

SONNET.

In years agone did grieve about her hair
The sun-shine sweet, and in her tender eye
The violet blossomed. Does it blossom there,
And with her cheek do envious roses vie?
I do not know! 'Twas once a thought of mine
That when she spoke the birds did gaily
sing—
That when she smiled the sun did brighter
smile—
That when she laughed all seasons were like
spring.
Ah me! To me no season e'er can bring
The purple glories of the days of old—
The birds that sang as they no more can sing—
The morning's crimson, or the evening's
gold!
The ear is deaf except to discord sore,
And beauty charms the eye no more, no
more!

—H. L. SPENCER, in *Rose-Belford's*, for June.

TO ENGLAND.

O, England, thou who has oft led
The vanguard of the fight;
Whose sons their dearest blood have shed
In battle for the right;
In this, thy history's trying hour,
We dread no eclipse of thy power
By wily Muscovites;
Thy children still are brave to dare
As those who fought at Trafalgar.
Well hast thou weighed, with cautious hand,
The merits of thy claim,
And armed with justice, made a stand
That glids thy ancient fame;
The world, with one accordant voice,
Proclaims thee right, applauds thy choice
To keep unstained that name
That always has to tyrants been
A Nemesis of threatening mien.

When that unsparing homicide,
Napoleon—the First,
A continent in blood had dyed,
Nor yet assuaged his thirst—
Thine was the hand that plucked him down,
That hurled him from his despot's throne.
His galling fetters burst;
Thy avenging sword is still as true
As when it flashed at Waterloo.

Columbia, the offspring land,
That would not brook the rod
When wielded by a despot hand,
But Freedom's pathway trod—
She, thy most proud and stalwart child,
To thee at last is reconciled,
And buries 'neath the sod
The broken arrow and the bow,
Nor ever loved thee well as now.

But there are stains upon thy cheek
As well as on thy breast,
That of a guilty glory speak,
Of liberties oppressed
Now is the time to show the world
That, where thy banner is unfurled,
Oppression cannot rest;
That thy far-echoing bugle's cry
Sounds the death knell of tyranny.

And if from out the gathered cloud
Beams there no hopeful gleam;
If Justice hands to thee her sword
To crush ambition's dream—
May He who rules the fate of wars
Uphold thee in thy righteous cause,
And thine the victory deem:
And be thy watchword in the fight,
Thy cherished motto—"God and Right."

W. H. EDWARDS.

New York, May 31, 1878.

—*Stanford (Conn.) Advocate*

Louis Aldrich is playing the leading part in
Barber Campbell's new play, "The Virginian," at the
Grand Opera House in New York.

STAGE SPARKS.

HE *ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE*.—On Tuesday
evening this talented Company opened with *Paragon's*
"Chimes of Normandy." Miss Lee, who is the de-
fining role as "Mignonette," was very acceptable, although
in her voice was rather lost for the size of the hall.
"Germanie," by Mrs. Squin, was artistically taken, and
possessed a very fine contralto voice, which she handled
quite skillfully, especially in the lower register. Her
singing was excellent, and she was frequently applauded.
Mr. Geste, as the Baron of Villiers, sustained his part
admirably. He has a tenor voice of considerable com-
pass, and received an enthusiastic encore for his plaus-
tification of the "Bondo Water Song," to which he grace-
fully responded. Mr. C. H. Turner, as Robin Hood,
was to our mind, the most finished and artistic of the
ensemble. His voice was clear and powerful, with
an unusual compass, and he was excellent in make up,
as Garsard, the old miser, was excellent in make up,
and his deep bass voice was very fine. The audience quickly
recognized his meritorious abilities as an actor and
singer, which they expressed by frequent bursts of ap-
plause. Mr. Squin's voice did not seem equal to the
emerge, but his acting was *au fait*. The choruses
were fine, and the parts well balanced. The orchestra
was good but light.

The "Bohemian Girl" did not draw a very good house
on Wednesday evening, which in a measure, may be ac-
counted for by the fact that the company, either from
nervousness or a want of familiarity with the mat-
ter, was far from perfect in the role of Arline. She
sang a sweet voice, and sang "I dream I dwell in
Marble Halls" very effectively, for which she was loudly
applauded; but having to be prompted so often, marred
what would otherwise have been a satisfactory repre-
sentation. Mrs. Squin gave a finished and artistic per-
formance of the tipsy Queen. She was "every inch a Queen,"
and her powerful rich contralto voice was dis-
tinguished by the best advantage. Mr. Turner's
Thaddeus was very fine, although at times he
seemed to be a bit of a blunderer. His "Fair Land of Poland" was
the gem of the evening, and brought down the house
with a loud and long-continued round of applause. Mr.
Parker, as "Count Arubien," sustained his part admir-
ably, and was frequently applauded. He seemed to be
affected with a hoarse ness, which was plainly perceptible
in his solo "The Heart Bowed Down." Mr. Geste, as if
he ever had a good one, sang "Gone with the Wind" with
blue twine. Mr. Warren's Florence was very ac-
ceptable. The ladies and gentlemen who took parts in
the choruses did nicely.

