



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

Vol. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

No. 19

FIAT JUSTITIA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER HOLTON.

Yes, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee—  
 Weighed the light love that thou hast held  
 so dear—  
 Weighed word and look, and smile that have  
 betrayed thee:  
 The careless grace that was not worth a tear.  
 Holding these scales, I moved at thy anguish—  
 For thing so slight that long my heart has  
 torn—  
 For God's great-sun the prisoner's eyes might  
 languish,  
 No: for a torch by some chance passer borne.  
 I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing  
 On the strong chords whose answer was so  
 full,  
 Do children are, through dasied meadows stray-  
 ing,  
 What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?  
 Go on, gay tripler! Take thy childish pleasure—  
 On thee, for thee, may summer always shine—  
 Too stern were Justice should she seek to  
 measure  
 Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine.

For the Touch,  
 CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.  
 No. 6.

GRIFFITH GAUNT.

"Don't bother me," said Mercy Vint, land-  
 lady of the "Packhorse" inn, hard by the vil-  
 lage of Allerton, in Lancashire. "Attend to  
 the man thyself, Betty chambermaid, and see  
 he pay the reckoning. What man is he?"  
 "A brown, beirdly man," replied the cham-  
 bermaid, "and he hath a rogue's eye and a  
 face that favors some face that I do know, but  
 which, alack! I cannot recall, yet would give  
 my ears to remember."  
 "Well, go thy ways, wench, and if he should  
 stay the night, see thou burn't not the sheets  
 with the warming pan."  
 Mistress Betty, who was a buxom hussy  
 with two luscious black eyes, tripped down the  
 stair. As she set foot in the hall she stopped  
 short and planted her two hands on her hips.  
 "Saints alive!" said she to herself, "now I  
 have it! the man in the parlor is the very mor-  
 al of master,—black mole on the temple and  
 all. They must be the sons of one mother." Over-  
 head, in the chamber above, Mercy Vint

set herself to croon a nonsensical song to the  
 babe in the cradle: "Well-a-day, mite," she  
 would say, "send my husband Thomas Leices-  
 ter home to me—Sweet chipsey-wipsey, father  
 will be home—be home."

Mercy had quick ears, and, by-and-by, she  
 heard a scuffle in the hall, intermingled with  
 a whisper and a giggle. Now that is a sound  
 that I defy the most impassable woman that  
 ever trod on shoe leather to overhear and not  
 want to know more about it. So she opened  
 her chamber door softly and peeped over the  
 banisters, and there was her husband Thomas  
 Leicester kissing Betty the chambermaid.

The little woman screeched like a weasel,  
 and made no more ado but precipitated herself  
 down the stair, cock-a-hoop, and fell on the  
 offender and pinned him.

Betty, caught flagrantly in her share of the  
 fact, whisked round a corner and disappeared.  
 Mercy showed as ravenous as a tigress robbed  
 of her allowance. She flew at her offending  
 better half and fixed her little claws, tigress  
 fashion, on the face of her victim, and, amidst  
 a confused mixture of blubbering and remon-  
 strance, defended her marital rights. "O,  
 Thomas!" she cried—(whack, whack,— "you  
 odious wretch,"—(scratch, scratch.)—"for to  
 go for to do"—(whack, scratch.)—"such a  
 thing"—(whack)—"with an ugly, squinting,  
 black-browed, low-legged, hump-backed hus-  
 sy. Oh, oh, oh!"

The victim took it very well. "Madam,"  
 said he, in the pauses of his punishment, "it  
 is true my name is Thomas Leicester, but I am  
 not your husband." At this atrocious denial  
 of his identity Mercy swooned and fell like a  
 log, with her feet on the fourth step of the stair  
 and her head on the door mat.

Then Betty's true-lover, Long Jim, came to  
 the rescue. "Hi! Dick! Samule! Ralph Gard-  
 ener!" shouted he, "here be a pretty coil,—  
 a mon from Coomberland a-kissing our women  
 afore our face. To the horse-pond wi' un, to  
 the horse-pond!" So the man calling himself  
 by Griffith Gaunt's name of Thomas Leicester,  
 was soundly ducked and sent on his way, his  
 last audible splutter being, "here be a pretty  
 tale to hear to Mistress Gaunt."

An hour afterwards Griffith Gaunt rode into

the courtyard of the "Pack-horse," with splash-  
 ed boots and riding-coat, showing he had come  
 off a journey. He tramped up the stairs to his  
 wife's chamber, and throwing a purse on the  
 table grumbled, "how's the little one? There  
 be the money, dame, that I promised thee,"  
 Mercy screamed. "Thomas! Thomas Leices-  
 ter! husband!" she cried, "your face is not  
 scratched!" "What should ail it to be scratch-  
 ed?" asked Griffith. Mercy whimpered, "Not  
 an hour agone a man as like thee as two peas  
 came here kissing the maid and calling himself  
 Thomas Leicester and I set my ten talons on  
 him and they ducked him in the pond." Grif-  
 fith took off his hat and scratched his poll. He  
 turned as pale as a tallow candle. "Thomas  
 Leicester," repeated he; "ha! Tom Leicester,  
 then am I a ruined man. Dame, thou hast  
 done a goodly thing." Then his face grew  
 stern. "Hark thee! sweet mistress," said he,  
 "when next you see your husband pilfering a  
 kiss or so, be certain he is the man. First  
 make sure of your promises—and then Go  
 Ahead!

