

## ALL ABOUT A FEW.

BY "WILL" CARLETON.

Said Dick to Jerry I want your pew,  
And the wardens say I may have it too.  
But Jerry swore with an awful swear,  
(You see poor Jerry had need of prayer)  
I'm bound to keep her, "so now beware."  
On Sunday morning in broadcloth fine  
And creaking boots with a patent shine,  
With his perfumed hair and his whiskers trim.  
(Surely the Lord must be pleased with him.)  
Dick sits down in his neighbor's pew,  
Close to the door, so he can't get through.  
Jerry comes striding along the aisle,  
And Mrs. Jerry keeps close the while.  
"Open this door" he shouts aloud,  
And a shiver runs through the solemn crowd.  
"Open this door," he yells again—  
Pushing and pulling with might and main.  
But Mrs. Jerry will wait no more,  
Rules and customs she will ignore,  
Trust a woman to find a door.  
So she climbs over into her place  
And she fetches Dick a slap in the face.  
White with passion he tries to speak,  
But Jerry punches the other cheek.  
And a poor young man betwixt the two  
Cries "Let me out; let me out; pray do."  
The Parson stood like a man perplexed,  
For what the dickens was coming next?  
Women fainted and shrieked with fright,  
And men rushed forward with all their might.  
They dragged poor Jerry adown the aisle,  
But he kicked and struggled and fought the while;  
"I paid my pew rent," he shouted loud.  
As he disappeared from the gazing crowd.  
And then poor Jerry he went to Jail  
Till some one offered to go his bail.  
But Dick sat still in the house of prayer,  
With a look of peace and a saintly air.  
Not quite so neat, and not quite so trim,  
But surely the Lord must be pleased with him!

## TORCHISM.

\*\*\*Five hundred tailors are on a strike in Chicago for an increase in wages of from 25 to 40 per cent.—*Ev.*

Is that saw? Look out for the "needie guns."

\*\*\*The cord-wood in the other man's lot is just about ripe enough to gat-er. The dark of the moon is considered the best time to harvest it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A cord wood be a good thing around the neck of such a mean thief.

\*\*\*For a first-class, royal arch, twenty-two carat liar, however, commend me to Jules Gerard, the French lion killer," says a Nile correspondent of the Capital.

What you mean to say is, "there can be no relics placed on his word."

\*\*\*Young men should pattern after pianos—be square, upright, grand.—*Worcester Press.* Yes, and then the young ladies will say they're true nice for anything.—*Bridgeport Standard.* Especially if they have a good fort-tune.

\*\*\*"Two years Behind the Plough" has just been published in Philadelphia. It is a harrowing story.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.* Oh, no, not as furrow's we've read it.—*Norristown Herald.* We'll take our plough-share of that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Free Press* deserves a di-plow-ma.

The saddest words our young men say  
Are these, "I swore off New Year's day!"  
—*St. Louis Journal.*

The pleasantest words she heard were when  
Her papa said, "She might have Ben."

\*\*\*They have been engaged for a long time, and one evening not long since they were reading the paper together. "Look love," he exclaimed; "only \$30 for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered, "it's a business suit." "Well, I mean business," she replied.—*Ev.*

It would be mean business on his part, if he refused her after that.

\*\*\*The sole purpose of the Lynn Crispins is to lift wages up another peg. That's awl.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The above joke is "M Quad's" last. It's crisp-enough for anybody. When Bagnall sees it, he'll have something to "soy" about it.

\*\*\*Three handsome young ladies, with blooming cheeks and elegant furs, stopped in front of a show window in Broadway, Troy, Wednesday afternoon, to exchange gossip.—A laborer suddenly stepped up, and clasping the prettiest of the three girls in his arms, gave her a loud resounding kiss. The ladies were hopelessly dazed, and before they could find their voices the son of toil had broken into a run and was sliding along as fast as his legs could carry him over a slippery sidewalk.—*Ev.*

The kiss probably took away her breath. Cases of that kind have been known.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1878.

