

Though this little speech was received with laughter and cheers by an auditory largely composed of clergymen and church members, yet it is not quite clear to the average understanding where the humor, wit or morality of the relation comes in. Smoking and gambling are reprehensible practices even in a bagnio, but among Senators of the United States they are positively disgraceful. It was inappropriate enough for Mr. Lowell to lecture on Shakespeare to the Union Club, and its pork traders, but for Hannibal Hamlin the college and confident of Lincoln to avow himself a sport and a dude before the religio-political La Salle Club, is something so astonishing that we are undecided whether to accept the matter as a joke or as a symptom of senility.

The Chicago Times not wishing that the speech be construed in the light of ridiculing the memory of a great man, disputes the statement of Mr. Hamlin. It says:

"The very statement of the case shows Mr. Hamlin's unfamiliarity with the game of euchre. Any young miss acquainted with progressive euchre would inform Uncle Hannibal that he did not possess an unimpeachable lone hand. Four trumps held by Grimes, that good old soul, would have defeated his purpose, with the holding he describes, to make a lone hand. Washington statesmen of that period did not waste their time on euchre, and had it not been out of regard for the well-known austere practices and opinions of his hosts of the La Salle Club Hamlin would have presented the cold, unadulterated truth of history. He stood ready at the interesting moment of Schuyler Colfax's interruption to open a jack pot with axes up."

It is plain that Mr. Hamlin wanted to pay a compliment to Chicago, and to show us that he was worthy of the freedom of a city which reckons among its foremost citizens Mike MacDonald, "Parson" Davies, "Appetite" Bill, and many others of equal celebrity. Anyhow the old gentleman's blunt candor is worthy of commendation, even if his morals were a trifle "Chicagoish."

The Myer-McAuliffe fight was a big thing. The newspapers gave it more prominence than they did the Lincoln birthday banquet of the La Salle Club. The charge for admittance to see the fight cost only a twenty dollar piece for each male adult. With regard to women and boys, the rules of a Presbyterian festival were in force—"women and boys not admitted." The match was terrible but not sanguinary. Myers brushed a fly off Mc's forehead, while Mac dishevelled the Conkling curl on the brow of Myers with a terrific left-hander.

The gate proceeds amounted to some \$10,000, to be divided between the "heroes," that is, what is left after bribing Indiana constables and mayors. These champions succeeded in advertising themselves; in a few weeks again there will be another gory struggle, and the money of fools and dudes will find its way into the pockets of gamblers and "confidence" men.

The week was characterized by several little incidents of a melodramatic nature. One happened in the jail last Wednesday. A woman handed a basket of edibles to a bailiff to be given to Mr. Corbett, a wealthy prisoner. The awkwardness of the bailiff caused a loaf of bread to drop out of the basket upon the floor. To the surprise of the sheriff and others the interior of the loaf contained a quart bottle of whiskey. This caused the sheriff to examine the contents of the basket. In a plate of pork and beans another bottle was found scientifically concealed with beans, while the pork rested peacefully on top. This is the sheriff from whom McGarigle escaped through the waste hole of a bath-tub.

Police officer D. W. Snidley was standing at the corner of 24th and Butterfield streets in the early morning. He espied an ancient-looking barrel in the street. He gave it a kick, then a whack with his big club. It showed evidence of fullness. The officer pried open the head of the barrel, when out dropped a human foot, next a hand, then a pair of shoulders without a head. The barrel and contents were taken to the morgue. There it was found that the mortal remains of two human beings were chopped up and stowed away. Hospital tags were found attached to the big toes of each. One read "Lena Bucha," and the other "Frank Miceynaske." The bodies had been used for surgical purposes, but the college would not pay for decent burial.

JUNIUS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18, 1889.

## ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Having nearly completed a fair day's voyage on the Mediterranean Sea, from Genoa in Italy, to port Said in Egypt, I thought I would send your readers a few items as I find them in my journal.

About 11 o'clock a.m. I went on board the *Hohenstaufen*, a vessel belonging to the "Norddeutsche Lloyd." I was met at the gangway by a host of waiters, all of whom competed in displaying their courtesy. One took my luggage, another showed me the way to my berth, one asked me if I preferred English to German, and so on. Thus, the first impression I received was a very favorable one, and it increased on a nearer acquaintance with the crew, from the captain to the steward.

The *Hohenstaufen* is not exactly a large vessel as compared with the transatlantic lines; but strange to say, it has much better accommodation for passengers. The second cabin is very elegant. A room, which on board the *Alaska*, for instance, is considered large enough for six persons is here calculated to hold only three, and the spare room is filled out with an elegant sofa and two washstands. It is very seldom that three persons are berthed together; for so long as there is room enough, each passenger gets his own little apartment.

Having established myself comfortably on board, I commenced to

study my fellow passengers. In the second cabin there were, besides myself, an English gentleman going to Ceylon, where he has an estate, and three German gentlemen bound for Australia. The steerage passengers were about two hundred, all bound for Australia. Of these the majority were English. Between twenty and thirty were Italians, and the Germans were about the same number. There were also a few Jews, two Danes, two Russians, one Norwegian and some Irishmen. I have never before realized that a large current of emigration is drawing this way every year from Europe to Australia, and I wondered if the various countries of Europe will not some day find themselves depopulated, considering how many millions of people and money every year go out to other continents.

Among the passengers were not a few religious people. Some Methodists made themselves prominent by singing hymns, although I am afraid their musical talents were very little appreciated by the greater portion of the passengers. One evening in particular this was apparent. They had formed a little group and were singing lustily, "Hold the Fort, for I am coming," when all of a sudden in another part of the vessel the solemn sounds of a bass drum, a snare drum, an accordion and a flute were heard. It was the sailors' band. No sooner had this sounded than half a dozen young couples started to jump about like overgrown babies. A ragged Italian in another part of the deck, encouraged by the example, fetched his old accordion, and to its miserable shrieks, some more jumping was done. Above the sounds of the ill-tuned instruments, and the rap-rap-rap of the iron-heeled boots of the dancers, the Methodist singers were still exhorting to "Hold the Fort." This was a scene worthy of the pen of a Charles Dickens, a sight to be witnessed nowhere but among two hundred emigrants or, perhaps, in a lunatic asylum.

A Jew whom I conversed with a few times positively declared that he did not believe anything of what the ancient prophets had written, and that he would not give a snap of the finger for the Holy Land. Civilization, he said, was the only Messiah that would redeem his people from the hatred to which they were subject. Now, these sentiments are not uncommon, I am sorry to say, among the Jews. May God soon have mercy upon His ancient people, and lift the veil that still hides their faces and darkens their sight!

I also became acquainted with a family from Liverpool, of the Baptist persuasion. The gentleman was very well informed, and of liberal views. We had several interesting conversations. I tried to show him that no one ought to preach unless he could prove that he had authority from heaven to do so; that the reason why there are so many divisions in the Christian world today is to be found in the fact that this authority is lacking, and this also has rendered Christianity at present almost powerless in the struggle