

**Der Deutchen Sangerfest.**

De Deutchen volks at Vaderlooo,  
 Dey mako ein mighty sphree,  
 Und call't id ein Gansangverein,  
 Und I vendt oud to see.  
 Dey march't mit panners, sifes and paudts,  
 Ein mile or mayne more,  
 Dey kick't der fery Teufel oop,  
 Dat Liederlich Apfel Chor.

For tays und weeks each Deutchen shap  
 Vot keep't ein coodt gausthaus  
 Vos pusy, for he knowdt dat fest  
 Vould make all saus und braus.  
 Dey biled oop Brot und Gensy-broost,  
 Bratwurst und Braten vine,  
 Und vor de Abendessen dime  
 Hat parrels of Neckerwein.

Each bierhaus trove a pully drate  
 In trinks und Limpurg cheese;  
 Each fraulein sthrovc her lefel pest  
 De Deutchen poys do please.  
 De schmilc, und laugh, und song vendt roundt,  
 De pandts of music blay't,  
 De prass horns dey vas loudly plow't,  
 De liquidd horns schwig't straightd.

Volks coom'd vrom var, volks coom'd vrom near,  
 Dey all choin'd in de fun;  
 Dey keep't it oop dill mitternacht,  
 Und den dey vasn't done.  
 Und ef'ry tay dem Sangerbundes  
 Berformet, on und off,  
 Und wohl pedween do ghoruses  
 Dey sauf, und sauf, und sauf.

Potstausand! vat a dime dat vas!  
 De *Globe* dit brindt it all;  
 De editor dat baber sendt  
 Knows vat is ein pokal.  
 He but in "seas of hock und bier,"  
 "Niagaras doo of wein,"  
 "Vair vaees in a vlamc," and braise  
 De creat Gansangverein.

Says he, "Wie gehts, du Alt Gesell,"  
 In coot Sou-Deutche, guide loudt!  
 Dat seddlet it, and he vas ein  
 Among dat lustig crowdt.  
 He vas ein Kaiser adfher dat—  
 Of dat heap he was top—  
 Who tondt call him a "pully poy"  
 Get shlog upon de kop.

But all dings dey vas hab an endt—  
 'Tis gone, dat heiter dight;  
 Gone liko de lager, hock und grub,  
 Var in ewigkeit.  
 But, like de himmelstrahlende stern,  
 It surely vill coom roundt  
 Again, und ven it doos, I'll dry  
 Und vent dere, I'll pe poundt.

**Smith—A Tale in Two Chapters.**

## CHAPTER II.

WE left our friend Smith enjoying the enspiring influences of a dram dispensary together with his bosom friend. Nor were they long alone; for a number of kindred natures soon joined them, fellows with whom they would not be seen walking King Street in daylight, but to whose company they at night are not altogether averse. Smith, who is never noted for his ability to say "No," under the relaxing influences of off-repeated applications of "sherry and bitters" soon becomes immensely democratic, and insists on a social glass with everybody. It is wonderful what a levelling effect the social custom of turning up the little finger has upon people. It is held that some are elevated thereby; but as we question whether the majority of mankind are capable of elevation, despite the very large margin to work upon, we are fain to think that the equalizing process rather consists in the few stepping down and out of their conventional confines. Smith will be able to tell you what it means to see through a glass, darkly, and even to partially explain the fact that the intervention of numerous glasses completely obscures the vision. Partially we say,

for his recollections of that night will scarce serve to carry him through a cross-examination. From the time that he heartily shook hands with a couple of Mountebank actors, who make more tragedy at the expense of the authors, than they represent to their auditors, and as many night hawks, who live by their wits and their ability in turning a bower, he remembers nothing very distinctly until he next day woke up in a strange bed where he had been sleeping with his boots and all his clothes except his coat and a few vest buttons. He has an indistinct remembrance of displaying and distributing his "undue zeal," first for the benefit of the druggist in sherry and bitters, next for that of the night hawks before alluded to, and of a vain endeavour to account for the unusual number of spots on his cards. The hands that he held always promised to win; but he lost till not even consciousness remained. This is all we can testify of his own knowledge; but his friend tells him that he acted in a most unaccountable way, and could not be restrained; that when at last his ankle bones were a failure to him, and all his muscles refused to do their usual duties, he was put into bed declaring that he didn't care for his mother-in-law or any other man.

