable Roundabout, that a large number of Her Majesty’s loyal

subjects, generally known and distinguished under the name and title of Suckers, have been for a long time and now are suffering and undergoing great hardships, privations, and misery, in consequence of not being compensated and rewarded for their patriotic exertions at different periods for the honor and glory of the country,

And WHEREAS more particularly in the month of December, in the year 184—, a large number of Suckers highly distinguished themselves by their laudable efforts in pulling down, lifting up, tumbling over, and generally destroying and mutilating the residences of divers Bullfrogs, and did then and there break, crash, and smash certain windows, roofs, shutters, doors, and fences of the said Bullfrogs, and did with force and arms—that is to say with brooms, shovels, pokers, boulders, briekbats and other peaceable and loyal weapons—knock down, prostrate, beat, strike upon, pound and pummel divers little boys and girls—to wit, two policemen and one political parson—and did then and there extinguish divers lamp-lights, and carry off, convey away, and generally appropriate at great inconvenience and trouble to themselves and to the great benefit of the State and glory of Her Majesty, divers shop signs, cattle, stock, and other domestic and agricultural implements—and did moreover, by means of certain museles in and about their arms and legs—jump, leap, kiek, scratch and pineh, and otherwise so conduct and demean themselves, as to seriously perplex, harrass, annoy, injure, and damnify the said Bullfrogs, for none of which things has the slightest reward been offered or paid to said Suekers,

And WHEREAS by law and by right, any recompense or reward for and on account of the said services ought to be paid by and levied and imposed on the authors of these and all other outrages—to wit, the said Bullfrogs—and whereas, it is evidently unjust that any portion of the said recompense or reward should be contributed or

paid by the Suckers, whose peaceable and loyal conduct on this and other occasions exceeds all praise,

THEREFORE let it be enacted, and it is hereby enacted, that a sum of £80,000 shall be paid to the said Suckers out of the lands, property, and revenues of the said Bullfrogs, which said lands, property, &c., are hereby declared to be bound, charged, and mortgaged for the payment of the same, and shall so continue to be bound, charged, &c., until perfect payment thereof be made.

And in order to avoid all doubts and difficulties which might arise as to the meaning and interpretation of this Bill, it is hereby declared and enacted, that whenever one word shall mean another word, it shall have the meaning of the word which it does not mean, and whenever one particular thing is mentioned, it shall be taken and construed to mean all particular things, and that where nothing is meant or intended, it shall not be construed, taken, or interpreted to mean anything else.

Attached to this Bill, was a schedule containing the rates of compensation proposed to be paid to the Suckers, male and female, for their services on the occasion in question.

"There," said Mr. Bullyman, after I had perused the document, "There's the Sucker Obejoyful Bill: If that doesn't go, it's all up with the country, and patriots will have to look out for themselves."

"What do you mean to do, Mr. Bullyman, in case the Bill should not pass?"

"Oh, that's all settled: we've made our arrangements. Buster is made Collector of Customs at Jases: Foker and I go upon the Bench: Shanks takes the Presidency of the Railroad: Fester's to be Inspector of Potash Kettles: and Ferritt and Mites will have their pick of whatever else happens to be going."

"And is this the constitution also?" I asked.

“It’s the practice,” said Bullyman, “made precious by time, and the example of innumerable patriots. In Cacona we call it ‘being provided for’—the pelican provides for its young, you know, and patriots provide for themselves. It’s the mutual insurance principle carried into public affairs. But I must be off, and get the Obejoyful Bill a jogging, and if that don’t save us, then in the language of—Byron, ain’t it?—

“Farewell to all our greatness.”

and with this apt quotation, delivered in a highly theatrical tone, Mr. Attorney General Bullyman took his departure.



CHAPTER XXII.

Showing how I go down to Parliament again and what occurred.



I LEARNT from Pinkerton, who had in the course of a few days recovered sufficiently to go out, that the greatest excitement prevailed in the City at the proposed Sucker O-bejoyful Bill. A

meeting had been held, at which all the leading Bullfrogs attended, and expressed their determination to suffer anything sooner than submit to so unconstitutional and infamous a measure. A petition to the Queen, praying for the recall of myself, had been passed at this meeting, which, with the odious Bill itself, was the one subject of conversation in all quarters.

This was not pleasant news, but still I cannot say that it surprised me. Pinkerton also informed me that, notwithstanding this demonstration, my Ministers were

determined to push through the measure without delay, and that an early day next week had been named for the first reading of the Bill: one reason of this haste being the absence of two of the Bullfrog members, who had been called away by different causes, and would not be back for some time.

In the course of the next four and twenty hours, accordingly, I received some indication of the ferment which had been created without. About noon, several respectable looking persons tried to force their way into my presence, but were prevented with much clamour and violence by Mr. Bullyman, who with a number of his Sucker friends had established a kind of guard round the house for the protection, as they represented, of my sacred person. The strangers seemed to have some petition which they wished to present: but whatever their object, they only got repulsed, and finally were fairly hustled out of sight. A short time afterwards my attention was attracted by a solemn dirge of music in the streets, and on going to the windows, I found a procession proceeding along, following a hearse, in which was deposited a full-length figure of Britannia. When I made my appearance, hundreds of hands were raised in derision, and then there came an indignant hiss which all the yellings of Mr. Bullyman's friends could not drown. These patriotic gentlemen, however, attempted a charge on the tail of the cortege, but got so much the worst of it, that they came scudding back in the greatest disorder, and finally had to take refuge in the Government House, where they remained for the rest of the day, drinking and feasting, to my infinite disgust and annoyance.

The night on which the Obejoyful Bill was to be introduced, Pinkerton, at my especial request, went down to the Roundabout, to watch the proceedings; on his return, I learnt that the first reading of the Bill had been carried by a majority of one—that Mr. Vaughan had made a

most eloquent speech against it, and that the following night was fixed for the second reading of the measure. It was with some difficulty that I elicited this information from my Secretary, who was in a state of great agitation, having met Miss Vantoozler in the lobby of the Roundabout, who at once took possession of him, and kept him a close prisoner all the evening. In consequence of this, I was quite unable to persuade Pinkerton to repeat his visit on the night of the grand debate, so that the first intimation I received of the second reading of the Sucker Obejoyful Bill by the glorious majority of two, was derived from the columns of the *Scorpion*, in which it was recorded in letters of half an inch long.

How the Bill got through the other stages, and how it passed the Upper House, are matters of which I have but the most shadowy recollection. I only know that within a week of the time the Bill had been first introduced, two-thirds of the shops in Jericho were closed as on the occasion of a national calamity, and I was preparing with Pinkerton to go down to the Roundabout to give the Queen's assent to the unpopular measure.

It was a nasty, sleeting, shivering, uncomfortable morning, not ill-suited for such an occasion. The night before, Mr. Bullyman had called, in his usual free and easy way, to fix the hour—12 o'clock. It was the opinion of himself and colleagues, he said, that a neat sort of a speech delivered on the occasion would "have an effect." Something about the Queen and the Duke of Wellington, in connection with the progress of Sucker principles would, he thought, be to the purpose. He also said that he had made arrangements with his political friends to accompany me as an escort to the Roundabout, in order to prevent any violence on the part of the Bullfrogs. I, however, declined both these suggestions, and told Mr. Bullyman I should proceed to the Roundabout unaccompanied by any one except my Secretary.

He looked at me as though he thought I had lost my senses, but said nothing, beyond hoping that if anything "nasty" happened, I would not lay it off to the Suckers.

At 12 o'clock, accordingly, Pinkerton and I got into a common hack carriage, that Pinkerton had managed to procure, and drove down to the Roundabout. Contrary to our expectations, we found the streets through which we passed quite deserted, and when we drove up to the building, instead of a crush of spectators, as on the occasion of my former visit, with the exception of two or three little ragged boys, who were playing at marbles under one of the verandahs, and a fat messenger standing yawning at the entrance, not a soul was visible.

We mounted the flight of steps leading to the Drowsy-head's Chamber, where I had got so unmercifully squeezed three or four weeks before, and passed on to the lobby, where we found Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Shanks (both apparently in high spirits) waiting to receive us.

"Well, that's pretty well managed, Governor, ain't it?" said the former, rubbing his hands. "I suppose you are rather astonished to see how quiet we are. The fact is, that Fester got out an *extra* of the *Scorpion*, announcing that you wern't coming till three, and the Bullfrogs are all meeting now to see what kind of a reception they shall give you. It's a capital dodge, ain't it?" And Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Shanks laughed a hearty chorus at the nice trick they had played their political opponents.

"Is everything prepared?" I asked, not caring to procrastinate time after Mr. Bullyman's intelligence.

"Yes, all right—Shanks just go in, and let 'em know the Governor's coming."

Mr. Shanks accordingly disappeared, and in a short time afterwards, at a sign from Mr. Bullyman, I entered the chamber.

