

THE TORCH

Light Literature

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[For the Torch.]

STANZAS.

My little maid, with violet eyes,
(I sometimes think they bloom for me!)
Often from 'sunset to sunrise
I turn at thought of thee.

I turn from toil—I turn from care—
And feel thy arms around me thrown,—
I breathe a better, purer air
Than elsewhere I had known.

My little love! my little maid!
The world goes on as go it will,
And thou, though but a dream, a shade—
Though lost, art with me still.

H. L. SLEICER.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

The following luxurians logicous credited to by the *Wheeling Sunday Leader* to the "ingenious New York News," which is ingenious enough to confess it never originated anything quite so rat-ting: How an old female rat proved herself to be of a literary nature—She said: "A little rat I had—the litter hate I, and therefore the littler ate I; consequently among the litter rate I as one of the literati."—*N. Y. News*.

Rest easy "Er-rat-ic," the TORCH will relieve you of the responsibility of having perpetrated this ratiocinative joke.

Mr. J. E. Hatch is at the sea shore.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

He could not probably eggs-ist in town hens he went to the sea shore. Now ye eggotistical punsters seize your chance to make fowl jokes. If you have a good one Hatch-it immediately and give it to one of the comps, to "set."

Going through Fulton Market this morning we noticed a slight accident at a butcher's stall and remarked that this mutton seemed rather chop-fallen.—*N. Y. News*.

Did he seem to lamb-ent much about it?

Mr. Joe King starts for California next Saturday evening.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

Are you joking?

We haven't received any five hundred dollars bank bills by this week's mails, which fact denotes D notes are becoming scarce.—*N. Y. News*.

We wouldn't N. V. you if you had.

Miss Corson of New York, who tells how to pre-

pare a twenty-five cent dinner for a family of six, evidently keeps a fashionable boarding house.

[Norriston Herald.

She can't afford more than one course on the bill of fare at that rate.

They have an able paragrapher out in Missouri named Cruce. In brief, a cruce-able. He refines golden thoughts for *The Jefferson City Tribune*, *N. Y. News*.

Lukens that is ex-cruce-iating.

Why don't the devil skate? Answer solicited.—*Boston Post*. We've seen our "devil's" gait pretty fast on the Styx of copy we gave him.

Victor Hugo, who has been laid up with the shingles, is taking a vacation at Guernsey.—*N. Y. World*. Did he have them on the roof of his mouth?

It is reported that Lord Dufferin will be made a marquis on his return to England.—*Boston Advertiser*. Beaconfield will peobably suggest it to mark his approval of Dufferin's good conduct while Governor-General of Canada.

Statistics prove that editors are the most moral men in the community—they always do write.—*Ex*. You so correct as they should be, however; for they do not always render unto scissors the things that are scissors.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

That's so. The *Acrostook Pioneer* last week contained a poem called "A Psalm of Life," freshly clipped from the TORCH but not credited.

We beg pardon, friend Knowles, but we are not to blame. It is those wicked nutmeg folks.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. It does nutmeg much difference friend Deming. We were not condemning you for it. When you beg pardon you have, pard, done the correct thing. What'll yer take?—*St. John Torch*. Something cool—a cool thousand, for instance.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Why is a sick man when he's sent to the Hospital like a picket on duty? Because he's sent in ill.

The TORCH is another expressive name, for a weekly paper, published at St. John, N. B. It should be called the calcium, only its brightness is not the result of gas. It is of the style of the *Danbury News*, *Five Press* and others, and is as good as any of them. Shines with no borrowed light but furnishing a blaze of its own.—*Flatbush, N. Y., Rural Gazette*.

A sewing machine is not always what it seems.—*Danielsonville Scintilla*. Seems sew to us nevertheless.—*Meriden Recorder*. If it's a "Weed" machine it ought to be good for sewing tares. It "tuck" me some time before I "fell" into the racket. A hem!—*St. John, N. B., Torch*. Queer "feller." Now if some proper nice young girl would only "tucker attachment" onto you.—*Rollicking Kiggs*.

EPITAPHS.

By "BLAX."

FOR A LIAR.

In life, he lied while he had breath;
And, strange to say, lies still in death.

FOR A GAMBLER.—Better off.

FOR AN ANGLER.—Waiting for a rise.

FOR A BAKER.—He kneads no more on earth.

FOR A BREWER.

A well-known brewer lieth here,
His ails are o'er, he's 'on his bier."

FOR A WAITER.—Only waiting.

FOR A DOCTOR.—Waiting with patients.

FOR A BOOTBLACK.—With the shining ones.

FOR A BEGGAR.—"I asked for bread, and they gave me a stone."

FOR A RAZOR-GRINDER.—Underground.

FOR A POTTER.

On earth he oft turned clay to delf,
But now he's turned to clay himself.

One of our largest brewers has recently brought on a man from Cincinnati to superintend his brewery, at an annual salary more than twice that of the President of Harvard University.—*Boston Herald*.

An imitation of Heine by Phillips Thompson is going the rounds of the papers. We congratulate Mr. Thompson; the imitation is perfectly heinous.—[B. J. of Commerce.

The funny paper of St. John called the TORCH is shedding its light abroad, and, although it is light reading there are not many who can hold a candle to it. We shouldn't consider it any torture to receive it in exchange.—[*Toronto Weekly Gossip*.

Phillips Thompson [Jimmuel Briggs] will in future be a regular contributor to the Torch of St. John, N. B. The Torch will furnish excellent setting for Jimmuel's literary gems.—[*Toronto National*.

Good name for a lady lawyer.—*Sue*.—*Rome Sentinel*. For a gambler.—*Bet*.—*Ballston Democrat*. For a female shoemaker.—*Peg*.—*St. Simeon*. For a female messenger.—*Carrie*.—*N. Y. News*. For a female compositor.—*Em*.—*Torch*. For a female soldier.—*Sally*.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*. For a female Globe writer.—*Lize*.—*Toronto National*.

Jesse Pomeroy, who was the "boy murderer," but now is a strapping young man, has got into trouble with the prison officials through wilfully spolling \$75 worth of stock given him to work up, hence his reading permit has been taken from him, and he has not even the solace of employment in his solitary confinement.—*Buffalo Express*.