

THE EDITOR.

The editor who will to please
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hands that beat him;
Or, if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic borders,
That used to live in hovels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of India silk or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some—of worldly, carnal views—
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Varied in all things;
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed—I only give the hint—
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savoury dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We are not, as a rule, partial to sheet music. It may be a prejudice, and doubtless the authors, publishers and vendors of such productions will contend that it is such, but our experience, dating back from the dear solfeggio days, and continuing to the present, has not divested us of the same. However, we trust we are still capable of appreciating "a good thing" when we see it, and especially when it is the offspring of Canadian talent and industry. Such, in our opinion, is a song entitled "A Year Ago," the music of which is written by Mr. George T. Bulling. The melody is simple and appropriate to the words, except, perhaps, in the last lines of the third stanza. Mr. Bulling has written several musical compositions which have enjoyed considerable popularity in the United States, where his publishers are John Church & Co., of Cincinnati. He deserves to be better known and appreciated by his countrymen, and the present song may serve as well as any as an introduction.

The first number of Russell's Musical Library, Boston, contains three pretty little songs, two by Keens, entitled respectively "The Kiss, Dear Maid," and "Gently Lead me by the River," and one by Leslie called "Little Golden-Haired Nell." The work is elegantly printed, with a stiff crimson cover, and in quarto form, very suitable for use. We trust this new attempt at popular music may meet with encouragement.

We regret to state that the Academy of Music has been obliged, once more, to close its doors. The company established by Mr. Morris has utterly failed, after only a six weeks' engagement, to secure the public favour. It was idle, and perhaps ungracious, under ordinary circumstances, to inquire into the causes of this ill fortune, but, inasmuch as the dramatic reputation of Montreal is at stake, we may be allowed to say just a few words both of explication and of counsel. In the first place, the late company was too good, in one sense, and not good enough in another. It was too good for the known average receipts of a theatre like the Academy, entailing expenses which the revenue could not cover. It was not good enough to force the average above its prevailing figure, and hence the nightly deficiency soon accumulated to the dimensions of a crushing figure. The inference to be drawn from these facts is either that a company should be perfect in all its appointments, so as to stimulate popular taste and appreciation up to the standard of remuneration, or else that it should be reduced to the modest

proportions of a simple auxiliary to itinerant "stars." For the first we fear the city is not yet prepared, and we apprehend that the second alternative will have to be chosen.

Is Montreal really an undramatic city? We long had the suspicion that it was, but our more deliberate opinion is that it cannot fairly be ranked lower in this respect than other cities of its size. We see from our exchanges that in all the great cities of the United States, St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati in especial, that stock companies are not paying their expenses this season. The sole reliance of lessees and managers, to keep out of bankruptcy, is in the engagement of stars and combinations. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia fare better in a few of their theatres, but by no means in all, because, first, they have the pick of the profession in their companies, and, secondly, because they have the advantage of a large floating population.

We cannot dismiss the late company at the Academy without a sincere expression of regret, and a line of commendation for at least four of its members. At the head stood Miss Gertrude Kellogg, who, taken all in all, was the best leading lady whom we have had since the days of Amelia Waugh. In the higher walks of the drama—the interpretation of lofty thoughts or the rendering of tragic passion—she ranks very high indeed; while in the attributes of declamation, she has few superiors that we know of. Mr. Neil Warner's departure will be a loss to the city. A scholar, a gentleman, and a tragedian of rare power, his presence among us had a refining influence. Miss Isabella Morris may be said to have done her training among us, and her gradual successes will be among the pleasantest reminiscences of this and last season. With "Jo" as her challenge to public recognition, she ought to be able to go through the United States, winning fame and emolument. If, as he has told us, Mr. Morris leaves us with "a heavy heart," he may be assured that our farewell is no less tinged with regret, but the regret is tempered with the assurance that his future is secure. We have no sort of anxiety about him. A gentleman of his character, and an artist of his remarkable versatility, will have no trouble whatever, not only to maintain himself in the profession, but to attain rank among the first comedians of the day.

THE FREE LANCE.

The City and District Savings Bank is out of Bondage.

A love-sick swain, being forcibly absent from his innamorata, relieved himself by writing letters to her. In one of them he begged her to give him one of her tresses.

"Well, I like that," said she. "Give him one of my tresses when I have to buy them!"

Two women of the world, and of a "certain age," were conversing together.

"How old are you?" asked one.

"Really, I don't remember, having been so busy of late trying to find out your age."

A charming word from a grandfather.

The old gentleman was fondling on his knee the young child of his daughter, whom the latter was already beginning to set to rights, in order to give the father a specimen of her maternal authority.

"Ah!" said he, "I shall at length have the luxury of raising a second family of children without being obliged to scold them."

