



THE NEW DRAMATIC CRITIC.

(NO REFLECTION INTENDED ON THE STAFF OF ANY OF OUR ESTEEMED CITY CONTEMPORARIES.)

*Editor-in-Chief (to newly engaged critic, late of Kobokok).—*Well, you attended the opera to-night, as arranged?

*Critic.—*I did; yes, sir.

*Editor.—*Well, how did you like the *tout ensemble*?

*Critic.—*Pretty good: I never heard better tooting than that cornet feller's, but I didn't think much of the cymbals.

(He retires to write his critique.)

SHORT LETTERS TO MR. TURNPIE.

(Who is about to become editor of the "Political Pointer," a literary and scientific journal devoted to the elevation and improvement of the root crop of this great country.)

NO. 2.

BUT, in our mind, the most effective contribution to your triumph over unknown difficulties, will be the "Waste Basket." If you have not made a selection already, do so at once, and be careful to get a large one. The larger the more chance of making your journal enduring. This fact is not generally known, but is the truth, nevertheless, that all our great publications depend on their "Waste Basket" for their popularity.

We know this statement may be disputed by those who fancy the scissors are the most important thing in a news office, but after experience you will agree that they are really a secondary consideration.

Where would all the "Spring Poems," that have the habit of springing up at every season of the year; and the other original articles, be put, without this ready receptacle? Surely a long-suffering people would rise up and slay every editor in the land, were it not for this safeguard against imposition on time and patience.

We have incidentally mentioned scissors; doubtless you possess a few pair. It will, however, be advisable to purchase them by the dozen—thus getting the benefit of wholesale prices. To supply the reading matter of a largely circulated periodical will necessarily take the edge off a great many such tools, even if they should be made of the best material possible. The continual strain is so intense that they soon succumb, and have to be replaced by new ones.

You have naturally started out amiably disposed towards all man—and woman—kind. But, alas! unpleasantnesses will occur; they have ever done so, and you may not reasonably hope to escape the penalty of an exalted position. In order to settle any little difficulty expeditiously and satisfactorily, every properly equipped printing establishment keeps a gun—one being generally considered sufficient.

The Gatling seems to be coming into fashion now; so doubtless our leading offices will be adopting this latest improvement, for defending their utterances—and enforcing their opinions. We saw one manœuvred a few weeks ago. Five or six men accomplished it very gracefully, so you would have no trouble in its management.

It is really quite as easy to be an editor as a Cabinet minister or a sewing machine agent. Plenty of cheek is thought to be the principal qualification necessary, and as yours is believed to be fairly developed, we venture to predict that the path to glory and renown lies squarely before you, leaving history to relate your great achievements along the line.

We will be glad to furnish you further valuable suggestions later on. Remaining with kind wishes,

Sincerely yours,

GAFFER GREEN.

YE UNSKILFUL TOBOGGANER.

(He calleth for his lady-love.)

THE lanterns are shining, my love, my dove,

Away to the slide let's be jogging;

For a ride I am pining my dove, my love,

And I've brought out my little toboggan;

So put on your blanket coat quick as may be,

And come to the slide and toboggan with me,

Come, ride on my little toboggan.

The north wind is blowing, my love, my dove,

It is splendid tobogganing weather;

So let us be going, my dove, my love,

And slide and toboggan together.

Oh! hasten, my peerless one, off let us jog,

And dash down the slide on my little tobog,

Dash down on my little toboggan.

(They sally forth and reach the slide.)

At last off we're whizzing, my love, my dove,

And down the steep slide we are dashing;

Hear the air pass us fizzing, my love, my dove,

As on we go slashing and crashing.

We're nearing the bottom: aha! we are there—

But where's my toboggan, and where are you, dear?

Where's my love and my little toboggan?

(Emerges from snow-heap and gazes wildly around.)

What can have occurred, my love, my dove?

With something I must have collided;

I must have been flurried, my love, my love,

And I must have unskillfully guided

My vehicle made from the bark of a log,

My little toboggan, my little tobog—

But where the deuce is my toboggan?

Ah! now I espy you, my love, my dove,

But who in the mischief's that feller

Who walks so close by you, my dove, my love?

It's that brute of a bank clerk—that teller.

Ah! woe me unhappy! now homeward I'll jog

For my love I have lost, and my little tobog:

Yes, all smashed is my little toboggan.

MORAL.

Young fellows, give ear: ere you go to the slide

With your girl, learn to steer, for a duffer

No lady can care for, and if you can't guide

Your toboggan you'll certainly suffer,

As my hero above, whose unskillfulness cost

Him the loss of his girl, and besides her he lost—

He lost his little toboggan.

—S.