February, for so short a month, was ushered in with far more disturbance than seemed at all necessary. Perhaps, however, its exit will be so quiet as to reconcile us to the discomforts of Friday. Of course you know of the great damage done in New England and farther south during the late storm. In Boston, several fires in different parts of the city, while the storm was at its height, severely tested our Fire Department. On Friday, the heavy fall of snow made travel on the horse car lines almost impossible till nearly evening, whereby many were seriously inconvenienced. Perhaps those who reaped the greatest benefit from the storm, were the members of the "shovel brigade" a couple of thousand of whom were employed by the horse railroads alone. Sleighing here is rather heavy as yet, but promises to be fine in a day or two. We trust this snow may last till the next full moon, for moon-light sleigh rides are so—, but there, why dwell on so trivial a subject. It is sufficient to say that if good sleighing and moonlight should be coincident, it is to be feared that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to sleigh the belles. N. B.—The last not original.

Several coffee and station houses throughout the city were open last week for the distribution of free soup. Owing to the clemency of the weather this charity was not put in operation as early as usual this season.

The strike at Lynn, in which by the way the manufacturers seem to have the better of the Crispins, has caused considerable discussion of the Labor question, in the city. In a very able sermon, a couple of weeks ago, Rev. M. J. Savage said that he considered the chief cause of the trouble between employer and employee to be the displacement of hand labor by machinery. Be that as it may, the subject is one of growing importance, and it seems that some remedy should be found.

The Art Club Exhibition, now near its close, was especially fine this year and, as usual, well displayed our native talent.

"A Celebrated Case," at the Museum, is very popular now. It is an emotional melodrama,

the same as "Une Cause Celebre," which has been so successful in Paris.

Two petitions have lately come before the State Legislature asking that women who pay taxes may be allowed to vote, and signed not by the violent agitators to whom such movements are usually ascribed, but by some of Boston's most cultured and influential ladies. Now, though much advanced and unfeminine (?) ideas would doubtless never for a moment be entertained in St. John, it seems but right that those women who pay taxes should have some voice as to how their money is to be expended.

An interesting feature of the recent Old South Fair was the Spinning Bee conducted by Aunt Tabitha. This spinning bee is about to be opened again in a Yeoman's Kitchen, in connection with the Loan Collection at the Old South. Aunt Tabitha, who will have the Bee in charge, is a "truly" old lady of seventy-one, who at thirteen spun and wove the best piece of broadcloth in New England. She will spin, card, and weave for the delectation of visitors, while several ladies in attendance will sing old-fashioned songs. The Old South is well worth a visit from any New Brunswicker in the "Hub."

LEAD.

## LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.

Editor Torch.—Your incendiary publication has been unduly received. Shall be glad to have it shed its coruscations upon us fellers in the Hub, so to speak.

It would appear to be a paper of much succulence, which realizes lofty ideals and, to some appreciable extent, the Dollars of our Fathers. Strange that the patriotic shekel should now be so much below par.

Its jokes are mainly visible without the aid of a microscope, and its typographical appearance is a credit, and let us hope some modicum of cash also to the printer.

But I have experienced humor which excels yours in poignancy—which is more execrating—which is, in fact, torture, (Torch-er) and consequently, still more so, very choice mordant.

I should think your journal ought to be highly appreciated in St. John. (This joke, for it is a joke, may seem somewhat recondite, but will be understood when it is remembered that in England they pronounce it "Sin' John," accent on the sin.)

By the way—conundrum—"Why doth the honest agriculturist in the vernal season, when the birds are warbling on the trees and the flowrets bloom so gay, purchase clover and timothy seed?"

Give it up?  
Why, because at no distant period he hopeth to reply (paw hay) himself.

This is all, no more, Know-les.

PHILIPS THOMPSON.

## AT THE POLICE COURT.

Yesterday morning a cat strayed into the Police Office. One of the populace, who was watching the proceedings, claimed the "feline," but the Judge called for proof of property.

CLAIMANT.—"Sure the cat is mine yer honor."

JUDGE.—"How can you prove it yours?"

CLAIMANT.—"Oy course I can. Sure the crater will jump through me hands."

JUDGE.—"All right, Policeman hand him the cat, and see it Tom will jump."

The policeman passed the cat to the claimant, who immediately put his hands in position for the cat to jump, but with all his endeavor and coaxing pleading, Pussy, like Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," didn't jump worth a cent.

The Judge after viewing the question categorically for a few minutes, ruled that the claimant hadn't made out a *prima facie* case, and ordered the Chief of Police to dismiss the Cat with costs.

LATER!—The Chief worked the case up, and discovered that the cat belonged to No. 2 Engine Company.