CHAS. READE.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—Never marry  
 a man who has only his love for you to recom-  
 mend him. It is very fascinating, but it does  
 not make the man. If he is not otherwise  
 what he should be you will never be happy.  
 The most perfect man who did not love you  
 should never be your husband. But though  
 marriage without love is terrible, love only  
 will not do. If the man is dishonorable to  
 other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the  
 time will come when you will either loathe  
 him or sink to his level. It is hard to remem-  
 ber, amidst kisses and praises, that there is  
 anything else in the world to be done or thought  
 of but love-making, but the days of life are  
 many, and the husband must be a guide to be  
 trusted—a companion, a friend as well as a  
 lover. Many a girl has married a man whom  
 she knew to be anything but good, "because  
 he loved her so." And the flame died out on  
 the hearthstone of home before long, and be-  
 side it she has been sitting with one that she  
 could never hope would lead her heavenward  
 —or who, if she had followed him as a wife  
 should, would guide her footsteps to perdition.  
 Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life;  
 be careful in the choosing.

Robert Buchanan has named his new journal  
 "Light." Does that Bu-cannon belong to the  
 "Light" artillery?

[From the Boston Traveller.]  
REVIVING THE SCANDAL.

BY PHILLIPS THOMSON.

"'Tis a terrible scandal," the editor wrote,  
The words flowing fast from his pen;  
"It has deluged the land with its sickening  
filth,  
O'wherefore revive it again?  
"Why stir up the cesspool of moral decay,  
To pollute the whole land with its slime?  
Far better to hide it from daylight away,  
Nor turn back the record of crime!"

"Halloo, there!" he shouted, "is Wilkins  
within?  
If so let him haste right away  
And interview Tilton—a column at least.  
The Mudslinger beat us to-day.

"You, Johnson, will see Mr. Beecher as soon  
As he to the city comes back;  
Get all that you can—don't let any one know,  
Or the others will be on your track

"And, Smith, 'tis your task to see Sherman and  
Beach,  
Make them talk—well, you know what  
to do.

O'Reilly, you take Mrs. Tilton, and each  
Write up a good long interview.

"Jim, look over the files and synopsize the  
case,  
Omitting no spicy detail.  
To-morrow we'll give them six columns at  
least,  
And the paper will sell without fail."

Boston, April 17th.

JOSEPH'S FATHER.

"Joseph, Son!"  
It was the voice of Squire Bullie, an honored  
justice of the peace, an upright citizen, a consistent  
church-member, and a gentle village  
gentleman.

"Joseph, my son!"  
It was a very calm voice, soft and mild, yet  
full of determination.

Joseph heard, and, reluctantly releasing the  
cat, came with down cast eyes to his ancestor.

For Joseph knew, from the voice of that ancestor,  
that something was wrong.

"Sit down, Joseph."  
Joseph sat. He also stuck his knuckles into  
his mouth.

"Yesterday was Sunday, Joseph."  
Joseph did not seem disposed to controvert  
it.

"Tell me, Joseph, was not yesterday Sunday?  
Yes, sir."

And Joseph seemed very sorry that yesterday  
was Sunday.

"And is it wrong to fight chickens on Sunday,  
Joseph? . . . Did you hear me, Joseph?  
Is it wrong?"

"I reck-reckon so."

"And did you fight chickens yesterday, Joseph?  
Remember George Washington, Joseph;  
remember George."

But Joseph answered only with a watery  
sniff.

"Joseph, did you fight chickens yesterday?"  
Joseph gnawed his knuckles voraciously and  
slobbered.

"Joseph,"  
"That that Crump boy-oy, he come along,  
and I was a s-settin' on the fuh-fence, I was  
oo-hoo! I was."

"Well, Joseph, proceed; but no crying."  
"And he-he had a roo-hooster, he did, and  
our old Red was in the yard, and that Crump  
boy said, 'Shoo! I wouldn't have that old  
rooster, nohow!'"

"Go on, Joseph."  
"And I said—said, 'You oughtn't to talk  
that a-way—'cause it's Sunday.'"

"That was right, my son. Go on."  
"And he said: 'I bet \$50 mine kin whoop  
him.' And I said: 'You oughtn't to bet, 'cause  
it's Sunday.'"

"Nor on any other day, Joseph."  
"Then he said: 'You git owt, now! Yo'  
old daddy ain't no hin' but a hard-shell baptsis,  
nohow, and he robs po' widders on'n their  
milk-cows, too; an' I double-dare yer to open  
that 'ere gate an' lem my chicken git that old  
feathers an' bones!'"

"Did he say all that; and 'bout the widders,  
too?"

"Yes-sir-ee! And my fingers jus' got ter  
foolin' roon' the latch, an' fas' thing I know  
the gate slipped open, an' that Crump boy  
flung his rooster at old Red, an' away they  
went at it, ker-flopp!"

"And which got whipped, Jo?"

"Old Red, I tell you! Pa, you jus' oughter  
seen old Red spread himself, and I jus' hol-  
loed!"

"Old Re—ah! Joseph, Joseph, how often  
have I expostulated and taught you the duties  
of the holy Sabbath? Boys were different in  
my time." And he reached for the switch.

Joseph began to tune up again.

"Go on, sir."

"An' when I hol-holloaed for old Red that  
Crump boy lit into me, he did, an' tuck me  
side o' de head wid his fis' ye-es he did!"

"Did he? Hit you? Hurt you much? And  
—what did you do, Jo?"

"I lit into him, too; and we jus' fit it out  
—that's what—"

"Fit, eh? On Sunday? How often have I  
—and the Squire gathered Joseph by the  
coat, and tightened his grasp on the switch.

"Oc-he lit into me fas', and called me a son  
of a mud-turtle—yes he did too-oo!"

"Oh, he did, eh? And you got licked as  
usual, I reck'n."

