

For the Torch.  
FLAT LUX.

See—Oligopus.

Joc.—What is going on there  
Down below,  
An EARH listening in the air,  
To and fro?

Mercury.—Men are living, loving, lying,  
Cheating, toiling, sighing, dying,  
Wasting life to make a mark,  
Toiling, moiling in the dark.

Joc.—What ho! The Torch!  
(to Mercury) Speed wing-heeled! 'scat!  
fling forth this flaming pen,  
Let its light lighten all the sons of men,  
Whose haziness entangles Wrong and  
Right:  
Hence on men's dullness shed this guid-  
ing light,—  
A light to lighten, not a brand to burn,—  
Plant it as beacon-light—and then return.

Mercury.—All-father, yes, O certainly indeed,—  
To what part of the round world shall  
I speed?

Joc.—Te that city by the Fundy,  
Where abideth Mrs. Grundy,—  
All its sins and sorrows scorch,  
To its foes apply the Torch!  
[Edt Mercury with a whirr.]

HUNTER DUVAR.

PITHY PERSONALS.

—This was the way in which Mark Twain introduced William D. Howells to a Hartford audience Wednesday night: "The gentleman who is now to address you is the editor of the Atlantic Monthly. He has a reputation in the literary world, which I need not say anything about. I am only here to back up his moral character.—Boston Globe.

—It is rumored that Samuel W. Small, the "Old Si" of the Atlanta Constitution, is going to Paris. There will be many an Old Si after him when he is gone, but perhaps he will write home such funny pieces that they will W up Small when you read them.

—The bronze statue of Prof. Morse of telegraph celebrity, in Central Park, became so coated with verdigris that it had to be taken down and renovated.—Free Press.

Suppose it looks as much like him now as it did before if not Morse so.

—Dr. Mary Walker is going on the stage. We suppose she will appear in pantomime.—Whitehall Times.

A lady friend after reading the above puckered up her mouth to say something about the impropriety of —, but we advised her to suspend opinion.

—Prince G. Moore of Falmouth has a pork barrel in good condition, made of oak staves and cedar hoops, which is supposed to be more than 123 years old.—Boston Herald.

That's a con-cedar-able old barrel. Are there any Moore like it?

—Among the personals in the Boston Courier the arrival of Dr. Preston and family at the United States Hotel, is noticed.

—Wm. Smith, Esq., Deputy Minister of Marine, made a short visit to St. John.

—Wm. Donald, Esq., eldest son of the late Dr. Donald, is on here from New York.

—Cardinal Defalloux has presented to the Pope an arm-chair bed on wheels, an ingenious contrivance, enabling the invalid to recline comfortably and movable at the will of the occupant.

—The Rev. W. H. Cadworth is still boring a silences with his "Up, up, uppy, and down, down, downy" lecture. The last time in Mattapan, Mass. What is Cad worth any how?

—Arbuckle is about to take a vacation. He will get one of his subs-toot.—Graphic.  
Yes, in a horn.—Detroit Free Press.  
Of course, if he had any "corn"—et.

—Is the Master of the Rolls England's head baker?—Boston Post. No. He is head baker.—Philadelphia Bulletin. He's a well-bread man anyhow.—Detroit Free Press.

"Perhaps he's one of the "Wise Men of the Yeast." Whose head was baked, any how?

—It is said that Anna Dickenson was a Tartar even when a child. Probably they gave her too much "Cream of Tartar" and the cream soured.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will have their silver wedding during the holidays. Bland will be master of ceremonies.—Boston Post.

Isn't it about time for Ben. Butler to have a silver steel wedding.

—"It's only a little salt," says Gen. Sheridan about the Mexican troubles. 'Tis almost time for a little pepper.

Well let the soldiers be mustered as soon as possible.

TORCHISMS.

\*\*\*What's the difference between bay rum and Back Bay rum?—Boston Globe. None whatever. Both are barbarous.—Danbury News.

Bally is that idea your home?

\*\*\*O, the degeneracy of the times! The people are all crowding over the coming of a poultry show.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

There seems to be a good deal of hen-genuity displayed in the con-cock-shun of the above item, but let no other rude punster get off any more chicken hearted poltry, fowl jokes on it.

\*\*\*The second number of the Porcupine is even brighter than the first issue. The quills are sharp but not malignant. Bostonians ought to give generous support to this local Punch.—Et.

