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No. 17

[For the Torch]
FLOOD OF TIME.

Onward flows the flood of time, bearing us along;
Onward flows Eternity, mighty, unknown, boundless sea;
Drop by drop the flood of time empties into thee.
Drop by drop, the moments falling,
Are like voices loudly calling
To the souls of worldly mortals,—
"With us pass the shining portals—bear our company."

"Bear our company to that ocean, boundless and unknown;
With us pass the vale and river which divide the world's forever,
All the ties and the affections of thy earthly friendship sever;
Quickly quit thy clay creation,
And abide the transformation,
Which for thee the fates intended,
When thy earthly course is ended, earth again shall know thee never.

EAK.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 4.

Folle-Farine.

Only the dust of the mill—Folle-farine. Poor Folle-farine. On the tramp. As she plodded painfully on, poor little Folle-farine! she remembered but too well that wretch of a Norman miller. Then her thoughts reverted to dear old fiddle-playing Phratos, and after him came an inspired remembrance of the pictured deities in the tower of the seven windows,—the dove of Argos and the white Io, the women of Thebes dancing on Cithæron in the mad moonless nights, great Apollo toiling in Phære, and, too, the brother-gods Hypnos, Oneiros and Thanatos the gods of night and the grave; and all this time the poor child was offending the god of Municipal Regulations and the Larceny Act by feeding on turnips and reposing, not on beds of amber asphodel but on the lee side of haystacks and woodpiles. O glory of woman's love! O wretched inconsistency! A wanderer for love of the art-scared heart of Arslan, the painter with the Norse hea! and form of the Grecian sun-god.
Many miles over the highway,—many miles, Along the *landes* where the resinous pine trees

spread their foliage like umbrellas of green. Through the blushing vineyards. Athwart the pastures where, frequent, she was chased by the farmer's bull. Beneath the brown olives where the wild thyme invited to repose and there was a lullaby of droning bees. By rills where butterflies plunged their syphons in the chalices of kingcups and water lilies. And by the river where she thought it probable she might hear a whispering of Midas among the reeds.

She reached a great city where the cathedral bells were chiming a misereere.

Two boys of the period, such as had been the persecutors of her childhood, openly discussed her aspect. "She's a gypsy" said the first boy. "Bet you she's Injun. Squaw, have you any baskets?" Thus the second boy. Folle-farine passed along with her eyes on the ground and thought of the great Demeter beheaded and childless in a darkened land.

Sartarian, of Sartarian & Co., met her and asked softly: "Folle-farine, art thou tired? Thou shalt have a lodging on Prince's Street and this twenty dollar bill." "The thought is good of you" said she, "but I never took a crust out of charity, and I will not begin."

A staid peeler in a costume that showed uncultivated taste in the inventor, laid his hand on her shoulder and remarked: "Come along o'me; I'll show you the place for the likes of *you*." As he spoke his emotion caused him to shut one eye and keep the other open. "I will go with you" said Folle-farine.

They passed into one of those temples which men raise to Justice, when the Rhadamanthus, or presiding Judge of the place, put on his spectacles and the following colloquy took place as reported in the papers of the day:

"Whence do you come?"

"I live at the water-mill of Ypres. They say Reine Flamma was my mother. I do not know; it does not matter."

"What is your name?"

"Folle-farine. They call me after the dust of the mill."

"Girl," (said the kindly beak) "we cannot allow poverty here. The exigencies of the city are great. Taxation is on the increase. Oakum picking is a pastime adapted to the

slight fingers of tramping girls. Thou, my child, art a tramping girl. Humanity and justice cry aloud that I should lock thee up. I have said."

"Folle-farine laughed aloud.

"The earth and the air are good," said she. "The leaves are roof enough for me. I have never known luxuries and I never wish to know them. I can live without love or pity as I can without home or gold. Are you the Red Mouse?"

"This wench is mad" said the magistrate hastily; \$2 or twenty days."

"Is evil good?" she asked in her heart as she was borne away in the prison van.

OUIDA.

SCENE IN POLICE COURT.

TIME, TUESDAY MORNING.

CLERK.—"May McGould step this way." An old hag with a wizened face and minus an eye stepped up briskly.

CLERK.—"What's your age?"

MAY.—"Faix I don't know."

CLERK.—"Where were you born?"

MAY.—(savagely) "Barn is it? in the Oldw Country, an' now I'm here, bad manners til ye."

CLERK.—"What part of the old country?"

MAY.—"What part? Phy on North Amero-kee—do North av Oireland I mane."

CLERK.—"What is your religion?"

MAY.—"Me phat?"

CLERK.—"Your religion."

MAY.—"I go to the Cat-tha-dral, bad cess til ye."

CLERK.—"That will do, take your seat."

A few minutes later May was called up before His Honor.

JUDGE.—"May McGould."

MAY.—(in a loud voice and arms akimbo,)

"Here oi om."

JUDGE.—"None of your loud talking to make the spectators laugh. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, an old woman carted to the Police Office on the brink of Eternity. I'll send you to the Penitentiary for two months where you'll have a chance to get prepared for the other world. Better there than a drunken nuisance lying around the street. Policeman off with her."

Exit Bobby and Mary.

It is rumored that a new American line of steamers is to be established between Boston and Liverpool. Guess it is a canard lyn!—Dexter Smith's.