

"Let us know what you want for your paper," writes the Sweet Singer, "and I will send it." We want two dollars a year.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

Her notes are too dolorous for us.

The Petersons have just issued a novel entitled "Madame Pompadour's Garter." It is evidently a fer-end, and readers should take stock in it.—*Norristown Herald.*

We suppose one knee-dition will have a calf binding.

THE SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH.

The mind of man secures to unknown ages

The grandest, brightest thoughts that we cherish and burn.

Recorded plainly upon lettered pages,

Which any simple soul may read and turn; In form and spirit thought is made enduring. The resurrection of the past assuring.

One thing was lacking. Voices fade and perish.

Go forth and die upon the empty air;

We cannot find the accents that we cherish,

Although we sadly seek them everywhere; We read the thoughts and we may see the faces, The voice is lost in those eternal spaces.

But now comes one to show the world a wonder—

A grimy, greasy, unpretending sage— The slightest whispers and the tones of thunder Producing from his punctured metal page; And at his touch eternity's strong portal Swings open and the voice is made immortal

What further boon demands the deathless spirit? What higher blessing can our nature crave? The life of all the past our lives inherit,

And small must be the portion of the grave; Our earthly atoms feed the worms and grasses, Our better part through all the ages passes.

The precious albums of our homes hereafter, Wherein the dear metallic page we lay, Will reproduce the tones of tears or laughter, Of all the loved ones who have passed away; Thought, image, voice will all be brought before us

Until we feel the spirit hovering o'er us.

Then will the fittest have his true survival, For all unworthy tones will be tried; The real' live never never know a rival,

Nor will the wise man be by fools annoyed; The pure and sweet will bless by reproduction. The false and harsh will suffer swift destruction.

Tom Edison! no printed page pictorial Can well record the praises owed to you; No monument can be a fit memorial,

No bronze can fill the measure of your due! The admiring future will not be contented, Unless you speak through what your mind invented.

—N. Y. Sun.

TRIFLES FROM THE "HUB."

"To be light as air, and to be jealous, &c."

HUB, July 22, 1878.

DEAR TORCH.—The Hub is loud in its praise of the diplomatic skill of England's Premier. In many circles, it has formed one of the chief topics of conversation for the past week; and he is universally allowed to be the Early-bird that got his beak-on-s-field of action, a leetle ahead of the rest of the "Politic Birds" that cooped so recently in that European Aviary at Berlin. Even Turkey was behind time. (Copyright applied for.)

Nothing new or important to write about, except the "heated term" and that has sent a large number of the denizens of the Hub, to the right about face, towards the sea-side. (No Cards.) The heat has been so intense that I

have repeatedly wi-hed myself and family in tents, on the banks of some pleasant stream

The city is decidedly dull, and all kinds of business duller. Theatres all closed, except the Museum, and the management there are doing the everlasting, nonsensical, "Evangeline." On Friday evening last, this "American Opera Buffs" received its two hundredth representation in Boston. "Think of it." As Bob Ingersoll says, Boston must have done something terrible in its time, to deserve all this. Notwithstanding,

"The town is empty, on the brow of the sea, Seated ranks of people."

Yet still we cant-get away, manage to kill the time rather pleasantly, and, occasionally have a little enjoyment in our own way. A party of gentlemen a few days since convened by appointment, to await the arrival of the Cunard steamer *Parthia*, intending to go "Down the Harbor" in a steam-tug, to greet a much respected and honored friend, who was to arrive by the steamer. As is usual on such occasions, the steamer didn't arrive quite as early as was expected. While waiting for the steamer to be signalled, the "Boys" managed to enjoy themselves very well, till, of a sudden the hilarity ceased, when one of the party, who had up to this time been a silent and melancholy listener, a gray haired, white-neck-tied man, old enough to know better, solemnly observed, "Gentlemen, while ye are waiting the *Parthia's* coming, pray seriously consider the path-ye-are going," then disappeared. The wretch is still at large. 'Tis supposed that he had escaped from Summerville.

YOURS, JEEMS.

QUEEN CITY NOTES.

(From the Private Diary of our own Hibernian.)

TORONTO, July, 1878.

"Tarantay correspondent at the Torch!" Be me sowl it rades moighty purty, an' so it does. Av course I d'n't pretend to say fwither yez make to insert me letter, an' be that same towkan I mately sind it as a koind av expiriment; I blave thats fwat they call it. Still I fale it me prty to inform yez 'twud talke loike hot prates wid yer mighth raders.

At the same toim I wud loik to observe that me prislat notes arre not quoite as intheristin' as fwat they wou'd be at any other toime. Ye see, its intirely owin' to the murderin' hate. Iv'ry wan, from the fattist Aldthrimin to the purtiest colleen is suffrin' from that same dis-aise. The burnin' shtrates sunk up the wathier ivry bit as grad'ly, an' fwid jist as much rilish as wan av the bhoys wud a nozgin av the crather, an' be gorra its meself wud loik a dhrap at the prislat minnit. The Poliss haz hoisted a whote helmet; a koind av "flag av thruce" agin "ould Sol," I quiss.

