

ANOTHER POET UNEARTHED.

"Poets are born, not made." Since the late lamented "Bard of War" passed away, no poet of such wonderful genius has been heard of until now when a new poetic star flashes his brilliancies upon us, and bids fair, if not cut off by the frost, to take high rank among earth's most gifted sons of genius. His name is Gibson. His front name we do not know. What matter? Does any one ever ask whether Burns's, or Byron's, or Tennyson's or Longfellow's names are Jack or Bob or Tom?—Of course not. Talk about Julia A. Moore, the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," being the Poet Lauretess of America. We will bet that Gibson can double discount her, and give her fifty points. Bring on your "Sweet Singer," and she will have no Moore chance with Gibson than Susan B. Anthony has to be President of the United States.

Here is one of his most pathetic pieces which any one, who knows anything about true poetry, must acknowledge is unparalleled in the English language. This assertion may seem strong, but we are convinced that it is true and we are prepared to prove it:

ON PILLS.

Of most pills I think an ill,
When nature is used to that extent,
To halt, half way up a hill.
Then take them if you will.

For murders they will out
And wonders will never cease;
Not even in the land of Ven-eece,
Until pills are disband'd
By the Chief of Po-lee-see.

No one can fail to be struck with the sublimity of the above beautiful lines, but strange to say one of our leading papers, failing to see the poetic fire in them, absolutely refused to publish them. Some people, however, never can appreciate true genius. The poet, feeling the injustice done him by the *Globe*, (we mention the name in strict confidence) composed the following withering and sarcastic lines condemnatory of the *Globe's* refusal. Not wishing to name the paper, the ingenious way in which he enigmatically puts it, will be heartily appreciated by our readers:

"To do the people good
An item I tried to publish
Of a cold to prevent
The first one I tried
Of me the privilege it denied
Although its name denotes
The shape of the Earth."

He informed us that it is only lately that he accidentally discovered that he could write poetry, but he says it is not the slightest trouble for him to compose; and sometimes after retiring to rest, he has not been able to get to sleep for several hours, thinking of rhymes.

The following touching poem was an impromptu effort delivered by the poet in presence of several literary gentlemen a few evenings ago:

ON FRED-J-BICE.

Oh! you heretics and micks
"Would be my earnest wish,
To make you eat sufficient if
Until brains enough you'd get.

Protestant and Catholic
Lay aside your predilectice
Roman Catholics I suppose as well,
And look to Heaven, where in Paradise,
You both may sometimes dwell.

Think that there you'll meet
Like citizens travelling through a street,
Hailing one another every day,
As to their business they pass along the way.

If God was as you and I
A respector very sly,
While many of us might be,
"Would be hard to pass by.

Then since he's not,
Let none forget him aught,
But feel to one another
Like kind sisters and brothers

Who may dwell in a lowly cot,
Which they have no, forgot
Where they cook all in a pot
The grain that grows in a plot
Though prejudiced he is not.

We have not room for any more extracts, but any one who knows anything about poetry can judge by these specimens, and if the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" thinks that she or any other man can compete, let her put up her "stumps." We are backing Gibson.

He is desirous of delivering an Anatomical lecture in the Institute for gentlemen only. An early notice will be given when arrangements are completed.

GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The tickets for the Irish Friendly Gift Enterprise are going off rapidly, and the drawing will assuredly take place on the day named. Judging from the names of the artists published, we are to have a rich operative treat. We are pleased to see on the list the name of Miss Adelaide Randall, the favorite Contralto, who, it will be remembered, was here with the Granger Dow party. We advise those who have not already done so, to secure their tickets at once.

FOLIO.—We have received from Mr. C. Flood the *Folio* for April. There is an admirable portrait of Emma Abbot, the highly gifted vocalist, and several choice vocal and instrumental pieces of music. The "Pope Pius IX. Funeral March" is said to be very pretty. The reading matter is varied and interesting. For sale at C. Flood's Music Store, King street. Price 15 cents.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY, from Belford Bros., Toronto; and *The Popular Science Monthly*, from D. Appleton & Co., New York, have been received. Will review them in our next.

A **FUNNY FRIEND** rushed into our office yesterday morning, out of breath; said he'd observed in the morning paper that England and Russia were at a "dead-lock" on the war question, and wanted to know why it was like a certain watchmaker in St John? Before we had time to consider the matter carefully, he blurted out, "Because it's a War lock." Where are the police?

GAS!—*On dit* that there was quite an explosion in the Gas Works one day last week. Perhaps the manager can throw some light on the subject as to the cause of it. *The Telegraph* says:—

GAS LAMPS UNLIT.—Were it not for the lights in the stores on Union street, last night, about half-past seven o'clock, one would have thought that the gas works were again burned, there being none of that illuminating power to be seen in the lamps in that street. Night very dark; streets very muddy; result—dangerous.

These rumors must all be untrue, for under such scientific and careful management as the Works are at present, nothing of such a nature could possibly happen.

Hens are often set in their ways.—*Ec.* Particularly in their hatch-ways.—*Norristown Herald.*

They are an eggs-hen-trie set.

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 "Lee-dle 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 \$40 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.

THE OLD DAYS.

The old days are dead, said she,
And the old days are dead, said he—
Though they die as the stars die out in the sky,
What does it matter? said she,
And what does it matter? said he.

Your love is forgotten, said she,
And your love was a myth, said he;
It comes back at times in my musings and rhymes,

But what does it matter? said he,
And what does it matter? said she.

—*St. John Torch.*

Enough does it matter, we think,
That hearts which felt Cupid's link
Go daffily astray in this miserable way,
Yet such the trite story, you see,
Who's to blame? Why, he! Nay, it's she!

—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Sam. Clark, of Washington, is to be hanged for rethring Mr. Cash from circulation.—*Phila. Chronicle.* As Clark is now in the penny-tentary looking mighty dollars, it is hardly fair to give such puns currency.—*Norristown Herald.*

That seems to be a cents-ible way to look at it.