He was a very ardent partisan, and having property in the County of Drummond, left his home in Montreal, at great inconvenience to himself and family, and went off to vote for the candidate of his choice.

The same evening that he arrived at the county seat he received a telegram containing these words:

"Come home immediately, your wife is dying."

He reflected a moment after reading the summons, then exclaimed:

"Too thin. That's a dodge to get me back and make me lose my vote. I won't go."

He stopped where he was, and duly voted. The next day he returned to town.

And was his wife dead?

Ah! now, don't be too inquisitive.

The miser is perhaps the most incorrigible of men.

Piggledy is a young man of means about town, always ready to accept the invitation of his friends to an oyster, a glass, or a cigar, but who has never, in a solitary instance, been known to return the compliment.

One day, as he was standing on the sidewalk, in front of a fashionable St. James Street restaurant, three of his comrades spied him from afar, and Laws, the wag of the party, said:

"There's Piggledy. Let's make him treat."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the other two.

"I'll bet you I succeed."

"Done."

Piggledy was accosted, the usual salutations were exchanged, and the four entered the gilded saloon.

The first treated to a Malpecque.

The second, to a toothful of Amontillado.

The third, to a Golden Eagle.

Piggledy enjoyed all these, but still made no sign.

Laws was sharply eyed by his companions, who were inwardly chuckling over the winning of their wager. He saw his straits, and resolved on a *coup d'état*.

"Piggledy," said he abruptly, "do you know that I had a very curious dream last night?"

"Indeed!"

"And all about you."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I dreamed that I had died and gone down to the wrong place. When Satan saw me at the gate, he expressed surprise and even pity, saying that he didn't believe I was so bad as all that. I replied, of course, that the thing couldn't be helped, and put on such an air of resignation as I could, which so moved the old fellow that, after mumbering a while, he suddenly said:

"Laws, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a chance. If you can mention three things, any one of which I can't perform, I'll let you off. Now reflect."

"I knew it was an almost hopeless undertaking, but as there is nothing like trying, I returned thanks to my benefactor and began to reflect.

"At last I said:

"I see a wall yonder, five million feet high, and as many million feet thick. You can't knock it down."

"Satan quietly raised his hoof, and the masonry toppled as erst the walls of Jericho.

"I hesitated a long time before making a second attempt, but after looking hard at a mountain that was about two thousand miles off (vision is very keen in the lower regions,) I said:

"You can't blow that away."

"Lucifer gave a gentle puff, and the mountain disappeared.

"I was desperate now, and inclined to give up, but my friend encouraged me to make a final effort. I took courage, and began to think again. Finally an inspiration seized me, and, looking steadily at the devil, I said:

"Do you know Montreal?"

"Very well. Have plenty of friends there."

"And do you know a man by the name of Piggledy?"

"Yes. He is one of my best customers."

"Then, clapping my hands, I exclaimed:

"I'll bet that you can't make him treat."

"Get out of here, you rascal, as fast as you can," roared the Prince of Darkness, in a voice of thunder, as he opened the black gate for me.

"I awoke, and found that I was safe."

The whole crowd received this story with shouts of merriment, in which Piggledy joined loudly, but . . . but . . . he didn't treat.

LACLEDE.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she makes classes of lasses.

GREAT domestic contest after the honeymoon— which shall be the speaker of the new house?

WOMEN will not hold office in the Episcopal Church hereafter, as they must be twenty-five years old before they are allowed to do so.

Two things in nature are detestable—a girl who is trying to be a woman, and a woman who is trying to be a girl.

"WHAT is patience?" asked a teacher of a class of children.—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary," answered a little Scotch girl.

It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of young people, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured, in an undertone, "Here it is, sweet just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, she had occasion to pass the butter to him and drawled, "Here it is, soft just like you."

The principal attraction at the recent Germantown, Ky., fair is a woman who has a beard ten inches long and as fine as silk. She once tried to shave, but not being able to hold still long enough gave it up in despair.

DR. PARKER is surprised at the increase of insanity among women. There has been an increase of ten per cent. in ten years—all owing to the present style of wearing the hair and the modern substitute for a bonnet.

SERVANT: "Good morning, mum. Come after general servant's place."—LADY: "You were to be here at eleven. You have kept me waiting two hours."—SERVANT: "Can't help it, mum. Forgot to wind up my watch, and overslept myself this morning."

In a mixed train of luggage and passengers from Glasgow were a lady and her son, a youth of goodly dimensions, the latter travelling on a "half-ticket." After innumerable stoppages and delays, by which the patience of the passengers was exhausted long before they reached their destination, the collector made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the pasteboard received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half-fare." "I know he is, sir," said the lady; "but he's grown a good deal since we started."

