

J. D.'S TRIP TO BOSTON.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

AIR: "Lord Lovell."

John Dougall he sat in his Editor's chair—

"I am weary of work," quoth he,

"Farewell for a time, editorial care

"For I'm off to the Peace Jubilee," lee, lee,—

"I am off to the Peace Jubilee."

So home he started, and packed his trunk,

And of boxes a goodly store,—

Full many a *Witness* therein was sunk,

And *Dominion Monthlies* galore.

"The wits of Boston," said John, "shall cease

"Our journals to scorn as mean:

"And none will dare, in this time of peace,

"To blow up my Magazine."

He reached the station—and Frank Picard,

The "humorous ticket-agent,"

Shook the Editor's hand, as the "Palace-car"

Disappeared—like a gorgeous pageant.

But first, Frank whispered instructions grave

In the through-conductor's ear,—

Taking good care the advice he gave

The conductor alone should hear.

The train rushed on—and the Editor read

His own dear *Witness* through,

But each move he made, and each word he said

Was watched by a witness, too.

If he opened his satchel to find a tract,

If he quitted the car to "grub"—

He was watched—like a thief by a "bobby," in fact—

Till they came to "Creation's Hub."

There he drove,—still watched,—to a big Hotel,

And immediately called for—dinner;

While the keen conductor still dogged him well,

Like Fate pursuing a sinner.

The landlord was cautioned to watch his guest!

The waiters had orders strict!

And the tired conductor could get no rest,

From terror of being tricked.

And when the "dined" Editor call'd at a house,

(Some teetotal friend's, no doubt,)

He watched him go in, as a cat would a mouse,

And anxiously watched him come out.

At the Jubilee concert, J. D. was seen,

Applauding, with lungs sonorous,

Still cunningly watched by his guardian keen,

'Mid the din of the "Anvil Chorus."

And wherever he went, 'mid the rich or the poor,

(This history beats all hollow!)

That 'cute conductor was always sure

Like a shadow his steps to follow.

At breakfast and luncheon—at dinner and tea—

Till the day into darkness faded,

Like a sleepless savage, he watched J. D.,

Till at length he was fairly *jaded*.

But if you should say to me, "Pray, explain

"This mystical conduct's fitness,"—

The riddle's solution you may obtain

In a recent *Daily Witness*.

* If any apology be needed for having recorded in a ballad, the Boston trip of the worthy Editor of the *Witness*, DIOGENES believes that it will be found in the following "editorial":

CAREFUL RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.—On the morning when the editor of this journal started for his present tour in the United States, the considerate and humorous agent of the V. C. Railway, solicitous for his welfare, gave special instructions to the through-conductor, that he should keep his eye on him, and if he found him drinking too much, to put a stop to it in time. When the conductor returned to town, he reported that he had watched that man carefully every time he had left the train, and he was sure he had not tasted a drop while he was under his charge.—*Montreal Daily Witness*, June 23.