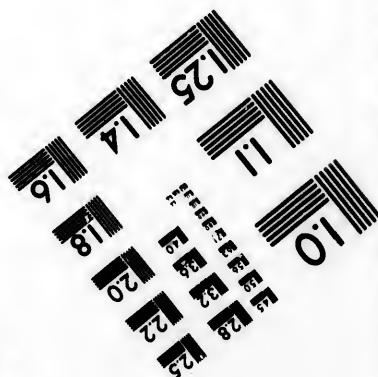
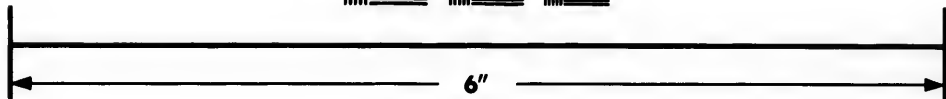
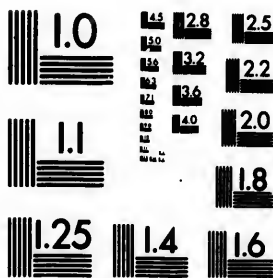


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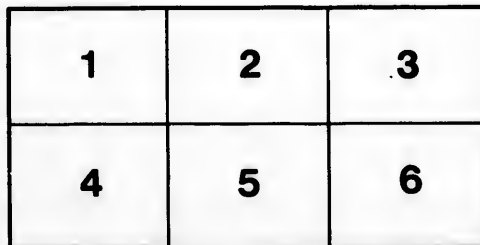
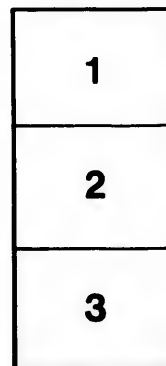
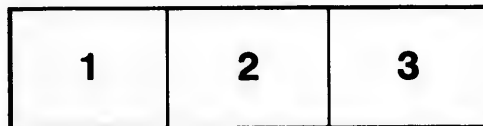
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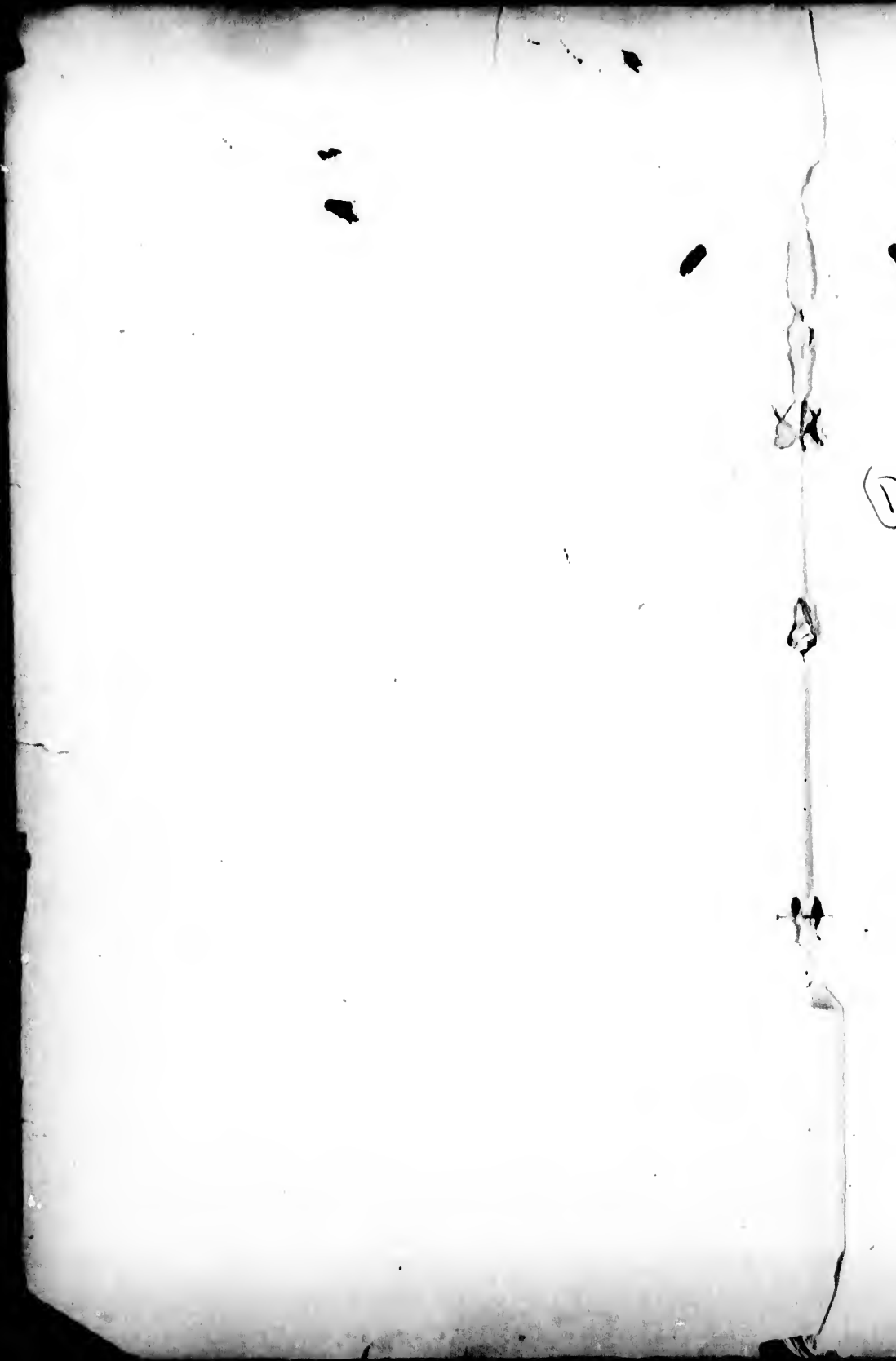
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LETTER

TO

HIS EXCELLENT LORD CATHCART,

(GOVERNOR AS VOS,)

BY THE

HON. WILLIAM SYKES,

(Late Inspector of Cabs and Licenses.)

EXPLAINING

WHAT IS NOT IN CANADA, AS WELL AS WHAT
WOULD NOT BE.

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THE HONERABEL VILLUM SYKES

To His Hexcellent

LORD CATHCART,

GOV'NOR AS VOS.

YOUR HEXCELLENT.

Seein the particklar handsum manner in vich the Hon. Villum Sykes vos treated by the late Sir Charles Bagot, in givin him a sitivashun vidout no salerry, in the Lisensin Department, (as is shoed in the nusepapers of them ere times,) hinduces him to cum forrard just now, ven Your Hexcellent is retirin from the Governin bisness, and is goin into sum other line, halong vid my lady and the famerly.

