

[For the Torch.]

PEACE.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not
to the world giveth, give I unto you. John XIV: 27.
Peace be unto you. John XI: 19.

"Oh blessed peace! Oh heavenly calm! Elysium
of the breast,
When will this sad and weary heart 'neath thy
white pinions rest?
When will these weary feet of mine, rest in
thy pastures fair,
Where the voice of dimpling waters fills with
music sweet the air?
Oh blessed peace! Oh holy calm! Oh rest from
din and strife!
From all the spiteful, hateful ways, that hell,
make of this life,
From jealousy and malice, and from selfish acts
unkind
That blanch the cheek, and wring the heart,
and leave a sting behind
Sharp as a serpent's tooth, and a baneful shadow
ever fling
Across our path, and to our souls, like a dread
vampire, cling.
Oh peace of God! Oh sacred rest! from warring
words afar;
Oh heavenly calm ineffable! which naught of
earth can mar,
Be mine, all sinful though I be, and full of wild
unrest,
Shrive me, and take me to thy heart, a most
unworthy guest.
Lead me, Oh Shepherd of the sheep! beside
the shining calms
Of life's glad river gliding past heaven's ever-
lasting palms,
Give me by faith to see the light, the glorious
dazzling light,
That falls around thy pierc'd feet, where walk
the blest in white.
Give me by faith to feel the airs that are sweep-
ing sweet and low
Amid the trees of life on high, where immortal
flowers blow:
Give me by faith to catch the notes of the
glad triumphal song
Which rolls along the hills of heaven, and
through its groves of balm.
Give me, Oh Father God, give me, thy blessed,
blessed peace—
The sweet tranquility of heaven, where earthly
sorrows cease.

GLOW WORM.

[For the Torch.]

ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

No. 3. On Journalism.

What I admire in modern journalism is its
perfect freedom from reverence. In the eyes
of the interviewer divinity doth no longer hedge
a king. Around some immense criminal a dim
hallo of respect may yet linger, but even Boss
Tweed does not receive the adulation that he
once did. Cashiers bolting with the funds of
savings' banks, are so frequent and common-
place, that one really cannot keep up for them
the sustained admiration they deserve. A
regicide, now, or a person who would fry and

eat his gran'mother might draw the popular
heart—for a week. I fear it has always been so
during a high civilization, — Reverence dies
out.

My gracious and illustrious friend the Cardinal
Masuccio Polichinello, when recently search-
ing for his bible (which had been mis-laid),
chanced to come across an extra of the Roman
Mercury, of date ides of March B. C., 44, which
he was good enough to send me, and which I
present to the readers of the Torch in con-
firmation of the above theory. Some commen-
tators have expressed an opinion that there
are several anachronisms in the fragment of
antiquity, but I think not. The extra is neatly
printed on hot-pressed papyrus, and a memo-
randum on the margin, made with a stylus,
gives the foreman's affidavit that DMCVLXX
XVII copies of the first edition were struck off.
The following is a free translation:

"Second Edition!

MURDER OF J. CESAR!!

Bill SHAKESPEARE up!!!

"In our first edition we gave full particulars
of the assassination of the bloated aristocrate,
J. Cesar, by our esteemed townsmen Brutus
and the rest. Our reporter has just returned
from the scene of operations with full particu-
lars that can be had in no other paper. Our
cotemporary the *Fisces* may grovel in the slime
of his own mendacity, and that scurrilous ruf-
fan the *Lictor*, may howl his lies in the market
place, pretending to give particulars; but as
the *Fisces* reporter was never there at all, and
the *Lictor* man was picked up by the police in
his usual beastly state of intoxication, we are
in a position to give our million readers an ex-
clusive account in that high-toned style that has
made the *Mercury* the organ of the masses, and
the banner paper of Rome. Subscription one
dollar per annum, invariably paid in advance.

"BRINGING IN THE BODY.

