

reverend signors making their way homewards, in the hope of reaching their destination safely. For truth compels me to say that we were all a little bit the worse—perhaps some might put it, the better—for our potations, and if there was an occasion when the recording angel should turn his blind eye to our proceedings, it was on that eventful night. How I got home, who can tell? I certainly can't. But what I do know is that next morning I woke up with a dry tongue and a real good "head," and when my defeated adversary, like the good fellow he was, came to bid me adieu and offer his congratulations, I was so overcome by his friendly greeting and his abnormally fresh looks—though I understand he had been gently conducted bedwards before our supper began—that I could barely stammer out a few words of gratitude. When I rose I quite despaired of being able to catch the morning train to town, but a few swigs of brandy and soda put me all right; and a good douche awaited me when I went to the club from my headquarters at the Imperial Hotel, and was presented with a bill of over five pounds for the revelling of the night before. I had been under the pleasing impression that I was being entertained by my friends, and if any enemy had mixed with the party and reported what went on, I do not make the least doubt that I might have been unseated for treating. A poor colleague of mine some years ago lost the fruits of much labour and expense, by giving his supporters a simple entertainment of ginger beer and mutton pies after the declaration of the poll. The law on this and other points is not so well defined as it should be, and some strong Liberal Government will have to take it in hand and improve it in this and diverse directions. I was in the House when the debate on the Bill now law took place, and attended carefully to it. Its parent wanted to make it much more stringent than it