

[For the Torch]
ICHABOD.

"Ichabod, or the glory is departed from Israel."—1st SAMUEL IV. 21.

Thy glory is departed, proud city by the sea;
 Thy stately homes in dust and ashes lie;
 Gaunt ruin rears her head in hideous majesty,
 Where'er the tide of bounding life swept by,
 And Fundy's dashing waves alone blend with
 the sea-gulls cry.

Ichabod—Ichabod—the wand'ring winds re-
 peat

Over thy blackened homesteads, as they go
 Where dumb despair abideth, binding her
 bleeding feet.

And poor scarred forehead, her eyes dim
 with woe,

Fixed on her shattered altar-stones, her
 haughty fanes laid low.

Where are the shrines of fond domestic love,
 The happy homes of holy wedded joy,

Where incense pure her altars rose above,

From deep affliction's censers which ne'er
 cloy,

Sweeter than rose of Araby or spices of Amboy.

Gone, gone forever, yes, forever gone,—

Like Sodom and Gomorrah—swept away;

Or peerless Tyre, all beautiful as the dawn,

Luxur and Karnak, and the long array

Of perished greatness lost beneath grim ruin's
 sway.

Father, Creator, teach us still to kneel,

Owning our guilt before thine august face;

Leave us not in this fiery ordeal—

Though we are guilty—grant us still Thy
 grace;

And from Thy Book of Life our myriad sins
 efface.

GLOW-WORM.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

(Concluded.)

Few things are more acceptable to persons anxious to bring, or to keep, themselves before the public, than to have notice—little matter how unflattering—taken of them by squib or caricature in the pages of a comic journal. A note will come to the editor, for example,—a naughty-looking little *billet doux* with frilled edges,—and with it a *carte-de-visite* of the correspondent, haply some provincial actress of the muscular school, who wants to make a metropolitan sensation, and is anxious to have a caricature of herself in an early number of the paper. Should no notice be taken of this, the next thing, in all probability, is a call from the managing agent of the lady, who hints that money can be realized by the transaction, and, in some cases, even goes so far as to prompt the editor to name his price. I have known instances in which good round sums were offered to secure the desired notice. Sometimes a paragraph bearing reference to an individual who believes in advertising himself or his enterprises tickles the vanity of that person so greatly, that he will write to the editor, saying that a box of cigars, or a complete outfit of new clothes, is at the service of the writer of the gratifying pasquinade, if he will only send to, or call at such and such a place for it; and I once heard a sagacious public character say that a certain satirical article in which he figured prominently was worth at least a thousand dollars to him.

Were people at large only half as liberal in subscribing to comic papers as they are in

tendering advice with regard to the best course to be taken by the directors of them, success in that branch of journalism would be secure. Among the comic-editorial experiences, the receipt of letters of advice forms a very prominent item. It is no unusual circumstance for several letters to arrive at the same time from different quarters, all of them giving the views of the writers as to how the paper should be conducted to satisfy the public and insure success, and each one of them taking up a position diametrically opposite to some of the others. Could the writers but hear the roars of "inextinguishable laughter" with which their productions are greeted, while being compared and criticised by the editorial staff, they would doubtless be surprised to find how funny they had become, unknown to themselves. One writer tells you, that you must let a certain well-known political character alone, or else your paper will "expire the vital spark within a month." In the next letter opened you find a recommendation to devote, at least, a page a week, your leading satirical poet, and your most personal comic artist, to the chronic irritation of the individual in question, who is described as having "a skin as thin as his heart is black and his moral character revolting." In time the judicious editor does not trouble himself with reading letters of advice, but consigns them to their proper limbo, on discovering their drift in the first lines.

The threatening correspondent is another scribbler, who sometimes wastes his feeble ire upon the management of a comic paper. Of course he writes anonymously, or under a *nom de bitou*, and in a style and handwriting elaborately tortured into disguise. He tells you, in English adopted by him for the nonce, that you "are getting too personal in your remarks and pictures about A and B, who will be remembered long after you are forgotten." Then he hints at violence, and adds that "you may consider this a idle threat, but may find yourself mistaken by a crowd walking into your office sum day if you continue in the same track." It is needless to say that no harm ever comes from these silly fire-crackers.

No satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as to the reason why a really first-class comic paper has never yet been successfully established in this country. I will not attempt to sift the question here, though I have an idea that the excess to which party spirit is carried may have something to do with the matter. As with other journals, so with that of the humorous character, the political ingredient is one that cannot be left out. Next, it would be impossible for a paper to take a middle bearing; and if it becomes partisan, it has, of course, battalions of foes to contend against. The necessary wit and humor for comic journalism must exist *somewhere* among the large and mixed communities of the country, but they have not yet been developed by encouragement and culture; though, like the recreant meteors that failed to come to time in November last, they may yet make their appearance in the literary firmament.

