



VIEW OF ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, FROM MONTREAL HARBOUR.

The Trials of an Editor.

BY KATE NEVILLE.

How often we think, when reading the news,
That a thing of less interest one never did see,
But, Sir Critic, reflect ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison,
And, lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials;
First—a pretty young lady sprightly and fair,
With the *Maid* in her hand waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She throws it aside with a muttered pshaw!

No marriages here—
I think it is queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.

Here's poetry,	And battles,
Sketches,	And sieges,
And tales,	And law-suits
Without ending,	A-pending;

But no pic-nics, or concerts, or parties for me—
Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Then a nice young man with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and soirees,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please,

In theatres,	In races,
Circuses,	And chases,
Operas,	In banquets,
Balls,	And cal's,

And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonders if lines here addressed to Miss Bella,
Were not written to her by some clever fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise;
But she stops in surprise at the "dark hazel eyes,"

For her's are deep blue,
What a pity 'tis true,
For now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis all blamed on you.

What speeches,	And lawing,
And sermons,	And jawing,
And news,	And clawing,
By despatch,	To match;

But of sketches or tales not one can I see—
What kind of a man must the editor be?

Next a grave politician, who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads

Of breaches	Of parliament
And speeches,	Houses,
And foreign	Of railways
Reports,	And courts,

And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,
These rhymes and these love stories so far to print;
If 'twould do any good I would give them a hint.

Now, a prim old maid the paper spies,
And, holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la! and du tell!"
She manages somehow to read very well—

The marriages,
Accidents,
Suicides,
Deaths,

The robberies,
And murders,
All in
A breath,

And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole of community's labouring under,
To support such a paper whose print is so small,
She wonders how some people read it at all,

Advertiser, eager for notice and gain,
Is determined to try the effect of a cane
On the editor's back—for see what you've done,
In a passion he cries, here's B. F., & G.,
Who pay you no more for their notice than me,
Stuck on the inside, while I, to be sure,
Must be put out of sight—who could it endure?

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er,
So many mistakes was ne'er heard of before;
Look here at this "Sonnet Addressed to my Lady,"
You've made it "A Bonnet and Dress for my Baby."
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that,
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—that is flat.

The farmer complains that his crops are neglected,
While so much time is spent guessing who'll be elected.
The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of state;
And thousands of other complaints are made known,
Which the editor's back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, they all join in saying
Such a paper as this can't be print without paying?

A Good Combination.—Reporter: Here is my account of
the wedding of that Boston man to the Chicago girl.
Editor—Have you put a head on it?
Certainly. "Pork and beans."