Do the types set up by the "stick"?

\*\*\*The physicians say that promiscuous kissing spreads disease. Heart troubles especially, eh?—Turner's Falls Reporter.  
Lip-rosy perhaps, Cecil.

\*\*\*A St. Louis cat shows its gratitude to the family with which it resides by catching pigeons for the mid-day meal.—Boston Courier.

Does she cat-eh them on purr-puss for that particular meal?

\*\*\*An exchange says, "Victor Hugo has finished "The Twins." Victor Hu-go to grass, we know of a man in Nova Scotia who finished triplets.

\*\*\*Mr. George Augustus Sala has a characteristic bit of pleasantry in the second number of *Mirth* entitled The Happy Gael or, The Deaf and Dumb Cook. The magazine bids fair to be a success.—Boston Courier.

We have often heard of a "Dumb Waiter" but a Dumb Cook seems dumb curious.

\*\*\*Hand organs are forbidden in the streets of Bryan, Texas, by the law—the organic law, probably.—New York World.

Wicked paragraphists will please Handal this item tenderly. "And the voice of the grinders shall be low."

\*\*\*"Watch Night" was a good night for swearing off "going on tick."

\*\*\*There is talk of starting a new paper called *The Looking Glass*. It will be a good thing to look into.—Boston Courier.

Good for after dinner reflections. How quick silver will leave the pockets of the owners.

\*\*\*Wilkins, of the Whitehall Times, says the proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.—Danbury News.

In case of twins, wouldn't her first Two's day be the proudest?

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flowery paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of those literary aspirants whose virgin offerings are generously consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write briefly, and only on one side of the paper, keeping brevity and point well in view, as well as carefully abstaining from private personalities of an objectionable nature. Contributions not accepted will be noticed in the "Chat with Correspondents" column.

"Ben Zeen" sends us the following, but wishes M. Ike to distinctly understand that it does not appear in this department of the Torch because his moustache is a "feebble flickering."

McDADE'S CHRISTMAS BOX.—Mr. M. Ike McDeade of the *News*, was presented with a handsome moustache cup on Christmas. McDeade hopes, by the liberal application of most approved hirsute stimulants, to possess a visible pretext for the use of the cup within ten years.

"Spark" sends us some more dry "Kindlings" from Halifax.

KINDINGS.

Charlie Annand wants to know if coal, after it's dug, is worth six dollars a chaldron, what is Wood-worth?

Why are some of the swells who belong to the Halifax Club like a certain kind of rifle? Because they are small "bores."

It is a singular fact that after an over indulgence in "benzine" the steps of the Halifax are torch-nons.

Motto of the Torch—Light profits and quick returns.

The manager of the Halifax Gas Works is the most a-Buist (abused) man in the City. But when any man speaks sar-gas-ticly to him, he always has a "retort" ready.

The editor of the *May-flour* should be a well bred man as he is a *Baker*. It is *knaw-less* to say that this joke was handed to "Spark" by a *lout-er*.

Why is a party going down to a certain Island, like policemen making arrests? Because they are going to *make nabs* (McNabs).

Mrs. Sillibus wishes her views aired on the Corset. If she keeps any one from using them of course-it will be satisfactory to the good old lady.

Saint Johns, Glnuay 1st, 1878.

Dear Mister TORCH,—I see in the *Telegraph* every morning an advertisement as follows:

MRS. MOODY'S

SELF-ADJUSTING ABOMINABLE CORSETS.

LIKELY, GOLDING & CARNEY.

That's the most properest name for 'em I ever heard. They are abominable. Spile the cemetery of the figger; ruins the institution; brings on digestion of the lungs, and ending in Resumption.

Mr. Moody & Sanky who extort so much to save sinners shouldn't allow his wife to wear the nasty things, but should show a good egg-sampler to the rest of the world.

If you can do anything Mr. TORCH to hasten the abolition of these nasty abominable staves, your name will be carried down to prosperity and will be deferring a great favor

on Yours truly,

HERBY SILLIBUS.

A PLAIN COOK WANTED.—A lady advertised in the *Telegraph* the other day for a "good plain cook." Wouldn't a good looking one answer? Or is she afraid that her husband will fall in love with her if she is pretty?