"No-e I didn't! I whooped him!"

"Shuh! That Crum boy? Why he's bigger'n  
you, Jo. Did he—did he holla much?" And  
the Squire unconsciously loosened his hold on  
Jo's coat.

"Well, sir, I reck'n you can go now  
and pick up some chips. But look here, young  
man, never let me hear of you fighting any  
more, or I'll wear you out! Do you hear me?"

"Pa, no, Jo didn't whoop him." It was the  
Squire's other boy. "I see it all; and that  
Crump boy everlastin'ly went for Jo, I tell  
you!"

"J-o-s e-p-h, come back here! Now how was  
it, Willy?"

"That Crump boy jus' get Jo down, and got  
on top of him, and chugged and chugged him  
till Jo hollaed 'owh!' and said he give it up—  
and that's jus' how it was, too!"

The old gentleman again gathered Joseph,  
and this time the hickory descended hot and  
fast.

"Licked! agin huh! Licked agin! And you  
a son o' mine! Licked by a Crump! Ain't you  
ashamed of yourself? Nex' time you get to  
fightin' you hit the fus' lick—d'ye hear me?  
and hit it right under the gills—understand,  
sir? or plant it in the short ribs, or under the  
clim, and never let me hear of you squallin'  
'owh!' any more, and disgracein' whoop'd your  
daddy that way. Whooped! O you! Whooped  
by a Crump! Ugh!"

Ker-whuck! ker-whack! ker—!—!!!—Puck.

THE WRONG WAY.—Few young men respect  
girls who are ready to be wooed. Women are  
not meant to be wooers. The custom prevalent  
among a certain class of young ladies of asking,  
directly, or indirectly, the attentions of  
young gentlemen is not an admirable custom.  
A modest and dignified reserve, which is nei-  
ther prudery nor affection, should distinguish  
your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiar-  
ity and too evident pleasure in the society of  
young men are errors into which no delicate  
and pure-minded girl should fall, if she desire  
to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

The Irish Friendly Society  
OF ST JOHN, N. B.

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Eleven Tickets

FOR

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62—The following persons named below were the lucky  
winners of the large prizes in the Academy of Music  
scheme, June 29th, 1873. \$5 out of it for them. Mr. A. J.  
Carpenter, Montreal, \$16,000; Miss Annie Guthrie, St.  
John, \$2,000; Miss Bessie Dalzell, St. John, \$1,000; Mr.  
C. S. Curran, Halifax, \$1,000; Miss Katie Mahoney, In-  
sintown, St. John, \$500; Mr. A. F. Hunt, Quebec, \$500  
In addition to 1784 others, who received from \$5 to \$250  
each.

63—Your chance is as good now in proportion as theirs  
was on the 29th June, 1873.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION:—Can you afford the  
small sum of \$5 to do a public good, in addition to your  
chance of receiving a return of your investment, which,  
perhaps may make you comfortable for life.

Remit by Post Office Order or Registered Letter to

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P. O. Box 419,

St. John, N. B.

and Tickets will be Registered and sent to your address  
April 5

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

The sunshine of the heart be mine,  
Which beams a charm around;  
Wher'er it sheds its rays divine  
Is all enchanted ground!  
No friend of care  
May enter there,  
Though Fate employ her art:  
Her darkest powers all low to thine,  
Bright sunshine of the heart!  
Beneath the splendour of thy ray  
How lovely all is made:  
Bright fountains in the desert play,  
And palm-trees cast their shade;  
Thy morning light  
Is rosy bright,  
And when thy beams depart,  
Still glows with charms thy latest ray,  
Sweet sunshine of the heart.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAIRVILLE, April 24, 1878.

Mr. Torch.—I wish to bring before your enlightened readers a scheme fraught with many blessings for our beloved land. Not long ago a scientific lunatic conceived the idea of draining the Straits of Belleisle and so shutting off the ice coming south that by channel. He says, that thus the climate of Labrador would become milder, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence less tempestuous, and that a rich and fertile country would be opened to settlement, in another century to become as populous as Belgium and as rich as England.

Now, Sir, this seems a direct blow at our liberties and at the cod-fisheries, first in the establishment of a nationality to the north of us, to keep our ambitions in check, and secondly, in the impoverishment of the New Foundlanders, by driving their staple to remoter seas.

When the St. John River was first explored, wild grapes were found growing on its banks; and in the Mechanics' Institute Museum is a petrified orange tree, from the Pictou Mines. Why do not grapes and oranges grow here now? I will answer the question, by the statement of some facts of history.

At the head of the bay once flourished a race whom the truthful Longfellow has named "Evangelines." Living "in clover," in a fertile land with a delightful climate, a prosperous and happy people, they dyked their lands in peace, and were so regular in their attendance at church, and otherwise good, as not to need a Y. M. C. Association to keep them straight. Their prosperity however excited the envy of the ancient Haigonians, a neighbouring race, who crossed the country and smote the Evangelines. The Haigonians, ignorant but aggressive, seeing the dykes in the land, concluded that in them and the warm current from the south flowing between the Island and the main land, was the secret of the prosperity of the Evangelines, and that by a dyke from the island to the main land they could retain this warm climate for themselves.

So they built the dyke. But what a mistake! The current, as if in contempt, withdrew, leaving only a wide expanse of flats. The beautiful land became a desert. The ice-floes of the north, hitherto kept back by the warm current, chilled the waters of the Gulf, froze the warm rain to snow and hail, and sent wintry winds sweeping across the land. Soon the plant life was destroyed, the vineyards perished, and the orange groves were mercifully turned into coal.