The Hon. Villum Sykes haint a goin to snub His Hexcellent on haccout hof that ere retirin, seein as how, bein brought up in the milingtary bisness is a reason as how Your Hexcellent varn't the man to make things wegetate in a Sponserbel Colerny, vere they dont hallow no floggin in Parlermint, and vere perlitercal drinkin is hawfully prevalent. No, Your Hexcellent, them as sent you hout ought tō have noed as there varn't

much chance for a venerable old dragoon as aint nuffin but his sword for his fortin. It varn't to be s'posed as the peopel hof this ere Colerny vas a-goin to be satisfied vid himmertashun horanges and aggis, arter having feasted on turtel and wensun : the konsequeunce vos, that ven they found out as Your Hexcellent varn't rich, and didn't spend your munny in dinners, and didn't give no bals, they growd very disgusted, and said as how you varn't fitted at hall for the bisness. And so Your Hexcellent has been recalled, vich is a kind of perlite vay of sayin dismissed, as vos also dun to the Hon. Villum Sykes, ven it vos diskivered as he vos too honest for hoffice.

Now, Your Hexcellent aint been werry long in the country, and perhaps aint seed all the knavery as the Hon. Villum Sykes has ; but you has seed enuff to no that it aint a werry easy thing to be the Gov'nor of a Sponserbel Colerny ; and perhaps you'se hof hopinion that arter a man has gone fro vun year's badgerin vid Ministers, and badgerin vid Parlermint, and badgerin vid hoffice seekers, and badgerin vid hoffice olders, —and arter he has been habused in the nuse-papers, and been bullyragged by the Colonerall Hoffice at home,—he aint werry much overpaid in getting his salerry, and that if he cums out vid a heasy temper, and vidout losing flesh, he's fit to be made a hangel at vunce, or else to be showed in a carrawansery along vid the vunderful

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hallengatur. No, Your Hexcellent, there is heasier duties in the world, more agreeabler and beautifuller, than hacting the part of a Gov'nor. Other peopels gets hallowances made for em, but a Gov'nor never gets nunc. Vatever he does, its sure to be rong. If he says he'll hact hupright to hall, they svears as he's a breaking the Constertushun; and if he says he'll stick to the Constertushun, they svears he aint got no vill hof his hown. He's just like a fly in a treaklepot: verever he goes, he's sure to put his unforternat foot in it. If he's rich, and spends his cash like a gemman, they svear he's a corruptin the publick; and if he's poor, and takes care of the coppers, vy they habuses his vine, and says as he is the cause of the cholera cuming into the country. Other men gets frends, but a Gov'nor mustn't have no frends. They gives him half a dozen peopel they calls Ministers, and tells him to put 'em into his busum; and a pretty life they leads him. Jailers is their rite name. Verever he goes, they follers him, like a tin kittle arter a terrier. A Gov'nor mayn't speak to no vun, he mayn't visit no vun, he mayn't be kind to no vun, vidout their leave, cos they says that's underminin their perlitercal hinfluence. And then, ven they'se blowed up his karacter and ruernated his health, and made him a miserable creatur, they valks hof in a uff, and leaves him to form a new ministry, vich means to get a lot hof new masters. No, Your Hexcellent, the

Hon. Villum Sykes noes vot it is to vork hard, and to be down in von's luck, and he's been in the retail tater line, as vell as holding hoffice ; but if he wanted to be miscrabel to-morrer, and and to make a vidder of his vife and horphins of his children, he noes how he'd do it—he'd go and get made Gov'nor for a twelvmonth under a sponserbel ministry.

But it haint haltogether the fault hof the system these ere things is so, Your Hexcellent. The Hon. Villum Sykes don't think as Sponserbel Governmint hitself his a hevil—sartingly not ; but its the men as vorks it hout as his wicious. Fact is, Your Hexcellent, polerticks and pick-pokettin is growd so werry much halike, in this ere country, as honest men don't no hexackly vich is vich, and konsiders as goin to Parlermint is werry much the same as goin to the devil. There haint no bar-rum in the country as dont keep a mumber hof its hown, vich hexplains the ministerial secrets to the company, and drinks himself away for the good hof the public. As to konsistency, Your Excellent, they keeps it, like their manners, for werry particklar occashuns, and uses it so werry seldom as people is hapt to forget they as got hany at hall. They'se always a-grumblin too, and a-schemin for summut. "Oh!" says vun, "I shall jine the Hop-persishun : the ministry haint a-doin their dooty.

W. H. D. I heard as how Draper vos a-learnin the Polker,
Dominic D. and Daly's halvays a heating hof hoysters, in-

stead of looking after his party. Its really disgusting." I need not mention, Your Excellency, as you converted to Baldvinism because a Cabinet Minister didn't ask him to supper, and another who had defected a Government measure because he wasn't allowed to run up tick in the name of the Executive Council. A worthy grateful patriot as sets with the Hoppersishun seed the horrors of his Conservative ways on account of not being permitted to swindle the government lands, and another who took dudgong when he was informed the Ministry didn't intend to introduce a Bill for a sesserial allowance of brandy.

In course, Your Excellency, these are things which are quite correct, but they are not made so correct when they get together to disarrange the affairs of the country. Then it is the national spirit comes up, and they speak out their minds to one another.—“Hallow me to tell that ere gentleman on t'other side the House that he has not got the brains of a bull-frog.”—“Will the honorable gentleman hallow me to inquire if he wants his honorable head punched?”—“Let me inform the respectable and venerable hold buffer as there has not a soul in the country as cares half a cuss for his councils.”—“Won't I pull your hold nose?”—“Cum and do it, my chicken!”—and other such elegant obscurwashuns is considered parliamentary and proper.

That sum people considers strange, Your Excellency, is, as shall this don't lead to fitting, which is

not so parlermintary in Canerley as svearin and drinkin. The usual vay is, harter a member has called anuther member a liar, for em to go out and take brandy and vater together, for vich the hinjured member pays, in horder to prove as he haint got no hanermosity. The Hon. Villum vunco seed vun member pay for fifteen glasses in vun nite, besides two for callin him a thief, vich, accordin to parlermintary rules, counts double. This here coorse prewents all bloodshed, and habiterates members to perlite conwersation as vell as strong drinkin.

In coorse, Your Hexcellent vill see that these here is little hobstacles in the vay hof the system, but they haint by no means the hole of the hevil. There is the Frenchmen, Your Hexcellent, vich hold Nick wouldn't be hable to manage, if he vos to cum out hof Hireland on purpos. They'se always a-ready to do vot is rite ven you talks to em; but as soon as you makes em a hoffer, its hall "Mrs. Bates and my darter!" They'se so werry honnest, that there's no hunderstandin em; and they's so werry desirus hof puttin down hall differences, that their vishes hinterferes vid their practice, and keeps 'em from doin nuffin at hall. And then they is so remarkerbel scruperlus that they vont take propersishuns like other men, and the honly vay to get at em is by private and conferdenshal comunerkashuns, vich they receves in the most honnerabel manner, showing fust to their frends, and arterwards puttin in the

nusepapers. They's always afraid too hof bein ravished by Gov'nors, and locks up their young mades and ould vimmin, in case they should'nt get to no harm, vich same appened to ould Mrs. Viger, bein cotched along vid Sir Charles Metcalfe, as the Hon. Villum Sykes is hinformed.

