

# TORCH

Light Literature

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

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No. 10

[For the Torch—]  
I FILL THIS CUP.

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,"—  
So sang a poet years ago in mellow monotone—  
He filled the cup and filled it oft, to toast her tender eyes—  
For she was of his heart a part—his All beneath the skies.  
He filled the cup to toast her brow that was as marble fair—  
He filled the cup to toast her wealth of bright and sunny hair—  
He filled the cup to toast the form a sculptor might adore—  
He filled the cup to toast the grace—the queenly grace she wore.  
He filled the cup to blind with tears her soft and tender eyes—  
To break the heart of his a part—his All beneath the skies—  
He filled the cup to cloud with grief the brow that was so fair—  
He filled the cup to see her die, a victim of despair.  
He filled the cup, "For now," said he, "what other friend have I?"  
"Tis time," said he, "that one like me should lay him down and die";  
He filled the cup and filled it oft! what more have I to tell?  
He fills a grave—a nameless grave! and may he slumber well.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

### IMPOSSIBILITIES.

TO W—.

Fled is the dream so fondly nurs't,  
Of angel joys the fragile token;  
The bubble of our love is burst,  
Its cobweb ties for ever broken.  
Then seek not passion to renew,—  
Believe me that the dream is ended.  
Who, in this wise world, ever knew  
Of cobwebs tied, or bubbles mended?

J.



SIGNOR PATORSINI, THE CELEBRATED BASSO PROFUNDO, in his wonderful impersonation of *Robert Le Diable*."

"When other lips, and other hearts."

We are sorry we were unable to obtain an autobiography of this gentleman.

Miss Bellew, daughter of Frank Bellew, draws for some illustrated papers of New York, and occasionally for London Punch, her forte being caricature. Her signature is A. Beeds.

[For the Torch ]  
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

### No. 4.—On Temperance.

Most of the great events of history have been performed when the actors were drunk. The reason is obvious. When a man is intoxicated he is "high." When he is not intoxicated he is not high. Therefore when he is not intoxicated he does not perform lofty deeds. When he is high his actions are on the same level. *Q. c. d.* Some of the actions of history are described as being higher than a kite.

I pass lightly o'er the intoxication of Noah, (for that ancient mariner rather made a beast of himself,) and come down the stream of time. Sardanapalus, king of Nineveh, had a palace far grander than the late Victoria Hotel,—Eastlake furniture, carpets and curtains from Sheraton's, bear-skin mats from Thorne's, mirrors from Boston, Medoc from Furlong's, beer from Jones's, Vesuvian liniment from Wortman and Spencer, everything in the first style,—and yet in a state of exasperated intoxication, he set fire to his premises and burned the palace and its inmates, including himself, to ashes, without one penny of insurance. Later, a habitual drunkard, whom it would be praise to call a scallawag, conceived the lofty idea of firing the temple of Ephesus, one of the wonders of the world. Selecting the night of a festival of Diana, when he naturally supposed the priests would be as drunk as himself, he applied the Torch, and the illusrious fane was burned to the ground, not even the spittoons being saved. Again no insurance. Darius the Persian got half drunk and lost half the world; Alexander got wholly tight and conquered the whole of it. They did all this on wine, you perceive; there is no knowing what they would *not* have done had the stimulant been forty rod rum. All the Roman emperors got as drunk as fiddlers, many kings do. Wellington and his officers came off a bender to fight the battle of Waterloo. Byron, that wayward son of genius, laid in a cask of gin and got high, and the natural consequence was that he wrote Don Juan.