Thus these wicked Haigonians, with their stupid dyke, destroyed our climate, and this is why grapes and oranges no longer grow here.

Now Sir, instead of draining the Straits of Belleisle, as that scientific lunatic suggests, I propose to remedy all this by digging out this old dyke, and letting that ancient current, the Gulf Stream, resume its course. Let the Gulf Stream again flow around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and northward through the Straits of Belleisle, tempering the waters and revivifying

vegetation, and even Greenland will have a climate like that of England. Of course this may be disastrous to Europe, and make ice as cheap in Paris, as it is here now; but it will restore our ancient rights and increase our commerce a hundred fold. Again our river will be lined with vineyards, and our marshes will abound with the finest game so that the Bay of Fundy instead of the Chesapeake will be the paradise of sportsmen. Again the orange and almond trees shall flourish, fogs will be unknown, and our city—the centre of a great rail road system, and with its fine harbor—will become the great City of America.

But the Doctor desires my attendance, I will only say in conclusion, that if any of your readers desire further information they can either address me through the Torch or visit me on reception days at the large brick building near the Suspension Bridge, where I am temporarily residing with Dr. Steeves.

Yours,  
L. Q. STAR.

BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, April 20, 1878.

Dear Torch,—Well here we are, scarcely realizing it, fairly launched into the Spring, and the feminine mind is already busily employed thinking about Spring clothes and "things." A walk down town through the stores, reveals such a wealth of beauty and taste in the various lines of goods that one's head is well nigh turned, and the only difficulty is how to make a selection from the many things so temptingly displayed. There are times when a mania for ugliness in both material and style seems to take possession of the leaders of fashion, and the uglier a garment the greater its popularity. But that cannot be said this season, and it would be hard for one following the mode to look ugly. There is, perhaps, however, one exception and that is the short kilt walking skirt, which is to our mind a clumsy affair, and we trust it will not be popular.

Gardens in the suburbs are being prepared for planting, though of course it is a little early to entrust the seeds to the ground. We are having delightful weather interspersed with the customary April showers, and green grass and budding trees show the result of our early Spring.

The topic of the week is the Italian Opera, and every one worth mentioning has either been or is going to hear those three celebrated prima donnas, Mme. Rose, Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary. The praise they have won in other cities has been well deserved, as large audiences every evening testify. Mignon is especially popular, and Mme. Rose as Mignon displays to full advantage her mezzo voice.

Another "walkist" has been trying to distinguish himself, he attempted to beat O'Leary's time in walking one hundred miles, but gave out at the nineteenth mile.

Fast Day, that welcome holiday, was observed in the vicinity of Boston at least, not wholly in that spirit of humiliation which the Governor's proclamation enjoined, for the base-ball season was opened by the different Clubs in and around the city, and on Charles River and Orient Lake several regattas took place.

At Williams and Everett's a fine collection of landscapes by well known American artists is attracting much attention. These pictures are to be sold this week and will doubtless bring the prices they deserve, for art is well patronized in this American Athens, as may be seen by the rapidity and ease with which \$100,000 was recently raised to build an addition to the Art Museum. This fine building is supplying a want long felt in the community, presenting as it does an opportunity for the people to see works of art that would otherwise be hidden to them, and aiming to furnish to students facilities equal to those found in any of the cities of Europe except the great capitals.

LEAH.

Why is the place where a bee deposits the honey like the life lead by a Roman Catholic clergyman? Because it's cell-o'-bee, see?

EXTRACT FROM REV. JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURE on "Education before Birth":—

"The immaterial part of us dominated. Panthea, Phocion's wife, and Cornelia, discussed this topic in Pliny's villa. Goethe said well authenticated instances were recorded of ante-natal effects upon the offspring, and asked why should not a morning rise on the suffering centuries. Why, he asked, have we not a right to spread abroad the knowledge of whatever God has made important? Strong passions in the mother reproduced themselves in the child.

The qualities actively exercised rather than those possessed were those that thus reproduced themselves. There was thus a chance for human improvement. Goethe quoted, as an instance, the mother of Flaxman, the sculptor, reproduced in the organic tastes of her child, Kingsley had as his master organic passion the love of scenery, which was a marked characteristic of his mother. An Irish mother who had a malicious and a kind child knew nothing of the cause of the difference. "Were you happy when the child was born?" asks Goethe. "Happy, is it? Happy when me husband tuk up wid another woman. I'd like to have killed her." "Were you happy when *this* child was born?" says Goethe, referring to the other child. "Yes," says the Irishwoman, "before she was born Pat was kind to me, and the woman had left the place." The lecturer read from Goethe another instance of a family all of whom were coarse except one, and she was born after the mother had been reading, with great delight, the poetry of Walter Scott. "How the immaterial dominates! There was a beauty, no perfect driving except in the matching of the white horse and the black."

