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"Editor Torch,"

St. John, N. B.

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TORCH.

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES,..... Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 23, 1878.

DEATH OF PROF. HARTT.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Prof. Charles Fred. Hartt, in Brazil, of yellow fever. The deceased was a son of the late Principal Hartt, of the High School, and was born in Fredericton, in 1840. At an early age, while residing in this city, he evinced a love for the study of Geology and Botany, but finding the field for his researches too limited here he went to the United States where he became associated with Prof. Agassiz and accompanied him on a Geological survey to Brazil. He subsequently revisited Brazil, at the head of a party from Cornell University, and on his return wrote a valuable work on "The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil."

In 1874, he left Cornell with an able staff of assistants to make a botanical and geological survey of Brazil, for which, it is said, he was to receive a salary of \$10,000 a year. About four years of the seven he was engaged for have elapsed, and in the midst of his life work, to which he was devotedly attached, he has been suddenly taken away; but his name, like those of Hugh Millar and Agassiz, will long be remembered among scientists as one of the cleverest naturalists and geologists of his times.

We tender our deepest sympathy to his brother and sisters who so dearly loved him, and felt an honest pride in the high position he had won.

GEN. SIR WM. O'GRADY HALEY, Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's forces in British North America, died suddenly in Halifax on Wednesday evening last. He was very popular in Halifax, and his death is greatly regretted.

If there's a vessel on the "lake which burns with fire and brimstone," will Mr. Beecher please inform us if there's a hel-in-man to steer her? We should rudder think so.

We are indebted to J. W. Lanergan, Esq., for late Boston papers.

Why are twin brothers like buffaloes? Because they are bi-sons.

Why must a cross-eyed man be an alien? Because he's not naturaleyed.

Speeches in Parliament which should be preserved—Plumb's.

Does it ruin a maple tree to tap it? No, you only spile it.

Bumster says he didn't expect the Tories to support his "Short Hair" resolution, but he was very much disappointed to see the W(h)igs voting against it.

Although loafers are not allowed on the street corners, you can find plenty of low furs in Thorne Bros., on King street.

Up in New York State they seized her fiddle. It was too bad to treat Urso.—*Dunbury News*. Such violin-treatment seems un-resin-able.

D. B. LINDSAY, Esq., of Moncton, sent us the names of six new subscribers on Wednesday last. David, you are a "brick."

If a christian woman could change her sex, would it change her religion? Certainly, for she'd be a *he-then*.

"Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned"—excepting the love sick youth whose sweetly tender "poem, to Mirandy Jane," is consigned to the "waste basket."

If a patient should die from an overdose of medicine, would the doctor be tried for purgery? If convicted, should he be sent to the Pill-ory for life?

Joseph La Paige was hanged at Concord, N. H., on Friday, 15th inst., for the murder of Josie Langmaid, on October 4th, 1875. It will be remembered as one of the most brutal murders ever committed, and the murderer richly deserved his fate.

Beautiful Stumble.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

Another race the following spring supplies;

They fall successive, and successive rise;

So generations in their course decay;

So flourish these when those have passed away.

Eternity.

Reason does but one quaint solution lend

To Nature's deepest, yet divinest riddle:

Time is a *beginning* and an *end*,

Eternity is nothing but a *middle*.

New Books.

"The Racing O'it," a sequel to "The Wooing O'it."

"Twenty Hundred," by the author of "A Simpleton."

"Making a Raise," by Lever.

"Robbing the Pantry," or The Border Rifles.

"Pulpit Staves," by Punshon.

"Chasing a Negro," a seek-well to "After Dark."

"The Dear Slayer," by the author of "The Lady Killer."

The Montreal *Jester* says, "No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps."

Returning "manuscripts accompanied by postage stamps" is something new in journalism, but perhaps it's a good idea, as it may tend to alleviate the wounded feelings of disappointed contributors.

The Negro Town Point Battery will, in future, be called Fort Dufferin. We always thought a dufferin-t name would sound better, but with all due deference to our respected Governor General, we should have preferred to have had it named after some of Carleton's distinguished sons—such as Glasgow Fort, or Emerson Fort, or Quinton, or Jarvis Wilson Fort. If not too late perhaps the Government will reconsider the question.

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.—The present third for fiction has induced us, regardless of expense, to communicate with all the living writers of fiction, all of whom have kindly furnished us with MS chapters omitted from their published works. Not content with this unparalleled effort of enterprise we have hired a spiritualist to procure us similar favors from several writers who, although dead, yet live. Our readers will recognise from the respective styles that these chapters are genuine, whatever may be said to the contrary.

AN EEL STORY.—A well known barrister, on Charlotte Street, told an eel story in Miles' Studio on Thursday afternoon, which requires to be swallowed with a good eel of *cum grano salis*. He said he "had been eel fishing and caught some very large ones, which he took home and had cooked for breakfast. The cook cut off their heads, skinned them, cut them up in slices and fried them, after which they were placed on the table. Just as one of the family was about to eat the head of one of them the mouth opened and made a savage snap at the knife." If we were not certain that our lawyer friend, like "T. J. George," could not tell a lie, we should say eel lies—under a mistake.

AN EXTRAORDINARY REMARK FROM THE BENCH.—Well, indicted for larceny, pleaded "guilty." Judge Wetmore told him if he expected to receive mercy for having pleaded guilty, he was laboring under a mistake, and told him if he wished to he could withdraw the plea and enter one of not guilty. This was certainly an extraordinary remark for the Judge to make, as it is generally supposed that a prisoner who pleads guilty and saves the country the expense of a trial, and debars himself from any chance of escape, should, if not guilty of some very heinous crime, have some leniency shown him. Even if this were not so, it is to say the least of it, bad taste for a Judge to express himself in such a manner.

Wanted.

Wanted a partner fitted to fill
With plenty of cash our empty till;
We will supply the requisite brains
And he can share with us the half of the gains—
or losses.