

TORCH

Light Literature

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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

No. 16

(For the Torch)
THRENODY.

The sun no more will shine
 On tresses bright as thine;
 And the winds no more will kiss
 A lip so sweet as this;
 And the flowers no more will blow
 For one like thee—for, oh,
 Thy grave is made in a quiet glade
 That overlooks the sea—
 The sea that moans in monotone,
 Eternity! Eternity!

No voice so sweet, the ear
 Again will ever hear.
 And never again such eyes
 Will shine beneath the skies,
 And a heart like thine, my sweet!
 Again will never beat,—
 For thy grave is made in a quiet glade
 That overlooks the sea,—
 The sea that moans in monotone,
 Eternity! Eternity!

MAURICE O'QUILL.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 3.

The Woman in White.

The next deposition after Mrs. Rubelle's was the narrative of

JOHN DUMPS, CONSTABLE.

In pursuance of information received, my orders was to keep a look out for a young woman in a white gown, and as there is a many such I acted according. My beat extends from Widow Simpkins's cot, two doors on the further side of the "Sheaf of Oats" public, to fourteen doors below the pump, passing the trees scattered promiscuous on the upper side of the street. On the night in question, being the 14th proximo, or thereabouts, I was on duty and see a woman with a white gown answering to the information, and, as in duty bound, followed her unbeknownst to her. She went into James Jim's huckster shop and bought two penn'orth o' pins, and Jim gave her a suck of gin across the counter. I interrogated her if her name was Ann Catherick, which her answer was not according to law, for she replied,

"Mind your own business, Bobby," on which I took her into custody and took her before Justice Briggs, who discharged the prisoner and called me a noodle, which I am informed is actionable. This is all I know in the case.

INSPECTOR BATON'S NARRATIVE.

On the night of the 15th instant I was going my rounds, when a fat old gentleman, whom I have since learned is an Eyetation Count, stopped me and asked if my men had orders to search for an escaped lunatic called Ann Catherick. Not wishful to discuss my orders before a stranger, I evaded the question, when he informed me the woman had been seen down in Leicestershire. He also gave me orders to search for one Walter Hartright, a noted rough, who had assisted the woman to escape. The Count seem an eccentric nobleman, for he went and sat down under a tree and commenced singing in a strange manner that might have been a signal to a confederate. I felt it my duty to take down the words as near as I could for the foreign spelling, and they were: "Figger O'Kwa, figger holt, figger O'Sac, figger O'Jae." I could not ascertain the meaning of these terms. I have seen nothing of the man Walter Hartright, that he set me on the track of.

A letter from Blackstone Briggs, Esq., J. P., to a brother magistrate continues the chain of narrative:—

"I called at Limmeridge House," (says Mr. Briggs,) "and said to Fairlie, 'What the devil is all this row?' Fairlie, whined out in his sickly way: 'O, here is another. I know it is about a Woman in White. Dear Briggs, I am not a Woman in White. Dear Briggs, I would be the first to tell you. Then why harass me? Would you mind not blowing your nose so tempestuously? Thanks. It might kill me. You would not like to be a member dear Briggs? My nerves are shaken this morning by a letter from a thug. Yes, a thug. Threatening my life. Here it is—take it away, please—you are so robust. Louis, show our good Briggs out.' Here is the letter written to Fairlie by some lunatic or other. I can't make head or tail of it:—

(Letter.) "My good dear! restore me my Walter. I demand my Hartwright. Deuce-

what-the-deuce, something must be done, and the only word to say is Right-all-right. You will send him—yes—yes—conno-of-course. Ha! my soul-bless-my-soul, he will return, sent by you. Hourrah! (Signed) PESCA."

An extract from the locked diary of Count Fosco will close the chapter:—

"How grand the pleasure of Intellect; how soothing the consciousness of Virtue. Obstacles smooth themselves before my master hand. The agents of justice—out!—inbeciles, remove their search to a distant county at a word of mine. Hartright, if he come here, will be so watched as to be powerless. The fool, Fairlie, is terrified into safety, and the idiot magistrate, his friend, has left him in disgust. I, Baldessare, pull the puppets. In the serene breast of Fosco is hid the secret of the Woman in White."

Here the Count locked his diary and turned with a smile to his white mice. "Ah, mice, little mouse-eyes," he chirruped, "come kiss me. Climb up on my fat neck. Figaro qua! Figaro la! Figaro sa! Fig-g-g-garo qui!"

WILKIE COLLINS.

Here is a chance for the ingenious. A correspondent writes: About thirty years ago, a lady gave me the following puzzle, and told me that a newspaper editor had offered a reward of £100 for the solution. Many of my friends have gone half mad over it; and if you notice it, the newspaper man may repeat his offer:

To five and five and twenty-five,

The first of letters add,

You have a thing that pleased a king,

And made a wise man mad.

I know nothing about the conundrum, nor do I feel specially anxious as to its solution; but, if there really is an answer to it, I should like to know the "newspaper man" who offered the £100.—From *Truth's T. T.*

In spite of the Temperance movement money has been as tight as ever it was.—*Sunnyside Journal.*

Too many draughts perhaps. Or is it caused by a run on the McKenzie Banks?—*St. John Torch.*

What a rum-inner the punster of the Torch must be.—*Sunnyside Journal.*

A mother-in-law is cold by nature, and yet she makes everybody warm about her.—*Duicel-soncille Scutinel.*