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No. 21

*DIVIDED LIVES.*

Somewhere across the wild deep sea that rages,  
Dashing against the rocks in clouds of foam,  
Somewhere beyond my life, the latter pages  
Of yours are written in a distant home.  
Well, it is well! and yet I keep you solely,  
Deep in my heart, a temple and a shrine,  
No consecrated place of prayer more holy,  
No love more pure than this great love of mine.

Sometimes I wonder if the scenes around you,  
Are like the scenes we loved so to behold;  
Sometimes I wonder if new ties have bound  
you.

And blotted out all record of the old.  
And when the woods grow dark, and dreams  
descending,

Fall on the earth as softly as the dew,  
And memories grow and gather, never ending,  
The thought will rise, "Am I forgotten, too?"

Ah, how the breath of Spring is strong to  
waken

As from the dead, the thoughts of bygone  
hours;

The rustle in the leaves the winds have shaken,  
The freshness and the odors of her flowers.  
The music of the stream, the blackbird singing  
Deep in the brake, the fleecy lambs at play—  
All these have more than magic in them,  
bringing  
Back to the heart some glory passed away.

And now, just when the world is green and  
pleasant,

Now in the golden promise of the year,  
Strong, tender thoughts of you are ever present,  
Your memory is more than ever dear.  
Ah, if I could but hold your hand—be near  
you,

Look in your face and find it still the same,  
Stand for a moment by your side, and hear you  
Lend with your voice, new music to my name.

But that can never be—I think, forever;  
Fate is more cruel than the seas that roll,  
More pitiless than all the seas that sever  
Two lives that were as one—one perfect whole;  
And since all prayers are vain for that one  
favor

That might bring quiet to a long unrest,  
What is there left on all the earth to pray for?  
What is there left to say, but "God knows  
best."

Why is a ballet dancer like a pair of clogs?  
Because she's a danseuse (dance shoes).

A good pen-knife—The Toledo Blade.

How doth the little buzzy bee imp rove  
each shining hour.

[For the Torch.]

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 7.

HECTOR SERVADAC.

Brigadier Henage Finch Murphy and Major  
Sir John Temple Oliphant, both red-haired  
men, were still playing chess, and as they always  
wore uniform, and their coats and faces were  
red, they looked red all over. The game had  
now lasted eight months and it was the Brigadi-  
er's turn to move a pawn. Two days had  
been consumed in reflecting which move to  
make, and two more might have elapsed had  
not three solemn knocks come to the door of  
the casemate.

Brigadier Murphy paused ten minutes and  
then said stercorously: "Come in."

The door opened slowly and Corporal Pim  
stood in the doorway. I have said in the door-  
way, but it would be more correct to say *outside*,  
for the door of the casemate was only two feet  
four inches in width, and since the change in  
seasons that reduced the day to less than half  
its length without any corresponding reduction  
in rations, Corporal Pim had grown stout and  
measured two feet eight inches across.

"Speak," said the brigadier.

The corporal slowly brought his right hand to  
the level of his eyebrow, in the habitual mili-  
tary salute, and said in a wheezy voice: "My  
brigadier, the garrison depute me to enquire if  
they may be relieved from eating double rat-  
ions. The blankets have all been used up in  
widening their trousers, and four bell tents have  
been expended in inserting additional widths  
in the tunics. Some of the men are full to  
bursting, and Private Snuggers will not hold  
one more charge."

Brigadier Murphy frowned severely. "The  
request is refused. Discipline must be main-  
tained. Go." Corporal Pim saluted with an  
impassable face, revolved on his heels and re-  
tired.

The brigadier then resumed the study of his  
pawn.

A dull sound echoed throughout the case-  
mate. It was a signal gun announcing the ar-  
rival of a ship. Brigadier Murphy and Major  
Oliphant buckled on their swords and awaited

the event. Corporal Pim again appeared and  
announced: "the Governor General of Gallia,"  
and Hector Servadac entered attended by his  
servant Ben-Zouf.

Captain Servadac explained to the British  
officers that a convulsion had occurred on the  
earth's surface,—that the English territory was  
now reduced to a fragment of casemated rock,  
and that there was but one portion of a con-  
tinent left in existence,—of which he (Servadac)  
was Governor-General and to which he cordial-  
ly invited the brave British. Brigadier Murphy  
coldly replied: "I have orders to hold this post  
and I shall do so until relieved." Major Oli-  
phant grunted an assent and invited Servadac  
to dinner and a review of the garrison.

Ben Zouf went to dine with the men, when  
two and a half days' rations were set before  
them with two quarts and a half of beer per  
man.

Ben-Zouf had done some eating in Africa but  
was obliged to give in. Corporal Pim stood over  
his men with a ramrod and compelled them to  
finish the rations specified in the Queen's Regu-  
lations, section 291, page 116. Then the eleven  
men arose groaning and fell in on parade, flush-  
ed and apoplectic in the face, but motionless as  
if chiselled in scarlet coral, or, rather, like a  
row of round red apples with their cheeks to  
the sun.

Brigadier Murphy and Major Oliphant escort-  
ing Captain Servadac came in front of the line.  
The former gave the word of command: "eyes-  
front! attention!" when a column of spray  
rose from the ranks with a loud concussion and  
shower of fragments of flesh and red cloth,—and  
something blew up. "Who has exploded?"  
asked the Major. "Rearrankman—fifth file,"  
said Corporal Pim. "Good," said the Major,  
"it shall be enquired into."

Captain Servadac, unable to persuade the  
British to accompany him, sailed back to  
Gourbi Island. Then Brigadier Murphy, tak-  
ing a sheet of foolscap, folded a margin of two  
inches on the left of the paper and wrote as  
follows:

"O. H. M. S. I have the honor to report  
that on the 25th inst., at fourteen and a half  
minutes past three, post meridian, Private  
Toby Snuggers blew up on parade. The relics  
saved were some fragments of the man him-