

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

The heavy man on the ministerial benches is Lucius Seth Huntington. He is heavy, as far as avoirdupois gives, heavy in his make up, heavy in speech, and heavy in purse, if his copper mine speculations were as profitable to him as they were unprofitable to all who were duped into taking stock in them. He is nearly as fat as Joe Ryan, but does not stick out so prominently at one place. His legs are big, his body big, his features (not excepting his nose) big, and his feelings big. "What a heavy swell is there, my countrymen!" is the exclamation with which strangers express their astonishment, admiration or curiosity as he moves grandly by. "I am *distingué*," says the flourish of his handkerchief, the curve of his under lip, the preliminary cough with which he clears his throat. "All faces this way" is the command he makes as he poses himself before the House and turns himself around so that no one need complain of not being able to see him to advantage. "You're going to hear something now that is worth reporting," is the plain meaning of the look he gives the reporters when he settles his coat collar at the opening of his speech. "There is work for a large number of undertakers over the way," is written on his face as he sits down, conscious of having demolished his opponents. Lucius Seth is lazy as well as fat, and soon gets out of wind. This is a fortunate thing for him and for the House,—fortunate for the House, because his orations are by no means entertaining, and fortunate for him, because his stock of poetical quotations and metaphorical allusions gives out after he has been on his feet fifteen or twenty minutes. His strong point is poetry. He is poetical or he is nothing—that is, he is poetical as long as his memory serves and then he is nothing. His poetry is rather worn, its constant usage for generations having rather worn off its novelty. There is the advantage, however, of nobody mistaking his quotations for improvisations, as they do when Mr. Plumb uses poetry in his speeches. The assertion of an opponent is, in the Postmaster General's oratory, baseless as the fabric of a vision; the Reform voters are as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallenbroosa; Tory machinations are as dark as the shades of the infernal regions, their statements as false as whisperings foul of Eden's serpent bane; the hearts of his party are as pure as heaven's ethereal blue, their hopes high as the cloud-capt towers of light, their onward course as steady as the dark rolling Danube where fair Adelaide died when the battle was o'er. He is strong morally, either because he was brought up that way by pious parents, or because he feels that a large show of morality is necessary to counteract the damaging effect of the mining transactions in which he has been engaged. The high moral tone might have been adopted when he made up his mind to engage in the notorious letter-stealing transactions that first made his name so widely known, or it may have been adopted for the furtherance of his work of selling played-out copper mines to pious Scotchmen at enormous prices. It has evidently paid well, as he puts it on every time he rises to address the House. Lucius has an eye for feminine charms, and often visits the Speaker's Gallery when it is radiant with the fair. With his clean-shaven face, curly brown hair, portly frame, and features that would be handsome but for their grossness, Lucius Seth is not the man to visit such a place unnoticed, and he knows it. He looks about in a critical way through his eye glass, bowing and smiling, selects the lady he will honor, and sends himself by her side with the air of one who is conferring a favor. Then he looks down on the members, sways himself gently from side to side, nurses his knee, toys with his glass in

such a way as to display his ring to the best advantage, expounds the subject under discussion, talks of the herculean labors he has to perform for the good of his country, intimates that the business of the country may suffer if he remains out of his seat much longer, and leaves, feeling sure that the lady he has been talking to is the envy of all the gallery. Huntington would be immense, cut in copper, as a figure-head for one of Melick's big ships. The country can spare him.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Judge WETMORE has passed sentence upon William Vaughan for the murder of Mary Quinn. Vaughan is to be hanged on the 22nd June next. It must be a satisfaction to the Jurors, in this case, to know that Vaughan has made a partial confession of his guilt.

CHAS. ANNAND, Esq., of the Halifax Chronicle, passed through St. John on Thursday, en route for the West, accompanied by one of Nova Scotia's fair daughters, who has promised to "love, honor and obey" him. We tender our congratulations to the happy couple, and wish them a pleasant journey through life.