"The corpus of the late swell having been
placed on a stretcher was brought out and laid
on two dry goods boxes in full view of the
people.

"W. S. ON THE STAND.

"As even the meanest criminals have occa-
sionally a friend, the deceased tyrant found
one in the person of William Shakespeare,
Esquire, the enterprising impresario of the
Globe theatre, whom we beg to remind that
our complimentary pass to the dress circle has
almost expired, also that the *Mercury* job office
continues to execute first-class printing, such
as wall posters, little williams and the like,
cheaper than can be done elsewhere in town.

"Amid loud cheers the Globe impresario
climbed the rostrum of Pomponius & Co., auc-
tioneers. Old Pomp,—his factious friends call
him *youngie fanchie*,—objected, but finding there
was some likelihood of being torn in pieces by
the people, gracefully assented, observing in
reference to the deceased, that "that impartial
lot had been long going, going, and was now
gone,—knocked down—given away in fact,"—
an observation that was well received.

"With a graceful bow such as he uses when
he advances to the footlights, W. S. presented
himself and begged to make a few feeble re-
marks. [Cries of *can't do it, boss!—no money
returned,—music!—up with the rag, &c.*] Un-

heeding these interruptions the orator pro-
ceeded:

"Friends, Romans, fellow-citizens, I come to
bury Cesar not to praise him. [Cries of *bully
for you!*] The evil that — [That's so—pro-
pel!] He was my friend; [great laughter]
gentle and just to me; [oh! oh!] honorable
man, [rayther!]

"Here the uproar became general.

"When our reporter returned from around
the corner, where he had been seeing a man,
the orator was showing the holes in the deceas-
ed's ulster where Brutus knifed him. Shots
now began to be heard in the crowd, and the
excitement of the people to be wrought up to
the highest pitch, which was intensified when
Bill said, the lamented Cesar had left \$20,000
to provide free lunch and lager twice a week
in Central Park. [If this is true it materially
modifies our opinion of the defunct.—Ed.]

"On being thus made aware of the gross out-
rage perpetrated on our late esteemed fellow-
citizen by Brutus,—who never was of much ac-
count any way,—the crowd rushed to the Quir-
inal Hotel, where Brutus and his committee
boarded, on purpose to lynch them, but Jim
Snodgers, the gentlemanly clerk, got them out
of a back window, where seizing a hack they
drove rapidly up Broadway. Mr. Shakespeare
mopped his head with a blue banana hand ker-
chief, and remarked to Dion Boucault:
"Mischief! thou art a foot!" to which Dion
replied: "Guess so,—they drove like mad-
men through the gates of Rome"

(Further particulars in our next.)

[For the Torch.]

REFLECTIONS.

As a rule the genus "homo" scarcely ever
live in the present. The mental eye gener-
ally gazes retrospectively, and scenes that are
gone, and whose harsher lights and shadows
have become mellowed down by distance and
age, appear in panoramic vision before the
gaze of the muser. Sometimes the future en-
gages the attention, and fancy conjures up a
pleasing spectacular drama, which, alas! is
but a conjuration, and which never shall follow
in the sequence of the events to come. The
events of the moment but seldom furnish their
quota of pleasure in the moment. It is only
when they become things of the past, that they
become appreciated. Such is life, and it is
well that it is such. It is well that the mind
can free itself from corroding care and present
unpleasantness, and can revert to the brighter
spots, that are like oases in the desert.

It is well that the human mind is so created,
and that the powers of the imagination make it
a pleasure giving function.

It is well that a thick veil is drawn so closely
over the future, for did we but know what
shall transpire, our lives would be occupied in
a fruitless and continual paroxysm of planning
and projects.

Our endeavor would be to shape our own
ends and ignore our destiny.

The result would be a world of miserables,
continually crying for the mountains to fall on
them. The sorrows alone of the future would
engage attention, and when added to the cares
of the present, life would be unbearable.