BENGOUGH, the head decapitator, under the nom de plume of "Terry Terny," has been furnishing his paper, *Grip*, with sketches of his tour through the Maritime Provinces. We clip the following extract from his last letter:

St. John.—From the town av St. Stephen I win, back wast more to St. John, thinkin' mebbe I wud be so lucky as t' see what that misfortunate place lucked loike wchin the sun was shinin'. Av course I wasn't lucky enough. It was rainin' a sort av a damp fog all the while, barrin' the spheer av snow now an' then. I eudn't help thinkin' St. John ought to be called Josun a fur, begorra, it lucks as if the sun had gone back on it. I'd have the only way wan end see the sun in St. John is to shtay at a convaniant locality an' get some person to send a telegraft muntionin' that the sun was out, an' then take the express thair an' go down all av a suddin. I had a visit to Mr. J. S. KNOWLES, office av the TORCH, an' examined wid much interest his pun-makin' machinery. He towld me the instrumint worked purty well,—it mangles up words an' two-hits strait letters into what they call badicks—but he complained that it was hard labour turnin' the crank. I axed him if he eudn't dispense wid puns in his paper, but he gev me a luck like the play actor fwlin he exclaims, "Chaos is come again," an' sez he, "A honest pun is the noblest work av man." But JOSEPH is a good harted lad, afther all, an' there is plenty av min in the world t' o bether nor his worst puns. Av course I called to see me countryman Misher BOYD agin, but he visit wasn't long, as that gentleman was extremely busy. He is plained to me that he had a big pile av "extra luggage" to attend to, an' had to work harder than any impinent thafe, so I didn't shtay to take up anny av his time.

Prof Bell has associated with him Kate Field in introducing the telephone to the Englishmen.—*Boston Post*.

Prof. Bell will find Kate a belle abel to do the subject justice.

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## TORCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 27, 1878.

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the Common Council, having now the means to pay for improvements on lands held under lease from the city, will omit no opportunity of increasing the revenue from the Eastern lands. The leasing of these lands in former times at a nominal rental answered a good purpose in securing the settlement of the city. Now, however, they should be made to aid the revenues, and proportionately relieve the tax-payers.

THE ladies of the Centenary Church opened their Bazaar in aid of the building fund of that church, in Hamilton's Hall, on Wednesday evening last, and have carried it on with even greater success than was anticipated. The Bazaar has been conducted without the aid of grab-bags or lotteries of any kind, and has been a thoroughly enjoyable affair to those who attended it. The receipts are expected to aggregate about \$500. This Bazaar we believe is only preliminary to a much grander affair which the ladies of the Centenary purpose holding in the coming Autumn.

HARBOR COMMISSION.—The Board of Trade delegates on Tuesday last reported the success of their efforts to block the carrying into effect of a scheme by which the expenditure by the Dominion Government of \$500,000 in improving the Harbor of St. John would be ensured. Thus an irresponsible body—which is hardly able to keep itself alive, and in spite of the better judgment of some of its members, stopped a public work of permanent advantage to the city. The manifest willingness with which the Government seized the chance of retiring from their bargain with the Council, will not help them much in the approaching elections.

A CORRESPONDENCE discussion of the new American repudiation dollar question is going on in the *Canadian Spectator*.

## THE OPERA.

The citizens of St. John have enjoyed a rare musical treat during the present week, for which they are deeply indebted to Mr. Nannary, who has nobly redeemed his promise to bring down a first-class Opera Troupe; and he has reason to be thankful for the liberal support given him by the music loving portion of the community.

The week opened on Monday evening with "Martha," which was excellently rendered, Miss Marie Stone and Miss Adelaide Randall sustaining the characters of Lady Harriett and Nancy. Mr. W. T. Carleton as Plunkett, Mr. Clarke as Lionel, and Mr. Payson as Lord Tristram. Miss Stone sustained her part admirably, and, although it took some time to get the audience in a sympathetic humor, she was at times enthusiastically applauded. "The Last Rose of Summer" was charmingly sung and deservedly encored. Miss Randall, who is petite, piquant and pretty, won well deserved praise for the able rendition of her part. She possesses a fine rich contralto voice of great compass, and by the intelligent conception and nicety of her acting, gave evidence of artistic excellence as an actress. Mr. Clarke was pleasing as Lionel, and Mr. Carleton filled the role of Plunkett in a style which could not fail to please the most captious critic. His voice is a splendid baritone, full and rich and he displayed it to good advantage in the "drinking song," which he gave in such a spirited manner as to receive an enthusiastic encore. The ladies and gentlemen who took parts in the choruses did remarkably well, considering this was the first occasion on which they had all sung together; and the Orchestra, under the skillful direction of Mr. W. E. Taylor, deserve a good share of praise for the excellent instrumental support which they gave the vocalists.

On Tuesday evening a large and fashionable audience assembled to hear the grand old Opera of "Il Trovatore," and greet Miss Isadora Martinez, who made her debut before a St. John audience as Leonora. She possesses considerable elasticity of voice and excellent dramatic power, which she displayed to good advantage, especially in the prison scene, eliciting from the audience an enthusiastic encore. Miss Randall filled the role of Azucena with fine effect, and her felicitous rendition of "Back to our Mountains," in the last act, was, in the opinion of many, her masterpiece, and it was rapturously applauded. Mr. Hatch, who has a smooth, sweet tenor voice of considerable compass, took the part of Manrico very acceptably. His farewell in the prison scene was very fine, and the audience showed their appreciation by calling for a repeat. Mr. Carleton sustained the part of Count Di Luna with excellent effect, and his "Calm the Tempest in my Heart" was loudly encored. The other parts were satisfactorily sustained.

Belle's charming and sprightly Opera "The Bohemian Girl," drew another large and appreciative audience on Wednesday night, with Miss Stone as Arline, which she sustained remarkably well. She sang "I dream I dwell in Marble Halls" very sweetly, and received a well merited encore. Miss Randall, as the Gipsy Queen, threw life and spirit into the part, winning plaudits of praise from her many admirers. Mr. McDonald, in the role of Count Arnheim, did finely. He sang "The Heart Bowed Down," with feeling and expression, evoking from the audience, at the close, a hearty burst of applause. Messrs. Clarke, Cooper and Payson filled their roles acceptably, and the chorus and orchestra accompaniments were deserving of much praise.

"Il Trovatore" was repeated on Thursday night to a crowded house, and gave entire satisfaction.

