

(For the Torch.)

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE RAVAGES
OF THAT FEARFUL SCOURGE OF THE
YOUNG—DIPHTHERIA.

Oh, where are the little ones, down by the Bay,
Do they watch the white ships sailing out and
away?

Or mark the glad sweep of the sea gull's wing?
Or list her wild cry o'er the dark billows ring?

Oh no, they are not by the rocky shore,
Where the blue waves dash and the wild break-
ers roar;

They watch not the ships sailing to and fro,
Or the flash of the sea-gull's wings of snow.

Do they stray on the uplands green and bold,
Chasing the butterflies gauzy-gold?
Laden with wild flowers will they come
To gladden our hearts at the set of sun?

No! no! never more will the children come,
Sealed are their bright eyes, their rosy lips
dumb.

Never again at the dawning bright
Will they waken from rosy slumber light;
Never more will their footsteps be heard at
the door,
Or their young voices conning the school les-
sons o'er.

Lowly they sleep, by the Death Angel bound,
Silence and darkness environ them round.
No more will their laughter ring out on the
air—

At morning or eventide they are not there.

Oh weeping mothers, throughout the broad land,
Desolate, like Rachel—a lost household band;
Missing thy darlings in each well known spot;
Loathing all comfort because they are not;
Praying for death by each lone cradle bed,
Where oft lay in slumber each bright curly-
head;

Though never again the sweet cradle song
Will thou croon in the purple twilight long,
Over the little ones lying so low
Under summer sunshine and winter snow;
They are breathing the airs of Paradise
By the mount of God under crystal skies.
List! list! to the words falling sole on and clear
From the heaven of heavens, our souls to cheer:
"Let them come unto me, and fo-bid them not,
They are mine, from p lace or lowly cot.
Bid them come unto me, to them it is given,
For of such as the e is the kingdom of heaven."

So, mourning mothers, dry the flowing tear,
No longer languish o'er thy darling's bier,
Strew flower's, pale flowers, above thy lost
one's sod,
And trust some blessed day to meet within the
home of God.

GLOW WORM.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No 5.

"Let us sally?"

"Sally who?"

"Sally Forth!"

"Ah, I comprehend. First, let me, adjust
the lamp so it will not dazzle the eyes of Surtor-
borus, (so we have christened the owl), and
then I am with you."

What wonderful ideas of architectural beauty
are entertained by our friends who are rebuild-
ing Saint John! What abominations are those
black, white and chrome colored bricks! I
wonder that they do not give nervous men and
weak-minded women the ———! Look at that
monstrosity in King Street, that nightmar on
Dock Street, and nail down your window when
you retire, lest, pursued by such phantoms, in
your dreams you take a short but unsafe flight

to the street. Have you noticed those bee-
hives that surmount an otherwise tasteful dwel-
ling in progress of erection near Union Street
—those ship's cabins that are perched on top
of various private residences in different parts
of the city? They are ugly enough to make
the gods raging mad. But, after all, variety is
the spice of life; Lord Timothy Dexter, archi-
tect and author, is immortal; and many among
us will be rewarded with like immortality.
Who has not read of Dexter's extravaganza at
Newburyport and Beckford's paste-board palace
at Strawberry Hill, where Walpole, afterwards,
exhibited a statesman's architectural tastes! I
am inclined to the belief that a pretty good
idea may be formed of a man's character by an
inspection of the house where he chooses to
reside. Irving's residence, at Sunnyside, was
as cheerful and sunny as we know his char-
acter to have been from a glance at his books;
Hawthorne's favorite abode was no less
weird and mysterious in appearance than the
House of the Seven Gables, which he so quaintly
describes, and Emerson's mansion has the
same "solidarity" which characterizes his
thoughts. The timid and self-communing man
builds his house a little back from the street
and does not indulge largely in windows—the
arrogant man pushes up close to the sidewalk
from which he would elbow the passers-by if
he could, and the man "with vacant rooms in
the loft to let," indulges largely in flagree and
gingerbread decorations, comfort and con-
venience being with him secondary consider-
ations.