"A MUM meeting" is the latest church novelty in Wisconsin, where it was held in aid of the unfeebled treasury of the church at Oconomowoc. The point of the meeting was to see which of the Oconomowockers could longest keep silence.

After a solemn pause of fourteen minutes, during which there had been much inaudible smiling, one good sister varied the monotony of the meeting by bursting into a loud laugh and exclaiming: "Oh! isn't it funny?" The receipts from admission fees and forfeits helped the finances of the church bravely.

LADIES who wear high heels know how difficult it is to walk down stairs with these coquetish encumbrances. They will appreciate the sufferings of a lady who has been staying at a country house where the stairs are of stone. Her heels were so high, and her shoes so tight withal, that to walk down stairs with any chance of feeling comfortable or looking graceful was out of the question. Her ladyship was reduced to the expedient of watching her opportunity when the stairs were clear, sending her maid in advance to the foot of the stairs with the formidable little shoes, and running down herself lightly and fleetly in all the freedom of a *chausure* of silk stockings only. The maid however proved faithless, and whispered the secret to the other maids!

HUMOROUS.

How to keep moths out of old clothing—Give it to the poor.

"THERE'S one thing," said a seedy-looking man, "in which I'm always sure to get full measure, and that's a peck of troubles!"

A SHOPKEEPER of great experience says that however talkative clerks may be during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

AN observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this:—The former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

THE principal resemblance between a man who stops his team on the sidewalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is that both make about a hundred wait.

"MUSING on the infinite, eh?" said a facetious chap to a melancholy-looking individual who was walking along the road with bowed head and serious countenance. "Well, yes; same thing—thinking of my debts."

THE leaves are turning slowly yellow, their hue is hence, the ripening fruit is on the mellow. The small boy is on the fence. He looks around, he views the ground, and thinks the moment suits: he fills his pockets full and round, then jumps the fence and scoots.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI has been appointed delegate for Italy to the Paris Exhibition.

THE wife and children of Aptommas, the harpist, are said to be starving in London.

FORREST used to take a nap before going on the stage, so as to be fresh and at his best when acting.

TITIENS was once very slender. The fatal tumor was produced by some of her heavy falls on the stage, in the excitement of the play.

CAPOUL has had a fresh success in Paris in "Paul and Virginia." One of the journals calls him "the incendiary singer."

UNPUBLISHED masses by Palestrina, and an autograph manuscript of J. S. Bach's, have been discovered in a convent at Graz.

AN Italian *impresario* proposes to take Salvini and Rossi on a tour through Europe, the two great artists to appear in the same plays.

CONTRARY to all reports, Sims Reeves will not retire from the concert stage.

WAGNER is reported to be so embarrassed pecuniarily, that unless he receives substantial help, he will not be likely to have much time in the future for new compositions.

AN Italian paper states that our Queen so much admired an organ transcription of themes from Verdi's Mass, performed at her private chapel, that she has expressed a wish to hear the entire work.

THE late M. Thiers was not only a great statesman, but also an intelligent lover of music, and the friend of the struggling artists. It was through his influence that the composer Boieldieu, when in reduced circumstances, obtained a professorship at the Paris Conservatoire.

CAPOUL, the tenor singer, is continually pestered by the attentions of a crowd of female admirers. The other night, while he was singing in "Virginia," a Parisian duchess, who was tired of writing him letters which he would not answer or return, flung a crimson bouquet at him. He paid no attention to it till his part of the scene was over, when he rose and coolly and contemptuously drove, with a single kick, the bouquet into the wings. Well done, Victor!

ROUND THE DOMINION.

LUMBERING will be prosecuted this winter on an extensive scale in New Brunswick.

THE manufactories at Hamilton, Ont., are running on full time, and with the full complement of hands.

OATMEAL mills are being built in New Brunswick, and many new ones are reported in various sections of the Dominion.

It is stated that Sir Peter Coats, of Paisley, has determined to erect a large spool factory at Hochelaga, near Montreal.

THE trains on the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway now run within three miles of the Gatineau Bridge, Ottawa.

PASSENGER trains on the North Shore Railway will begin to run by the 15th December, between Quebec and Three Rivers.

St. Catharines, Ont., has spent \$100,000 in new buildings, and claims that many of the private residences there are as handsome in appearance as can be found in any city in Canada.

THE Government steamer *Newfield* will leave Montreal about the 24th inst., with exhibits for the Paris Exhibition, and will call en route at Halifax for exhibits from the Maritime Provinces.

AT a convocation of Royal Black Knights held at Pakenham, and presided over by the Provincial Grand Master, a series of resolutions unanimously passed among which were an expression of warm attachment to the principles of the institution and a firm adherence to the Constitution of British America.