Last night "Faust" was put on, and we are sorry that the early hour at which we go to press prevents us giving it a notice.

The increasing interest manifested by our citizens is the best evidence of the Troupe's popularity, and the prospect is that they will be greeted with crowded houses until the close of the season.

The arrangements for seating ticket holders have been well made, and the ushers deserve a word of praise for the courtesy and urbanity displayed by them in attending to their arduous duties.

The Opera selected for Monday and Tuesday evenings will be "Fra Diavolo," Wednesday, "Martha," Thursday and Friday, "Luciale Lammermoor," Saturday, "Maritana."

## SCALING A FENCE!!!

## A CHANGE OF CLIME!!!

## MISS RANDALL IN A NEW ROLE!

On Wednesday night, "after the Opera was over," the Auditor, supposing all the members of the Company had vacated the building fastened the doors and went home, locking in Mr. McDonald and wife and Miss Randall. After considerable difficulty they found an egress to the yard adjoining the St. John Church, but were still in as great a dilemma as ever, for the gate was locked, and the fence about ten feet high. Affairs assumed a serious aspect as the chances of escape seemed doubtful and the prospect of spending the night in a building with such limited sleeping accommodations was not very cheering.

A consultation was held and Miss Randall, who thought *ou fait* at going up a musical scale did not seem equal to the emergency of scaling a fence, finally *manfully* resolved, if Mr. McDonald would give her a "boost"—to try a "change of clime."

It was certainly a daring feat for those tiny little feet to attempt, but with the courageous pluck of a Jack Sheppard, and trusting to her antelopian sure-footedness she commenced the perilous ascent. By dint of perseverance, a tight grip and a sure foothold, she finally managed to reach the top of the fence, but the problem of escape is hardly solved yet. New difficulties obstruct her path. There are no cross pieces or cleets to step on getting down. An iron railing directly beneath her does not seem a pleasant thing to drop on suddenly, and the distance from the ground in the Egyptian darkness seems to be too much of a "leap in the dark," for the fair Contralto; but being of a plucky and persevering nature, she determined to try the descent, which she managed to make safely after several hair-breadth escapes, and landed safely on *terra firma*. The question then arose how to liberate Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, and a "happy thought" suggested itself to make her voice useful, and instantly the still night air resounded with a series of piercing shrieks which even woke up the policeman who was reclining in a neighboring porch. The facts of the case were made known to the "Bobby" who gallantly volunteered to procure a key and release the prisoners from durance *vite*. Miss Randall says "It's a dark night when she gets left."

COUN. ALLAN should have the assistance of the Council in his efforts to secure the early paving of Water street. The expense would do doubt be nearer \$8,000 than the amount named, \$4,000, but the public advantage from the improvement would well repay the cost. The saving in the scavenger fund alone would do much toward replacing the expenditure. If the City and County representatives should agree to authorize the issue of debentures, the money might be borrowed and the work put through before November. The only practical difficulty in the way is that of securing a proper foundation for the pavement.

[For the Torch.]  
PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 10.

Mr. Dymond is known to fame as "the Bald-headed Ananias of the *Globe*," and the epithet is a happy one in every respect. He is very bald, and his affection for the Ananias family is manifested very often by his distaste for truth. Mr. Dymond, in short, will have nothing to do with facts at all, unless he can marshal them in such a way as to convey an untruth. He must have worn the hair of the top of his head, butting the commandment (which one is it?) against lying, and has kept up the habit so constantly that the bare poll shines like the scales of a perch under water. His jaws are heavy, showing a strong appetite for something out of the ordinary fare of decent people, and covered with a heavy grey beard, mixed with black. When those huge jaws are fastened on a man's character they never let go until something gives way. He will have the piece if he dies for it the next minute. Those jaws keep up a perpetual rotary motion, showing the man's craving for some one's reputation to gnaw on. No ill-fated dog ever longed more ardently for bones than Dymond does for scandal. "He is on the scent of some ding nasty," is what rises in the mind as Dymond passes by,—the whole manner of the man being suggestive of scavenger duty. His liking for this kind of work is so great that he is given all of it to do, as a matter of course. He would resent, as meddling with his department the attempt of any other member of his party to get his nose into anything unsavory on the other side of the House. Discouragement does not damp his ardor for corruption, and he wonders at the distaste of others for his favorite pursuit, as the lover of old cheese wonders at any one's turning his nose up at worms. When he finds any sores, puritified or otherwise, he rejoices in the discovery, and gloats over the evidences of disease; but when he loses the scent, or arrives at the end of his chase and finds nothing there, he dances around like a dervish at his devotions, and howls even more loudly than when he finds something, trying to make up in wind what he lacks in matter. He is very indiscreet, allowing his passion for putridity to carry him beyond all decent bounds, and George Brown often says to him, in the words of the immortal Isaac Newton to his dog: "Ah, Dymond! Dymond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" But the work he does is part of the legitimate party warfare of the day, and his services are supposed to outweigh his indiscretions. Dymond is an ideal demagogue. He has all the mannerisms of his class, having graduated from the English school. The chief qualification for success is the art of counterfeiting deep convictions of duty, and an immovable purpose of acting on the high. Dymond has this art to perfection. The bold effrontery with which he will rise in his place and make high-toned appeals to the House against being supposed for one moment to have done things which he is known to do every day, takes the breath away from less audacious hypocrites. Time after time this session he indignantly repudiated all connection with the *Globe* correspondence, and then the dismissal of a reporter led to the revelation that Dymond had been in the habit of sending his slanders over that man's name. You cannot imagine the lofty air of the man as he inveighed, with a virtuous indignation that made him two feet taller than his fellows, against the unkindness, and the undeserved cruelty of the assumption, even for a moment, that he could have written anything which he would have blushed to sign his name to. His eyes beamed with frank openness, his voice was sympathetic with emotion, his face was turned upward in devout appeal to Heaven, his hand was on his heart, and the shine of his ivory scalp was brighter than the moon at the full. And still

