

The Satirical Journal.

Of your papers so large and your papers so small,
The wisest's the paper that laughs at 'em all,
Makes fun of the Turks and of Russians makes fun,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

Folks are fools from their birth to the day of their death,
From the day they receive till they give up their breath,
From the lifetime's commencement until it is done,
Oh, there's no one that's sensible under the sun.

They're most happy as youngsters; and what are their joys
In that state?—to accumulate plenty of toys,
While their minds evermore on some finer toys run,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

When grown up, still the distance they greedily view,
And phantoms successive still try to pursue,
But all equally vain are the courses they run,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your keen politician, who spends all his days
For the public—and dies with no friend left to praise,
Used by parties, thrown over when powers were done,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your sharp money-getter, who healthy and strong,
To accumulate cash gave years many and long,
Then finds to enjoy it power he has none,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your old fashioned parents, unlearned and unwise,
Give their children accomplishments, who will despise
Themselves, when of knowledge they've smattering won,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

There's your youth who enlists, with his brain running hot
On the pleasure and glory in fighting that's got,
As a cripple knocked round when his battles are done,
For there's nothing that's sensible under the sun.

So, of all our writers, or learned or not,
The wisest's the writer who laughs at the lot,
The next wisest's his reader—between them they've done
What's nearest to sensible under the sun.

Tierney Abroad.**III'S DAIRY IN THE MARRIYTIME PROVINCES.**

Woodstock, N. B., Jan. 25.—This Woodstock isn't the place av the same name up in Ontario beyant, fwhere Mистер PAT ULLO the organizer av our party kem from. But it's a nate little place, fwhat's left av it, because av coorse they had a big foire here a fwhile ago. Anny town in New Brunswick that isn't purty well burned down wanst in a fwhile, is lucked on wid suspicion, be the rest av the community, an' is avided be the commarchal travellars from the Monthreal houses. This lasht is the sorest punishment yez cud conceive; yez can harly imagine how it hurts the falins av the people. I cuddn't get a dhrink av whiskey at all in this town, widout crawlin' on me hans an' knees among boxes av soap an' the loikes av that in a dark room back av a grocery shote, or ilse walkin' into the primisis av Mистер DICK ARMSTRONG, an', begorra I was afear'd to do that, thinkin' the big turkey he had hangin' in front av his dure, in honor av BANKS MICKINZIE, wud fall on me head. So I wint an' jined the Blue Ribbon min, an' made a spache in the meetin'. It wasn't so foine a spache as Mистер WIGHTMAN or Brother ARNOTT wud make, av coorse, but the chairman Mистер WATTS, said it was splindid, an' I wud make a gud taytotaler av I wint on abstainin'. I met Daycon DUROISE here; this is fwhere that celebrated scientific an' clerical gentleman resides. He was intherjuiced to me be wan av his friends an' fellow citizens, Mистер DRYSDALE. The Daycon explained his wontherful invintion, for extractin' shpots out av the sun, I think it was, but I mebbe didn't comprehend his spache intoirely on account av Mистер DRYSDALE winkin' wan eye fwhin it was goin' on. In the inthrests av science, I sind yez the Daycon's fotygraft, tuck in Boston the toime he wint there to sell his patent for \$1,000,000 to the govrnint av the U. S.



St. Stephen, N. B.—This foine little town is composed av Mистер J. CHAPMAN an' others. It is situated contagious to the United Shtates, an' the business consists chafely av attindin' BANKS MICKINZIE meetins'. Most av the citizens here are av the blue ribbon persuasion, but they have not all proved rarciant to the people av the taytotal shtate av Maine. A few shtill aim an honest penny supplyin' fwhisky to their neighbors across the wather. [Note. I won't recommend St. Stephen to immigrants. They wud escape out av the counthry too aisy, an' settle in the Shtates].