These ere things makes gov'nin werry different, Your Hexcellent, seein as how princerpels haint looked arter, vich should be, but honly the hindividuals, vich haint vorth looking arter at hall. The Hon. Villum Sykes is a goin to hoffer a premerum to diskiver vot kind of a creatur a Conservertif his; arter vich he'll giv a new at for to be showd vot the vord Raderkal means. Fact is, as they have ben a jawin and a disputen so long as they have forgot vot the row vos at fust, and now they goes on by hinstinct, like the gemman in the madhouse, vot smoked the hend hof a carrot, thinkin as it vos a cigar. Polerticks in this country, Your Hexcellent, is like the French dishes in France: they calls em by different names, but they's hall made of the werry same bow-wow. There's vot they calls the Colleg question, vot always kicks up a row. Sum on em, Your Hexcellent, vishes as religun should be used in the schools, along vid the Latin and Greek, vich the others considers vont do. It is the Hon. Billy Boulton as thinks (on behalf hof the Bishop) as mixing the boys as is to be saved by baptism along vid them as is to be saved vidout, and them as is to be saved by faith along vid them as is to

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premierum!
- a new hat

W. H. Boulton

be saved by vorks, is a confounding the breeds, and vont be for the good of their soles: vilst tuthers konsiders as it is latin and leap-frog as should be taut in the Colleg, and not religun at hall. The Hon. Villum Sykes dont no vot His Hexcellent's hopinion is on the question, but he's avare vot appened to his own young juvernile hoffspring, vich vos sent to learn morals at scool, and vich commed home the most hawfullest young rips as ever vos, a svearin and a smokin short pipes, and a vinkin like fun at the gals: after vich haccident, the Hon. Villum konsiders as the best moral instructors is the parents themselves, and that ven you gets a lot hof young 'uns together, they likes cats-crauel better nor their katechisms, and that they looks more arter the little hartikles of eating than they does arter the hartikles of the church. So that he's cum to the hopinion that its visest to leave these here questions halone, and that it haint for the governmint in a country like this here, vere there haint no 'stablished Church, to set up hacks of parlermint to decide vot religun boys should be teached; and that these ere differences is larned quite sune enuff out hof school vidout takin the trouble to teach 'em vidin. For imself, the Hon. Villum hopes he's a Kristiun, and he dont vant to interfere vid nobody else, sein as how he believes that if a man's honly konscienshus and just—not viping his heyes vid hinniens, and a-groanin his bowels hout—he may safely be trusted to go

by himself, vidout axing leaf from the mare hof Toronter.

And now the Hon. Villum Sykes vishes to say summet habout the peopel as lives in the country, vich is the vainestest peopel in the the vorld, and is always a puffin themselves up, as if they vos viser than nobody. Ven the Hon. Villum Sykes heres sum hof these creaturs talk, he feels as tho he vos a goin to wommit. "Vot a fool that ere Peel is," says vun, "he dont no nuffin habout our constertushun. I vishes he'd cum into Camerdey and here our hopinions in Parlermint." "Vot a pittty," says another, "as Mister Gladston dont hunderstand vot he's talkin about. It is really shockin to see how hignerrant them Ministers is." Then they's halvays a getting very much disgusted, and a braggin hof the sarvices they did ven they vent out to kill the country peopel's chickens and turkeys, vich vos in a state of rebellun against em. They's like a lot hof bull-frogs in a ceder-swamp, Your Excellent, always a hollerin and a bellerin, but nobody dont no vot its habout. Ven the Conservatifs is in, they haint satisfied vid their leaders, vich they konsiders is vorse nor their hennemys, and ven their hennemys is in, they's so werry disgusted that they vishes they vos galley slaves at vunce. So there's always a bobbery, Your Excellent—vun a tryin to sell the tother, like the black niggers in Afrikey.

The Honerabel Villum Sykes halso konsiders as His Hexcellent not feedin the peopel, vos decidedly agin him. Public hopinion vos ginerally awerse to His Hexcellent's vine, vich vos varranted to sour arter drinkin, and vich is supposed to have hupset the hinsides hof the Ministry. In coorse, the Hon. Villum haint hinfluenced by no sich devourin feelins, but he noes vot human natur is, and vot the wittles vill do. Consequence vos, Your Hexcellent, that ven they cummed home from the Levey vidout havin their suppers, they vos werry disgusted, and set to makin fun, axin' their sarvants to hunbuttern their stays, vich vos a bustin, and complainin hof the peeches and himmertashun horanges, vich they said vos layin heavy on their stumucks. Puhaps Your Hexcellent vont believe this ere, but the Hon. Villum noes human natur, and how it looks arter the dinners. For himself, he aint arter dinin vid Gov'nors at hall. Vot is the good on it, Your Hexcellent, ven you has got your own dinner hat ome? Vot is a Gov'nor's dinner, Your Hexcellent? Vot but a squeeze, and a hurry, and a belly-ache? First, there's the trouble of puttin hon a clene koller, and blacknin your boots, and then there's the bother hof the red-breeches fellar as tumbles you hinto the rum, a-hollering hout your name as tho you had stold summet, or vos a goin to be nocked down hat a hauckshun. And arter that, there's the bother hof gettin down stares, and a-treadin

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upon the vimmen's pettercotes, vich is halvays in the vay. And then ven you is down, there haint no cumfertabel feedin. They sticks you by sumbody you dont no, and helps you to sumthin you dont like. And then there's a hollerin at you to take vine, and you nods at the decanters as is held up till you gets red in the face, and heats too quick, and has indergestun, and vants to hunbutter your vastecote, but cant do it, becos it haint heterket at a Gov'nor's table. Compare this, Your Hexcellent, to diinin vid your hown wive, hoff your hown mutton, vid your hown children and your hown taters, and smokin your hown pipe arter, and drinkin your hown alf-and-alf like a Kristiun, and goin to bed and sayin your prayers vid nothin eavy on your stummuck or your konsense. Dine vid Gov'nors hindeed! The Hon. Villum Sykes would rather go vidout his dinner at hall!