he was imitating the Scripture worthy for whom he has been named! O ye who yet retain faith in man, who believe you can look in the depth of a fellow being's eyes and see the truth there, who fancy that none can lie so like truth as to deceive, stay away from Ottawa! Keep clear of Dymond, or your faith will depart from you and leave you with suspicion of all protestations of innocence and virtue. Dymond can get more tons of inference out of a given number of ounces of fact than any other man in Parliament or on the press. He can put two and two together and make a million with ease. A suggestion is as good as a demonstration for his purposes. It is not in one respect merely that he is a consummate hypocrite, not one of the smooth spoken, oily hypocrite, but a harsh-toned, high flying, self-asserting hypocrite. He speaks at temperance meetings, is enrolled among the champions of the cause, and considered one of their great lights, and yet takes his glass regularly, having the assurance to drink with the very men he assails in the *Globe* for drinking.

CLIPPINGS CRITICIZED.

There is a dead-lock in the San Francisco Council through the refusal of the Mayor to sign contracts for the new City Hall.—*Ex.*

Hadn't he better open the dead-lock with a skeleton-key?

When you go out to shoot wild cats you should have a "Long Tom," and not fool around with a fat ling gun.—*N. Y. News.*

That's so, if you go out on purr-puss to shoot that kind of game, but what does a wild cat amount to anyway?

The newspaper maker who enlivens his columns by stealing paragraphs, appeals to his readers with all the eloquence of a scissor-owe.—*Whitchall Times.*

Will the "Racy Item"-izer of the North Sydney Herald please cut the above item out and paste it in his hat?

A policeman's club is termed a "locust," because it is generally low cursed by the ruff-ruff of creation.—*N. Y. News.*

We always thought it was called a baton, because a prisoner who resists is liable to get a bat on the head with it.

Prompt people are planting their early vegetable seeds.—*Yonkers Gazette.* We should think so, for two regular beats came up in our office yesterday.—*Cons. Bulletin.*

Suppose you knew they were beats by their red-lip turn-up noses. They probably went up expecting that you would pass-a-"nip" to them. Lettuce pro-seed.

A baby in a basket was found in the corner of a rail fence in Pennsylvania the other evening. It is supposed to have been left there by Miss Stake.—*Worcester Press.* You're not posted. It was put there in hopes that some kind person would picket up.—*Norristown Herald.* When they asked the baby how it was, the infant admitted it was "cornered" for a reason.—*N. Y. News.*

The jokes are rail good, but isn't the desertion of a baby a pun-lishable of fence?

On the evening of his wedding, Lord Roseberry received a package from the bride-elect. It contained a small gold box, and in a separate envelope a pretty gold key. No letter accompanied the gift, nor instructions of any kind. My Lord, however, did not hesitate as to the use of the key. He opened the box. It contained the last check which Hannah de Rothschild would ever sign as a spinster.

Beautifully written in her own fair hand, it was drawn in favor of Lord Roseberry—\$1,000,000, payable to his order.—*Ex.*

She probably Rose-berry high in his estimation when he received such a handsome present.

WITH THY TRESSES.

With thy tresses, sweetheart bind me,  
Aye, a willing slave to thee,  
Never, never shalt thou find me  
Striving, longing to be free.

Serving glad in bonds forever,  
Counting still the service sweet,  
Nothing shall the dear chain sever,  
Living, dying at my feet.

—Minnie C. Ballard.

Minnie, when you mailed that poem,  
Did you think what folks might say?  
Though your parents, I don't know 'em,  
Sad, forsooth, they feel to-day.

That their daughter, when they date on,  
Sends such stupid stuff to print,  
Don't get riled, I merely wrote on  
Your account—no malice in't

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

—*N. Y. News.*

"Enrique," you're too hard on Minnie,  
Who with tresses, would be bound;  
Such a "willing slave" as she is,  
In this world is seldom found.

Try and make poor Minnie happy,  
Who for you would like to die;  
And, if you she asks to marry,  
Answer sweetly—"What d'yer soy?"

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 of Shower"—value \$20.
- 3rd do.—"The Evening Show"—value \$10.
- 4th do.—A Water Color—value \$5.
- 5th do.—A handsomely bound edition of "Laudle 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 town-man, 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. F. C. Know es, 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 \$10 (beside the commission) will be given to the person obtaining the largest list of subscribers between now and the first of June.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD will occupy our "Parliamentary Portrait" Gallery next Saturday, and as there are quite a number of his Grit friends who would like to see a naughty biography of Sir John, we advise them to send in their orders immediately. Our Ottawa artist has "laid himself out" on this portrait and every admirer of Canada's greatest statesman should have a copy.

WE PRESENT to our readers, to-day, a somewhat remarkable letter from an inmate of the Insane Asylum. The writer is a gentleman very well known in this city, and in conversation on ordinary topics seems perfectly sane. He appears to have no doubt whatever of his own sanity, and considers himself as the friendly guest and adviser of the Doctor. Now and again he has somewhat violent outbreaks but for the most part his mental derangement only displays itself in an absurd devotion to his favorite theories, as expressed in his letter.