Here we are at Jones's Book Store, but it
won't do to enter; somehow one always feels a
"goneness" in the region of the purse as he
makes his exit from this repository of knowl-
edge. I suppose Jones would say a man
might carry more value in his head than would
be crammed in a purse a mile long. So he
might, but that kind of value is not recognized
at the banks, and it is not exchangeable for
bread or butchers meat. Walt Whitman,
recognized by the ablest English critics, as the
greatest literary genius that America has pro-
duced, ekes out a subsistence by peddling
"Leaves of Grass" from door to door; while
the nauseating trash that fills the columns of
the flash weeklies enables brainless scribblers
to wallow in clover all their days. But it is
not to be wondered at that it is so. If every-
body's stomach were weak, milk would be
worth a dollar a quart while good roasting
pieces of beef would be without buyers at a
penny a pound. You see my drift? Very
well; I'm dangerous when I dwell on some
subject too long.

This sugar cask at the corner of Water Street
and Market Square seems to have lost its
sweetness, for the air in its vicinity is dense
with "a most ancient and fish-like smell."
By Jove, it is tenanted! Stir up this modern
Diogenes! That will do,—we are rewarded
with a snort, and now our recumbent friend
blossoms forth in

SONG.

I was a tramp, and a tramp I am,
As dry as the shell of a roasted clam,
And for what folks think I don't care a ———,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

If you've got a ixpence, pass it in,
I love the sight of a bit of tin,
For it brings before me a vision of Gin,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

If Sergeant Briggs should come this way,
To Sergeant Briggs I'd up and say,
My valiant friend, 'tis a very fine day,
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

Vittals and sich won't do for men,—
They woy for womee now and then—
I sigh for a skiful of ti—e—N—
And thashwathemazzerwithme—e—e—
And thashwathemazzerwithme.

Thanks, and farewell! My musical and odor-
ous friend, the doors of the Reform Club are
wide open, blue ribbon is cheap,—much cheaper
than gin, and it forces no man to lodge in a
sugar cask or the Station House.

Here we are, at the gate of the Old Burial
Ground. As Tuckerman says, "We steal from
the cheerful highway to the field of mounds,
and thereby life is solemnized, consciousness
deepened, and we feel, above the tyrannous
present, and through the casual occupation of
the hour, the electric chain wherewith we're
darkly bound." S.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

(Continued.)

The Torch, a new candidate for public favor, has shed
its light upon St. John, and the Province generally. It
is a spirited quarto, published weekly by G. W. Day,
for the editor and proprietor, Joseph S. Knowles. We
greet our contemporary with good wishes, "a prosperous
and happy New Year." And trust his light may so shine
as to reflect into his pockets, the appreciation of sub-
scribers, in shape of dollars.—St. Andrew's Standard,
Jan. 2nd.

We have received the first number of the Torch, pub-
lished in St. John, N. B., by Jos. S. Knowles. It is a
lively twenty four column paper, full of good things, and
is, as the editor says in his salutatory, "devoted to
wholesome dishes of wisdom, wit, humor and satire judi-
ciously seasoned with spicy materials which will not be
injurious to the health of the most delicate." It is issued
weekly, and the subscription price is 18 per year. We
wish the Torch every success, and are only too happy to
place it on our exchange list.—Journal, Summerside,
P. E. I.

THE TORCH.—A racy, spicy sheet, called the Torch, is
on our sanctum table for the fourth time since it began
to flare upon the world. Jos. S. Knowles, Esq., is editor
and proprietor; and Joe. Knowles St. John better than
to start a sickly luminary. May his Torch always blaze
as brightly as at present—have a protracted career; and a
brilliant end.—Monitor, Bridgetown.

CAT SHOW.—Music Hall, in Boston, is de-
voted to the mews this week. The great cat
show opened on Monday evening. There were
cats of all colors; cats with tails, cat-o'-nine-
tails and without; a three legged cat, and a
cat with twenty-four toes on her fore feet; (a
cat with twenty-four toes on her four feet is
not much), one cat weighed 20 pounds. It
will probably close with a tabby-leau and will pass
off with great eclat. But we must paws or
some unfeline puss-illanymous cuss will accuse
us of being too categorical. There couldn't
have been many cats left St. John to see the
show, as the usual serenade of these midnight
marauders is as lively as ever. The "Thomas"
Orchestra furnished the mew-sic. Cat-alogues
supplied free.

A great many clergymen are preaching at
the present time on "Eternal Punishment."
Subscribers to the Torch will please take warn-
ing and pay up promptly.