But the peopel in this ere country is queer peopel, Your Hexcellent: they haint rich, and they haint butiful, and they haint got too much good manners; but they's werry crittercal, and they's liberal vid other peopel's munny, and givs grate flaresups (vich is gineraly on the heve hof their bankrupcy), arter vich they shuts hup shop for the season. Vell, in coorse, they hexpected as how Your Hexcellent vos a goin to do jist the same; and ven they found as you varnt, and how Her Ladyship vos a-puttin away the saler-ry in the bank, why then, Your Hexcellent,

there vos a row. But the fact is, Your Hexcellent, this haint a wery grate country for morals, and private karakter haint looked on like vheat, vich is halvays a cash transhacshun. In the Jolly Buchers, ve halters that ere. Ven a man dont pay his dets, ve kicks him hout ; but the haristocrercy hof Canerdey hacts hon a different princerpel. If a feller vos to rob a bank, and arterwards set up a carrage, they'd hadmit him to their tables, and marry him if they could to their darters. This here haint as it should be, Your Hexcellent. It dont vork vell, and it haint Hinglish. In the ould country, karakter is summet. Peopel there may have their faults, Your Hexcellent ; and they has. But they pays their dets ; and if theyse proud, it haint at hother peoples' hexpence. And this is vot makes em a grate nashun, and their polertishuns grate polertishuns. They haint so perlite a peopel as the French, and they haint so smart as the Yankees ; but theyse a plaguy deal more honest, and if uther nashuns dont like em, vy they haint hafraid to put em down on their books. But in Canerdey they halters all this. Ven you goes into socierty you rubs agin cotes as haint paid for, and never vil be, and you sits down to suppers svindled from krediturs, hout of bankrupt hestates, and dances to pihannerfortes vich, if they could speak ther hown musercal minds, vould play "The Roges' March," instead hof the polker. Now the Hon. Villum Sykes carnt eat these ere suppers, for he

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thinks they'd choke him; and he wouldn't polker to that ere musik, for he'd suppose as he heard the lamentashuns hof the honest makers, vich hall the vile haint konsidered good enough for sich hillusterous cumperny.

Ven the Honerabel Villum Sykes goes hinto Daley's Hotel tuther day, he meets vid a fashernabel marchand, vich is a-pickin salmon vid a fork, and a-lookin wery hunappy. "How is you, Muster Sykes," says he, "how is you? Cum and sit down, and take sum shampain: I vants cumperny, for I'se werry hunappy." "Sorry for that," say I; "vots the matter? Has somebody been pickin your pocket?" "No," says he, "Muster Sykes, it haint that ere: it's the banks as is a doin for me. Vot do you think?—they vont take my paper hat hall! It's a-makin me wery hunappy!" "It's wery dredful, hindeed," says I; "them ere banks hought to be hindicted for svindlin." "So they hought, Sykes," says he; "so they hought. Vot's the good on em if they cant keep honest men on ther legs? I don't think I'll survive it!" And here he dranked a glas of shampain, and pitched away hinto the salmon. "Its a hawful thing for vuns famerly," says he, arter a vile: "Ve'll have to give away the hoses to my sorrerful relashuns and hide away the spoons hinside of the pihanner, for fear they is stold by our krediturs. But its a blessin to have nuffin on vun's konscience, and to be abel to say has you has always lived vithin

a thousand a-year. Oh karakter is a slap-up hartercle, Muster Sykes, haint it?" "Vy yes," says I, "perhaps it is; but this ere haint the fust time, is it?" "No," says he, "it haint the fust time, but I vasn't prepared for the blow. Ve has been layin in vine for the vinter, and halso a larnin the polker. Oh, Sykes, it's that ere vot makes me werry hunappy." "Its the hawfullest thing as ever I heerd on," says I, "but perhaps the kreditors vont be sewere." "They didn't hought to be, Sykes; cos my haffairs has ben kept in a nutshel. There haint no dets to collect; nuffin to bother em hat hall. Ve halvays spent vot we got, and never gived nobody trust. That's vot I calls doin a strait-forard bisness." "No stock at hall?" axes I; "Vy, yes; there's part hof a consinment hof tooth-brushes, and a wery fine hassortment of sand-paper, vich vill do for the hassinees to rub emselves down vid, vilst ve is lamentin at home: but you haint a-goin, Sykes—ve'll hav anuther glas of shampain—I vants cumpny, becos I'se werry hunappy." "Thankee," says I, "I don't think I couldn't drink no shampain: it mightn't agree vid my stummuch: and sum hunfashernabel peepel would say as I vos a robbin your krediturs." So I took my at, and as I vent hout, Your Hexcellent, I heard him horderin anuther bottel of shampain, tellin the vaiter as how he vos werry hunappy.

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These here things is bad, Your Hexcellent, and makes it werry hard for the little rogues vot gets sent to the Pennytenshery, vilst the big uns is heliwated into igh hofferces, and inwited to svindel for the honner and kredit hof the countrey.

Ven the Hon. Villum goes hinto the countrey, he ears peepel hevery vere a grumblin, axin vy the rodes haint made, and vere's the briges the the Government promised em. But the Government is too busy a runnin habout amusin emselves, to pay no hattenshun to sich things, and the Board hof Vorks (Board hof bad Vorks, as the Hon. Villum konsiders) is generally hengaged in hexplanin its conduct to commisshuners, vich gets werry vell paid for showin the countrey how jolly vell robbed it has been. As to that ere Board in particklar, the Hon. Villum Sykes konsiders as it is the most hingenus hinwenshun hof the day, and a buterful speciment hof Colonerel Sponserbel Government. If it hadn't been for it, Your Hexcellent, the Colerny never vould have noed the blessins hof gettin in det, as vell as diggin channels in places vere old Natur vos parfeckly ashamed to make the hattempt. It's a reel halligatur is that Board, Your Hexcellent. It can svoller hany hamount of grants the countrey vill give it, and ven they goes in vunce, it is a werry grate chance if they hever cums hout agin. "Vere's the fifteen thousand pounds promused to us?" axes vun Districk, and the hanser is, "The Board of Vorks has got it." "Vere's the

munny for our brige?" axes anuther, and agin they says, "The Board of Vorks has got it." The Board of Vorks gets hevery thing, Your Hexcellent, and takes werry good care on it ven it has got it, layin it out in the most profertabel manner for contracturs, and now and then investin small sums in buildin gintel willas in town, vich futur ginnerashuns vill pint to, as interestin hexamples hof vot humbug and svindlin vill do. But whos fault is hall this, Your Hexcellent, but the peeple's themselves. In coorse, vilst they hal-lows emselves to be bamboozled habout things as dont signify nuffin, they haint goin to have practercal Government, but hevery roge as is habel vill svindel em as much as he can. Aint it true, Your Hexcellent, as hevery thing is hout hof sorts in this here blessed land?—Look to hedicashun: there's a Superingtendent and Deputes Superingtendents as rites books habout wariuous systems, but dont seem to have found hout no system for Canerdey yet, hexcept the system hof drawin the munny. Vot his the Hedicashun Bill in Lower Canerdey? A humbug. Them as noes the good hof hedicashun, sends their young uns to school, as they vould in hany case votsumdever; but as to the Governint system of hincouragin readin and ritin—hexcept to them as gets hold hof the salerries—its hall my eye and my garters. And its jist the same vid the Districk Counsels, Your Hexcellent. They dont vork and vont vork, cos the Parlerment

haint dun its dooty, and the peepel vont help emselves, as they hought. And yet they konsiders as they is grate polertishuns, Your Hexcellent, and, vilst they haint hable to manage their hown parish haffairs, vants to teeche visdum to Hingland! Hinqwire vot is wanted, Your Hexcellent, and you'll find hout as hall is vanted,—hevery thing has to be dune hover agin. The laws for the hadministrashun hof justis—local guverment—hedicashun—registrashun—hevery blessed thing as has been hattempted his a failur: and yet they considers theyse a grate perliterkal peepel! Oh verry, werry!

