

TORCH

Light Literature

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

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YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

In a little country village,
Not many years ago,
There lived a real "live Yankee,"
Whom they called "Old Uncle Snow."

In trade he had no equal,
And storekeepers would say,
"We're always 'out of pocket,'
When Snow comes round
this way."

'Twas the custom of the
villagers—
Few of them being rich—
To trade their surplus "gar-
den-sass"
For groceries and "sieh."

One store supplied the village
With goods of every kind,
Including wines and liquors
For those that way in-
clined.

A counter in the "sam-
ple-
room"
Was fixed up very neat;
And after every "barter-
trade"
The storekeeper would
"treat."

Old Snow brought in, one
morning,
An egg fresh from the
barn,
And said, "Give me a
needle;
My woman wants to darn!"

The trade was made; the
storekeeper
Asked him to take a drink.
"I'll humor him," he said,
aside,
As the lookers-on did
wink.

"Don't care, naow, ef I do," says Snow;
"And, as your goin' to treat,
Just put a leetle sugar in—
'I like my liquor sweet,

"And, say, while you're about it,—
Though I don't like to beg,—
'Twill taste a leetle better
If you drop in an egg."

"All right, friend," says the grocer,
Now being fairly "caught,"
And dropped into the tumbler
The egg that Snow had brought!



The egg contained a double yolk.
Says Snow, "Here, this won't do;
Give me another needle, 'Squire,
This egg's the same as two!"

[From "Lizzie Yawob Strauss, and other Poems," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

[For the Tones.]
CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.
No. 8.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

The sun shone down with tremendous brilliancy on the waters of the inner harbor of Marseilles. The surface, smooth as glass, yet seemed to scintillate and quiver in the fervent rays, as a puff of wind would occasionally sweep seaward from the land, raising, for a moment, the ensign on the watch-tower of Notre Dame de la Garde. The wharves were crowded with shipping and the busy hum of traffic was everywhere. At anchor in mid-channel lay the three-masted ship "Pharan" belonging to the firm of Morel & Son, and beyond her lay a yacht of the largest size whose perfectly symmetrical lines and taper spars attracted the eyes of all who were capable of judging the beauty of marine architecture. Enquiry would have ascertained that this vessel was the private yacht of a mysterious nobleman then on shore. The yacht flew the blue peter, and the reporter of the *Shipping Gazette* had already sent the announcement to his journal: "barkantine Eurus, Count of Monte Cristo master, destination unknown, in ballast."

As evening drew on, the Count of Monte Cristo was driven slowly in a cab along the quay of Marseilles toward the shipping stairs. The vehicle was old. It smelled of straw. The windows were broken. The horse was spavined. The driver was groggy. The quay was rutty. The horse dropped on its knees as if to pray.

A boy with the face of a dirty cherub looked in at the window and intoned in the voice of a seraph: "ere's your Torch! only two cents." Monte Cristo took a copy and gave the news-boy twenty napoleons.

A girl with oranges tendered them through the other broken pane. Monte Cristo remembered the golden fruits of the Hesperides. So he bought one for Haidee and gave the vender ninety-three doubloons.

Then he got out of the cab.

The cabman claimed and received his one dollar fare and asked for something to drink. Monte Cristo without a word handed him fourteen hundred dollars.