FLORAL.—We are indebted to Mrs. Wm. Jones, who presides over a flower arbour in the shop lately occupied by Messrs. Logan & Lindsay, on German street, for a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers. The store is filled up with every variety of ornamental pots, rustic hanging baskets and stands, window and bedding out plants, and choice cut flowers for hand bouquets or the button hole. The taste for flowers, which has been increasing in the city every year, should be encouraged. We cheerfully recommend friend Jones to those who wish a first-class article.

DEXTER SMITH'S FOR APRIL.—The musical contents are: "Over the Crystal River" and "Safe Within the Vale,"—sacred songs, by Robert Cooper; "Johnny Morgan," a comic song, by John Read; "Styrienne," (instrumental), by L. Kohler; "Give me back my pretty Bird," a duett from "Alhambra," words by Dexter Smith and music by Woolson Morse; and the pretty song and chorus, "Helping Katie o'er the Brook." The frontispiece is a portrait of Kitty Blanchard Rankin. The reading matter is as usual spicy, lively and entertaining. All the departments are excellent.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY for April presents the following bill of fare: "Roxey" (illustrated), by Ed w. Eggleston; "Love, The Little Cavalier," by Chas. Sangster; "History and Mission of Architecture," by Elihu Burritt; "The Viking's Warning," by Hunter Duvar; "Cross Purposes," by Margaret Andrews; "The Veil," by L. H. Hubbard; "Fragments of the War of 1812," by Dr. Canniff; "Division Night in the House of Commons," by J. L. Stewart; "Time," by Isabella Sinclair; "Down the Rhine" (illustrated), by Erin; "Wordsworth—a Criticism," by Prof. Lyall; "Olden Times in the Ancient Capitol," by J. M. LeMoine; "On the Via San Basilio," by Earl Marble; and "Novels," by E. C. Beatty. The Current Literature Department is very full and well written. The number closes with the words and music of the pretty ballad, "Trust Me Darling Again." We congratulate the Messrs. Belford upon having secured the services of some valued contributors to the columns of the TORCH.

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers according to the English Art Union rules.

- 1st Prize.—An Oil Painting called "Moonrise on the Coast"—value \$30.
- 2nd do.—"The Passing off Shower"—value \$20.
- 3rd do.—"The Evening Song"—value \$10.
- 4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
- 5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Lectures Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems," by Chas. F. Adams.
- 6th do.—"Evenings in the Library," by Geo. Stewart, Jr.
- 7th do.—Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's last book, "Silent and True."

The oil paintings are being painted by our talented townsman, John C. Miles, Esq., whose well earned reputation as an artist is sufficient guarantee that the pictures will be valuable works of art.

When finished they will be placed in the window of Mr. A. C. Smith's drug store, on exhibition.

The drawing will take place on the 1st of June.

Remember that for One Dollar you will receive a copy of the TORCH for one year, and have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commissions will be given, to obtain subscriptions in this city and the Provinces. Parties wishing to canvass will please apply personally to the editor, at the office of E. T. C. Knowles, Barrister, &c., in Y. M. C. A. Building, or by letter addressed to "Editor of TORCH," St. John, N. B.

Specimen copies sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CANVASSERS.—A cash prize of \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"E.A.S."—Thanks for sub. and contribution. Sent on verses, and, if suitable, shall be pleased to publish them.

"C.H.D."—The verses are good; but we do not think it would be in good taste to publish them.

I. F. S. GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The tickets for the Irish Friendly Society's Gift Enterprise are nearly all disposed of, and the Operatic Season will commence on the 22nd inst. With such a brilliant array of musical talent our citizens may expect a treat such as they rarely have the privilege to enjoy. Mr. Nannary deserves credit for the energy displayed in bringing the enterprise to such a successful termination, and we hope it may prove financially beneficial to himself as well as remunerative to the Society for which it was gotten up.

The dials of the new clock for the City Hall, Fredericton, were put up on Thursday, and they expect to have the clock in running order on Easter Monday.

The brightest little luminary that shines in our sanctum is the St. John, N. B. Torch. It is devoted to "light" literature. Friend Knowles, squeeze our fist, and make yourself perfectly at home with us. Long may your Torch blaze.—Oxford, N. C., *Torchlight*.