As might have been expected under the circumstances,

I found it almost deserted. Scattered over the benches, were some eight or ten very drowsy looking Drowsyheads, who seemed as if they had not been in bed all night. After waiting two or three minutes, about a score of other persons walked in, representing, I imagined, the third branch of the legislature: Some of these gentlemen seemed to have been summoned from their vocations in a hurry, and were evidently in their working apparel, having their white aprons tucked up round their middles, and looking very heated and excited.

There were also about a dozen persons in the galleries, including two reporters, who were amusing themselves by cracking nuts, and pelting the hon. members below.

Occupying the foremost bench, were the members of the Ministry, evidently very much at their ease. Bullyman, with true Parliamentary dignity, was sitting with his hat on, and had his legs thrown gracefully over the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper's shoulders. Buster had pulled an old red night cap over his ears, and was snoring away lustily in a corner; whilst Mr. Foker was employed in cutting out the date of the passing of the Sucker Obejyful Bill in large letters on the back of one of the benches. The only person who seemed really to take an interest in what was going on, was little Fester. He was seated perched up on the top of one of the member's desks, watching every movement I made, with the vigilance of a tiger. His little cat's eyes glittered like two spearheads, and there was a malignity in his looks which made me feel uncomfortable whenever I felt that his gaze was upon me.

The Clerk of the Drowsyheads, who had during this time been occupied in sorting and arranging a number of parchment rolls in two boxes before him, now approached, and intimated that everything was ready; whereupon a brother official drew forth from one of the boxes a piece of parchment, which he announced as a

"Bill to facilitate sound Sucker education," and presented it to me for my assent.

I nodded my head in sign of acquiescence.

"His Excellency the Governor, in Her Majesty's name, assents to this Bill," shouted Clerk No. 2.

The next was a Bill to "Encourage the Tommy-cod Fishery," to which my assent was also signified.

Then came two or three Bills having reference to the improvements at Mud-Harbour Creek, and for the encouragement of different local Sucker institutions. These being passed, there was a pause, during which I saw Bullyman stick out his tongue at Mr. Foker, who stopped in the midst of his carving operations, and putting a shaving into his mouth, looked round with the air of a man who is expecting something important.

"A bill to reward certain Suckers for their exertions in breaking windows during the years 18— and 18—," shouted the Drowsyhead functionary, in his most magnificent tone.

I looked up: there was some agitation in the gallery. A stout man, apparently very much heated and excited, had thrust his body over the railing to hear what was going on: the reporters had put down their pens and were gazing earnestly at me, and the fat messenger stood with his eyes shut and his mouth wide open, waiting to catch the magical words which were to seal the fates of the Bullfrogs. I saw this at a glance, but I saw more. In the body of the house, the members assembled had left their seats, and were pressing forward to where I stood. At their head was Bullyman, no longer a listless loungeur, but standing proudly, with his arms folded on his breast, full of triumph and exultation. Buster had pulled off his red nightcap, and stood with it extended over his head, ready to be waved as a signal of victory. Shanks had placed himself on a stool, and looked the picture of pleasant excitement. But what struck my attention

most of all was the appearance presented by Fester. As the reading of the bills proceeded, he had gradually drawn himself up on the desk on which he was sitting, till he was at last fairly crouched on all fours, his arms supporting his body, and his head thrust out, like some villainous reptile about to spring on its prey. I never saw anything so diabolical as the expression of his countenance, and a cold perspiration comes over me even now when I think of it.

All this I saw in a glance, as one sees a precipice in a dream—a precipice down which a demon is chasing you, and from which not a single hair is suspended that could save you.—“A Bill to reward certain Suckers”—the words were ringing in my ears for months afterwards : at that moment each syllable had the force of a cannon’s roar—of a whole battery of cannons, which had been exploded at my feet.

I do not know if I paused one second or a thousand : I recollect just glancing round to catch a sight of poor Pinkerton’s pale face, who was standing trembling at my elbow, and then, with an inward prayer, I made one strong effort, and in terms pronounced so distinctly that the very echo seemed emphatic, I declared in Her Majesty’s name my **DISTINCT REFUSAL TO PASS THAT BILL.** * * * * *

What occurred afterwards is the shadow of a dream. For a moment I know there was a dead pause : then I saw the heated man in the gallery throw up his hands and rush out, shouting so triumphantly that it sent the blood back to my heart again. Then came a confusion of many tongues, and I was surrounded by an enraged crowd who shook their fists in my face and called me opprobrious epithets. Bullyman was in the van—the ferocious Bullyman—raging like a mad ox, and there too were Shanks and Buster, heaping such insults on my head, that I weep even now with shame and mortification

when I recall them. But I was not to be provoked : all this I had expected, and more. Perhaps I had earned it, perhaps not ; but maddening and humiliating as it was, it was more endurable than the venom of Fester. He, as the truth burst on him where he sat, crouched up like a wild beast, fairly sprang from his lair, and thrusting his sallow visage near to mine, whispered such a tissue of dark malignities in so devilish a tone into my ear, that it seemed more like the hissing of a serpent than anything human.

For some minutes—I cannot say how long—I bore this—publicly and patiently bore it—cut of the very desolation of my condition. But though sorely wounded, my spirit was not quite crushed.

“Have you done, blood-hounds?” I gasped forth at length, as some fresh term of insult fell on my ears : “Have you done, or must I remind you who you are and what I am ? For my acts, I am responsible to none of you, and shall answer to none of you—how dare you then address such language to me ? If you, who are my advisers and ought to be my friends, are anxious to know my reasons for refusing to sanction this measure, you may learn them hereafter. For the present, all I have to give is scorn—scorn for the past, and defiance for the future.”

As I uttered these words, I turned to depart, followed by Pinkerton, whose trepidation no words can express. As the door closed, a loud hiss followed us, but I did not heed it. Taking Pinkerton by the arm, I passed quickly down the stairs into the street, where the coach which had brought us was waiting. By this time, however, a number of persons had collected outside, who raised a loud shout when they saw me. At the same moment, too, the windows of the Roundabout were thrown open and appeared, as if by magic, teeming with animated life. There I saw Bullyman, and Shanks, and Fester, and a

crowd of others, shaking their fists, and hissing, and roaring and yelling like demons.

"Down with him!" shouted a voice which sounded like Bullyman's, and the next moment an enormous stone was hurled through the glass window of the vehicle in which I had just taken my seat, and fell into my lap. I caught it up, indignantly, and hurled it back at the crowd. "Down with him!" repeated the mob, and this time a volley of rotten eggs, and other offensive matter, fell in a shower about us.

"Drive on, for God's sake," cried Pinkerton, wiping a mass of filth from his face.

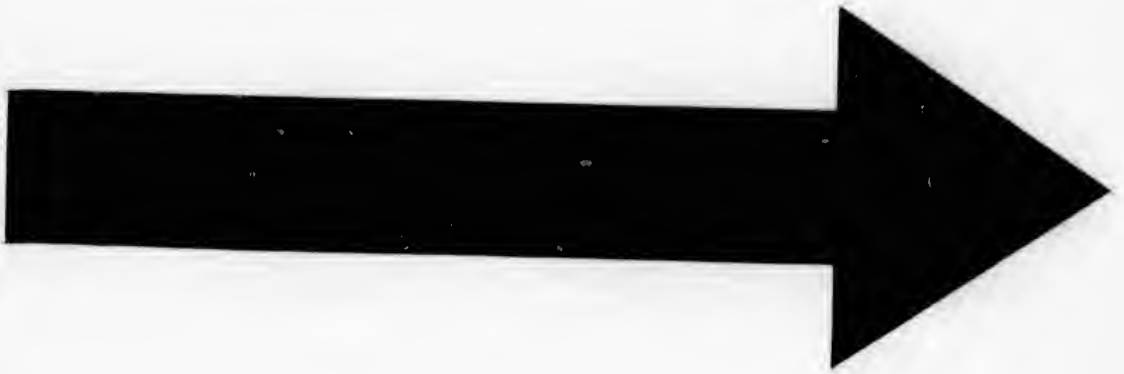
"Drive on," cried a strange voice at the side of the vehicle, "if you don't want the Governor to be murdered."

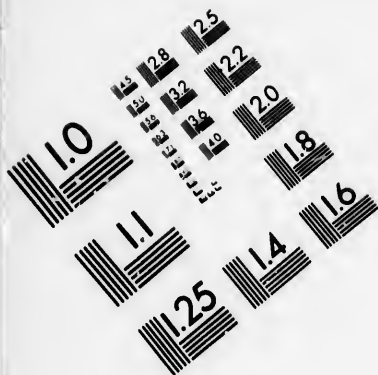
Thus urged, the bewildered driver gave the whip to his horses, which bounded on at a furious rate, amid a fresh shower of missiles and groans.

In a short time we were out of the reach of danger.

