

POLITICAL VOTE. B----Y SECRET.

Though little agitation was apparent in the general atmosphere of the Fair, the shrewd, astute, subtle, lynx-eyed, past master, analytical, psychic, eerie, hard-bitten Secret Service Chief could nose that there was a certain discontent with the regime. Witness the somewhat ribald music-hall song of which I have ventured to append a rough translation. The chorus of Lapland Witches was indubitably effective, and the verses evidently popular. I have taken the liberty to replace the unfamiliar names of Borodino and Poltawa, for the sake of intelligibility, by those of our own victories; and the awkward phrase "Imperial - Military - Academy - Diploma" by "old school tie". Pardon any anachronisms - or let them go, in the Ancient and Accepted manner, as phrophecies.

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