The "Chimes of Normandy" was repeated on Thursday
evening, and last evening they performed "Fra Dea."
There will be a matinee this afternoon, when
"The Chimes will be given again, and they close this
evening in "The Hermit's Bell," and open in Halifax on
Monday next.

Charlotte Thompson, supported by an excel-
lent corps of actors, has been playing at Buckhill Hall,
to territory last house. This is understood, as she is an
artist of recognized ability and highly deserves the
acknowledgment of her merits. One reason of the
attendance on account of the bad reports in which this
place of amusement has got through Madame Emma's
Ballets, but it is hardly fair that a respectable and
talented company like this should suffer for the sake of
others.

She opened on Saturday evening last in "Jane Eyre,"
and her debut in this city was acknowledged by those
present to be a great success. She appeared to have a
thorough knowledge of the character of the character,
and, although the stage accommodation is very inferior,
she received enthusiastic applause for her meritorious
rendition of the part. Several persons doing justice per-
sonally to the others, each of whom gave an admirable
support.

We have not had an opportunity to attend since, but
understand that they played on Thursday evening to a
full house, and that every one was delighted.

Mr. John E. Healey left for New York yester-
day morning to engage a company of Variety artists to
perform at Buckhill Hall. The season commences on the
24th inst.

Jennie Lee has no idea of coming soon again
to this country. All her time is filled up to Christmas
in England with "Jo,"—*Dramatic Mirror*.

Hope she'll have a Jo-Lee wave as the Jennie-Lee
does.

The *Mirror* wants Charlotte Thompson to visit
Philadelphia next season.

Miss Lizzie May Uimer is playing in "Conrad
the Corsair," at the Boston Globe.

George S. Knight should pay another visit to
this city with "Orie." *Philadelphia Mirror*.

They Otto be lighted to have another visit from
Knight.

W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), is dangerously ill
in Nebraska.

McDOWELL'S COMPANY will re-open at the
Institute on Monday evening, with Mr. Nell Warner as
the star attraction. Miss Fanny Keates is a new addition
to the staff.

Harry Crisp, Alfred Hudson, and Jennie
Crosby will be in the Boston Museum Company next
season.

Adeline Patti netted six thousand dollars at
her Bologna benefit. If there is so much benefit in bo-
logna, we must learn to like success.—*Y. News*.

Louise Pomeroy, the actress, is a Cleveland
girl, and before her marriage to Frank Pomeroy was the
wife of Frank Thomas, from whom she was divorced
Her maiden name was R. der.

Miss Emma Abbott is to take Miss Emily Mc-
ville's place in the *Hess English Opera Company* next

season, and the *Dramatic Mirror* wonders how she is
going to manage. It says "her style of dress will play
fully with the fun of opera bouffe."

If the style of Miss Emma,
Don't say Mr. Healey,
And, she's in a dilemma,
Let her buy a bit of dress,
Woe! Emma.

J. R. Grismer supports Rignold at the Califor-
nia, in San Francisco.

Wm. Calder and his wife, Alfie Chippendale,
have been engaged by Jurett & Palmer to play Uncle
Tom and Fanny in London.

Our "Innocent Pastor," with all that the
name implies, is a Washington Intelligencer, *Dramatic*
Mirror.

We hope it is "In no use A-lad" play.
John C. Cooper is to have a benefit at the
Globe soon. Many prominent citizens of Boston have
signed the testimonial, and it is said he will have a sum-
mer house.

Inducements to Subscribers.

BEAUTIFUL ART PRIZES.

We intend offering a number of first-class
Prizes, to be drawn for by subscribers accord-
ing 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-
do Yawco 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
August.

Remember that for One Dollar you will re-
ceive a copy of the *Torch* for one year, and
have a chance for one of the prizes.

Canvassers wanted, to whom good commis-
sions 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. Know Esq., Bar-
rister, &c., in Bayard 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.

MONTGOMERY, N. B., May 7th, 1878.

J. J. BARRISON, Esq., St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—In January last I came to Mont-
gomery to consult a physician, as I was in the last
stages of consumption. When I arrived here I had
to go to my bed, and was so low I never expected to
leave it. A physician was called who pronounced my
case as hopeless, that I might live a week or two, but
certainly not more. As a last resort he recom-
mended Robinson's Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime.
I purchased a bottle and after taking the first dose
I commenced to improve. It seemed, after taking a dose,
as if I had eaten a good, hearty meal. I have continued
taking it ever since and am rapidly improving. I am
confident that had it not been for your oil I would have
been in my grave to-day. You are at liberty to use this
in any way you wish, as I am anxious to let others who
are afflicted in the same way, know, in the hope that
they too may receive the same benefit.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

GEORGE (the X mark) SEW 31 L.

Witness—Ed. M. EBBY.

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil
with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime is prepared solely by J. H.
Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B. For
sale by Druggists and general Dealers. Price \$5 per bot-
tle; six bottles for \$25.

1878. SPRING STYLES. 1878

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HATS.

Also in stock—Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT
HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.

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