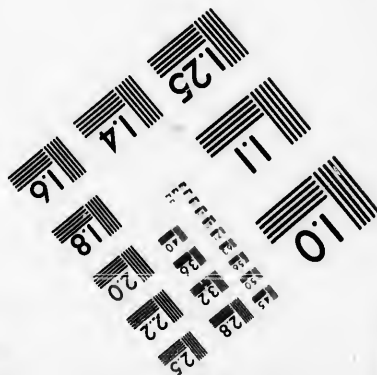
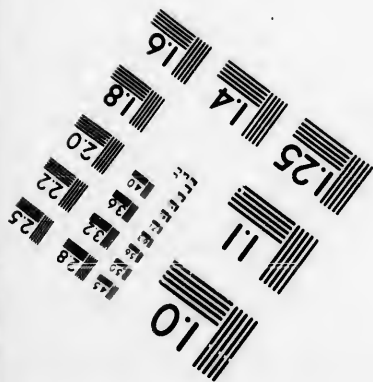
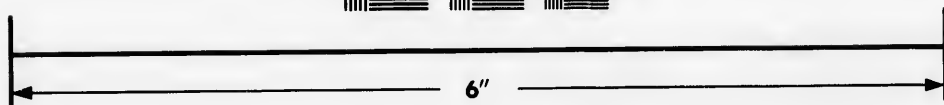
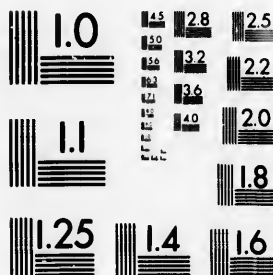
When the cries of our pursuers had died away, I looked out and found that we were again driving through the principal streets of Jericho, on the way back to the Government House. There were, however, no longer any signs of the lifelessness we had observed in the morning. On the contrary, there seemed to be unusual bustle. At every house, men were either going in or coming out, and it was evident that some strange excitement was prevailing.

I judged from this that the news of my refusal to sanction the Sucker Obejoyful Bill was fast spreading; but the rapid rate at which we were proceeding left me very little time for observation. Once or twice I thought I was recognised, and was relieved at finding that no hostile manifestations were exhibited; but in this I may have been mistaken, and ere I had time to satisfy myself on the point, the vehicle had drawn up, and like a hare





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flying from the hounds, without cover nigh or any apparent means of escape, I found myself once more under the roof of the now more than ever hated vice-regal residence.



CHAPTER XXIII.

I prepare to abdicate my Honors and leave the Island.



THE clock was just striking two as we entered the house and I could have imagined it was sounding the knell of my departed hopes. In the short time which had elapsed since I set out

to visit the Roundabout, the full result of my mission to Caona had been proclaimed, and I was ready to abdicate my honors, if such abdication were possible.

This thought was uppermost in my mind when Pinkerton addressed me.

"Thistleton," said he, "take my advice ; there is no time to be lost. In a short time Bullyman and his ruffians will be here, and God knows what will be the consequence. Let us leave this cursed place. You know the promise you made me : now is the time to put it in execution. If we remain here four-and-twenty hours longer, you will fall a victim to the fury of the Suckers, and I—" he did not finish the sentence, but I knew what he meant.

The suggestion chimed in too well with my own thoughts to be resisted ; but how were we to escape—where were we to fly to—and to whom could we look for protection ?

On these points Pinkerton was totally at a loss. Be-

yond the idea of getting away, he had nothing to propose, and now that I suggested the difficulties which lay in the way of such a proceeding, he went almost distracted. In this dilemma, my thoughts once more reverted to old Mr. Grey of the "Briers." If I could find him out, I entertained a hope that I might still be able to baffle my enemies. I, therefore, proposed to Pinkerton that we should endeavour to reach that gentleman's residence, of the position of which he as well as myself had an indistinct recollection.

Having come to this conclusion, we at once set about making such preparations as we considered necessary for our flight, which consisted simply in putting up a few indispensable articles of wearing apparel in one of Pinkerton's carpet-bags.

Whilst we were completing these arrangements, we were more than once startled by a distant sound like the gathering of many voices, and by the time we had finished, we were both impressed painfully with the conviction that our friends the Suckers were about to pay us another visit.

"Come," said Pinkerton, throwing the carpet-bag over his shoulders in evident trepidation, "come, let us be off: there is nobody below, and we can get out of the back door before they are here; come, come."

Sadly, but not reluctantly, I prepared to follow my faithful Secretary.

Still, as I took a last glance at the apartments in which my short-lived honors had been borne, I felt my resolution gradually melting away; but it was now too late to draw back. Every instant the voices of the ferocious Suckers were becoming more distinct, and in five minutes more escape might be impossible. Not without an effort, therefore, I breathed a short adieu to all my departed greatness, and locking the doors after me as I went out, hurried on to join my impatient companion.

As Pinkerton had prophesied, we reached the back door without encountering any person. This door led into a lane, by which we hoped to make a *detour* so as to avoid observation.

Pinkerton, who was in advance with the carpet-bag, had some difficulty in turning back the lock, but finally succeeded, and with an exclamation of satisfaction, stepped out into the public thoroughfare.

He was scarcely out of my sight, when I heard him utter a sharp cry, and on hastening up, found him struggling in the grasp of a stranger.

"Halloo!" I heard this person exclaim, "halloo! this is it, is it? This is how you are going to deceive my Mclinda! You want to be off, and leave us, do you! Not by any means, my young gentleman. I suspected what you were after, and so I've been watching for you a little. It's a pity you should be so pressed, ain't it: oh, oh, oh!" and here he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which for a moment effectually put a stop to his bantering.

"For God sake, help me," exclaimed Pinkerton, struggling violently to get free.

"Help you, will he!" exclaimed the stranger, looking round, and shaking a little bullet head at me in a very defiant manner.—"I should like to see him try: oh, oh, oh!"

I saw at once how matters stood. There could be no doubt but that the stranger was Mr. Vantoozler himself. What was to be done?

At this moment, I perceived a horse standing a short distance off, harnessed to a covered cart, which I recognised as one I had seen distributing to the inhabitants of Jericho their daily supplies of flour and bread. The driver was absent—gossiping, I suppose, with some "neat-handed Phillis"—and as necessity is the mother of invention, a scheme for disposing of our new acquaintance suggested itself to my mind.

Making a sign to Pinkerton to be on the alert, I made a sudden plunge at Mr. Vantoozler, who was just then in the midst of a fresh fit of coughing. The attack was so sudden, that the little gentleman was completely thrown off his legs, and fell like a sack of potatoes between us. "Now then Pink," I exclaimed, seizing hold of the little bullet-head, give him a hoist." Thus encouraged, Pinkerton grasped Mr. Vantoozler by the shoulders, and between us we contrived to lift him on to the edge of the baker's vehicle. Once there, the rest was comparatively easy. Opening the lid behind, one vigorous shove sent the ambitious Sucker into the bottom of the cart, where he lay doubled up amongst a portion of that day's baking, much more comfortably than could have been imagined under the circumstance.

To close down the lid, and fasten it securely, was the work of a moment. Two or three cuts of the whip then sent the horse galloping down the lane, and wishing Mr. Vantoozler a pleasant ride, we set off on our search to discover Mr. Grey's residence.



CHAPTER XXIV.

After a good deal of wandering we got to Mr. Grey's.



THIS at first seemed to be no easy thing. Pinkerton, I soon found, was too alarmed to recollect anything distinctly, and my own knowledge

of the locality was too limited to be of much service. Under these circumstances, it seemed little short of a miracle when, at the end of about an hour's hard walking, we suddenly found ourselves standing in front of Mr. Grey's residence.

It was a substantial, comfortable looking dwelling of the rustic order, with a grass plot in front, on which a child's rocking horse was standing, and pleasant trees and shrubs all around it. As we opened the gate, a venerable-looking lurcher came waddling towards us, as though to reconnoitre, and having apparently satisfied himself of our intentions, turned round and walked back to his old resting place under the porch.

Encouraged by these indications, we ascended a small flight of steps, and without further disturbing our canine friend, who was much too comfortable to take any notice of us, rapped at the door.

It was opened by an elderly domestic, who in answer to my inquiries, whether Mr. Grey was within, replied in the affirmative.

"Walk in, gentlemen, if you please," said this person, leading the way into a small apartment,— "Master is engaged at this moment, but he will come to you directly."

The room into which we were ushered, was fitted up as a library. Round the wall were hung portraits of leading English Statesmen, (none of whom, that I was aware, had ever been Governors of Cacona), and on the shelves was a fair collection of books, principally historical and legal, with a long array of the back numbers of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*.

I had just time to notice these things, when the sound of footsteps in the passage recalled my attention, and immediately afterwards Mr. Grey made his appearance.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing me. "What, can it be possible! His Excellency the Governor here! That is unexpected indeed!" And he looked at me with a look in which astonishment and apprehension were blended.

