



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

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No. 11

(For the Torch.)

HAVE I DONE WELL?

You will not see me when the sun goes down,
Nor when the moon beams o'er the Silent
Town:

But you will ask, (was that a tear that fell?)
Have I done well?

The question will arise, and many a time,
Evoked by something else than this poor
rhyme—

Morn, noon and night—the why I need not
tell—

Have I done well?

Have I done well? Alas, we all do ill!

Men are but mortal look where'er we will!
The question strikes all hearts like funeral bell,

Have I done well?

MAURICE O'QUELL.

(For the Torch.)

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 8.

A log house, with two rooms and a ladder-
like stairway, leading to a dormitory beneath
the roof.

A white-headed bee whose nights are dream-
less, but whose days are full of dreams.

A school house, two miles away, that stands
by the side of a brook, (it is called a river)
overhung with birch and hemlock.

Schoolmistresses with bright eyes, squint
eyes, mild eyes, and tender eyes! Poor Meri-
bah! she never grows old!

Schoolmasters unshaved and unshorn! school-
masters dapper and trim, who profess to know
somewhat of the world and its ways, and who
are looked upon as prodigies, in the neighbor-
hood.

Reading, Riting and Rithmetie! the three
great R's of Respectability and Renown.

The Village Academy superciliously staring
at the less pretentious Medical College across
the way.

The Medical College whose students battle
with the Academicians, recalling the battles of

Town and Gown, as described by Cathbert
Bede.

Some memories of Frances, and Julia, and
Jane, and Fanny, and Laura, and a host of
angels in dimity, whose names are forgotten!

Business! but still a dreamer of dreams!

Memory is a peculiar faculty! My remem-
brance of occurrences long past is more vivid
than it is of those of recent date. I fancy this
is why we have but one home on earth. I see
with distincter vision the tree on which the
school boy carved his name, than nature in its
grandest aspects, visited a year ago. Our
young days are our best days, and in our young
life the happiness of this world is concentrated.
(Suretoborus grins a ghastly and ghoul like
grin). I have seen life in pretty much all its
phases, and sometimes I am led to think that
the monk is not unwise who shuts himself up
in his cell. For what is life but a series of dis-
appointments, which might have been antici-
pated, but of which inexperience has no knowl-
edge and takes no heed? Smythe Alsmythe
walks into a ditch, and Peter Alpeter says,
served him right—but the difference between
the two is that one had more experience than
the other—nothing else. Yet Alpeter says
Alsmythe is a fool, forgetting that he was once
a fool himself.

So the world wags, and lying back in my
easy chair, I conclude that its delusions are of
most magnificent proportions. (Suretoborus
nods, and his approval of the sentiment is evi-
dent).

It is no wonder that we turn fondly to our
young days. Then, when John spoke us well,
we knew his meaning and appreciated his
kindness, and when Tom spoke us ill, we ap-
preciated his meaning, and, meeting him on
the school-house green settled the matter by
"wager of battle" in chivalric style.

We never heard, then, of sanctimonious
drivellers, with faces a yard long and souls an
inch wide, stealing into one's house and stirring
up domestic discord. We never heard then of a
man's money being expended in the employ-
ment of spies to dog his steps and misrep-
resent his acts. Our young days are our best
days, and we all, alas, wander away from
Heaven as the years go by.

Years, years have rolled away since when
I roamed, a thoughtless child,
Through Belgo's wood and vale and glen
And o'er her mountains wild:
Years, years whose history no tongue
Or pen may ever tell,—
Years, wasted years, unvoiced, unsung,
And if forgotten, well!

I mind me of the brooks that met
The bridge of stone below;—
With fairy forms I people yet
The valleys where they flow;
I mind me of the road that wound
The daisied hills among—
The castled rock—the haunted ground—
The songs my play mates sung.

The mountains blue! What courtly trains
Rode o'er their grassy slopes!
What castles rose, rose with pictured panes
In every vale and copse!
I question as the past I scan
With mingled grief and joy,
Why every boy would be a man,
And every man a boy.

The little god that billiardists worship—
Cue-pid.—*Whitcall Times.*

What do ladies like to sip better than tea?
Gos-sip.

The goose is probably the tailor's emblem
on account of its dress-ing.—St. John TORCH.
More likely on account of its big bill.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

Jules Ferry, the French Republican leader, is
said to be threatened with insanity from the
excessive use of hair dye.—*Ex.*

That's Jerry bad for Jules. He'd better give
up the use of it dye-rectly.

The TORCH is a combustible paper that comes
from St. John, N. B., and the fellow who bears
the lighted taper so gracefully in its columns is
Joseph S. Knowles. It is small, but full of
wage; and we hope the TORCH may long blaze
for the en-light enment of its readers.—*Dan-
ielsonville Sentinel.*

The "Ace of Clubs" is the name of a Boston
Press Club, of which the genial Dexter Smith
is president. The members are all trumps.—
Turner's Falls Reporter.

Yes, and when the members go home and
tell their wives that they've been at the "Club"
all night, their breaths smell strongly of card-
amon seeds.