

LIEBE UND LAGER.

I.

Oh! ven I leave mein Vater-land,
And to dis goontry coom,
I thought dat I droonk avery-ding
Exceptin' Anglish room:
But soon I vind de gog-dails
Dey make mine head feel queer;
So now I only puts mine drust
In "Liebe und Lager bier."

II.

Ven voorst I to dis goontry coom,
I thought I vas ein schvell,
I vent to Zainted James his gloob,
Und asked dem vat dey'd schell.
De schdeward vas ein gorgeous man
Und vell de gloob he graced—
"Gornel,—a Sbanish gog-dail take,
You'll vind it to your daste."

III.

I took de gog-dail in mein hand,
I did not think it vun;
De yolks of eggs did vloat in it,
Like sbecks upon de sun.
I raised de trink-glas to mein lip,
Und swallowed it down quick,
But sgarcely had drei minutes passed,
When I vash very sick.

IV.

Der Ritter Tod, vith lance in rest
Upon me down he bore,
Before you'd say Jack Robinzon,
I lay upon de vloer;
Und ven I vound my veet again,
I left Zaint James his gloob—
"Vere shall I go," meinself I asked,
Says Hamlet, "Dere's de roob!"

V.

I vent to de Zaint Lorenz 'All
Und likewise to de Quveen's;
I vent to Alan Vreeman's too,
Und inside Dolly's screens:
I vent to avery place in town,
Vere spirits are vor sale;
But tho' I'd lost my *cue*, I vould
Not trade in de *retail*.

VI.

At last I coom to Graig its street,
Und a trink-haus enter straight,
Zwei madchens mit deir golden Haar
Upon me coom to vait;
Dey bring de Lager of mein land,
No more my head feels queer;
So here I'll schtay and sving my legs,
Mit, "Liebe und Lager bier!"

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

DIOGENES is always pleased when he is accidentally enabled to furnish hints to his brethren of the Press. It is accordingly with feelings of unfeigned delight that he introduces to the notice of the Editor of the *Daily News* a novel

recently published in New York by George S. Wilcox. It is entitled "*As by Fire*," and is the (first) production of Miss Nelly Marshall. Sugar, molasses, honey and strawberry-jam are as vinegar and verjuice compared to this composition. It is a miracle of sweetness—a very bee-hive full of nectar—the quintessence of lusciousness—and is, on that account, admirably adapted to form the literary *pabulum* of the readers of the *News*. "All that's bright must fade," and the story of "Siballa the Sorceress" is alas! at length terminated. Something in the same style must of course be provided, and DIOGENES with tears in his eyes assures the Editor that he will never repent having published in his columns the ecstatic rhapsodies of "*As by Fire*."

It may be said that this is mere assertion. DIOGENES will furnish proof of the truth of this assertion, and regrets deeply that his limited space prevents him from quoting more than one brief passage. It is taken at random from the rapturous *dénouement*. The heroine is supposed to be alone in her *boudoir*, when the hero unexpectedly enters. "A broad fond palm rested upon her bowed head, a voice husky and deep with emotion pronounced her name—Electra!" The ardent embrace, customary on these occasions, promptly follows, and the lover proceeds: "Has my Electra no answer for me? Must the gem and the fountain in my heart still remain undiscovered?" he asked in a tone of thrilling, passionate melody: and, like the music of *Æolian* harps answering the wooing of the summer wind, her steady, sweet voice answered him:

"Lynn, I have always loved you!" Her starry eyes——"

But the pathos is really too heart-rending, and the Cynic, being no Stoic, is too overcome by his emotions to transcribe any further. The public and the Editor of the *News* will be able to judge from the specimen above-quoted whether DIOGENES has exaggerated the transcendent merits of Miss Nelly Marshall's mellifluous novel.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Adorned by me, youth glides along,
Regardless of the vulgar throng;
But when I leave his envied side,
I do so, at "the turn of tide."

Taught by me the earth you'll know;
In Shakspeare, I have made my bow;
I'm used by parting friends;—
My tail in Heaven is sometimes seen;
By Dickens I maligned have been;
And thus my puzzle ends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DIOGENES has to apologize to several correspondents whose communications have for some time been deposited in the "deferred" compartment of his Tub Despatch Box. Although unable to use a tithe of the papers with which he has been favored, the Cynic profoundly appreciates the kindly feeling which prompted them, and would not willingly detach one of his leal and trusty following:—"To R. J. W.," who takes exception to an "unchristian" advertisement, he would say, "It is a small matter—live it down. In these days of tolerance, sensible men attach no more importance to the phrase 'A member of the Christian Church preferred,' than to the almost obsolete insult of 'No Irish need apply.'—To 'P.," who indignantly denounces indecent journalism, DIOGENES would simply remark that, if there were no demand there would be no supply, and that the responsibility lies with the injured public. It is easier to write down to vice than up to virtue, and Satan is never so angelic as when reproving sin.—"Jacob J. Fargone" falls foul of the legal profession of which he is an *attaché*. He gives promise of better things.—A "Peep into the Bar," an "inkling" by a Law Student, is far too personal.—Some lines on the "defection" of the Hon. Joseph Howe go over ground already sufficiently beaten. Try again.—"Hand-book for Strangers. Drill Shed, No. 2." Not without considerable merit. The Cynic will endeavor to utilize this at an early date.—