"Governor no longer, Mr. Grey," I said firmly: "at least no longer than is necessary to leave Cacona, if that be possible, and leave it for ever!"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, his eyes twinkling with excitement, "I half suspected as much. The news of your refusal to pass that Obejoyful Bill had just reached us, and a few of my friends are at this moment assembled up stairs, consulting what steps it would be best to take to support you."

"What!" I exclaimed, "then I am not without friends."

"I trust that the Queen's representative will never be without friends," observed the old gentleman drily. "But what does your Excellency propose to do? There is no time to be lost. Already Mr. Bullyman and his friends are marshalling their forces, and unless your Excellency is desirous of renewing your acquaintance with them, we must be prompt."

"I would sooner die," I exclaimed, "than submit to those men."

"But has your Excellency any plan—any scheme—"

"None—not a hope, not the shadow of a hope, unless you can aid me."

The old gentleman looked in my face earnestly for a moment, and then taking my hands in his, pressed them warmly together. "Young gentleman," said he, in a tone of voice so full of kindness that it brought the tears into my eyes;—"you have fallen upon a rugged field to make your first political experiment on. Older heads than yours might have failed and have failed to steer safely through the shoals and quicksands which encounter the public man in this Colony. The fault is not altogether yours, and therefore be not cast down. Had the Prime Minister himself undertaken the task, he would probably not have succeeded much better. Besides, whatever faults you may have been forced to commit, much has been redeemed by your last act. Such is my opinion and the opinion of my son-in-law, Mr. Vaughan. As soon as we heard of your refusal to sanction that iniquitous Bill, and the treatment you had received in consequence, we at once foresaw the danger you ran, and were even now concerting measures for your safety."

I returned the old gentleman's friendly grasp, but my heart was too full to permit me to speak.

"If your Excellency will step up stairs," said Mr. Grey, taking no notice of my emotion, "I will introduce you to my friends, and we will see what had better be done."

He accordingly led the way into another room, where we found Mr. Vaughan and four or five other gentlemen engaged in an earnest conversation. They all appeared very much astonished when they recognised me, and listened with great interest to the few remarks with which Mr. Grey explained the object of my visit. I soon found out that these parties were perfectly aware of what had occurred between myself and the Suckers that morning. Indeed, from the messages which were constantly

being brought in, I came to the conclusion that they were keeping a most vigilant watch on the movements of the opposite party, and that nothing was occurring outside of which they were not made acquainted.

After some minutes, spent in conversation on the events of the day, Mr. Grey and Mr. Vaughan retired together to another part of the room, where they remained for a short time in earnest deliberation. When they had concluded, the latter gentleman came and seated himself by my side.

"Excuse me, your Excellency," he said, "but there is one thing on which, before we proceed any further, it is necessary to be distinctly advised. Are we to understand that it is your Excellency's fixed determination to resign the Government of Cacona?"

Before I could answer this question, the chamber was suddenly lighted up with a glare of light which attracted all our attention, and on going to the window, we perceived a vast column of flame shooting up in the direction of the city.

"By heavens! it is the Government House: the scoundrels have set it on fire," exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, after looking on for a moment.

"It can't be possible," observed another of the company.

"There is no mistake about it," said Mr. Grey, who had gone out when the flames were first observed, and who now re-entered the room—"Henry has just returned: he was present when it was done, and saw Fester apply the first brand with his own hands."

Nothing more was said, and we continued to watch in silence the progress of the flames, which now exhibited themselves in all the magnificence of a vast conflagration.

Whilst we were thus engaged, my attention was called off by a light column of smoke which I thought I

perceived in another direction. When I first noticed it, it was so feeble as to be barely perceptible, but as I continued to look, I imagined that it grew larger and larger. I pointed it out to Mr. Vaughan, who was standing by my side, and asked him what it could be.

"That," he said, after looking for some time in the direction indicated, "that can hardly be a conflagration: Mud Harbour Creek is over there": and then, after a minute or two more had elapsed, during which time the smoke had become more and more distinct, he added—"If I am not mistaken, that must be the English packet, the *Sea Gull*: this is about the time she is expected on her homeward voyage, and there is hardly a doubt in my mind that that is she."

The *Sea Gull*! The vessel which had brought me to Caona! Immediately the words of the Captain recurred to my mind: "If your Excellency should ever want a passage home in a hurry, and you hear that the *Sea Gull* is on the coast, all you have to do is to send up three rockets from Mud Harbour Creek, and if the thing is to be done, Captain John Thomas will do it." And now I did want a passage home in a hurry, and the *Sea Gull* was on the coast. It seemed more like the forced conclusion of a romance, than a reality.

Impressed with this thought, I drew Mr. Grey on one side, and mentioning to him Mr. Vaughan's opinion, that the smoke in the distance announced the approach of the *Sea Gull*, informed him that, if such was really the case, it was my intention to avail myself of the opportunity to bid farewell to the Island of Caona.

The old gentleman listened to me attentively.—"There was no doubt," he said, when I had finished, "that the smoke which we saw was the smoke of the *Sea Gull*, nor would he attempt to oppose my resolution to take advantage of her presence to leave the Island. There was no saying how far the Suckers might carry their ani-

mosity, and though himself and friends would not hesitate to answer for my personal safety, still perhaps the best thing for the general tranquility would be"—he hesitated as he pronounced the words—"my departure. You will not, he added smiling, be the first Governor who has left Cacona in a hurry, for you have doubtless heard how they treated Sir Hercules Mudpool, your predecessor."

"No," I said, "some allusion was made to it by Mr. Fester, but so darkly that I did not understand what he meant."

"Well, perhaps, I should not mention it either, but as your Excellency will, I trust, be far out of the reach of your late friends before many hours are over, it can do no great harm. The fact is, Sir Hercules came out as you did to govern Cacona on the new principles of the Colonial Office: that is, he was to do everything the "greatest possible number" told him to do, and never to listen to the expostulations of minorities. The consequence was, that he fell unconsciously into the power of Mr. Bullyman & Co., who for a time nearly worried his life out. Sir Hercules, however, though not a very brilliant man was a very proud one, and the termination of it all was, that having had a furious quarrel with his Cabinet one day, he put an end to the dispute by kicking them one after another into the street, with the exception of Fester, and him he pitched out of the window. So far so good; but that night an attack was made on the Government House by a ruffianly mob, who broke open the door, and made their way into Sir Hercules' bedroom. The Governor heard them coming, knocked down a dozen or two with the poker, and defended himself like a hero. But what can one man do against five hundred? In short, they overpowered him, carried him to the market-place, and there, amidst yellings and hootings which would have disgraced a band of wild Indians—they brutally——"

"Murdered him!"

"No, not quite so bad as that, but cut off both his ears. You will hardly believe it, but it is a fact. My son-in-law, Mr. Vaughan, was present and saw it. What is more, after they had completed the job, they erected a high pole on the spot, which remains, for aught I know, to this day."

"And what became of Sir Hercules?" I asked.

"Oh he went home immediately afterwards, and has since got into Parliament. He was a roaring radical when he came out here, but the Suckers cured him of that. He makes a capital Conservative member, but without ears, of course!"

I will not attempt to describe my feelings, during the time Mr. Grey was narrating this history. I now saw the meaning of Mr. Rit-tit-too-too-ee Baker's singular conduct, and comprehended the dark allusions of the little wretch Fester. Cut off a Governor's ears! Good Heavens, what an escape I had had, and how I began to long for the arrival of the *Sea Gull*.

"If your Excellency has really made up your mind to leave," said Mr. Grey, apparently divining the thoughts which were agitating my mind, "we must lose no time in taking steps to apprise Capt. Thomas of the fact. The usual signal is by sending up three rockets from Mud Harbour Creek, but that would attract too much attention just now, and we must try and devise some other plan. I will speak to Mr. Vaughan, and see what he thinks we'd best do."

We accordingly consulted Mr. Vaughan, who, as well as Mr. Grey, saw some difficulty in the matter. To have recourse to the ordinary signal, would be to bring down the Suckers upon us; and to send out a boat—which was the next best expedient—necessitated the employing some of the boatmen about the harbour, none of whom, in my friends opinion, were to be trusted, having been

all won over to the Sucker cause by the Tommy-eod bounty.

Whilst my new advisers were discussing this matter, I stood fumbling in my waistcoat pockets, in a state of great mental uneasiness, when by mere accident I drew out a narrow slip of paper, which I at once recognised as the identical one which Mr. Rit-tit-too-too-ee Baker had thrown into the boat on the night I was leaving the *Sea Gull*. I had crumbled it up in my hands, and was about to tear it to pieces, when it occurred to me that there might be something in the contents useful in my present situation; and therefore, removing the huge mass of rosin that served as a seal, I proceeded to spell out the contents, which consisted simply of the following mysterious words—

“Bill Stiggins is staunch. Enquire of Big Jehn at the Three Jolly Beggars.”

“What can this mean?” I asked, handing the singular epistle to Mr. Vaughan.

