



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

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[For the Torch.]
FERNS.

VI.

A wreck went drifting up the bay,
One autumn night—'twas near its noon,
When slumber like a mantle lay
O'er Port Matoun.

The waves were still, the breezes slept,
And brightly shone the harvest moon,
While no one watched and no one wept
At Port Matoun.

"Awake my love, my love awake!
Think not, I pray, that over soon
The king hath come his queen to take
From Port Matoun."

"My queen, my love—my love, my queen!
Earth's darling flower, heaven's peerless
boon!

With thee my heart hath ever been!—
Sweet Port Matoun!"

We wonder that at break of morn
One sleeper lay as in a swoon:—
Oh, faithless heart that nursed a thorn!—
Sad Port Matoun!

A wreck went drifting down the bay
Beneath the pale and ghastly moon,
And never more was seen, they say,
At Port Matoun.

H. L. SPENCER.

ESTHETIC EMBERS.

BY HARRY FLETCHER

"You were telling us about your home the other evening, and what you would have in it, supposing you ever got such a place of your own," the Colonel said as we sat down after dinner. "Now Raphael perhaps you would also tell us what sort of a wife you would put in it." The ladies were setting with us and among them was our next door neighbor's daughter, Miss Amelia, with whom, and Raphael by the way, our landlady has been trying to make a match as it is vulgarly termed.

Now if there is anything in society which more than any thing else is deserving of public and private odium, it is the professional match maker,—and though our landlady has many

fine points this is one of her hobbies. But she is a quiet and preserving old soul, and as her own loving is over, and she is gradually drawing near the sere and yellow leaf, she takes an active interest in the young people around her. She considers Kalfarnassus and Miss Agatha as sure, and her mind is easy on that point. But Raphael, a young painter who has some property and withal a very clever fellow, she was determined should be classed among her victims. We shall see how she will succeed.

"Yes, Raphael," said she, "what sort of a woman would you select for a wife?"

MISS AGATHA.—"Oh, I know. She would be tall and thin, with an intellectual cast of countenance, eye glasses and smoothly plaited hair. Probably a graduate of some high toned Female Seminary, who would only use English to address us common folks—a walking cyclopaedia—an animated dictionary, bound in ca—no in ca!ico."

OUR LANDLADY.—"Now, my dear—you are really too rude altogether—I hope Raphael will not be offended at you—but you deserve a rebuke for such an ill-mannered remark."

THE COLONEL.—"Oh, let her alone. Raphael is not a child to be vexed at a trifle. I trust we are not under watch here to be obliged to pick our words to please the company. I think we may at least talk, if nothing more."

MISS AMELIA.—"Now do let us come back to the subject. I am certainly interested in finding out who the favoured party is likely to be; and if you have no objections I for one shall be glad to hear, Mr. Raphael."

RAFAEL.—"Well then to begin. I will tell you what I would not have. I would not have the conventional lady of which you speak, and whom I should fear to love lest I might vex her. Nor would I woo one whose life was devoted to art, poetry or music, to the exclusion of every thing else. Let her be ever so rich, I think a woman should be the mistress of her own house, independent of the cook or housemaid, and able to teach even them how to do. But I am not sure that I should not look among even the humbler walks of life for the wife of an artist."

THE COLONEL.—"Sensible man. I like your taste—some one to love and adore, but not to dictate, and an orphan, too, Raphael. Love in cottage and all that."

MISS AGATHA.—"Yes, and wear Acadian Costumes and carry shepherd crooks, and play the flute; and, let me see, don't shepherds live on potatoes and salt?"

RAFAEL.—"No, you mistake my meaning. I think an educated man should have an educated wife, and one suited to him. But there is a deal of truth in the old proverb. "Ascend a step to seek a wife." And though I don't wish to place an embargo on the rich young

ladies. Yet my taste would be rather in the direction of one who had seen the hard side of life, and to whom a loving home would be a heaven upon earth. Such a one could not scold me because I got paint upon my cuffs and varnish on my coat; or because I was late to dinner on account of an interesting subject. Neither would she be vexed if I left my boots in the parlor, or neglected to see that dinner was sent home."

OUR LANDLADY.—"There Raphael, now you don't know what you are talking about. You think, because a woman has had a little of the bitter side of the cake, that if you give her the sweet side she will be for ever happy and contented; that she will be so glad to get a home of her own that any kind of a husband is good enough for her. I tell you that you don't know anything about it. A woman want's love, but she want's something more; she want's attention and respect, and she won't be happy without them. You men think that because a woman loves you she will bear any kind of indignity; that she may be neglected and left alone to be your servants, while you devote yourselves to your business or profession and let her take care of herself. If only she looks neat and stylish when your fancy inclines you to devote an hour to her—all right—but to be servant to a husband is worse than being servant to a master."

RAFAEL.—"You are severe Mrs. Ducas."

OUR LANDLADY.—"No more than you deserve. I can't help being vexed at men who talk as if a woman was necessarily happy if she has a home, a loving home as you say. A loving husband is what makes a loving home, and a loving husband will try hard to make his home happy by little careful attentions such as unmarried ladies receive by a little unselfish regard for the dinner hour or the parlor carpet. And above all by a loving interest in his wife—that shall cause him to take her into his confidence and make her his equal in all things."

"A woman has feelings as well as a man, the same temptations, the same aspirations, and you leave her in a gilded cage and think it is enough to make her happy. Bother your men. You don't know what you are talking about."

Our Landlady is evidently out of sorts this evening, but she has some good ideas after all.

C.

FAILLURE.—Joseph E. Woodworth, ship-builder in Kingsport has failed. Liabilities heavy and affairs in a very unsatisfactory state.—*Windsor Mail.*

The Rev. Alfred Bray is the editor of the *Canadian Spectator*, a new Montreal weekly. An editor of that name must be ass-tute.