

For the Torch!
THE REFORMERS.

BY "BLUE RIBBON."

There was a young man who got tight;
To his home he went drunk every night;
But he now wears the blue,
He is steadfast and true,
And his future looks cheerful and bright.

If you meet one who's trying to mend;
Treat him kindly, and act as his friend;
Don't ask him to drink,
For he stands on the brink
Of eternity—where there's no end.

Now brothers, be faithful and true;
And never "go back on" the blue;
Don't mind the world's jeers,
But think of the tears
That at home have so oft flowed for you.

And when you are tempted to stray
From the "Club of Reformers" away;
Ask for strength from on High
And the Tempter will fly;
Be a man, and resolve to say "NAY."

There's a heart that is noble and brave,
But to Rum he's been always a slave;
Stretch out your right hand,
Take him into the band
Of Reformers, whose mission's to save.

In pure water I now drink success
To Reform Clubs, and Heaven will bless
The efforts of all,
Who raise those that fall,
And help the poor drunkard's distress.

[For the Torch]
ESSAYS.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BRASSY.

NO. 1.—ON FRIENDSHIP.

Pascal with his *Pensées* was a person who knew a little, but not much. Rochefoucault has caught a glimmering of truth in his "Maxims," but dim, sir, dim. Other makers of aphorisms have been very dull dogs. They had not the opportunities that I have had. How should they? I have moved in the best society. I once knew a man who was second cousin to a baronet. My board, at fashionable hotels, has cost, for a week at a time, as much as four dollars per diem. I always change two shirts a week and never wear paper collars. Besides I am not above hobnobbing with anybody (if respectable, mind you.) in the cause of Truth. Hence I am Sir Oracle, and really no dog ought to bark. It is true that my enemies—for every great man has enemies—incorrigible doits, say that I am an insufferable gossip and exasperating twaddler. But what of that? The finest creatures in the animal kingdom are equally maligned. The ass is full of intelligence, and the goose is a bird of much observation.

Here are my views on Friendship. A friend is a pre-arrivert person, who sees your fine qualities more clearly than others do. Hence he attaches himself to your society. Is such attachment to be gratuitous? Is he to derive all the advantages of contact with your superior mind? Reason forbids. Advantage should be reciprocal. Now, admiration, and all that, are merely sensational and impersonal. The only just medium of exchange, in the present stage of civilization, is cash. Cash is tangible, admiration is not. Admiration is tribute paid to your superior qualities. Tribute is always payable in coin. Hence if your friend, as is very likely to be the case, possesses coin while you have none, is it not his duty to devote a portion of his superfluity to you as a tribute of admiration, even as votaries lay their gifts on the altar? A very limited intelligence can see that.

Therefore it is evident that your friend ought

to provide for your necessities. There are many ways of inducing him to do this. One way, that has been tried with much acceptance, is to persuade him to endorse a note by placing his name thereon merely as a—matter of form. This ought to gratify him to see his name placed on terms of equality alongside of the name of the person he so much admires. Moreover, it makes the time run rapidly in quite a friendly manner for the next three months after date. At the expiry of that time, it is judicious to tell him you have been disappointed in receiving remittances from your uncle, thereby inducing him to sign a renewal, with the interest added for three months more. Thus the rosy robe of friendship has been spread over half a year. A large section of a man's life. After such a lapse of time friendship grows stale. Then the wise man changes his residence without leaving an address. The friend pays the note and, ever after, you remain among his pleasant memories.

Again—what is life without amusement? One long and cheerless round. And how simple are the means of enjoyment. Only a few balls, and some little squares of card—the latter invented as amusement for a king—the former as the innocent pastime of Cain and Abel when they were boys. Now here is a piece of close reasoning: if your friend admires you, it is because he thinks you are his superior, therefore you ought to be his superior, even in the little matter of cards and dice and balls. In most cities professors are to be found who, for a consideration, will impart spells, by which aces will come when called for, and balls pocket themselves where desired,—little secrets, like the *coup de Jaruaek*, that give one assurance of his own skill. Friends rarely know these little mysteries. The man who appreciates friendship does. Therefore it is his duty to teach them to his friend. Not by theoretical explanation, but by the medium of bought experience. Experience, you know, has a monetary value, and who has a better right to pay for it than a friend?