That illegant in-thititution comminly diaignat as the "Rhank Clirk" don't take up thrae parts av the soile fwalk on King shtrate ivry moor. No, be the powers! He shlinks along av the shaily soile, fwil a koind av "Plase icxuse me" sort av air, jist loik a bargler on a moonlight icxarsion—yiz undirstan'.

Dischuss pollytics at sich a toim? Shure, its out av the quistion intirely, so it is. Aven a Tory harang on "Johnny A's" subriaty wudn't searely commind attention. The Consarvativs say the hate is awl along av the "do nouthin' policy" av Mickinzie. Siz a rid hot ould Tory to me on'y yistherday, fwid a scraich loik an' expirin' Banshee,—siz he: "Fwath, I'd loik to know, in the naim av the 'Fashific Stander,' is the use av a Guevinmit av fwe can't git prapir koind av whither?" Av course I agrade wid him.

We hed a fistivil a little fwihle agone. "*Mar-dit Gras*" I blave they sid. An' wan av our paipers sid it waz grand. *Grand!* Yis, it waz "grand." The grandist shwindle I iver behid. A lot av Shquaws, neggars, clowns, an' citira, a maikin' gommaghs av thirsle befor a lot av bigger wans, bad seran to thim,

I s'pouse yez are aware that Geordie Brown den't own the Tarantay *Mail*, an' loikwans that the *Globe* is not icxet y indipindint in pollytics. I minthin this mately to simplify ivry future rirfince. "Our Enshint contimpy, the *Lader*," as the spoifeful *Tell us-cram* calls it, is gitten' too ould to icxiroise av a mournin', an' oun'y appears in the avenin' zow.

Grip's Ben govia the pollytishins some loivly thrave doste lately, and sprikin' av "throostin'" remoids me that Misthir *Lance* haz immigryted to Coburg.

Fwath do yez think av "our bhoys in blue," now?" I'd be afther bettin' a nozgin av butther-milk that Hanlan gits enogh av yer filthy *dross* to *greese* yez moightly afore the month's out. But I niver bet meself bekae as a frind av moim wud observe—its too divilish onsertin'.

This waz a loivly little sherrimmig in the Quane's Park t'ither day. Be St. Patrick 'twas as nate an' imytation av Donnybrook Fair as yud fwish to see. I till yez I cud searely kape from lajin' up an' jinin' in the fun. Ye see 'twas this fway: Two Polissmin onyevkem fwid hate an' whirky bekem possided fwid the idhea that ivry ither man's hat fwas not worn in a praper fushion, an' loik dowtful gardins av the pace they purceded to adjust thim sid hats to their own loikin' fwid thir blekthorns. Ye kin purty aisly undirsthan' thir aim didn't aldws acquit thir gool intentions, the result bayin' browkin' tails an' shplit craynims. Fwthiniv an' indignant sitizin abjected he received two or thrae ower. A crowd ivinchilly forumed an' fwint at it wid sticks an' stons. The "cops" received a moighty shift morlin', but continued to lay out a purty noice hape of the frae an' indipindint, afoor thir vimoosed.

This is no purtlicker intillygints to sind yiz, relayatin' to Theatrickils. The Grand Op'ra House is shoot till the commintsminnt av the raigler saysoon: loikwis the "Roy'l, an' the Aethers are ristin' afther thir own piculyer fushion. Nixt wake fwe arre to receive a flyin' vis't from "Coup's Bran nix Show," fwlin' I will sin yez me praxivt aniywain av the same, so I will—how betwee you an' me 'twud talke a moighty 'ong letter to praperly disteribe it, av its blud kardlin' Posters till the truth.

DERP NOSLEW.

(For the Torch).

JOTTINGS.

BY "QUEEN."

A good place for meeting—the butcher's.

An editorial friend of ours, in Montreal, says he did more to *quill* the riot than all the troops.

"Say, brother Tom, what did that man say was the proper name for an elephant's trunk?" B. T.—"He called it a pro-bo—is."

Economy, sir, economy. The people of old had "Hewers of wood and Drawers of water." We combine both in one, and have Water (H) Ewers.

Marriage is generally looked upon as a maid's effort.

What is the difference between a parson and a sharper?

One prays for, while the other preys on the public.

A man, representing himself as a *count*, tried to get credit in a store, but thinking him of no account they declined.

Russia's not going to have things quite her own way. There's a rising power in the (Y) east.

Three o'clock; no slumber,
He's treating to the last,
And his parents wonder
That he grows so fast.