

News from Cockaigne.

LONDON, APRIL 1ST, 1877.—Hokey 'All is Hall O. K.

Bill of Fare for Shoemakers.

SOUP.
Ox tail: from the last "Hide."
FISH.
"Kip" pered Salmon. "Sole."
ENTREES.
Eggs of new "findings." "Tongues."
ROAST.
Veal, from a "French Calf."
MEAT.
Broken "Scraps" of *awol* kinds.
VEGETABLES.
Waxed endives. "Splits" peas.
PASTRY.
Anything with an "Upper" crust.
DESSERT.
"Russetts." "Prunello Pears."
DRINKS (*no heel taps*).
Roman Punch, Sherry Cobbler.
Such a meal will be apt to elevate one a *peg* or two.

Schwacklehämmer Emulates Robinson.*Mein Leiben Freint Grip:*

I sawn fon der last week GRIP dot Mr. TIERNEY haf dook uh der kvill pen vonce more again, und wroten some felder, und id shtrikes me do done myzauff der same dings likewise also. I expose id has been to you extonishment vere I haf been so soon all der vine, don'd id? Vaul, of you please, I will make myzauff a liddle oxblane. I vos fon der cily oud now several weeks or more dravling. I choin somelime mit der Commerchal Dravlers Oxsociation und go on der Roat mit a couple of drunks und samples. I don'd make some more sausage efer again; I shook dot peesiness, altogedda. Dot's blayed out. Ve don'd got some Brodections fon der goverment, und der goundry vos going nit der cats. Dot's vere I myzauff also vend, und dot's how I give up der peesiness. I dolt you how dot happens. You are doudless avore, how dere raw materials got pretty hign up in brices, on account dot ve don't got Brotection to home sausage making. Vaul, how vos der reason about dot? I oxblanation: Don'd you understood, ve export dot bork vot ve use fon der United Schladas across, und id got ladelly more clear like id used to been about double. Vaul, I begin to feel shaky like der doose, und don'd can schleep mit der excitement of der money market. I don'd know vot to done about id, so I schpoke mit mein freint HOWLAND, und he advises me dot I shall write to CARTWRIGHT. Dot's vot I done. I wroten him und make der subject bairn, dot if he don't make more taxes on der bork vot comes in fon der Schladas, I will ruin sure. Dot lunatix of a man CARTWRIGHT, he wroten me back, und says if he makes more dariff on dot bork, I will haf to pay more as I am now paying. Dot's all der fatissaction dis feller gites me. I vote no more der Grit dicket, by gracious, you bet! Vot is der kvencionce? I can't afford id dot I make sausage mit bork any more, und how I am do fill der order oud mit der United Umpire Club Dinners, I like to know? Vaul, dere vos, about dot dime, a big blow-oud more as usual by der Club Haus, because Herr. DALTON MCCARTHY vos come in town. Doctor TUPPER comes by my shop; und makes me der order dot I shall been on handt mit twenty-five yards of der best brand of sausage dot I can make. He says his freint MCCARTHY is der Prains of der Obbosition, und eat-nocking but fish und sausage. Vaul, vot am I going to done about id? I must make der order oud, und I couldn't afford id to buy der Yankee bork. Vaul, I rack my prain mit dot conundrum und valk around der house und make my hands under my coat-tail und lookin pale, dot my frau says I am gone fon my minch oud already. A couple of days I am like dot. I am battle nit demptions, dot's vot's der matter. Vaul, to make a short story long, I give myzauff away; I tumble down; der Dempster makes me a defeat; dot is to say.—I got dot raw materials fon cats meat, und till der order of der Club. Fon dot moments I am ruin. Der peebles at der dinner found out der schwindle. Mr. MCCARTHY has too many of Obbosition Prains to been dook in mit der chenanigan like dot. He is more schmart like a steel mouse-trap, I dolt you; und he is vell acquaintance mit der subject of raw materials und manufactions. I didn't myzauff gone to dot Dinner. I tink it better dot I don't go dot time. But I am dolt dot ven he has eat not more as twelve or elofen of dem sausage he discovers dot cheet right away, und drops his sehpoon und knie, und yumps up on der dable and yells: "Cat'-meat by chiminy gracious!" Dere vos now of course excitement, more or less, in der goupnany, und I am dolt Mein Herr PATTESON, von der Mail, motions a move dot a Committee is appoint to investigation der peesiness. Sir JOHN took jecobtrions to dot, und says dot he don'd like Committees of Investigate. He broposes dot I am not a yontleman, und shall been deprive of der patronage von der Club Haus efer und efer.

