

THE WAVERLY WAKE.

BY A KRENER.

They laid him out one afternoon,
In the room, just back of the bar,
And as he laid placidly sleeping,
His hand clasped a glass of "three star."

To give poor "Brush" an elegant wake,
When finding him stretched out dead,
They wrapped round his body a winding sheet,
And candles placed round his head.

All bare and exposed to the bummers' gaze,
Reclined in the bed-room they found him,
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
While the "Keeners" wept sadly around him.

Lightly they'll talk of poor "Brush," when he's gone.

And Patrick begins to upbraid him;
But little he cares, if they let him snooze on,
'Neath the wine-ding sheet where they have laid him.

Each one of the mournful "wakers,"
Had something to say about "Brush;"
But the verdict of all was unanimous,
That his death had been hastened by "lush."

And as the mourners passed in, one by one,
And tearfully gazed on his face;
A doctor proposed to inject Morphine,
Which he said would at once make him "brace."

Another *el-Medica* suggested
To open a vein with a lance;
When up jumped the corpse of DeMorphy
Who had only been lying in *trance*.

THE TEMPLE OF (his) WORSHIP.

WEEKLY POLICE REPORTS.

This department is under the supervision of one of our staff who "has been there himself."
—Ed.

The style is taken from a neighbor's style—this is stated here at once, to prevent any subsequent clerical commotion as to plagiarisms.

Court opened this morning in due form. The usual gentlemen—so distinguished for ignoring the sanitary influences of Turkish baths, Tonsorial sufferings, or Lily of the Valley decoration—filled the outer Court of the Temple, and their united incense was not insensible to organs olfactory.

Inside sat the usual result of the midnight scavenger efforts of the Police Pasha's. They were accommodated with a bench, while Bench accommodated himself to a chair.

The well brushed and combed and useful Clerk handed up the list of applicants for fine or imprisonment.

The spectacled veteran of local Solonisms, after removing some superfluous asthma from his tonsils, gazed on the exciting catalogue before him with a "grave and stern decorum on the countenance he wore." A deep inhalation ensued, and the enemies of Jones, the London tailor, with bated breath exulted as they saw a button from the recent vest of the Court press its original claim to "first position" and waft itself expeditiously towards the eye of the intelligent reporter of the *Boston Journal*, temporarily sitting at the desk while awaiting a report of the case of Ellis, the defaulting cashier of Boston, then being tried in the Court above.

The first gentleman who had participated in the Hospitalities of the Great Police Emporium arose at the mention of his name, and in response to his Worship's anxious inquiry as to whether he had not given ocular demonstration of not being a McKenzie man, replied, "Is it me you mean." "Yes," said his Worship; "you are charged here with having grossly counteracted the noble principles of the

great Reform Club. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The interrogated gentleman with his right hand scratched in a demure way, the shirt sleeve in his left arm, his coat being temporarily in some other person's possession, and remarked to the Court, "How's that if you please."

The Court then reiterated the enquiry. The gentleman removed his right hand from his left arm, and the forefinger went into a searching investigation, just above his right ear, as to the cause of some local disturbance there and there existing, and, after due deliberation, concluded that he was not at present a follower of D. Banks McKenzie; but, as an excuse for his over zealousness in the other direction, said he had been one of the principal parties to getting up a subscription for a watch, or a—a—a chronometer dinner, or—or something, to Capt. Chisholm of the International Insurance Co. "Casion was a great one" he added with a slight disturbance of the throat that seemed like an infant hiccup. This was also the excuse of all others which with streaming eyes the Court acknowledged to be sufficient, and all were dismissed with benediction.

TORCH will have a "lightning bug" at the Police Court every week to note items of interest. In our next we propose to commence giving cuts of the heads of the departments, after which the noble army of bummers, or at least the best looking of them, will be carefully attended to by our special artist "Phiz."

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.

The light of the TORCH has reached Boston, Boston flashes back a hope that the TORCH may shed abroad its kindly beams for many a day, and indeed, that its light may never be extinguished.

The holiday season in Boston this year seemed much quieter than usual, for though the stores were thronged, one missed the merry jingle of sleigh bells, and the keen and frosty air that usually accompanies our New England Christmas. Though since Christmas there has been a slight fall of snow; the rains of last week washed it away, and the air to-day is more like that of April than January.

