



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

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[For Torch.]

THE YEOMAN DEATH.

He sleeps by the side of the river—
The river so still and lone—
At his feet a tuft of pansies—
At his head a mossy stone.
A hope as brave and as lofty
As yours, and as strong a will,
And a heart, as full of passion
As yours, lie cold and still,—
Lie cold and still by the river—
The river so dark and lone ;—
And the passer but seldom deceivers
The name by which he was known.
Oh, Death is a yeoman mighty,—
A yeoman of wonderful power—
He cuts down the oak of the forest,
And he spares not the bud nor the flower.
He has swept o'er the fields that I cultured,
Blighting blossom and herbage and tree,
And all that I now have to wait for
Is the day of his coming for me.
June 9, 1878. H. L. SPENCER.

[For the Torch.]
JOTTINGS.

BY "QUEEN."

"Be japers," exclaimed an Irishman, as he faced a snake fence which barred his pathway, "Be jabbers but it's a stiff un. Now there's shumb two ways ave getting over that fence—climb over, or crawl under, an' sure that's hard work entirely. Musha, I'll take the second way an' pull down the logs."

"A soft word turneth away wrath." *Rather soft.* Try it on a professional dunn.

'Tis strange. You'd hardly believe it, but, all the great men were in error, in fact all things are mixed up. All through an error in subtraction made in the early days of the world, and at present taught in all schools. Thus: 3 from 3 and none remain. So we are taught to say and believe, but put 3 marbles down and 3 more, then take 3 away and do not 3 remain?

A man who uses perfume is a fop. That's my scent-iment.

To enjoy a cigar you shouldn't Havana thing to worry you, lean back-or recline comfortably, draw quietly—imaginary pictures in the clouds—of smoke, but don't make a meal of it—leaf off in time.

[For the Torch.]
LAGER!!

BY "SHIMMINY."

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the streets there quickly passed
A chap who said that he "felt dry"
And thought that he "would like to try
Soom Lager."

He met Hans Pfeiffer on the street
And kindly offered him to treat,
"Ov he coot show him, ov he please,
Where he coot got some goot Dootch shoese
Und Lager."

"Schust gome mit me, und nefer fear,
I'll show you vere you'll got goot peer
Und if you want a goot "free lunch"
You'll got so mooch as you can munch
Mit Lager."

They walked along, and, very soon,
They stopped at WHITEBONE'S Beer Saloon,—
"Dis is the places, you can bet,
Where you a schplendiid glass can get
Ov Lager."

When in they stepped, "dot Yawcob" say—
"Hans dont it vas quite fine to day?"
"Py Shimny Krismas dot vas drue
Suppose you gifs us "schooners" two
Ov Lager."

The Lager was so fresh and nice
They drank five gallons in a trice;
Then homeward thought that they would hie
And so they Yawcob bid "goot py"
Und Lager.

"Now go straight home und pe goot poy's
Und on de streets dond make soom noise."
This was friend Yawcob's kind advice,
As off they started feeling nice,
With Lager.

When morning light upon them broke
These thirsty Dutchmen both awoke;
Says Hans, "I feels so fery dry
To Yawcob's let us go und try
Soom Lager."

Notwithstanding the press blasts, the young "cornet tooter" in the Adams Block, on Carmarthen street, sturdily refuses to give up his evening blasts on the cornet.

HOW TO LIVE.

There are plenty of men who toil and slave, pinch and starve themselves until they accumulate a fortune. They then die without having derived any benefit or pleasure from it and perchance leave it to spendthrift children, who will squander it in reckless dissipation.

This way of living is clearly erroneous. Enjoy reasonably and sensibly this world's goods with which you have been blessed. Educate your children to do likewise and you will not only be more happy while you live, but when the bitter separation is about to take place, you will feel comforted with the thought that your children will follow the good example you have set them, by becoming useful members of society, using their wealth for good and beneficent purposes rather than squandering it in riotous living. A great deal of your children's future depends on you, and you will be held responsible for their salvation or ruin.

PRESS COURTESIES.—The following, from the San Francisco *News Letter*, is a sample of the cordiality existing between editorial brethren on the Pacific Slope. There is something peculiarly fresh and breezy in this free and easy style of writing to which we direct the attention of our milk-and-watery press combatants on this side of the continent:

"Last week we accused the Marysville *Argus* of surreptitiously warning his editorial shins by pecculations from our literary woodpile. This week he comes back at us with the singular statement that we are a liar and things, and uses several other expressions not down in any of our Sunday school books. Among other accusations, he more than hints that we are "a cock eyed pelican of perdition," whatever that is. All we have to say in reply is, that the next time our genial contemporary comes up here to get trusted for type he will find a comfortable, free lodging, ready prepared for him at Lone Mountain, and we will see it filled."

How is that for high-toned Chesterfieldian politeness?

It was the departing college graduate who heaved a psi—*Louisville Com. Jour.* That was when he beta retreat—*Con. Bulletin.* O-mega wits.—*Boston Traveler.*

He must have delta good hand to himself to beta re-treat. Thus we kappa climax.