

# TORCH

Light Literature'

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

No. 8

[For the Torch]  
STANZAS.

In heaven's broad waste are stars agleam—  
O'er graves forgotten are flowers abloom—  
And a dream of this, and of that a dream.  
Star-like and flower-like haunt my room;

Dreams of friends that never come lack—  
Dreams of dreams that were buried of yore—  
Dreams of joys whose lightning track  
Is mosed by the soles of sorrow o'er.

Come to my chamber, dreams, no more!  
Die as the day dies! Heart of mine,  
Eve wears not the garb that morning wore,  
And the common fate of the world is thine.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

*Punch* has been with the peace-party, on the Eastern Question. The cartoon in a late number, represent Lord Beaconsfield as an Alpine guide, at the edge of a precipice—over which is war—persuading Britannia to come closer to the dizzy brink.

Lord B. says, "Just a lectle nearer the Edge," but Britannia replies, "Not an inch further; I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already." None the less, the war cloud grows darker and more imminent from day to day.

Joseph S. Knowles, who has contributed some racy paragraphs to several humorous papers in this country, is now publishing *The Torch*, a journal of "light literature," at St. John, N. B. May the *Torch* never go out.—*Norristown Herald*.

Much obliged to you, friend *Herald*, for your kind notice, but we'd like to see TEN THOUSAND TORCHES "go out"—to subscribers. Terms One Dollar a year, with a chance of getting a first-class prize.

A "chalk demon" is prowling through the city, embellishing press-brick fronts with chalk marks.—*Phila. paper*.

We have some re-mark-able specimens of these chalk demon-straters in St. John.

The N. Y. *Herald* P. I. thinks "probably the man who gets up church fair stews is an austere man." He is certainly not a clammy individual.—*Norristown Herald*.

Hur-rav!



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, whose portrait we present on our first page, was born at Sinigaglia, near Ancona, in 1792. At the age of eighteen he came to Rome, intending to enter the Pope's body-guard, but having been seized by an epileptic attack, he resolved, on recovering, to devote himself to the service of the Church. After studying at the College of Volterra, he was ordained priest, and despatched on a mission to Chili in 1823. In 1829 he became Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1840 he received a Cardinal's hat. In 1846, upon the death of Gregory XVI. he was made Pope. At first he was a very popular sovereign; he disbanded the Swiss Guards, amnestied the political prisoners, and lightened the taxes. But when the Revolution of 1848 burst out in Europe, the Roman people rose against their ruler, and Pius IX., after remaining a prisoner for some time in his palace, fled in disguise to Gaeta. In 1849 a French army marched upon Rome and restored the Pope to his throne. All his liberal tendencies had disappeared under his terror of republican violence, and aided by the great Catholic Powers, he entered on a reactionary course. In 1860, during the Garibaldian invasion, the Pope lost the greater part of

his dominions, which were annexed to the new kingdom of Italy.

Among other leading incidents of the reign of Pope Pius IX. may be mentioned,—the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; the authoritative announcement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; the promulgation of the Encyclical Letter, and the Syllabus of Errors, denouncing the whole fabric of modern civilization; and the assembling of the great Oecumenical Council for the purpose of declaring the personal Infallibility of the Pope. But the greatest event of all was yet to come. Pope Pius IX. had nearly completed his twenty-five years of sovereignty—the fated term which no Pope had ever yet exceeded—when his temporal power came to an end.

Since then the life of His Holiness has been one of comparative quiet—devoted to the exercises of religion—the reception of pilgrims, and the performance of such routine duties as pertain to his office.

On the afternoon of Thursday last, the aged Pontiff surrounded by the high dignitaries of the Church, passed to his eternal rest.

The last words of this illustrious man were peculiarly appropriate, in view of his life-long devotion to the interests of Roman Catholicism—"Guard the Church I have loved so well and sacredly."

## SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

In Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an Ann Mann."

The Chicago *Post* is charmed with the particularly luxurious way in which Rose Eytinge, as *Utopatira*, falls into the arms of *Marc Anthony*. It also criticises a buffalo robe which was hung as the only ornament of the palace scene. A buffalo robe in tropical Egypt, and 1,700 years before a buffalo was ever seen, except by Indians, is good.

N. Y. *Herald*: A side door to a barroom is like a great many people's prayer book—good only on Sundays.

Whitchell *Times*: A correspondent writes to ask us what kind of birds purr? Why larkspur, of course.

The Kat-y-did also.