



JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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[For the Torch.]
A PSALM-PILE OF LIFE.

BY LONGFELLOW AND SHOTTWELLER.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
Eat at night a few cu-cumbers,
And I'll bet they'll make you scream.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal—
"Love, before thou home returnest,
Send us up a load of coal."

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way.
"Don't you find it hard to borrow
When you have a note to pay?"

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave
Still you'll find old bummers "beating,"
While for whiskey strong they crave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
"Bring the baby, dear, a rattle,
And some diamonds for your wife."

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
"Bring me, darling John, a present,
"Sweetest, I have 'nary a red."

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Debts to pay some future time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;
"Darling Susie, for your mother,
Let me kiss you once again."

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
And where'er you go a wooing,
See you never stay too late.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat sup catsup?—St. John Torch. Did you ever catch up a brick bat to throw at cats up on the wood shed roof?—*Rome Sentinel*.

Do you think we woodshed blood in such an uneline manner for a-mew-sment? In the words of Cat-alina, "Scat! thou puss illani-nouse cuss."

Does an eddy-torial craft float by the aid of current events?—*Danielsonville Scintinel*.

We hardly sea the drift of your question, but

we have an-otian that the current-cy has something to do with keeping the "paper boat" afloat.

Mrs. and Miss Flood, of the family of the big bonanza miner, are at the White Sulphur Springs. Miss Flood has a flood of admirers.—*Norristown Herald*.

We No-ah young man, whose tide of affections flow with the current-sea. He says he wouldn't mind being tied to that Flood if it "leads on to fortune."

In the *Courier* office can be seen the sword taken from a fish, captured by Capt. J. T. Whitmore, of schooner L. T. Whitmore, on their voyage home from Cedar Keys, last month.—*Roekland Courier*.

We haven't seen it, but suppose we must we must take Fuller 's-word for it.

The quickest way to raise a calf is to let a bumble bee sting you on the heel.—*Whitehall Times*.

That's o; heel make you bee quick about it.

Singular, isn't it? There's not a single person in a room full of married people.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Why couldn't there be a sir-single in a room full of married people?

May not a tuning fork be appropriately termed a "pitch" fork?—*Boston Transcript*.

Certainly, if you want tune name it that and can't pitch upon any other, fork conscience sake do so at once. We have a mortgage on this and fork-close it now.

Never look in a lumber yard for board, unless you can plank down the ducats.—*Hackensack Republican*.

What du-cats have to say about it?

Every jewelry store should keep a watch-dog.—*Reynoldsville Eye*.

Certainly, with a curb-chain around his neck so that if any burglar should break in he could get a cur-b bit.

Why is it that when a lady passes a show window, although the curtain may be down, she invariably looks in at that window? Our opinion is, that it is to see if her toilet is arranged just right. Young ladies, pause for reflection—but not in shop windows.—*Danielsonville Scintinel*.

Certainly paws for reflection if they are hand-some.

May not a tuning fork be appropriately termed a "pitch" fork.—*Boston Transcript*.
Hay?

The thermometers have had a high old time for the past week or two. One in this city went on a regular bender, the heat being so intense that the tube doubled up like a boy with the colic.—*Rome Sentinel*.

We wouldn't like tu-be in such a "red hot" place.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore receives about \$18,000 a year as the proceeds of her lectures.—*Exchange*.

If she should de-livermore lectures would her income be larger?

Edison is inventing a machine that will dissipate the voices of talkers at the play.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

Will it prevent young men going out between the acts for a — clove?

Some whisky in the bottom of a barrel recently exploded at Steubenville, Ohio, and killed a small boy. The lesson of this occurrence is that it is not wise to leave any whisky in the bottom of the barrel.—*New Haven Register*.

Had the barrel been rye-filled?

Was it the Illiad to climb to reach the heights of fame that made Homer's *Odyssey*?—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Perhaps so because he was on the Verge ill at the time.

Cats should be taxed as purr-sonal property.—*Elenburg, Pa. Herald*.

Yes, a claws might be inserted to that effect. But being found occasionally on rail fences would they be considered rail estate? That's purr-ty bad.

Wear your hair a la mowed.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Are you speaking to a grass widow you rake? Hey?

Seamen are not naturally sluggards, but their calling makes them tarred-y.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

You deserve to be pitched over-board for getting off such tarry-ble jokes.

The Shah's bill at the Paris hotel was about \$200, including \$12 for a melon and \$24 for a dozen peaches. Another Paris-haul well handed.—*Norristown Herald*.

He may Shah-ter the melons
And with peaches may fill,
But he'll feel melon-colic
When he pays up his bill.