Dot is garried anonimously, und so I can say now in der langvitches of der poet:

"Dot feller's occupation's gone."

Dot is how I am now not any more in der sausage peesiness. I make dis oxplanations, in der same manner like mein freint BEVERLY ROBINSON makes his oxblain in der Northern Railway droubles—so dot I may vingocation my goot name, und I remain as efer your freint, mid-out a stain on his dishonesty,

VAUCUP SCHWACKLEHAMMER.

The Cocked-Hat Tragedy.

(A SCENE AT OTTAWA.)

The war-clad Minister sat on his seat,—
Where Parliamentary Chieftains greet,
His fogleman dress'd hard by,—
Commission, graced with the Bluenose Seal,
When he left the Halifax lot to the Deil,
Bore he of the eagle eye!
While 'mid officials he fain would rule,
In private he taught a drill-shed school—
'Twas cleaner than keeping store—
So drill'd he the Awkward Squad each night
By the goose-step, made the left foot right,
Tho' his drill was counted a bore!
He strove to muster a war-force cheap,
And not too dearly his glory reap,
Sublime was his pride in that;
But more in the tile that adorned his head,
Bedeck'd in feathers and gold and red,
His joy was a telt cocked-hat!
This hat was a stunner, his pride and boast,
It's lappets reached to each distant coast,
As if to salute the sea;
It spann'd the Continent—mile on mile,
Till West, it touched at Vancouver's Isle,
And East at Baddeck C. B.
The head, triangular, fitted the cap,
Each one for t'other filled every gap,
His cup of pleasure ran o'er!
Till quandom friends seem'd fallen from grace,
E'en Weymouth he deemed a "gone up" place,
That he ne'er might visit more.
For change, he at length to letters turned,
A Ross-shire friend to embrace he burned,
In Elections skill'd of yore—
One Gaelic letter—such awful spellin'
Came back like the deeds of CAUCHON smellin'
The House of Parliament o'er!
The missive designing purpose right,
When read by the glare of the chamber-light
With a blaze spread far around,
A-down the Halls drove a wind of chaff,
And floor'd the Boor, with a cruel laugh,
Who fit-fully went to ground!

To flames went notes for a speech prolific,
Nor waited the War-chief's spell pacific,
As down on his stool he sat;
Till CAUCHON, the odorous minister bright,
Dropped in like a Pasha or Kamuck Knight,
And squatted, alas! on the hat!
Next COFFIN came, to be in at the death,
Then CAMPBELL, whose shot had a garlicky breath,
Of the hubbub soon all had heard—
E'en SITTING BULL lied him over the plains,
With CRAZY HORSE of the blue-glass veins,
And the Boss of the Indians—LAIRD!
Speer'd they at the letter that proved "a sell,"
When ridicule cover'd the strife to spell—
And CAUCHON had crushed the hat!
So the fighting chief could no comfort take,
"Ho! COFFIN, my pal! draw my will, O, BLAKE!
How can I live after that?"

Henceforth let the cowards go crouch in fear
Who thus brought a thirsty Knight to his bier,
Athirst for the love of peli!
Phrenology proves, a triangular head
Should dispense with a hat of such wonderful spread
As to cover ambition itself!
While a moan, like a Parliamentary wail
Sweeps o'er the great land—let us drop a VAIL!
And look for a moral here:
No! morals are not a political boast—
Place, patronage, plunder, so rule the roast,—
Let the tale make the moral clear!