St. John.—From the town av St. Staphen I wint back wanst more to St. John, thinkin' mebbe I wud be so lucky as to see what that misfortunate place lucked loike fwhin the sun was shinin'. Av coorse I wasn't lucky enough. It was rainin' a soort av a damp fog all the fwhile, barrin' the shpells av shnow now an' thin. I cuddn't help thinkin' St. John ought to be called JOSIUUA, for, begorra, it lucks as if the sun had gone back on it. I blave the only way wan cud see the sun in St. John is to shstay at a convaniant locality an' get some person to send a telegraft mintonin' that the sun was out, an' thin take the express thrain an' go down all av a suddint. I ped a visit to Mr. W. KNOWLES, affice av the *Torch*, an' examined wid much inthrest his pun-makin' machinery. He towld me the inshturmint worked purty well,—it mangles up words an' twishts strait letters into fwat they call Italicks—but he complained that it was hard labour turnin' the crank. I axed him if he cuddn't dispense wid puns in his paper, but he gev me a luck like the play actor fwhin he exclaims "Chaos is come again," an' sez he, "An honest pun is the noblest work av man." But JOSEPH is a good harted lad, afther all, an' there is plinty av min in the world no better nor his worst puns. Av coorse I called to see me counthryman Mистер BOYD agin, but me visit wasn't long, as that gintleman was ixtrameley busy. He explained to me that he had a big pile av extra luggage to attend to, an' had to work harder than anny impenitent thafe, so I didn't shstay to take up anny av his toime.

Dorchester, N. S.—This isn't a terrible large place, comparatively shpakin'. The population is composed mostly av lawyers, an' the govrnint is puttin' up a big penitentiary in their midst. I mit a few av the legal gintlemin an' can vouch for their gud characters. Mистер JOSEPH HOWE DIXON is wan av thim, an' if he lives to be old enough he will prove worthy av the famous name he bears. At prisint he is ixtrameley illoquent wid reference to a case av larceny, or anything av that kind. I will give yez a picture av another citizen, who is well known an' respected down as far as Truro. This picture was taken widout the gintleman's consint, an' mebbe he wuddn't care about it. He towld me it was all right to publish fotygrafts av ALBERT J. SMITH an' Dr. TUPPER, but the falins av respectable gintlemen ought to be tuck into consideration.



Amherst, N. S.—This is the native place av Doctor TUPPER, an' has wan shstreet that stretches farther than anny av the Doctor's facts. The people here are all waitin' wid anxiety for the general election, till they get a welt at the prisint corrupt govrnint. All excipt Mистер ROBY MORSE. I blave he is goin to vote agin JOHN A. an' thim. I wud give yez a portrait av ROBY, but he is so bashful that the fotygrafter I engaged to take him cuddn't get his machine widin firin distance, an' so we had to give up the job. Besides Mистер ROBY was in a hurry that day, goin' hot foot to the station to read a foine address to Mистер JONES, the Minister av War, that was expicted in the thrain from Halifax. I am infurmed that Mистер MORSE got to the station all out av wind, an' stud in the cowl'd air wid the address ready, fwhin, be all that is exasperatin', fwhat did the blaggard av a Tory engine-driver do but gives a whistle av contempt an' thunders rill pasht the place, while some bad bys shouts out to ROBY, "Pull down the address!" an' Mистер JONES tuck off his hat an' cheered, thinkin' it was a flag I suppose.

Sackville.—This is the purtiest town av all, especially on the inside av the Mount Allison Female college. I don't think yez cud find a shweeter luckin' lot av young people annywhere, barrin' the two iditors av the town. I am pleased to say that Mистер MILNER, av the *Post*, an' Mистер REYNOLDS av the *Borderer*, trates wan another wid all the kindness that cud be expected. Their papers comes out wanst a wake, an' they don't call wan another rapscallions an' low lived scoundrils oftener than that. Whieever they happen to be ridin' in a cutter together, the business av the place is generally suspindid wid astonishment, an' the friends av the two young min feel very unaisy, an' talk about blood.

TERRY TIERNEY.

Scene at the City Hall.

COMMISSIONER—(to party before him).—Sir, your premises are in a disgraceful state. You are a pollution to the neighborhood. You must have your cellars and houses cleaned thoroughly, or I shall have you fined.

PARTY.—Well, sir, I only tried to keep my house in the state the City Hall is kept in. Surely I could not have a better example. The papers say it is undrained, unhealthy, full of foul stuff for years.

COMMISSIONER.—What has that to do with it? Get your place cleaned, or I'll fine you. (Exit).

Parliamentary Enquiry.

THE Hon. Mr. GRIP begs to enquire whether it is the intention of the Government to create a portfolio to be known as Minister of Public Morality and Letter Opening, vice the portfolio of Receiver General, abolished.