

TORCH

Light Literature!

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

No. 12

[For the Torch]
TO—

Out through the daisied meadows,
And out through the breezy woodlands,
And up by the willowy brookside,

My heart, a-wandering, goes;
But, ah, for the daisied meadows,
And, ah, for the breezy woodlands,
And, ah, for the willowy brookside,

And, alas, for the winter snows!

For my eyes see not what they saw once,
And my heart feels not what it felt once;—
I walk with the staff of a pilgrim.

And my steps are weary and slow;—
And those that I loved have forgotten
The guest that comes unbidden,—
A ghost of the days departed—

A shadow of long ago!

The meadows are daisied and sunlit,
The woodlands are breezy and songful,
The brook murmurs on 'neath the willows,

And the orchards are all about;—
But I see not the nodding daisies,
And I hear not the songs in the woodland,—
The babbling brook is an ice-thread,
And the orchard blooms are snow.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

[For the Torch.]

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 9.

We are not susceptible to flattery, and are firm in the faith that the remarks of some of our contemporaries with regard to TORCH, its editor and contributors, are nothing else than the heartfelt expressions of America's most distinguished men, whose feelings in the matter could not be repressed or controlled. We quote from the New York Evening Post—(the article was penned by that veteran in literature, William Cullen Bryant:)

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

Our space will not permit us to quote the

balance of the Post's notice, which fills some two columns of that remarkably discriminating journal. The New York Tribune (edited by that distinguished *savant*, Whitelaw Reid,) remarks in a recent issue:

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But we cannot afford space for all of Mr Reid's discriminating remarks, and hasten on to quote from an extended article in the North American Review, from the pen of James Russell Lowell—the poet—

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

We would be glad to give Mr. Lowell's remarks to our readers in full, but space will not permit.

We cannot omit, however, to quote from a paper in the Atlantic Monthly, by W. D. Howell.

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As Mr. Howell's notice occupies some eighteen pages, it is impossible for us to reproduce it in full.

The North American Review, in a paper by John G. Whittier, the poet, seems to appreciate our literary efforts with the appreciation of true genius. We will be pardoned by our readers for quoting as below.

"TORCH is one of the most brilliant luminaries that has ever broke upon the horizon of literature. Its editor, Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, I classify among the deepest thinkers and most felicitous writers in existence. His contributors are hardly less remarkable in brain power and felicity of expression."

We are pained to have to omit the balance of this brilliant paper, but as it occupies 96 pages of that standard periodical, its republication at this time is impossible.

We are greatly encouraged by the remark of Mr. Longfellow, that "though TORCH is young in years, it has the brain of ages."

To the brethren from whom we have quoted, we extend the hand of fellowship, for we are not proud, and their appreciation of our work convinces us that they are worthy co-laborers with us in the field of human progress.

The creditor's favorite color—*dun*.—Dexter Smith's. The baby's favorite color—*yell-oh*?—St. John Torch. Wirt Sikes' favorite color—*Olive*. Conductor's favorite color—*carmine*. The wind's favorite color—*blue*.—Dexter Smith's.

Ada Cavendish is going to travel as a star in America if she can get a manager to back her.—Dexter Smith. Don't chew tick it would be a good idea to let your artist make a "fine cut" of her for your paper?—St. John Torch. What a Torchere of words!—Dexter Smith's.

The Boston small girl mixes her theology strangely. When her Sunday School teacher asked her, "Who made you?" she answered, "God made me that length," putting her hands about twelve inches apart, "and I grewed the rest myself."

COULDN'T PASS.—"I have a picture on exhibition inside," said a young artist to the doorkeeper at the Academy of Design. "This is my father, who wants to pass in with me." "Can't help it. *Must* have a ticket," said the doorkeeper.

"You passed Ma in yesterday," remonstrated the embryo Raphael.

"Well, what of it?" continued Cerberus.

"Why, you ought to *Passé Par-tout*," was the reply.

The doorkeeper wilted.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

ODDITIES AMONG THE BOOKS.—A short man reading Longfellow; a burglar picking at Locke; a jeweller devouring Goldsmith; an artilleryman with Shelley; an omnibus driver calling one Moore; a nice young man going to the Dickens; a laborer at his Lever; a young woman with her Lover; Tom studying Dick's works; a lancer learning Shakespeare; a servant looking for the Butler; a Miller deep in Mill; a glazier's hour with Paine; a lodger absorbed in Hawthorne; a Dutchman interested in Holland; a domestic man with Holmes; a bookseller trying to save his Bacon; a woman in Thiers; a lazy man's Dumas; a corn-doctor with Bunyan's Progress; a philologist contemplating Woodsworth; a minstrel reading Emerson; a Catholic at Pope; a creditor pleased with Sue; a jolly fellow laughing over Sterne.—Louisville Courier Journal.