Wanity of Collernists vos showd in gettin hup hof Merlisher, Your Hexcellent, vich vos hall axin to be hofficers, considerin as privates vos vulgar. The Hon. Villum Sykes, not bein a milingtary karakter, vos happointed to take kare hof the bagage, not being nun hat the time. Hall the rest hof the regmint vos ginnerals, hexceptin the band, vich blowd emselves hout hof discerplin in a fortnit. Consequence vos, Your Hexcellent, not bein enuff ginneral vacances, the varriors growd cross, and said as how Gugy vos suckin em. The Hon. Villum haint seed his regmint, vich vos von hof the gallentest, for more nor three months, and vishes His Hexcellent to report him "all rite" hat ed quarters. He also konsiders as if, ven they tries em agin, they fills hup the ranks vid full kernels, they'll

*Colonel
Gugy.*

be habel to rise a werry large harmy, and vop the hennermey in a gentelmunly manner.

But haint it a shame, Your Hexcellent, as miserabel feelins hof this kind should hinterfere vid a nashinul hobject, and that them as bosts of their past deeds and there loyalty should hexhibit them feelins by hobstructing the Government venever hit hindevors to move? And this ere is the case, Your Hexcellent. It haint possorbel for government to take nuffin in and, but there's a houtry and bobbery, and that hofsten enuff from them as is loudest in proklamin there vartue. This ere haint like the young Sykses, ven they heard as the Yankeys vos himperint. Vot they did vos to call a public meetin hof ha!! the young wagabonds they need, vich hagreed unanimosely as the Horegan belonged to Queen Victoria, and they'd have it, and raised a suscripshun hof a penny a boy to defray the hespences hof marchin to Vashington to catch hold hof ould Tyler and the Merican Congress, vich they hagreed vos a set of blowed robbers. *They* didn't quarrel habout commishuns, Your Hexcellent, but hall they vanted vos to get hat the hennermey and show vot the Sykses vos made on. As for hoficers, in a good cause hevery man's a nobelman, and them honly is sneaks and humbugs as sticks hout for himagenary honners.

Vun hof the hevils hof this country, Your Hexcellent, is the nusepapers, vich is like the pigs, werry numerus, and werry lean and hungrey

Oregon!

hindeed. Fust, them as has em, tries to get offerces, and ven they can't, they sets up as heder-turs, and takes to reformin habuses. The Hon. Villum Sykes never lets nun of em cum hinto the Jolley Buchers, vich vos vunce dun by vun, as quarreled vid the cumperny, and never paid for his beer and his baccy. In coorse he don't mean to say as there's sum as hisnt respectabel, ritin the langage korrekly, a dotting their i's, and not going a shootin on Sundays; but these here is hexcepshuns, and the rest is as wicious as wipers. Fact is, Your Hexcellent, genteel purfes-shuns in Canerdey is werry much like the holes in the bedsteds, ready-made logings for wermin, and if many hof them as his reformin habuses vos a grindin of nives, the Hon. Mr. Sykes kon-siders it would be better for morrels and gram-mer.

Sistem hof puffen vich these here hediturs hadopts is halso considered werry dishonest and vulgar. Venever a hacter or a curoserty cums hinto the countrey, Your Hexcellent, them has gets the hadwertisemints begins to be werry hex-cited, svearin as how they never seed nuffin like it hafore, and a hagrawatin the publick hinto goin. "Niver in the whole coorse of hour hanx-shus hexistence," says vun, "did ve hever look on sich a diwine hexerbishun. The pictur hof Wenise by munlite, vid the hold vimmen a sellin hof happles, is more like real than the horigernal, and halone vorth dubbel the munny." "Ve is

Newspaper

advertising

sorry to ear," says anuffer, "as the vunderful skellerton haint hattractin more wiserters. The lades in perticklar hought not to neglect him. A site hof his legs is vorth half the price hof had-misshun, vilst to them as is curous, the singerlarity of looken throw his ribs to see vot he's had for his dinner, is a pleasur not hofsten henjoyed. Ve recommends him to our readers as hinterestin and amusin." It's always the same, Your Hexcellent, the most vunderful gintelmunly hacters, the most mirracelous himerges, the most hexquisite painters, the hinterestinest giants and crockerdiles—till they vorries the people to death, besides a picken their pockets. The Hon. Villum Sykes thinks as how as if they'd honly to pay for themselves, they vouldn't halvays be a puffin and a blowin. But fact is, Your Hexcellent, hederturs is honly slaveys in Canerdey, and couldn't be nuffin else if they vould. The Hon. Villum Sykes noed vun vunce as vos the most unhappiest man as hever vos, a killin himself vid remorse hon haccout hof swindlin the publick. "I kan't help it, Sykes," says he, "I kan't help it, ould brick. Ven I goes to see the wampire, he's halvays a suckin on me—(wampire vos the properrietur, Your Hexcellent—hall properrieturs his wampires)—hedertur, says he, there's a new curoserty a hadwertisin to-day, vich vants to be hintroducted to our readers. As the learned pig is a goin hout hof town, and has jist paid his bill, ve can say as he is the most

Vampires!

extraordinerest creatur in the uniwerse! So, Sykes, I sells myself and the public for sixteen and tuppence a veek." There vos a hawfull hexample, Your Hexcellent!

Has to them nusepapers vich is disturbin the country vid polerticks, Your Hexcellent, they haint got no more konsistency nor edgehogs, bein made to suit the hinterests hof properrieturs, vich is halways for feedin their bellies. They haint content to hact hupon the principel hof the hants, vich divides hall the labour between em, but each on em wants to be fust hin the mousetrap, and ave hall the chese to hisself. "That ere is our questun," says vun: "we vos the fust as ever said bricks vos bricks in Canerdey." "Not by no means," says anuthur: "hif our readers vill look into hany number hof our paper vich haint to be found, they vill see as how our esteemed kuntrumpery is a sellin on em, and vill diskiver as the *Hindependint Todestool* vos the fust respectabel journal as cummed hout on the questun hof bricks." It haint generally sposed, Your Hexcellent, as there niver vos a paper as vos hof the same princerpels for more nor three years, arter vich time they generally dyes natral deaths, or goes hinto a new line hof perlertical bisness. There haint no hend on em nether, but the publick's halways bein robbed to put sum new hindependent patrihot hon his legs, vich arterwards takes to habusin em. Vot the Hon. Villum Sykes thinks, is as how as if the Guverment vos

"Bricks"

*Tax on
Newspapers*

to put a tax hupon nusepapers, the same as is put upon dogs and uther wenermous hanermals, it would be for the good hof the country. There bein so many on em is a werry cruel thing for the publick, a-keepin peopel from heatin ther brake-fusts, and a-killin the hosses in the males, vich is wurth a grate deel more nor the hederturs. A reel hindependent press, Your Hexcellent, is a slap-up koncern, a manetainin of publick hopinion, keepin the roads vatered, and otherwise promotin religun, but a svarm hof littel tuppenny sheets, as there is in this countrey, is a nusance as is vurse nor the bugs and muskitos. The konse-quence is, Your Hexcellent, they must have summet to do, and hif there haint mischef, they makes hit, keepin socierty a bilin like taters in a saucepan, and half for nuffin hat hall. Now, Your Hexcellent, this ere haint rite, and hif the Honerabel Villum Sykes vos the Government (vich he haint hat present), he'd take the jackets hof them ere wegetabels, and no mistook.