“The very man,” he exclaimed, when he had glanced at the contents. Bill Stiggins is the man; it is strange we never thought of him before: Here Perkins, (addressing an attendant) run down to the Three Jolly Beggars, and tell Bill Stiggins to get his boat ready at the east side of the Harbour immediately. By the time he is there, he will receive a letter from me, which he will take off to the *Sea Gull*, and deliver to Capt. John Thomas himself. Tell him to take no one with him but his son, and not to mention to the people about the Harbor where he is bound to—though that is hardly necessary, for the fellow is so confounded close that I don’t believe he would give the pass word to St. Peter himself.”

The messenger having been dispatched, Mr. Vaughan sat himself down to write a letter to the Captain of the *Sea Gull*. This he did in a few lines, simply stating that pressing business rendered it necessary I should leave

the Island at once, and directing him to stand in as close as he could, and send a strong crew with his best boat to the east side of the Harbour, without a moment's delay. To this was added an injunction, that as a means of warning us when we were to expect him, he should send up a rocket as soon as the boat left the vessel.

"There," he said, after he had sealed up the letter, and delivered it to another messenger, with strict orders to put it safely into Mr. Stiggins' own hands--"there--now, if fortune will only give us two or three hours more, we may bid defiance to Mr. Bullyman and all of his gang."



CHAPTER XXV.

In which I have a conversation with Mr. Vaughan on Colonial Government.



YOUR Excellency will entertain but a poor opinion of Cacona, I fear," observed Mr. Vaughan, as he took a seat by my side, after the messenger had been dispatched. "You will look upon us as barbarians, and on our Government as a burlesque of every thing honorable and respectable. But there are brighter shades to the picture, and dark as is the cloud which at present hangs over us, I can see dawn in the distance."

"How!" I exclaimed, "can anything redeem such a state of things as I have witnessed here? Men of the calibre of Messrs. Shanks and Bullyman placed by the popular voice at the head of affairs, and every thing sacrificed to the demon of party?"

"Why, yes, that is bad enough certainly," replied Mr. Vaughan, "but yet the case is not hopeless. You see in Cacona, Mr. Thistleton, the first effect of the democratic wave, bringing the lightest and most worthless materials

to the surface ; but do not judge entirely by that ; wait for a time, and by the same law which gives the worthless mass its prominence, it will sink and disappear."

" For how long, Mr. Vaughan ?"

" For ever, I trust."

I shook my head.

" Well," he continued, " you have some reason to judge us harshly, but it must be borne in mind that we are just now learning a new political lesson. For a longtime the Government of this Island was very different from what you witness to-day—not ill-suited to the early condition of a people, but totally at variance with the ideas of Government—both Colonial and Imperial—which at present prevail. Against this form of Government, a clamour arose. As in the days of our old friend Æsop, the frogs cried out for a new constitution. Well, at last it came—not calmly, like a star at midnight, but amid the howling of demagogues and the rage of contending factions. What could you expect ? You have seen a child handling a watch, Mr. Thistleton, (that is, if as a bachelor you ever deign to notice such trifles), how, whilst it listens with delight to the tickings, and notices with amazement the movement of the hands, it pants to get at the works, and play havoc with the skilful machinery. Well, just so is it with us. The constitution is our watch, and pretty confusion (it must be admitted) we have at times made of the works—turning the machine up and down, and twisting it about, after the manner of learned babies, till it will no more answer to the actual hour than it can speak its own name."

" And knowing this, what hopes can you have in the future—what rational belief in a better state of things ?"

" The hope I have in the progress of human intelligence and improvement—the belief I have in good over bad. Political education, Mr. Thistleton, is not the work of a day. The institutions of England did not mature in a

week, or a month, or a century, and there were Jack Cades and Jack Straws before there were Hampdens and Sydneys. To value a thing highly, one must have possessed it sometime—have struggled with it through difficulties, and have grown familiar with its every phase. In working out a new system of Government, Mr. Thistleton, there is always infinite danger. The uncertainty which exists as to the exact limits assigned to each power, renders each of these powers in its turn, jealous and exacting; every slight misunderstanding is exaggerated into a constitutional grievance, and what under a more matured system would scarcely excite a breeze, swells itself into a storm. There is a raging over trifles and battlings over nothings. This is the time for knaves and fools to become great men, and they are "great" accordingly. But he who opines from this that the system itself is unfit, and would exchange it for some crude theory of his own, sadly mistakes human nature, which in these throes and strugglings is but adapting itself to the new design—challenging (rudely enough it may be) its own existence, and testing its powers with the reckless confidence of new-born liberty. It is out of this nettle danger, we pluck the flower safely. Be assured Mr. Thistleton, all will yet be well in Cacona."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Vaughan; I had thought the Colonial mind quite impracticable. I am glad to hear you speak so confidently."

"You do not know the Colonial mind, Mr. Thistleton; how quick it is to apprehend—how eager to win—how formed to succeed. You know nothing of its high aspiration, its devotion, and (may I use the word in presence of yonder burning pile?) its loyalty. They are a noble field these Colonies, Mr. Thistleton, and there are noble men who inhabit them,—the giant sons of a great race, who will yield in nothing to their ancestors. What you have witnessed, has been but a huge burlesque—a grand

farce, which, were you to write a book on it (and I hope you will), would gain you a reputation second only to Baron Munchausen."

"Still," I said, "I cannot understand how it is that the Suckers should have used me as they did, or how the Government fell so completely into their hands. Mr. Bullyman and Mr. Fester both told me I was "nothing," and in truth I think they were right."

"Knaves as they are," said Mr. Vaughan, smiling, "they knew better. The fact is, your Excellency, you have seen demonstrated in Caona the extreme evils of what is called party Government, which is the same in its results all over the world, and practically the most grievous of tyrannies. Unused to the exercise of political power, each party in this Island has in its turn made the possession of that power a means of persecution against the other: the result has been a legislation of *halves*—now Sucker, now Bullfrog. In your Excellency's case, circumstances combined to throw you altogether into the hands of the Suckers, who made use of you as a means to elevate themselves and crush their political opponents. The effects of such a plan would be bad under any circumstances, but carried to the extent to which it has been carried in Caona, it has become almost insupportable. Still excuse me if I say that, had your Excellency a little better understood your own position, this could not have happened. A skilful Governor, Mr. Thistleton, well up to the management of parties, would never have merged into a mere Caonian minister, or have consented to play second fiddle to a vulgar Roundabout leader. Without seeming to govern, he would always hold the reins, and whilst listening to advice, would never forget his own authority, or sacrifice his own honor and dignity."

"But," said I, "I could never find out where the reins were. Mr. Bullyman must have hid them under his pea

jacket. You know he prides himself on being a first-rate whip."

"First rate," said Mr. Vaughan, laughing, "But a riper condition of public opinion will soon settle Mr. Bullyman. In Cacona, as elsewhere, as political knowledge advances—and it will advance—a better order of men will assume the direction of public affairs. The next Governor will, I trust, find out that the task of governing according to British precedent, is not impossible in a British Colony. If on your return home, Mr. Thistleton, you should see the Colonial Minister, or any other of those great men who rule the destinies of that mighty nation, tell them not to be disheartened by past experience in Cacona: tell them, that though sorely tried, the Colonial heart is still sound, and that in the midst of some impatience—some doubts, and some fears—there still exists an ardent desire that this Island, not quite so barren or valueless as it may appear to you, should for ages yet to come form part of the glorious appanage of the British crown—prospering under British Institutions—sheltered under the British flag, and strong, very strong, in British hearts and British impulses—having a common glory and renown with the parent stock—a common aim—a common destiny."

Mr. Vaughan rose as he uttered these last words, and left the room, leaving me behind to chew the cud of bitter reflection, and wonder how it was that I, who prided himself on writing a book on "Colonies and Colonization" had failed to make the discovery, that the task of a Governor is—to govern.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I take leave of my friends, and prepare for my flight.



N hour had well nigh worn away, and Pinkerton and I were standing at the window, watching with impatience for the signal which was to announce the departure of the boat from the *Sea Gull*. The shades of night were beginning to close in, and the sky looked dark and tempestuous, very much as it did on the night when I landed at Antioch. In the distance the ruins of my late residence still presented a fiery mass, though it was evident the conflagration had expended its fury, and was beginning to decline. As I looked on, the events of the last few months came vividly before my mind. From the moment I received the fatal letter from the Colonial Secretary, to my last interview with the Suckers in the senatorial chamber of the Drowsyheads, what a strange concatenation of events!—what a singular history! As I was musing in this way, and almost doubting whether the whole was not a dream, a long fiery track of light in the distance proclaimed the signal of the departure of the boat from the *Sea Gull*.

“There goes the rocket,” exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, who had been standing near me; “now gentlemen, there is no time to be lost. We have a long drive before us, and Mud Harbor Creek is a nasty place to visit after dark.”

We accordingly hastened to put on some suitable clothing our friends had provided for us, and these preliminaries arranged, I prepared to take leave of our kind protectors.