Is civilization a mistake? Are all the poets, from Anacreon, wrong? Absurd to think so! Yet they all sing:

What is life without the rosy—rosy,
Rosy—rosy wine,

which includes, doubtless, all modern substitutes therefore. Let us therefore content our friendship with our friend, by plying him with the rosy, especially before entering on the above little games,—taking care to keep cool ourselves. This will make the play vivacious on his part, and probably lucrative to us. And, if the friend be overcome by our generosity, what are city watchmen for but to convey gentlemen home and to see that the wing of friendship never moult a feather.

Sometimes friends, out of the fullness of their hearts, pay so large a tribute to friendship that they become poor. Sad. Quite affecting to a rightly constituted mind. But it then becomes due to one's self to drop their acquaintance. As the poet beautifully remarks:

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
A dreary sea now flows between,

and so forth. And as nothing is more distressing than the remembrance of past joys, the best way then, is to pass them in the street without recognition. Sometimes unfeeling well-to-do men (and how shocking is intolerance!) will remark of these stranded friends, "poor devils! ruined by gambling and intemperance." On such occasions the correct thing to do is to look sad and sigh.

Jacob Harniss was executed the other day in Tennessee. The Sheriff put on the halter and took off the Harniss.—*Worcester Press*. And left Jacob a waggin'.—*Oil City Derrick*. He is probably a little *buggy* by this time.—*Whitehall Times*. Gone where they have no sleighing.—*Danvilleville Sentinel*.

It will soon be difficult to "trace" this paragraph to the right moose-paper.

IN OUR ARTIST'S STUDIO.

BY OUR OCCASIONAL LOAFER.

Well, you see, Mr. Editor, I hadn't much to do the other morning and so I thought I'd look into Mr. Pencil's rooms, and a pretty nice place he's got there too, I can tell you. He'd just been down to the Police Court, and made a remark as I came in, about an olfactory change for the better. At all events he was using a Cologne sprinkler pretty lively. When he saw me he sprung out something about æsthetic tastes, and went into an argument about art and perfumery and music, and he made a very conclusive show too, how they relatively stood to each other in regard to their particular relations to the eye, the olfactory sense, and the organ of hearing. He talks well, and I like to hear him, one always feels, well—a little more elevated in tone after he's had a half an hour in his rooms.

By this time he had got out his palette and brushes, and a black meerscham, at the same time directing my attention to a box of real "Cubans," that, no doubt, you are acquainted with; and he puffed, painted and parveled, pretty much after the manner of a machine, at least, as far as effort was concerned; for one seemed to come as easy to him as the other, and the third as both.

"I like our own scenery," he said, "as well as that of any country. We have a diversity of landscape and sky that can only be found in America, and only in that part of the Temperate Zone which does not extend more than five or ten degrees to the north or south of the parallel of latitude on which we lie."

"Now, you see this 'bit,' well it embraces a charming variety, all in a small space. Here is meadow-land, water, hill, and sky, grouped in such a manner as to appear almost improbable, to one not accustomed to our peculiar scenery; yet it is a sketch from nature, and a true one."

"It is one of my Norton sketches," he answered to my inquiry, "I had a pleasant time the few days I spent up the Valley last season. This year I intend spending a fortnight on the St. John."

"Do you see that piece on the easel, near the back window, that was done by a friend of mine in Boston."—"Moonlight along the coast."—"It is a beautiful thing. He has caught the spirit of the scene and has given 'life' to the motion of his waves. Do you notice how they catch the refulgent beams on their tips? It is certainly a pretty thing. I think there is something charming in moonlight, and I don't wonder Poe wrote—

"For the moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

I think moonlight turns our thoughts to contemplation of things we love, especially when accompanied by a lullaby of the waves of the sea. I should like to live in direct contact with nature. It must be splendid sleeping under the open sky. I should like it immensely.

I ventured, that it would be rather a risky experiment for one of his physique.

Just then Milock came in, and helped himself to a cigar. Pencil, who is painting a portrait of Milock, asked him if he came for a sitting.

"No," he answered, "there's a small party of us going out to the beach this afternoon. Won't you come?" "You come, too," he said to me. After a moment, as a special inducement, he said, "Maffine's going too, so you'd better come." I declined with thanks, but Pencil thought he'd go, "such a splendid chance for a marine sketch," he said, "besides you can shoot sand pipers or pitch quoits." I believe they went. I'll find out all about it and let you know next time I call.

CREON.