Lawyers!

It's the same vid the lawyers, Your Hexcellent, sum of vich is konsidered vulgar by balifs, and honly spoke to by buchers on Sundays. As to callin it a larned purfesshun, the thing's a decid-ed mistook: there hain't no larnin hat hall, but honly a grate deal of brass. The vay they does it, is to get two hof ther pals to go up vid em before a ould juge, who is def, jist as he's a-goin to dinner. "Vill your honner," says they, "hexamine this ere young gemman as vos a stu-

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dyin vid Muster Bayponies, and has ruined his health vid late hours?" "Muster Latehours is his name, is it?" says the juge, as don't hear a word—"I vish he'd come arter dinner; but I 'spose you noes his habillertes, and can sartify as to his studes. "Oh, yes, your honner," says they, in a werry low voice, "he's parfely hacquainted vid Hoyle upon vhist, and noes hall the bad customs hof Paris." "Oh, vell, if he noes that," says the juge, "he'll be a grate honner to his purfesshun, and I congraterlates him hon comin to the bar, and vishes him a werry good mornin." And so the young gemman valks hoff to Muster Moses, and spouts his father's vatch to pay for the fees, and commences to be a "honner to his purfesshun."

Now, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes konsiders as this ere aint quite the vay to bring up young gemmen to the bar, seein as how it haint so differcult as gettin hinto the tailerin line, or a larnin to mend ould bellers. If the Honerabel Villum Sykes vos a juge (vich hacordin to present system he hexpects), he vouldn't hallow sich goins hon, vich is a hofferin a legal refuge for the destertute, and a himposin hupon socierty at large. This ere vos showd in a law suite vich took place ven the Hon. Villum's calf vos stoled, been cotched a vanderin in the fields a lookin arter its muther. "Vot's to be dun," says the Hon. Villum to a larned kouncil, as vos hingaged for the bisness—"Vot's to be dun—I

his law suit

vants that ere calf rekivered?" "Sartingly," says he, and so he goes to vork, findin hout as how the calf vos basely slaugtered, bein a hangin by its legs, vidout its preshus skin hon. "That's hawkard, Sykes;" says he, "that here sews us hup at vunce. Ve haint got no resource." "Vy not?" says I, "that's my calf: I noes him by his tale." "No," says he, "it haint: that haint a calf at hall: that vos a calf, but now he's dead, he's weal." So, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes vos dooed, and the hinjured cow as owned the calf vos sold to pay hexpenses.

As to juges, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes konsiders as how they is vurse hoff than hosses in Canerdey. Ven he goes hinto Court and sees em a sitten vid their cocked hats hon, a vorkin their preshus hinsides hout, it makes him feel werry hunappy. Flesh and blood haint hable to stand hall the badgerin them blessed ould creaturs gets, fust in vun Court and then in hanuther, till they is forced to carry thurmometurs in their pockets for to see how their lungs is a-goin. Vot the Honerabel Villum Sykes says is, as how it vould be more handsum-er for the Government to pison em at vunce than to shut em hup in a place vich is vurse nor the black ole hof Calcuttey. For vot is the good hof bein a juge, Your Hexcellent, if you cant keep your health and your sperits, a smellin sweet ven you cums hout hof Court, and a pichin hinto the

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wittles like blases ? But this haint vot the Montreal juges does: they dont look as tho they'd got no happertites at hall, but is as dingy and dumpy as a docter's door-plate on a vet mornin. And it haint werry pleasant vork, Your Hexcellent. They as to see them as they noes hought to be hunged, valk hoff vidout as much as sayin " Good mornin," and to ear jures set up to be viser in law nor the juges; and to be bothered from mornin to nite vid the bar and the bailifs. And the Hon. Villum Sykes thinks as arter they has gone thro this for ten or twelve years, theyse werry vell fit for their graves and a penshun.

No, Your Hexcellent, the system haint a system to make juges jolly and happy. There's too much liberty for rogues and not enuff for honest men. Talk hof liberty hof subjects, it's a liberty to commit crime ven murderers can make their hown bargain vid the Government, and valk hinto the dock as though they vos a-goin hinto their carrages: and this is vot the Hon. Villum Sykes has seed dun, and ven he did see it, he said as how he'd sunner live among the vild hingins than among a people as suffered that ere. And arter this, Your Hexcellent, is it a vonder as things like men, but as is devils, should cum hout of their houses, vich is hels, vid smiles hon their faces and murder in their harts ? And is it a vonder that the green sward under their feet should be red vid human blood, and that the cries

hof the vidder and the horphans should be heard througout the land? Oh, its a dreadful state of socierty vere such things is, and there's a grate responserbilerty on sumvun. In coorse, it haint the juges, Your Hexcellent: they haint responserbel for the politercal feelins of jures and the corrupshuns they sees around em, but there is them as is, and if the Hon. Villum Sykes vos Governor they should be made to no it.

Notaries

Arter the lawyers, Your Hexcellent, there's peopel they calls noteres, vich distracts title-deeds, and draws up protests, and ginerally confuses reel property. Most on em lives on printed papers, vich they fills up vid bad ritin, and vich is halvays considered good till it goes hinto Court, ven it haint considered (ginerally) no good at hall. Three lawyers is hequal to vun bailif, but it vants sixteen noteres to count for a bailif, the reason bein, as the Hon. Villum Sykes is hinformed, hon haccount hof the bailifs keepin chases, vich makes em wery proud and pertickler: vereas noteres dont vant no heducashun nor furnitur, vich latter, ginerally, is vun stool, vun pipe, and a pictur. Ven they haint got nuffin to do, vich is kimmonly, they sets dogs a fiten in the streets, as halso drowns flys in the hinkstands. Sum on em is werry grate polertishuns, a ready to dye for their country (vich is Longale or Terbun), and a sendin challenges to the British Constertushun, for vich, not payin the postage, they dont get never no hansers.