“May God bless you,” I said, taking the hand which Mr. Grey extended to me: “I have been a sad plague to

you from the first ; but such was not my intention, I assure you. I have found out that it is easier to write about Colonies than to govern them, and I only wish that some of my friends at home who talk so wisely about these things, would just come and try their hands with the Suckers. But God bless you again : my heart is too full to say all that I would wish—only, God bless you—God bless you !”

“ Good-by,” said the old gentleman, as he pressed my hands warmly in his own—“ Good-by ; I wish we could have kept you amongst us for a while ; but every thing is for the best. God bless you, and may you find a pleasanter task next time than the Government of the Island of Cacona.”

With a sorrowful heart, I sighed my last adieu to my kind friends, and following Mr. Vaughan, descended the steps and entered the coach which was to bear me away from my Capital, and all the short-lived honors for which I had once so eagerly panted.

Jericho was, as I have already explained, some ten or twelve miles from Antioch, which was the town nearest to Mud Harbour Creek. But there was another road leading from the Capital to the east side of the Harbour, which was considerably shorter, and this was the one Mr. Vaughan now selected.

Very little was said as we proceeded along : I was too much engaged in my own thoughts to seek conversation, and as for Pinkerton, as the time of our deliverance drew nigh, his trepidation only seemed to increase. We therefore journeyed on in silence ; for Mr. Vaughan, whose character seemed naturally reserved, was too polite to disturb us.

After about an hour's travelling, the vehicle stopped, and we descended on to a flat marshy swamp, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as forming a part of the natural inlet or harbour which my Ministry had designed

to make a receptacle of the navies and commerce of the world. At some distance before us, I could see the moon shining on the dark waters which were soon to interpose their barrier between us and our malignant pursuers.

With some difficulty, we made our way through the mud which everywhere surrounded us, and reached a slight promontary, where we found Mr. Vaughan's messenger waiting to receive us. The boat, however, had not yet arrived, and its absence caused us some uneasiness as well as perplexity.

As nothing, however, could be done, we wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and awaited impatiently its arrival. The wind blew fresh from the east, and numbed me, as I walked up and down the muddy beach. All around looked dark, damp, and uncomfortable—very much as we had found it on the night of our arrival; I was thinking of these things, and glancing anxiously over the waves for the expected bark, when my attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of lights on the opposite side of the harbour. At first one, then two, then three, and at last a very illumination of torches.

“By Jove,” I heard Mr. Vaughan exclaim at the same moment—“the scoundrels are after us: but they are a little too late: here comes the boat—that’s right, Jem! Pull heartily my boys: that’s all right: now your Excellency, there’s no time to be lost—jump in Sir, (this was addressed to Pinkerton)—there you are—now then, a safe voyage, your Excellency, and may to-morrow find you safe away and far from the Island of Caona.”

I pressed Mr. Vaughan’s hand, and the next moment was sitting by the side of Pinkerton, riding over the waves on my way to the *Sea Gull*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Detailing the particulars of the pursuit.



THE boat impelled by the vigorous efforts of the *Sea Gu.*'s crew, made her way briskly through the water. My attention, however, was fixed on a single light which was moving in a course obliquely to the one we were pursuing, with a speed which was rapidly diminishing the distance between us. Although the darkness was too great to enable me to perceive any object, I felt satisfied that this light proceeded from our pursuers, and that if we did not speedily reach the steamer, they would in all probability overtake us.

Stimulated by this danger, I seized an oar which was lying at the bottom of the boat, and lent my efforts to those of the rowers.

A quarter of an hour might now have elapsed since we had left the shore, all traces of which had disappeared, and yet no signs were to be seen of the steamer.

"Do those fellows want to run us down," I heard the man who was sitting on the seat nearest me, mutter to his companion, as he looked over his shoulder in the direction of the moving light, which every moment seemed to be bringing nearer and nearer.

"Row on for Heaven's sake, my fine fellows," I exclaimed, "if you put me safely on board, I will reward you handsomely for your trouble."

Thus encouraged, the crew bent to their work with an earnestness which sent the light galley flying like lightning over the waves.

This effort on our part did not escape the attention of our pursuers, for in the course of a short time a faint shout came over the water, and then we became aware that the boat in which the light was, had received an increased motion, and was coming down on us more rapidly than before.

"Hang those fellows, they pull like niggers," observed one of the crew; "I reckon they were not brought up with white gloves on their fingers."

A few minutes more and I felt that our fate was decided. In spite of all the efforts of our crew, the distance between the boats was being rapidly diminished. Already we could hear the movement of their oars in the rowlocks, and catch the outlines of the forms of the rowers as they laboured like demons at their work. Several times, as the unsteady light of the torch which was burning in the bow, fell on uplifted faces, I thought I recognised features which for months past had haunted me in my dreams, and once I could have sworn I heard my own name mentioned by a voice which was either Fester's or the devil's!

The struggle had now become intense: on our side, the crew of the *Sea Gull* pulled with a vigour which nothing short of desperation could have inspired. Still that terrible light came steadily on—now a short distance in the rear, now parallel with ourselves, and now running right across our path.

Then it was that I again saw distinctly the features of my malignant pursuers. There was Buster, with his red night-cap on, standing with an uplifted oar in his hand ready for vengeance: there too was Fester, armed with a huge pair of shears, and though last not least, Bullyman roaring and cursing like a madman.

"Pull away my merry men," exclaimed the manly voice of our steersman, as by a dexterous movement, we swept by the now almost stationary bark of the Suckers, and went swiftly a-head.

"Down with him—swamp him—stone him—murder him," shouted a dozen infuriate voices ;—but I heard no more, for at that instant a sudden shock sent me sprawling to the bottom of the boat, and when I next looked up the first thing I saw was Capt. John Thomas, standing on the bulwarks of the *Sea Gull*, with Mr. Rit-tit-too-too-ee Baker by his side.

How I got on board, and how Pinkerton followed me, are matters *not* written in the tablets of my memory.—The only thing of which I have a distinct recollection is seeing Mr. Rit-tit-too-too-ee Baker throw down a pail of screeching hot water on some half dozen distinguished Suckers, who were yelling hideously in a particularly fast going cutter which was riding below ; and that this was followed by a yell of fright, pain, and despair which would have frightened the life into one of Mr. Belzoni's best preserved mummies.

• • • • •
"They got it pretty well," said the Captain to me the next morning at breakfast, as we were steaming along some hundred good miles from the Island of Cacona ; "I rather guess it will be sometime before they go Governor hunting again."



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Being the last of this strange eventful history.



JUST three weeks after the event last recorded, Pinkerton and I were riding up Fleet-street, on our way back to our old quarters. We had had a pleasant voyage, and had taken leave of Captain Thomas and Mr. Baker the night before at Southampton.

It was just six months since we had left London, and we were quite surprised to find that nothing appeared at all altered.

"Only look," said Pinkerton, who was in high spirits, "There's old Trotters, the law stationer, coming out of the square, and there's Pigswig, the Bencher, who thought so much of the Respirator—and there's Bellows, too, in his gown—how nice and jolly they all look!"

As the vehicle turned into the Square, I leant forward to catch a sight of our old quarters.

There it stood, as Pinkerton said, "looking just as natural as ever." Our names were still on the door, and as I looked out, who should make his appearance but Mr. Higgins, the landlord, himself.

He was surprised but very pleased to see us. "Step in boys," he said, "just step in—there's everything just as you left it, and if you chose to take it again, why say so, and have it. After all, you weren't such very bad tenants."

Just as we left it! There wasn't a doubt of it. There was a comfortable fire burning in the grate, to keep the place "haired," as Mr. Higgins said—and there, too, was Pinkerton's sofa bedstead, and my chest of drawers, and the book-case, and the hat box which had served as a coal-skuttle—everything just as we left it.

“ Well, boys, what do you say ?” enquired Mr Higgins.

Can any one doubt what we said ? If he does, only let him come in some night when Pinkerton is brewing the “ bishop,” and the fire is burning brightly, and the big tabby cat is purring away on the rug, and the smoke of the cigar is ascending in light wreaths to the ceiling, and he will have a pretty good idea of the answer we gave Mr. Higgins.

But what became of Mr. Wolfe, jun.,—and where are all the Suckers—and what of the Island of Cacona ?

Goodness knows ! but I will tell all I know.

My affairs with the Colonial Office were easily settled. Mr. Wolfe, sen. had managed matters so capitally that when certain notes of hand were all covered, my official emoluments had vanished. That old gentleman, I believe, still flourishes, and I have no doubt that any newly appointed Governor, who requires his services, may have them on the same terms that I did.

As to Mr. Wolfe, jun., he has since filled, I am told, a number of high Colonial Offices, and, by the last advices, had been appointed Chief Justice of the Island of Ascension, with unlimited jurisdiction over the wild goats and turtles.