Perhaps the social event of the past week in the vicinity of Boston, was the marriage of Miss Edith Longfellow, to Mr. R. H. Dana, the daughter of the most famous, to the grandson of the oldest American poet. The wedding took place in the College Chapel, at Cambridge, in the pouring rain of last Tuesday. Of course, many notable people were present from various parts of the Union. Many toilettes worn were very elegant; but the wedding, as a whole was marked by the absence of all pretension.

The lecture season here is nearing its close; but some very fine concerts are promised for this week. This evening one will be given by Emma Abbott, assisted by Signor Ferandi, Mr. Arbuckle, the well-known cornet-player and the celebrated tenor, Mr. Stanley. Miss Abbott on account of her great talent as well as her charms of mind and person is deservedly popular here.

On Tuesday the third subscription concert occurs at Cambridge. The programme for this concert is very fine, consisting of part songs by the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, and a most excellent selection of orchestral music.

The fifth Thomas concert will take place on Thursday evening, when the Brahms symphony and several other fine works will be rendered. So you see we have no reason to complain of either the poor quality or quantity of our musical treat for the coming week.

Bierstadt's great painting of Estes Park, the property of the Earl of Dunraven is now ex-

hibiting here but will soon be removed to that nobleman's estate in Ireland.

The most popular play of the season is the "Exiles" now in its sixth week at the Boston Theatre. It will run two or three weeks longer. Lydia Thompson and troupe begin an engagement here this week.

Boston at present is singularly devoid of news, there is no murder, defalcation, fire or sensation of any kind to chronicle. Such a state of affairs is not to be lamented, indeed rather let us hope it may long continue.

LEAH.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"LEAH"—Boston.—Shall be pleased to hear from you every week. Anything of a gossip or fresh and newsworthy nature will be acceptable. If you can get a Club of Subscribers, will allow you a liberal commission.

"TAPER."—Not exactly suitable. Try again. Make it shorter, and with more point.

The *Turner's Falls Reporter* is full of good things, but the *Rockland Courier* is Fuller.

Three hundred Shoemakers on a strike at Lynn, Mass.—*Ec.* It strikes us—but perhaps we'd better not, as awl the funny men of the press will be pegging away at it.

The Brooklyn *Daily Ledger* gave up the ghost.—*Clippcr.* Would that be a kind of *Ledger de mane?*

—On Dec. 28—A Savings Bank at Nyack, St Louis, went up the spout. It's a Kn(y)ack they have of doing so.

Any knot tied on an extended cord or tape is, of necessity, a slip-knot, however firmly it may appear to be fastened. If a medium presents for the purpose of having his hands tied, a piece of cord or tape just long enough to go once only round each arm, the first knot may be firm enough, but the second is bound to be a slip knot. This is a secret known to but few, but, when understood, rope-tying, with the cords usually furnished by mediums for the purpose of securing them and obtaining test conditions, becomes a farce.

One good turn deserves another. Some time since England bestowed a number of sparrows and her blessing on this country. They grew and multiplied—compound multiplication—that is the sparrows, not the blessing, and like the very opposite to blessings, they came home to roost. Now America has balanced accounts by shipping from Boston the other day a consignment of American robins for acclimatization in Yorkshire. Seeing as 'ow Hingland has already our sweet-voiced crow, why not go her one better, and send her a specimen of our gorgeous crow-mo.—*Detroit Free Press.* She also sends us *swallows of a "bittah beah."*

THE LONDON PRESS.—The daily issue of the London papers is as follows: Daily Telegraph (ministerial), 267,000; Standard (Tory), 200,000. The issue of the Daily News (Liberal) during the war of 1870-71 sometimes exceeded 300,000 copies; it now averages 230,000. The London Times spends more than \$500,000 for its paper, and for its printing ink, \$20,000. Each advertising column in this journal, and it averages nine pages of them, brings in a revenue of \$35,000. The outlay in foreign correspondence amounts to at least \$40,000 per annum. The circulation varies with the exciting intelligence of the day, being on the average about 200,000, and occasionally considerably higher. No pains or expense is spared by the great London dailies to procure the latest information from all parts of the world. Their editorial and correspondent staff embraces statesmen, ex diplomats, soldiers, scholars and scientists, etc.