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The Hon. Villum Sykes dont vant to have nuffin to do vid the doctors, Your Hexcellent, vich *Doctors* is halso hincreasin in numbers and himperince, a killin arter new-fashioned vays, and a makin peopel's hinsides werry unhappy. As Mussus Sykes says, there haint no use for em. Vot she does vid the babbies, ven they hover-heats em-selves at dinner, is to shake em till the wittles goes down; and, if it vont go down, she shakes em till the wittles cums up, so that she halvays has em rite vun vay or tother, and there haint never no need for the docter.

The tryin to put hout vun hof Mussus Sykes's hyes by a docter, is a thing as hought to be menshuned. Sacumstance vos as the Honerabel Villum Sykes vos hout lookin arter a vanderin juvernile hoffspring, vich vos diskivered halong vid a heditur, studyin bottomy and frogs in a svamp. Bein habsent, there is a fashernabel man raps at the door, and axes hif Musses Sykes vos vidin. "I is she," says my hadorerbel conunberal partner, "Mussus Sykes is my name." "Ah," cries he, a startin back as tho he vos cotched vid the cholera, "vot a hunfortunate vomman. Hallow me, Marm, to have little konwersashun vid you habout your hyes and your happiness." "Sartinly," says my Sarey, werry much taken aback, thinkin as how perhaps mutton vos ris, or the pye vos prigged from the bakeouse, "Cum hin and sut yourself down, and hexplane the cos hof the rumpus."

Vell, down he sits, and begins a lookin her hara in the face, and a-groanin as tho he vould bust. "Is it your stummuck is a-troublin hof you?" says Missus Sykes, who vundered vot he vos arter, "Cos if it his, there haint nuffin like a glas hof stiff brandy and vater." "Oh, no," says he, "I am cum hon haccount hof your vel-fare." "Vell," says Missus Sykes, "that's werry kind hindeed, sposin there haint nuffin to pay." "Yes marm," says he, "you is on the werge of a precerpus, vich is habout to breck hover your ed.—Is you avare as you is a losin hof your preshus left hye?" "Blind hof my hye," says Missus Sykes, "vy no, I can't hexakler say as I vos; but its never too late to be vise." "Yes," says he, "it's a fact, but thanks to my patent glas hyes, varranted to read the smallest print better than the reel vuns—proof agin squintin, and made to horder hof hany color, you haint goin to suffer hat hall. Hallow me, marm, just to ax you vether, hif you shuts the rite hye, you thinks you can see hout of tuther." "Vy, yes," says Missus Sykes, a-closin vun hof her peepers, "I could halmost sveal as I could." "Hextraw-nery, hindeed," says he, "and vot does the delushun make you thinks you perceve?" "Vy," says she, "I thinks I sees a werry suspishus Yankey hill-lookin wagabond, who wants to humbug me hout hof a hye." "Oh," says he a-turning werry pale, "yours is a most singer-lar delushun:" "And I thinks too," continers

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Missus Sykes, as she goes to the vinder, "as I sees Muster Sykes a-commun down the street vid a werry thick stick in his and, and I'm sure he'll be delited to ear vot a hinterest you takes in my velfare." "Muster Sykes a-cumin!" cries the fellar, "oh, I vouldn't meet him for the vorld, so I'll bid you a werry good mornin." "Oh, no," says Missus Sykes, a-closin the door, "you vouldn't leaf me in this ere habrupt manner, afore I has counted the spoons. Sit yourself down and hunfold to a hunforternate vomman vot you can do for her wishun." "Oh marm," says he, a-tremblin like a leaf, "pray let me go:— I'll call in and see Muster Sykes in the hevenin." "Vell," says Missus Sykes, as vos hafeard hoff his carcass, "dont forget to cum, and take care hoff the perlisemun as you goes round the corner, and ven you calls hon vun hoff the Sykes agin, be sure that they carnt see farder hinto a wagabond himposter vid their blind hyes than hever they could vid your patent blowed glas vuns." So hoff he vent, Your Hexcellent, leavin Missus Sykes vid her hyes, in a wery grate state hof enjoyment.

As to present Ministry, Your Excellent, the Hon. Villum haint a-goin to say nuffin habout em. The leest said the better, Your Hexcellent noes, in sum cases. Muster Draper is gineraly konsiderd to be a werry clever man, honly a letel too clever for vork. He's like the scool-master as vos hingaged to tech the young Sykes

Draper

there grammer. They got hon werry vell vid the ould plan, a-holdin hup their eds and a vipin there noses ven they wanted, accordin as is decent and proper ; but ven he cummed, he wanted to halter the sitem, a-bringin in new manners, and a tryin to make em take hoff there ats to the parson, vich led to a fite and rebellun. It vos jist the same vid Muster Draper. He varnt content vid his ould frends, but vent a hintrigin vid vun Muster Caron, vich hattempted to sell him a bow-wow, and werry nerely blowd hup his powder. Fact is, Your Hexcellent, Muster Draper's too vise to be wartuous. A Minister as plays on the pihanner, and stans humpire at cricket, and drinks brandy and vater, and is a buster hat billiards, and is sweet to the vimmin, and as smiles hon his hopponents, and haint never hill-tempered hat hall, vont do to be trusted. It haint natur, Your Hexcellent, it haint natur. Sich a man mite do to be put on a table for cupid, or shoed in a fare for a prodergy, but has for konductin a Ministry, its like boilin hof heggs hon a gridhiron. As for collegues, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum konsiders as seeresy had best be hobserved. Polerticks is sich, as little men goes to the top, and merit dont get its revard ; vich hexplains vy it is Muster Smith is made Torney General, and the Hon. Villum is happointed not to no hoffice hat hall.

But, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes haint a-going to blow hup the Colony haltogether,

Caron

vich haint a bad cuntry, and vich has got sum
 decent peepel vidin it. Vot he says, Your
 Hexcellent, is as they dont make the best hof t' or
 stuff, but lets emselves be umbugged by wag-
 gerbonds, vile they sits a grumblin at home. And
 then they vonders as things dont go vell, vich aint
 no vonder at hall; and all the vile there's fine-
 harted creaturs among em, and vimmen as mite
 melt in vuns harms, ven you vos a squeezin on em,
 like a piece hof hicc in a bucket. And hall the
 lawyers haint bad nether, nor hall the notares,
 honly the sistems werry rotten, vich makes it a
 vonder as things haint no worse than they is.
 Vot they vants, Your Hexcellent, is *sound publick*
hopinion. That ere vould keep juges from
 rangling on the benches, and jures from sidin
 vid prisners, and vould hold hup the law, and
vould keep rogues out of Parlermint, and vould
 make things vork farer and better. If there vos
 more publick hopinion, Your Hexcellent, ve
 shouldn't have sich rowing and fitin, and men
 vould have conferdence, and look arter their hown
 haffairs, and leave polerticks to look more arter
 themselves. And this vill cum too, Your Hex-
 cellent. Colernists haint like mud-turtles, vich is
dun ven you has vunce turned em on their
backs, but theyse got henergy, and kimmon sense
 to, vich vill bring em on their pins in the hend.
 And that's vot the Hon. Villum Sykes vants to
 see: for this here is a British Colerny, Your Hex-
 cellent, and vos vinned vid British blood (a vop-

pin the French hat Quebec), and as been reared hup vid British gold, and it would be a burning shame if it vosn't British in sperit. And there haint nuffin to keep it back, Your Hexcellent, if the peepel would honly live quiet together, and not go on rowin and fitin. As Missus Sykes says,—vot do they vant? Haint they been left to manage emselves, and haint they got the gumpshun to do it? It haint their civil liberty as is restricted, hexcept by emselves, and as for religeshus liberty, the Lord noes there's plenty hof that. Fact is, there never vos sich a jolly good old mother as Hingland has been to the Colerny, and if the Hon. Villum Sykes' maternal parent had honly a-suckelled him the same vay, he'd been a wale or a helephant afore now.

