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Still Another

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STILL ANOTHER.

"A subscriber" in this city, sends us the ugliest hieroglyphical puzzle we have yet received, and hopes that, if we cannot decypher it, we will have the candor to say so.

We shall have the candor to say no such thing, for the translation is below. He says, moreover, that, should we manage to make out this, he has one in store which he defies us to make out.—Send it on we reply.

A plague on those musty old lubbers

Who tell us to fast and to think,

And with patience fall in with life's rubbers,

With nothing but water to drink ;

A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,

'T'would have set them with pleasure agog,

And, spite of the rules

Of the schools,

The old fools

Would all of 'em swigg'd it,

And swore there was nothing like grog.
