

[For the Torch.]
NEPTUNUS.

A mariner, dissolute, old and grey,
Lived, when ashore, across the bay.

In his storm-washed cheek he stowed a quid
Of negrohead,—on my soul he did,

And put on his sou'west shiny hat,
His guernsey, dreadnought and all that,—

For why? Because he was bound upon
A cruise in the town of the good St. John.

He knew it was a bilibulous place
And his object was to splice mainbrace.

So he went on a cruise—the thirsty dog—
But none would sell him a glass of grog;

For gimmill, runhole, cellar and cave
Had been swept away by the temperance wave.

Then this dissolute person expressed his views
In the dreadful language sailors use:

"Shiver my timbers, blow me tight,
D—ash my my n iizen and my bow sprite,

"B—less my dead-eyes, sink my erib,
My mamsail, bobstay and flying jib;

"B—urst my binnacle, shift my rudder,
Insectiferous sons of a canine mother,

"If ever I thought I'd be cast upon
A dry lee-bar in this here St. John!"

[For the Torch.]
CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 1.

The Wandering Jew.

Midnight in Paris. For the moment silence reigned. Without premonition a clock struck twelve from the belfry of the twin towers of Notre Dame, and the sound was taken up by all the steeples in the city, even by the little cloches de Saint Jacques le Boiteux, or, as the English call it, St. James with the Game Leg. The combined announcement that it was twelve o'clock rolled and clashed and surged away in a decreasing wave of bell-strokes until the last faint echo died beyond the heights of Montmartre. No sound was heard for some time save the rattling of a fiacre in which were two beings in the glory of youth, who were, in truth, no other than Andrienne de Cardioville and Prince Djahna returning from a tea fight at the Princess de St. Dizier's. Then came two persons in the holiday garb of the Parisian working class, whose loud whistling of the Marseillaise stamped them at once as Couchetous-nu and Cephyse out on a time. Next passed a stout middle aged monsieur with a bulbous nose which it was easy to distinguish, even in that half-light, as the nose of M. Hardy. Soon after followed a group of three persons and a dog,—all four engaged in conversation, of which the only fragment audible was "nom d' une bombe" uttered in a rough soldierly bawl and assented to by the giggling of two girls and the dog's cheerful yowls. Needless to say it was Dagobert with his faithful cur Rabatjoie, escorting Rose and Blanche from Mabil'e. From a neighboring inn-yard came a weird sound of growling,—suggestive of Indian jungle and eightpence admission,—and which the hearer could not fail to identify with the wild beast show of Morok the brute-tamer. The low and thrilling undertone in the

feral row was the voice of the black panther of Java.

Pending these pausing sounds of humanity and brute a single way-farer made his way stealthily along a mean and narrow alley,—an alley so foul, fetid and evil-smelling as to remain a standing protest against the rich, and only possible where there exists no Organisation of Labor.

A gust of wind whistling sharply around the corner of this Souterrain alley, where it debouches into the Rue des Pas Perdus,—that street so full of rue and recollections,—lifted the skirt of the wayfarer's coat. The broadest part of his smalls, being thus brought momentarily within the orbit of the swinging lamp that described fretful circles in every gust, would have shown to any spectator, had there been any such that lonely midnight, that the black kerseymere of which the stranger's main trunks were originally composed had been worn through by much friction on hard chairs, and a patch had been inserted of new cloth of a light yet sombre grey. Strange as it may appear the patch, which a rear view of the stranger presented, was of the same form as the mysterious footmark made by the mystic Jew with the black mark across his brow,—the same as the orifices in the leads of the house like a mausoleum in the Rue St. Francois,—the same, in fine, as this:

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and from the vividness of the stitches, which stood out in bold relief like seven shirt buttons, it was evident that the patch had been let in by the owner of the smalls himself, or by some one unskilled in the sartorial art, and had been sewed with twine. It needed but this, and the baggy umbrella under his arm, to show that the way-farer was Monsieur Rodin.

Slowly behind him crept Faringhae the Strangler. With the stealthy undulation of a boa the assassin approached his prey. Drawing a slender dagger or creese, dull in lustre as bronze, but deadly as the fang of a cobra, to which it bore a resemblance, Faringhae, with a cry of "this for Bohwanic!" launched the treacherous steel at the second stitch from the top, counting downwards on the seat of the pantaloons, but the venomous point of the weapon coming in contact with the brass probe of the umbrella, entered the last stitch on the right and, passing obliquely, came out at the last stitch on the left, thus impaling the transverse arm of the cross! Rodin staggered against the wall and, with a groan similar to this: "When-en-en-egh ng-ug-enn-egh," expired.

Then he called for the police.

This terrible man who took every precaution to preserve his life that, like another Sextus V., he might aspire to the papacy,—who never sat on anything but a hard-bottomed chair lest there should be a concealed dagger in the seat,—who fed exclusively on radishes with a little grey salt lest a tailor might have sewn some complex engine of destruction in the

seams, had inserted a blown bladder in his smallclothes that he might float in the event of the enemies of his Order throwing him into the Seine.

Faringhae had stabbed him in the bladder. Such are the machinations of the Jesuits.
EUGENE SUE.

[For the Torch.]

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIVE POINTS.

Dainty Fifth Avenue darling,
Dimple and pink and white,
Wakens mid billows of satin
And lace to the morning light.

The gutter child wakes mid the garbage,
Where starving curs snarl for a bone,
To the cries of the street and policeman's
"Come now, young un—move on."

Dainty Fifth Avenue lunches
And dines from a golden plate
On chicken fricasse a la mode,
While mining varlets wait.

At lordly Fifth Avenue doors
The gutter child begs for a crust,
But forth, *sans ceremonie*,
By the swaggering porter's thrust.

Haughty Fifth Avenue freshman,
In dim academical shades,
Grasps the wisdom of ages
While scanning the classic page.

Where gaily the gin palace flashes
Its myriad lustres abroad,
The gutter child joins in the dances
And drains the goblet abhorred.

Lo! an Ambassador at length,
Or a President may be,
Is Fifth Avenue—the darling
Of the aristocracy.

Lo! a gibbet, black and blast,
Where the night winds sadly blow,
The gutter child—a livid corpse—
Swings slowly to and fro.

And what made these to differ?
Answer, ye who bear the name
Of Christian men, and women too,
In this land of Bible fame!

Ye are your brother's keeper:
Oh, go seek the gutter child,
And bring him in, from shame and sin,
To ways all undefiled.

GLOW-WORM.

There was a noble youth who, when urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman at Washington, was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she rose, glass in hand, and with a glance that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him. "No," replied the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that. A poor friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady. "No," said the noble young man, his voice trembling a little and his cheek flushed, "I never drink wine; but,"—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you have a little good old rye whiskey, I don't mind trying a snifter!"