

THE ROANOKE NEWS

SATURDAY JUNE 29 1878

THE VILLE CLARION.

WHAT FOLLOWED INTRODUCING IT'S EDITORIAL CONTROL TO SEVERAL PROMINENT CITIZENS.

It was a country editor, The which had settled down, To print a weekly journal in A little Western town. First his coat, moustache esteemed They did salute his sheet, With such exclamation as "bright," "Lively," "sparkling," "neatly," "neat," Then they got down to "persons," As to his feet and ears, And forged statistics of the uses To which he put his shears; Then came his mutations dark; And the great blazed The handbill reded the town— Oh hamper—where twas printed; This was the title of his work— Would clutch his earlike shears, And never let the fierce doggit Of battle with his peers. Held grant a crew's postulates, And temperance that they did, As with an oath, by ourselfs We at o'erurs not shield?

"Our mother thinks the creation by His lig'ls perplexed; The engraving sh. what he like [N. B.—Post in our next].

1.

But not for this the editor Neglected what was due; He gathered the last item up,

He wrote out the intervals, Ending "Good morning, sir" good day;

"Our reporter has withdrawed."

When a prominent citizen broke his leg, And a resident's house burst,

The Clarion printed an item that

Day we're to learn."

There were sheets of titillities galore,

And never a word of woe.

Without mention made of the fire-bell

And sounding siren.

2.

But Oh, and alas! the public,

A few words do say,

Is we off to a bad newspaper?

A by rail editor him;

Then he's in the office to go—

No single editor man.

Who can't turn out a better sheet,

He thinks than the editor can,

And to the Western Editor.

The villages would thought,

That all he did was wrong,

His paragraph one found too short,

Another found too long.

There was but a single article,

That all seemed crazed about,

And that through pressure on his space,

As was, was crowded out,

Then when he printed it next week,

Each subscriber could caper,

And make remarks I cannot speak,

Concluding "Stop my paper?"

3.

He was a crafty editor,

The editor I sing,

So he hoots the prominent citizens.

Urts a town meeting,

As to those prominent citizens.

He speaks the following things:

"Stop it, I don't want you in my midst.

Your kind always do so."

How very little indeed it is,

Or I know, I know,

I go after, on passes home,

A bullet to kick;

Here are my pencils and my shears,

And my trusty pasto-pot oho,

Take them, get out my newspaper,

Until I come again."

"I'll show you what a paper should be,"

With each prominent citizen.

V.

It was but two weeks later

When the editor came back,

As he hoots down from his trusty train

He said to himself, "Ahuck,

Is that the playin of blacksnake whip?

Was that a pistol's crack?"

Do I see at the dusty jail-windows

Of prisoners' heads? "A-ho!"

Is that a prominent citizen?

Dangin at you tam-say?

Is there no more honest news?

Are you to the ground,

And no reporter but I?

Where are the prominent citizens?

I left in ignorance, where?"

He hastened to his off-sector,

And bounded up the stair,

There he found a prominent citizen.

Was passing up his ear,

Who, as he heard the entering step

Exclaimed, "He is not here!

I never see the in the paragraph—

An apology will be erased,"

Then, when he knew the editor's face

He faints, crying, "Save!!"

V.I.

The editor hopped his horse with ink,

With his trusty pistol ear,

And when the editor came to,

A talk of was dover.

"Each though he could the paper run

When he couldnt, worn a cent;

But if they had "their" my advice;

This case does different,

With the editor comes out—

Two weeks after there comes a

Wild horse and rider in the sun;

Came to leave in Baltimore;

Each editor had an ax to spite;

And each did growl and grind

His axe or spite—see!

One editor with editor,

Who, awaiting trial he

Beneath indignation for his blunder,

And railroads' clamor,

There was one editor's paragraph,

Its writer a dog-like hound,

He wrote a dog-eared scoundrel up—

Yesterdays history hangs,

Smith wrote the common council up,

The fireman's was great suspense

And saw his bidding oho,

Each prominent citizen did do,

"Each though he could the paper run

When he couldnt, worn a cent;

Looking as mean as sin;

The other prominent citizen's

Seeks to find them in,

Re seeks them at the office,

From midning unto night

And when he finds a on the tree,

Straight away there is a light,

Takes back, too, his pallor

Of the effects of the nation,

The prominent citizen's honored post

It is the private station."

V.I.I.

For weeks the editor labored

Hastening to exert,

With "The Ville," a provoking type;

Also, "Globe," an invader!—

—And when he had it straightened

And attired in power and pride,

The surviving prominent citizen,

Lee him run the Clarion himself,

New York, June, 1878. — G. F. L.

MEASURING ETERNITY.

The were two very nice old ladies, says the Springfield "Republican," in good and popular standing in the Orthodox Church. They prided themselves on the doctrines of the bibles, and they were rales of the current topic of the Indian Quod-a-Council; meaning the falling in of great of good Doctor Merriam's son, but comforting them with the stalwart backbone of their young pastor on the trial. Coming down to the main topic one says— "About this general punishment—how long da you think it lasts?" "Well," said the other, "a pugue long while; at least a thousand years, I s'pose."

"A thousand years?" reflectively re

sponded the first, "well, that's a good deal better than nothing!"

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