GOLDEN GLEAMS.

We commence, this morning, publishing "press notices" of the Torch, and shall continue them in each issue until finished. For the many kind and complimentary remarks on our literary venture we feel duly grateful, and have much pleasure in wishing that all of our contemporaries may grow rich, live long, and die happy.

"THE TORCH," which has the remarkable property of shining as well by day as by night, commences its functions of "shining for all" this morning. It is a handsome sheet, creditable to Mr. DAY'S press, and has got a very artistic and imaginative frontispiece, the product of the fancy and the workmanship of the artist, "C. H. P." It is needless to say that the Torch presents a great variety of contents, from "grave to gay" from "lively to severe." We congratulate Mr. KNOWLES on getting out his first number so promptly and in such good style, and hope the "shadow" of the Torch will never be less.—*Daily Telegraph*, 22d Dec. 1877.

JOURNALISTIC.—Knowles's Torch made its first appearance on Saturday, and found a ready sale through the city and Carleton. If the following numbers be as well deserving of patronage as the first, "Joe" will have little reason to regret having launched his Torch upon a St. John community. The different departments are well arranged, and the material is such as one can only expect to find in a first-class literary journal. May the Torch grow brighter as it grows in age, and may it fill instead of lighten the pockets of its talented editor and proprietor.—*Daily News*.

The Torch, a witty, clever, readable paper, devoted to light literature, made its appearance last Saturday morning. We have much pleasure in welcoming this new aspirant to the rank of city journalism. The Torch is ably edited by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, a gentleman who is known to be possessed of much arduo and refined taste in all that pertains to literary work.—*St. John Herald*.

The Torch, edited by that clever writer and humorist, J. S. Knowles, is bright, witty, wise, brilliant, and satirical. You have commenced well, Joe; and have our blessing; go on and prosper, and we hope your subscribers will increase so rapidly that shortly they will form a torch light procession which will illuminate the world.—*St. Croix Courier*.

The Torch—Joseph S. Knowles's, new comic paper of St. John, the Torch, has come to hand, and it is a perfect illumination of pun and puns. Those who import comic literature into New Brunswick after this should be quashed and torch-ered.—*Windsor Mail*.

We have received the first number of the Torch, published in St. John, owned and edited by Joseph Knowles. It is a significant name after the terrible holocaust our sister city has experienced. The paper is only \$1.00 per annum, neatly printed and racy in every department. It is purely a literary paper, and we hope may in time supply the want felt in Saint John, since the demise of *Stewart's Quarterly*. Similar papers have been tried in Halifax and we have only to record failure as the result. We will be glad to receive the weekly visits of the Torch.—*Colchester Star*.

The Torch has started in St. John—this time a newspaper, not a fire. We wish it success.—*Halifax Magazine*.

A new periodical in St. John, is called the Torch. It must be an incendiary sheet.—*Boston Post*.

The Torch, a new paper issued in St. John, has been received.—*Bangor Con.*

We have received the first number of a new paper just issued by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, St. John. It is called the Torch, to be published weekly, and devoted to Light Literature, Wisdom, Wit, Humor and Satire. The initial number is a good one, both in matter and make up.—*Carleton Sentinel, Woodstock*.

The first number of the Torch, a weekly paper published at St. John, makes a very creditable appearance. It is devoted to light literature, wit, and satire, and is edited by Joseph S. Knowles, Esq. The heading is of unique design engraved by Flewelling.—*Gazette, Anticosti*.

"The Torch" is the name of a new weekly paper, published in St. John, by Mr. Joseph S. Knowles. It is devoted to "Light Literature."—*Star, Berwick, N. S.*

The Torch, a humorous paper that promises to "be somebody," comes from Saint John. J. S. Knowles, who has always been considered the city's best humorist, is the editor. May the Torch never fall into incendiary hands—or the hands of the Sheriff either Joe.—*Turners Falls Reporter, Mass.*

"THE TORCH."—Joseph S. Knowles's new paper, with the above caption, has been received. We knew when we heard of its coming, that there would be a degree of originality in its make up, and we were not disappointed. The copy before us is a first-class initial number. May its successors be as deserving of support. We enter the name of the Torch on our exchange list, with much pleasure.—*Western Chronicle, Kentville, Jan. 2d.*

ADVICE TO PRINTERS.

When foolish printers print on credit,
 And find too late that "quacks" won't pay,
 What balm can soothe their loss of money
 And keep their hair from turning gray?

The only way to cure the evil,
 When quacks appear, just say, "No Trust,"
 And if they wish to puff their poisons,
 Why, let them "come down with the dust."