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[For the Trench.]

FERNS.

VII.

Thou wert beside me when this song began,
And thou art still beside me, at its close;—
The sunshine of a life by fate made wan—
In a bleak waste, the only flower, a rose.

Calm be thy way, as is the stream that flows
Through the green meadows near where
thou wert born;

Thy joys be many—few and slight thy woes,—
For thee may Fortune plant no torturing
thorn.

In dreams I see the sunshine in thy hair,
The brighter sunshine in thy laughing eyes;
In dreams I hear thy unaffacted prayer,
Thy trustful prayer—and feel that heaven
replies.

God be with thee! it is my soul's request,
And thine at last be everlasting rest.

H. L. SPENCER.

SALLIES FROM AN ATTIC.

No. 6.

It is but a few years since Alexander Smith flashed out upon the literary world like a meteor, but now his multitudinous brother, John, occupies a hardly inferior place in the world's memory and affection.

"To our graves we walk in the thick footprints of departed men," and how soon the footprints of the many are obliterated by those that follow! I see on every hand, the upstarts of a day, mushrooms of a night's growth, who appear to imagine that heaven will prolong their existence because the world would drift into chaos without them, but fate snips out the feeble rush light and no one remarks its loss. I read of a man once, who feigned death in order to hear the eulogies that his friends might pronounce by his bier: he resumed mortality with less confidence in himself, and never tried the experiment a second time. But Alexander Smith's was a wonderful genius, and his *Life* shows us, as is shown by the fate of thousands more or less gifted, that the world's heart is not big enough to confer immortality

except upon the *very* few. Tides of popularity flow round the world as the Reform tide flows through Frederickton.

An ardent admirer of Shakespeare once asked me if he were the author of Milton's Paradise Lost or Pollok's Course of Time! And this man (of course it was not a woman), was one of the millions who glorify the Bard of Avon! Ah, well—it is the fashion to approve this and condemn that, and in thought as well as other matters, few realize the extent to which fashion sways the world. Next year I shall wear the hat my grandfather wore in 1813, and shall be *au fait* in head gear;—a year ago, with that appendage I might have passed as a visitor from another planet. But there *are* those who are not swayed by fashion—who detest Jersey cider notwithstanding the popularity of champagne. Such we meet in St. John—men who not only wear what they like but read what they like and appreciate what they read. Such are no less intimately acquainted with their favorite authors than with their works, and will understand this passage from one of Tuckerman's essays.

"What a new grace the first view of the hills of Spain derived from the memory of Cervantes, and the gleanings in that romantic field of Lockhart and Irving; how rife with associations was the dreary night-ride beyond Terracina, near the scene of Cicero's murder; and what an intense life awoke in desolate Ravenna, at the sight of Dante's tomb! The rustling of dry reeds in the gardens of Sallust had an eloquent significance; the figures on Alfieri's monument, in Santa Croce, seemed to breathe in the twilight; the rosemary plucked in Rousseau's old garden at Montmorency had a scent of fragrant memory; in the cafes at Venice, Goldoni's characters appeared to be talking, and Byron's image floated on her waters like a sculptor's dream; in the Florentine villa Boccaccio's spirit lingered; in the Cenotaph Shelley's deep eyes glistened; in the shade of the pyramid of Cestus the muse of Keats scattered flowers; on the shores of Come hovered the creations of Manzoni, and a cliff in Brittany rose like a cenotaph to Chateaubriand; while the cadence of Virgil's line chimed with the lapsing wave on the beach at Naples. I thought, at Lausanne, of Gibbon's last touch to the *Rise and Fall*, and his reverie that night; sought the tablet that covers Parnell's dust at Chester, craved Montgomery's

blessing at Sheffield, looked for Sterne's monk at Calais, and beheld the crown on Tasso's cold temples beneath the cypresses of St. Onofrio. Defoe lighted up gloomy Cripplegate, Addison walked in the groves of Oxford, Johnson threaded the crowd in Fleet Street, and Milton's touch seemed to wake the organ-keys of St. Giles.

FIRE FLIES.

BY "FLICKER."

Sergeant Bates isn't carrying flags any more. He was carrying a hod when a Chicago reporter saw him the other day.—*Ec.*

A kind of hod employment. Carrying mortar for putting down flags probably.

Mints-meat—The dollar of our fathers.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A very good currents-y.

A Saginaw City (Mich.) court has decided that "oysters are fish." But shell fish be called oysters, too?—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Did the court decide in favor of the clamant?

"Papa," said a little girl, "give me a ride on your knee, won't you." He took the little gallop at once.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

If he hadn't done so she'd probably have been "sulky."

In London, years ago, a prize of \$50 was offered for the best original joke, and Horne Fooke it.—*Norristown Herald.* Now, be honest. Didn't Theodore Hook it?—*Oil City Derrick.*

We know Hood have taken it if he'd tried.

A slip of the compositor's deft fingers makes the *Boston Advertiser* say that a lecturer talked to the Young Men's Christian Association. Of course the speaker addressed only the laity.—*Worcester Press.*

He probably wanted to "set" them a good egg-sample, hen-ee he talked to them in that way. Yolk can all see the point of the joke.

The Cincinnati police arrested the whole troupe of "Dizzy Blondes" who were dancing the can-can at Wood's Theatre in that city recently, on the charge of giving a lewd and obscene performance. They were released on \$25 bail each.

What a wicked place that Sin-sin-naughty must be.