He woke with a raging thirst, and immediately seizing the water-pitcher he held it to his head so long that scarce enough was left when he lowered it to bathe his aching head and cool his fiery eyes. After arranging his attire in the best way possible, he sat down upon the bed to reflect upon what he'd better do next, and the manner in which he, considerate man, should save his wife from the pain of learning aught of his adventures. Having skeletoned his plan of operations, he first goes to a tailors and asks that new buttons be placed on his waistcoat, as the others had been torn off while he was wrestling with a case. At most times he would never acknowledge that he ever wrestled with boxes or bales, and even now he tells it with a mental reservation which completely changes the case. He next, as a remedial measure partakes of a single hair of the dog that bit him, and then lunches sparingly, yet as heartily as he can at a restaurant. He then goes to business, and despatches a note to his anxious consort to the effect that he was detained on political business of the utmost importance, that he will explain more fully when he gets home to dinner in the evening, and that he would like a roast with pickles. As he finishes his epistle lovingly he reflects with grim amusement of the roast and pickles he'd get if his faithful better-half but knew. He puts in the remainder of the day, no matter how remorse and apprehension are not cheerful subjects to dilate upon, and reaches home again in the most respectable manner imaginable. To make up for his long absence he kisses his wife, and informs her that the day has been a torture to him, and that he is as hungry as a bear, all of which is literally true. He enjoys the domestic felicity of a comfortable meal and does special justice to the pickle jar. To his wife's eager questionings he replies by sportin' allusions to her interest in politics, and hints at woman's rights, but she succeeds in drawing out of him that he met with a number of prominent members of the Conservative Party who were attending the convention, to make an "organized opposition," that they had discussed the momentous question of a platform on which to place their candidates for the next general election, that he had taken exception to some of the proposals made, and offered a few suggestions, which were so well received that,—well they considered them all right, and finally at day break, adopted his plans in the main. The fond wife is prouder than ever of her clever Smithy, and would have him talk forever on this strain; but he finding it to great a strain on his faculties reminds her that after the adjournment of the great caucus he considered it useless to go to bed, and knowing that she would insist on his doing so did he come home, he just walked about till early business hours, and that he is very tired and sleepy. Her pride in the man is now mixed with pity, and she of course insists that he shall go to bed early, at the same time giving him praise for this noble self-sacrifice in disregarding his own comfort for the good of the country. After they retire he dreams of playing poker with Alf. Boulbee and Jerry Merrick, while she lies awake thinking of the prospective political position to be attained by her clever, sober and discreet lord and master. Since then, whenever she has made any allusion to this to her pleasant subject, he has besought her to say nothing about it to anyone, lest it should give others the idea that he is thrusting himself forward. She, discreet little woman, while she admires his modesty, will never, never breathe a word of her thoughts, but in secret she builds airy castles and idolizes Smith.

THE Cobourg Star hearing of the contemplated sale of the Yacht Annie Cuthbert, asks: "Is that so, Alick?" We make reply for Capt. Cuthbert: It's even so, Billy.

A BELLEVILLE paragraphist chronicling the fall of an old man from a waggon says: "He was not hurt much; but his constitution sustained such a shock that it was some time before he felt himself again." It was probably a shocking fall; but as we are informed he was not much hurt, we'll stake our reputation for veracity that he felt himself immediately, to find how well or ill he had fared.

JOHN JOSEPH HAWKINS is his name. He takes his fences neatly, and clears them at a bound. An excellent steecple-chaser, surely; but he's not likely to run down the Church.