

In cold water I have bathed me
 As 't were pleasant, o'er and o'er ;
 I've been at a classic concert ;
 I have entertained a bore.
 Yet I'd willingly experience
 All my troubles o'er again,
 Rather than be in the danger
 That the Editors are in.

One indignant fellow threatens
 To destroy the 'local' light,
 For insinuating lately
 Something 'bout—his appetite.
 Fortunate for this official
 That removal gives relief !
 (We commend his wise discretion
 To the Editor-in-Chief.)

Then a certain scribbling fellow,
 Who writes sentimental lines,
 Bears a club about the building
 With quite obvious designs.
 He complains they print his matter
 In a most outrageous way ;
 Plunge his metaphors in bathos,
 Vilely all his figures flay.

Then a literary student
 Swells the formidable force—
 (Literary called because he
 Takes the 'literary' course).
 He, indignant at a matter
 Lately given printers' ink,
 Discontinues his subscription,
 So the Journal—has to sink.

A RAGGED GOWN.