**PITHY PERSONALS.**

Patti has mad e\$92,000 in Italy.  
 Joaquin Miller sails from New York for England to-day.  
 Wm. Orten, Esq., President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died suddenly of apoplexy in New York on Monday last.  
 Miss Fanny Churchill read in Sackville last evening.  
 Senator Lewin has returned from Ottawa.  
 Geo. A. Wood died suddenly on Wednesday night.  
 The *Freeman* says a daughter of Mr. Sam. Piercy, of No. 2 Engine Co., was abducted on Wednesday evening.  
 Zebedeo Ring, Esq., died in Liverpool on Wednesday evening.  
 The Government have offered a reward of \$400 to the finder of the body of Timothy McCarthy.  
 The Rev. W. Mitchell left for England, via Halifax yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Tilley gave a musical soiree at Government House on Wednesday Evening, which brought out the full strength of Celestial musical talent, and was, it is said, a very enjoyable affair.  
 O'Leary, at Dublin, completed his walk of 220 miles in 66 hours.  
 The health of Bismark is improving.  
 Councillor Harry Allan thinks the Chief of Police incompetent. Who would you like in his place, Harry?  
 Wallace Ross is training on the Kennebecasis for his race with Hanlan.  
 Mr. Thos. Cramp has been elected chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade.

T. A. Edson, inventor of the phonograph, will contribute an article to the May-June number of the *North American Review*, entitled "The Phonograph and its Future."

Charles Dickens's daughter and her aunt, Miss Georgiana Hogarth, the surviving executor of the great novelist, are preparing his letters for early publication.

Advices from Ottawa state that the House will prorogue next Saturday.

Jas. L. Dunn, Esq., has been elected a director of the Gas Light Co. Wouldn't *dm* be better for Collector? R. Blair, Esq., was re-elected President.

Thomas Nast, the celebrated caricaturist, is a native of Bavaria.

The book-keeper of the Tremont House, Boston, embezzled, was caught, and suicided.

Josh Billings is sejourning for a spell in San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Moffett, the ball-punch inventor, is a State Senator of Virginia.

**C. FLOOD,**  
 57 King St., - St. John, N. B.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
**PIANOS, ORGANS,**  
 Sheet Music, Music Books,  
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**PIANOS!**  
 MASON & HAMLIN,  
 AND SMITH AMERICAN  
**ORGANS.**

april 27-3m  
 To the Electors of the City of Saint John,

GENTLEMEN,-  
 I beg to inform you that I shall be a Candidate at the ensuing election of persons to represent you in the Assembly of this Province, and respectfully solicit a continuance of your confidence.  
 Your obedient servant,  
 WILLIAM WEDDERBURN.  
 apr 27

**ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF SAINT JOHN.**

GENTLEMEN,-  
 I respectfully notify you that I shall be a CANDIDATE for your suffrages at the coming election for Representatives to the General Assembly of this Province.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 CHAS. A. EVERETT.  
 april 24

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN.-As you will shortly be called upon to elect members to represent you for the next four years, I respectfully offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrage. I assure you that I am fully sensible of the high honor that has been already done me, in selecting me as one of the representatives of this large and growing Commercial City, and I trust my conduct in the Legislature has been such as to justify you in giving me your support in the approaching contest.  
 Should I be elected, I will endeavor, by every means in my power, to show myself worthy of the honor of being one of your representatives.  
 I have the honor to remain,  
 Faithfully your obedient servant,  
**ROBERT MARSHALL.**

april 24

WEAK AND SICKLY CHILDREN, with their pinched features and emaciated forms, appeal strongly to the best sympathies of everyone. Yet our sympathies are of but little benefit unless they take a practical form, and the sufferings from both Mental and Physical Debility be relieved by administering some strength-giving and nutritive Blood and Brain Food as *Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Lacto Phosphate of Lime*. It aids the processes of digestion and assimilation, re-vitalizes the blood and, supplying material for bone and muscle structure, furnishes the foundation for strong and healthy constitutions.

Prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B., and for sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

**NORRIS BEST,**  
 GENERAL IMPORTER OF

**Iron and Metals,**  
 No. 120 and 122 Water Street.  
 april 6-1y

**HOGAN & WALSH,**  
 Wine and Liquor Dealers,

Saloon, No. 3, - Magee Block,  
**WATER STREET,**

WHERE are kept constantly on hand the finest Brands of Foreign and Domestic  
**WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.**  
**OYSTERS, & C.**  
 april 6

**Custom Clothing.**

WE are showing at our establishment one of the best Stocks of  
**Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings,**  
 in the market, which we would make to order at very low prices.  
 THOS. LUNNY,  
 No. 9 King Street.  
 apr 6

**REMOVAL.** - HENRY GORRIE, Merchant Tailor, has removed to Dr. RING'S BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET.  
 march 9-1m



1878. Spring Style. 1878.  
**SILK HATS.**

WE have just received our SPRING STYLE SILK HATS. Also in stock - Extra large sizes of SOFT FUR FELT HATS, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4.  
 Hat and Fur Store, 93 King Street.  
 mar 2

**FISHING THREAD.**

WE have received a large Stock of GILLING THREADS, assorted, all numbers in use.  
 DAILY EXPECTED:  
 3000 lbs. Dressed Salmon Twine;  
 1000 " Undressed do.  
 For sale at Commission Prices.  
 feb 22-1f. T. R. JONES & CO.

**Real Estate Agency.**  
 THE subscriber begs to inform the public that he is prepared to negotiate loans on Mortgage and Real Estate in the City and Portland.  
 Parties desirous of transacting business are requested to call.  
 CHARLES W. WATERS,  
 Office Vernon's Building,  
 Corner King and Germain st.  
 feb 9

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