As to Cacona—it was only yesterday, that whilst Pink. and I were taking our breakfast, I read the following announcement from the columns of the Times :

“ We understand that the Hon. Mr. Flunky Foosler has been appointed to the Government of the Island of Cacona.”

“ Oh, Cupid, prince of gods and men, have mercy on him !” exclaimed Pinkerton, on my proclaiming the fact.

To which chaste and classic wish, I only added

A M E N .

L'ENVOY TO THE READER.



MY respected friend the publisher, having put the history of the Governor of Cacoua into my hands, for my deliberate opinion thereon, previous to publication, I proceeded to acquit myself of that duty.

In the first place, my attention was called to the particular form of composition of the book, and on this point, I for some time entertained very serious doubts, not knowing whether to regard the work as purely fabulous and imaginary in its character, or whether I ought to view it as grave matter of history, in which, as in the record of the great Roman historian, actual facts are mixed up with much that is neither probable nor even reasonable. After due consideration, however, and yielding to the subject all the attention which a question of such grave importance deserves, I came to the conclusion that the history of the Governor of Cacoua was neither entirely fabulous, nor strictly historical; but that it bore a kind of composite character, in which fact and fiction are strongly blended, and both so colored with the peculiar fancy of the author, as to render it in many instances difficult to distinguish one from the other. The proof that the history of the Governor of Cacoua is

not an actual auto-Biography, was to my mind very apparent. In the first place, I have been unable to discover any such place as the Island of Cacona. On application to a friend at the Colonial Office, he assures me that, in the course of his long experience in that department, he never recollects to have heard of the name. It is very improbable, therefore, that any such place exists. But this though strong evidence against the historical character of the work, is not entirely conclusive. As a **POLITICAL ALLEGORY**, it would be allowable, and, indeed, strictly correct, to keep the thing actually intended to be represented, out of view, leaving it to the intelligence of the reader to make out the points of comparison; and this is what the author of the Governor of Cacona seems to me to have done. Whilst I cannot find that he has represented any actually existing community, or drawn his illustrations and facts from any one particular source, I do consider that he has intended, and, has indeed, succeeded, in bringing under one point of view, and concentrating in one humorous focus, many of the evils which threaten new political bodies, and render dangerous the assumption of new political powers. Viewed in this light, much of what may appear at the first blush to be extravagant, will vanish. That a Governor should ride into his Government on the shoulders of a future Cabinet Minister, would indeed out-Herod-Herod, were it not intended to furnish a clue to the future history of the work, by which the same Governor becomes a helpless victim in the hands of men who merely degrade themselves before him, that they may more effectually degrade him in their turn. Indeed, from the moment of his first landing in Cacona, the fate of the new Governor is sufficiently shadowed forth. He is to be the mere reflex of his ministry—a facile instrument, whereby power is to be thrown into the hands of unscrupulous men, who value the inestimable gift of a free

constitution only as it can be made the means of depressing and insulting their political opponents. That instances of this intolerance of party, and of weakness in Governors, have been afforded, is, I am assured, matter of fact. I have been told of Colonies in which political parties have carried their animosities almost as far as Bullfrog and Sucker, and in which Governors have not been much more fortunate than the Governor of Cacona. I do not pretend to say—for I have not been able to discover—that any representative of Her Majesty was ever deprived of his ears, but I might refer—(though with feelings I could not venture to express)—to attacks of a similar character to the one recorded in this volume, which seem to render even ear mutilation something less than a pleasant burlesque. Besides, if there is no instance of a Governor having ever been deprived of his ears, it is, I am assured, matter of fact, that in one of the principal Provinces of British North America, an unfortunate newspaper editor, whose intrepid expression of his political opinions had rendered him obnoxious to the opposite faction, was actually subjected to this species of punishment. Nor, (to add further strength to the illustration,) is it a very long time since, that a distinguished political leader, who now, I believe, holds a high place in Her Majesty's Colonial Councils, having had a misunderstanding with the head of the Government, did publicly, and in print, threaten that nobleman that he "would employ a black man to horsewhip him through the capital"; nor have I ever been able to learn that this gentlemanly and spirited conduct has in any degree affected the political standing or influence of the author, or prevented him from being favorably received at the tables of future Colonial Governors. Taking these circumstances, therefore, into consideration, I am compelled to come to the conclusion that some of the "extravagancies" which

form the ground-work of the "Governor of Cacona," are not so very extravagant after all.

Again, if an illustration from historic fact is required, it is only necessary to refer to the "Narrative" of Sir Francis Bond Head to find it. The truth is, that there is nothing recounted by Mr. Thistleton, respecting his appointment to the Government of the Island of Cacona, which bears so much the air of burlesque as the account given by Sir Francis Bond Head himself of his own appointment. Let the reader compare the following extract from the opening pages of the "Narrative," with the corresponding event in Mr. Thistleton's history, and then declare impartially which is the caricature—the Government messenger, with his batch of letters and shrewd knowledge of human nature, sitting on the door-steps of the briefless Barrister's Chambers, soliloquizing on men and things, or the half-dressed servant with "a tallow candle illumining an honest countenance," coming to inform the under poor-law Commissioner in his blankets, that "a King's officer has come after him":—

"It had blown almost a hurricane from S. S. W.—the sheep in Romney Marsh had huddled together in groups—the cattle afraid to feed, were standing with their tails to the storm—I had been all day immured in New Romney with the Board of Guardians of the Marsh Union; and though several times my horse had been nearly blown off the road, I had managed to return to my lodging at Cranbrook, and with my head full of the unions, parishes, magistrates, guardians, relieving officers, and paupers of the County of Kent, like Abon Hassan, I had retired to rest, and for several hours had been fast asleep, when, about midnight, I was suddenly awakened by the servant of my lodging who, with a letter in one hand, and in the other a tallow candle, illumining an honest countenance, not altogether free from alarm, hurriedly informed me, "*That a King's Officer had come after me!*"

"What could possibly be the matter in the workhouse of this busy world I could not clearly conceive. However, sitting up in my bed, I opened the letter, which, to my utter astonishment, was from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, expressing a wish that I should accept the Government of Upper Canada, and that, if possible, I would call upon him with my answer at half-past eight the following morning, as at nine o'clock he was to set out for Brighton to see the King."—*Sir F. B. Head's Narrative*, chap. 2, p. 23.

Or, if we want a sketch of public men, take the following description of a "leading" politician, to remedy whose "grievances" was understood to be the special object of Sir Francis' mission:—

"Mr. — was, it is believed, an insignificant pedlar lad, who, about eighteen years ago, having transferred himself to America, under disreputable circumstances, succeeded in becoming the shop or errand-boy of a notorious republican at Toronto.

"After living for some years in this description of society, he gradually brought himself into notice by the extraordinary talent he displayed in inventing gross falsehoods, and, as his radical associates acutely perceived that such poisonous misrepresentations flowing through the province would by degrees sicken the loyalty of those who, secluded in the backwoods, were completely dependant for political information on the local press, he was strongly encouraged to throw aside his shopman's apron, and to set up a newspaper.

"With this detestable object in view, Mr. —'s exertions for many years were almost superhuman. Every hardships, whether of wood, wind, or weather, which the settler encountered in his lonely residence in the forest, was, by some falsehood or other, ingeniously shown to proceed indirectly from Downing Street, or directly from the Government House, or Legislative Council, at Toronto. Every magistrate, militia officer, post-master, school master, who in any way misbehaved himself, either in public or private, was declared to be an especial favorite of the Government; artful comparisons were constantly unfairly made between the conditions of the old, densely peopled districts of the United States and the young settlements of Upper Canada, the difference being of course attributed to the withering influence of monarchical institutions.

"After these mischievous misrepresentations had sufficiently shaken the loyalty of those who, secluded in moral darkness, had unfortunately listened to his tales, he considered that the time had arrived for getting up some vague petition to the Colonial Secretary for the general correction of "grievances." In order to obtain signatures for this purpose, it is perfectly notorious throughout Upper Canada, that the most barefaced and impudent deceptions were practised. In various directions agents were employed who, themselves, affixed the names or marks of all who could be induced to acknowledge they had any one thing to complain of: Indeed, several worthy individuals were added to the list, who actually believed they had joined in a loyal address. The names and signatures thus collected in batches, on separate pieces of paper, were then all pasted together, and with scarcely anything but these credentials in his wallet, and with unprincipled impudence as his companion, this low adventurer (by one of those eccentric chances which occasionally characterize the course of an imposter's life) returned to his mother-country to introduce himself in Downing Street to

Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, leaving behind him in Upper Canada that kind of character which, with more wit than elegance, has been thus quaintly described by an American writer:—"He is, without exception, the most notorious liar in all our country. He lies out of every pore in his skin. Whether he be sleeping or waking, on foot, or on horseback, talking with his neighbours or writing for a newspaper, a multitudinous swarm of lies, visible, palpable, and tangible, are buzzing and settling about him like flies around a horse in August."—*Narrative Chap. 1 p. 1 to p. 3.*

Or, take Sir Francis's account of his first interview with this great public leader:—

"Afraid to look me in the face, he sat, with his feet not reaching the ground, and with his countenance averted from me, at an angle of about 70 degrees; while, with the eccentricity, volubility, and indeed the appearance of a madman, the tiny creature raved in all directions about grievances here, and grievances there, which the Committee, he said, had not ventured to enumerate."—p. 34.