*Railroad
Lo
Portland*

The makin hof a rail-road to Portlin, Your Hexcellent, is vun thing as looks vell. These ere Colernists as ben a livin too long by emselves, and vants to see the vorld, vich is a littel bigger than Canerdey, and haint quite like goin from Montreal to Chambeley. It's a werry singlur fact, but peopel at the hother hend hof the globe wouldn't no who vos the honerabel member for Terbun; sich is there surprisin hignerance! The Hon. Villum Sykes konsiders, however, as these ere hobsterkels is to be got hover; arter vich, there is the see bathin, vich is werry much wanted at present. Buildin a brige hover the river, (or hunder, not bein yet decided,) is also considered by him a werry grate

card for the Colernists, as likewise werry mortifin for the hicc, vich is a-goin to be humbugged haltogether. In respect to the Portlin rale-rood, Mrs. Sykes konsiders as it is a-goin to be werry hard hupon sope, hon haccount hof the number hof dirty little babbies vich is goin down to be vashed hevery year. Ven she heard, Your Hexcellent, as the projec vos carried, she left hof a heating salt herrins, konsiderin as how it vant rite to patronise salt ven you vos a goin to get hevery thing fresh by the rale. And that's the spirit hof the Sykeses, Your Hexcellent, a villin to sacrerfice hinterest and cumfort ven rale-roods and the country requires.

But Your Hexcellent is goin home, and vont be bothered no more hahout Canerdey hevils, vich is a descendin a top hof Lord Eljin, as is jist cummed home from Jamacey. The Hon. Villum Sykes haint the pleasure of noing his new Hexcellent, vich haint in no vay connected vid the Sykeses; but bein a young man, the Hon. Villum konsiders as he may survive the fury of parties, vich is halvays a lookin hout for new Gov'nors, and perhaps, arter a vile, get things a lettel in horder. Vot he vants, to succeed, is to be werry honest, and let the peepel no as he is so. If he's a-goin to hintrigue, the Hon. Villum Sykes wouldn't giv a farden for his counters. He'll find them here, as is as clever as hissself at that dodge, and in the hend he'll be throwed in the gutter. But by hactin huprite and honest, and

*Lord
Eljin*

not yieldin his hown rites, nor hinterferin vid them hof the peepel, there haint no reason, as the Hon. Villum Sykes sees, vy he haint goin to get on, and keep his health and his hoffice. If the Hon. Villum Sykes vos his Kouncillor he'd advise him not to make no secret negociashuns vid no vun, but if he has hany hoffer to make, to make it houtrite. Its ben a-follerin a contrary vay, as has hinjured Your Hexcellent, and made peepel so werry suspishus. But ven the publick noes as a Gov'nor is honest, and sees him a-hactin strait-forward, they halvays supports him, even ven they haint hexactly in love vid his polercy. So it is, Your Hexcellent, as vots honest is best, here and hall the world hover.

As to partees, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes is hof hopinion as the whole hof em is pretty nearly hused hup, and that there varnts to be a new hinfushun of blood and a new mixin hof things hafore they'll vork as they hought : and there haint a better time for this, Your Hexcellent, than ven a new Gov'nor's cummin hout, vich has nuffin to do vid ould stews, and who vishes to hact' as he hought. As to tryin hof ould partees, it's only a losin hof time : they'se been tried and tried, till hevery vun's sick hof the vork. Its's honly a-goin from vurser to vus, and then from vus back to vurser agin. But things is now pretty vell cummed to a stop. Nether on em carnt carry on the Government by hitself, and the countrey is a-goin to mischief. Vots to

be dun then, Your Hexcellent? Ven making up ministry on old ground is showed not to vork, the honly thing left is to see vot new ground vill do. Ven the Hon. Villum Sykes looks around, he sees as vonderful changes is made, Hingland a takin away hall protecshun, and Canerdey left like a hinfant vidout legs to its feet. Consequence is as peepel is gettin halarmed, and dont no vot to be arter, vile the Ministry is a smokin cegars, and a loungeing away in the countrey. Now this here is a question of wittles, Your Hexcellent, vich has got to be settled at vunce. Trade or no trade is vot we has got to decide, and measures must be taken haccording. And haint this a more rational question for partees than 'sponsible Government, vich is honly a splittin hof straws? In the vun case, there's summit as hevery vun sees, vich is lots of good flour and pork; vilst in tuther, there's nuffin but ritin, and fitin, and gettin nocked on the ed.

Vot the Hon. Villum Sykes thinks, then, Your Hexcellent, is as Lord Eljin's got a werry good chance to succeed, and that there's a vide field for his talents, vidout stirring hup the ould squabbles hof parties. And the Hon. Villum opes as he vill succeed, and that them as calls emselves friends hof the country vont stand in his vay ven he tries. For it is quite time there vos a hend to disputes, and that hinsted hof turnin hevery thing hinto perlitercal capital, the hacts hof the Government vos directed to prac-

terkal hends, to further the peace of the country. And if His Hexcellent does succeed, the Hon. Villum Sykes vill rite a book to his memmery, vile the grateful peepel will get him carved hinto posterity on a piесе of the marbel vich his hances-
ter stoled from the Greeks.

And now, Your Hexcellent, the Hon. Villum Sykes vill say "Good bye,"—vich is a sad vord vid both ould and young, but perticklarly sad vid the latter. God bless, Your Hexcellent, vich is a fine-harted ould sodger, as noes his dooty and does it, and haint a disgrace to his country. If you haint bin as cumfortable in Canerdy as you mite be, it vos becos things vos hactin agin you, and not from no fault hof your hown. And it'll be a konserlashun to no as you dont leaf no hen-mys behind, and that if they dont make you a God, they vont fite hover your memmery.

Vid grate respect,

I is,

Your Hexcellent's frend,

HON. VILLUM SYKES,

(Late Hinspector hof Cabs and Lisenses.)

MONTREEAL, JOLLY BUCHERS IN,
Hooctober Five, 1846.

Byron
"childe
Harold"
p. 50
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