In short, my advice to the publisher is to print the first and second chapters of Sir Francis Bond Head's book, and by attaching them to the history of Mr. Thistleton, leave the world to judge who has been the greatest joker—the author of the "Governor of Cacona" or the Imperial Government of Great Britain of the year 1835.

In regard to the various individuals who figure in the book, and whose names bid fair to be handed down as heir-looms to posterity, I am inclined, after diligent search, to regard them as entirely fabulous. On reference to my Colonial Office authority, he informs me that he cannot discover any person of the name of Bullyman, who either holds, or has held, any high official appointment in the Colonies. I am forced, therefore, to conclude either that the character is entirely fabulous, or that, assuming a wide latitude in this as in other matters with which he deals, the author has embraced in one living form, the prominent features and failings of a class; and that his design has been to paint the extravagant outlines of a certain set of stump orators and wild "coon" politicians, who, taking advantage of the unsettled state of the

public mind, and the confusion attendant on the introduction of a new system, do actually usurp the places of Colonial Ministers, and in that usurped character have played, and do play, such tricks before the Vice-regal representative as might "make angels weep." In like manner, I have no hesitation in saying that both Mr. Shanks and Mr. Buster are without any actual counterparts. Indeed, throughout the whole of the history of the Governor, the author seems to have studiously avoided anything like direct personality, being content, under the cloak of a sufficiently broad burlesque, to leave the public to form their own likenesses. Thus, even if the work should be deemed devoid of humour, it cannot be charged with malignity. So in regard to a prominent character, yeleft Mr. Fester, it is evident that the object is to represent a sufficiently numerous class of political writers and politicians, whose vanity leads them to suppose that the world of their limited vision is the broad world at large, and who are malicious and mischievous just in proportion to their actual littleness. The vanity of this class unfortunately too frequently serves them in the place of more noble qualities, and they are seen to exercise an influence which more modest, but far better men, often fail to attain. Envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, are their stock in trade, and in the world of Colonial politics (Heaven help us!) such qualities are oftentimes more valuable than truth, honor, and honesty.

As respects the hero of the work—the Governor himself—the only trace I can discover of his existence is furnished by a record of appeal now pending before Her Majesty's Privy Council, by which I am enabled to state that the Hon. Mr. Thistleton appears as counsel for the respondents. From this, I am led to suppose that the Governor has returned to his old profession, and that he still keeps up some connexion with the Colonies.

The result of all these enquiries, and of my careful

perusal of the manuscript, was in favor of the publication of the work. That it would be ferociously attacked by a small class of Colonial politicians and critics, and held up as a libel on the Colonial system, and on Colonists themselves, was a circumstance I did not disguise, for I have always noticed that, whilst these gentry are constantly deploring the want of every kind of Colonial literature, and ascribing this circumstance to the system itself, they exercise all the influence they possess to render such literature impossible, by doing all in their power to crush every effort (however feeble,) which may be made to create it. Notwithstanding this, I have strong hopes that the "Governor of Cacona" will succeed, and still stronger hopes that some good will come out of its publication: for as a Colonist myself, I repudiate the weakness which would make us ashamed to be told of our faults, or that exquisite modesty which is too sensitive and refined to bear to look at a good natured caricature, because there may be in the drawing something that reminds it of itself. The world has benefitted largely by good-natured burlesques, and many a folly which all the serious preaching in the world could not cure, has been driven from the stage of living realities by a joke. It is reported of a great man, that seeing the celebrated Beau Nash approach while he was engaged in playing with some children, he stopped in the midst of his merriment to exclaim—"let us be grave, boys, for a fool comes this way." For the "grave fools" the "Governor of Cacona" will doubtless have no charms, but there is another and a wider class—disciples of the old Greek—who in this, as in other matters, will hold it to be true philosophy to "laugh and grow wise."

I may observe, in conclusion, that the author has not failed to recognise in Cacona the existence of a higher order of politicians—men animated by a real desire for the country's good, and whose efforts are as disinterested

as they are patriotic. That such men do preside over Colonial Councils, and that their influence is a growing one, is a fact which if these pages do not more strongly record, it is only because the object has been to point out the evils to which popular systems are more directly exposed. The good in this, as in many other things, can be safely left to take care of itself.

G. S. C.

Montreal, November, 1852.

EXTRACTS FROM SIR F. B. HEAD'S NARRATIVE.

I WAS GROSSLY IGNORANT OF EVERYTHING RELATING TO THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COLONIES.

"As I was totally unconnected with every member of the Government and had never had the honor even of seeing Lord Glenelg in my life, I was altogether at a loss to conceive why this appointment should have been offered to me. However, as it appeared there was no time to be lost, I immediately got up, and returning to London in the chaise of the King's messenger who had brought me the communication, I reached my own house at Kensington at six o'clock."

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"Nothing could be more uncongenial to my habits, disposition, and opinions than the station that was offered to me. * * * If the poor-law commissioners had expressed the slightest wish to remove me from Kent to any station of greater difficulty, or even of danger, it would, of course, have been my especial duty not to have declined; but as the Colonial Office had not the slightest claim upon me, and as I was really *grossly ignorant of everything that in any way related to the Government of our Colonies*, I continued, so far as my own wishes, and even interests were concerned, to adhere to my opinion."

DIFFICULTIES ABOUT A "SWEET."

"I must now mention a few details, which though not very interesting to relate, had perhaps, better not be withheld from the public.

"In my interview with Mr. Stephen, I learnt that, from motives of economy, which in a moment of so much alleged danger I could not clearly comprehend, there would be a difficulty in continuing to me an aid-de-camp, and that not only was I to receive £500 a year less salary than my predecessor, but that, instead of his military remuneration, which amounted, I understood, to nearly £1000 a year, I was to forfeit to the Government my half-pay as major in the army.

"On my arrival at Brighton, in order to be presented to the King, I explained the difficulty which had been raised about my aid-de-camp, to which it was replied, "you really ought not to go out without one!"

"Every body thus seemed to agree with my theory, and yet nothing was settled. At last Mr. Stephen took me to Lord Howick, and after considerable trouble I was authorized to appoint Lieut. Halkett, of the Coldstream Guards, as my aid-de-camp.

HARD WORK AND LITTLE PAY.

"As my time was very short, my attention was much engrossed in reading over a *voluminous correspondence* which was placed before me in the

Colonial Office. I had to wind up, or rather to cut, the thread of my business with the Poor Law Commission, and had also my private affairs to settle; accordingly the day of my departure arrived without any terms with the Government having been satisfactorily settled. I had been subjected to considerable losses by being called upon so suddenly to break up my establishment; and for temporary outfit I had been thus subjected to expenses exceeding £500.

"In order that the King's promise to the Legislature of Upper Canada should be fulfilled, instead of being sent, as had been customary, in a King's ship, I was desired to proceed with my suite, which consisted of my aid-de-camp, my Civil Secretary, &c., by the packet to New York, from whence I was to transport them, as well as my baggage, in the depth of winter, through the United States to Canada; and in order to indemnify me for all these losses, outfit, and expenses, I was offered on the morning of my departure £300, of which, I was told, it would be necessary to retain £280 for the fees of my commission.

"With my suite I immediately set off for Liverpool, and I was on board the New York packet, which was actually moving out of the harbour, when an official letter was delivered to me by post, canvassing the appointment of my Aid-de-camp!

AN AWKWARD QUERY.

"Considering that our valuable North American Colonies were supposed almost by every body in England, and especially by the Government, to be on the point of separating themselves from the parent State, I will naerely ask, was it even politic in the King's Government to despatch me on so forlorn a hope, *not only without sufficient means, but, morally speaking, as destitute of ammunition as General Whitelock's men were, when, without flints or fixed bayonets, they were wilfully marched towards inevitable defeat!*" — *Extracts from the "Narrative," cap. 2, p. 24 to 31.*

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TAKING POSSESSION OF A NEW GOVERNOR.

"As I was no more connected with human politics than the horses that were drawing me—as I had never joined any political party, had never attended a political discussion, and had never even voted at an election, or taken any part in one—it was with no little surprise that, as I drove into Toronto, I observed the wail placarded in large letters which designated me as

"SIR FRANCIS HEAD, A TRIED REFORMER."

I could soon see that the loyalists looked upon me in this light, and, accordingly, on the very first appointment, that of Surveyor-General, which they themselves forced me to make, they almost one and all joined in a very improper petition to the King, which I am sure they have all since deeply regretted." — *Cap. iii., p. 33.*

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