

COME BACK TO ME.

Oh! where are ye, bright happy days,
Ye gay and radiant hours?
When life to me was as a dream
Of sunshine and of flowers.
Alas! how little then I thought
How transient ye would be!
How soon that I should sigh in vain:
Come back—come back to me!

Oh! where are ye, my early friends,
The dead, the true, the loved;
Who shared my happy childhood's mirth.
Have ye, too, transient proved?
No, no! that thought I could not bear.
For, oh! with heartfelt glee
I cling to hope, that whispers still,
Ye will come back to me!

LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, Mass., April 2.

MY DEAR HULDA,—

I want to no if you have been down to the city of saint John latelee. if you have ease me mind quicklee bi tellen me if there is any truth in the stories I hear concerning ic. the verree are is full of rumors about wat a dirtee, nastee & filthee place ic has got to be since i left. Wile seten in the korridor the other mornin smoken a sharoute, i herd quite an any-mated discusshun about the good sittee of st. John, & the deplorabl konditshun of its streets One gentellemen said he never seed anything like it in all his life, & he has traveled all over Africa and feegee islands. Mud, mud, he said in some places up to your nees, & mind you, on the princible streets 2, tha all wonderit why the sittee people tolerated such ninnes in office. "The idea," as one man said, "of a 'Watch-maker' holden the office off inspektor of streets wen he didden know how to clean a watch," and then he said, by jimittee, the ladies ware ferrered akross some of the streets in kanoos & at other times wood waddell tru ic like a woomen stirrin porridge. how tha must sware in wardlee at that sort of thing. everree time the steamer and kears arrive, you can hear the passengars talken about it, & point to thare boots as a speemen of Saint john mud; & yet I understood, the verree growlers, that is the respectable citizens, elected the verree fossils to office agin. Why, do you no, hulda, tha woodent tolerate sich a konditshun of things here in the hubb, no, not 3 minits, but would call on the hole pack to resin, & if tha didden, evera mother sole of eea wood be hangen to lamp posts before the kock krowed next mornin; and by gosh, that is the proper way to dew.

I must tell you, hulda dear, wat a grate cin I kommitted last Sunda the mayear asked me down to sea the muscehim of fine arts on the back bay. I went, & wat dew you think I see, why the galleries is trown open everree sunda to the people to kome & see the picturs. Onlee think of it, dear Hulda, in this pureantnickel seat of larnen. I saw it myself, & dew you no I felt shamed to think the sabbath was broken in that manner. fansee a big krowd of men, weeman, children & infants prowlin around from room to room looken at pictures of angels with wings and without, devils wid tales, & sheep & cows & men in fitein attitudes, picturs of men who died, bled, & left thare bones to bleach on some distant paster, & many others who didden bleed, & so on all thro the katalog. Me konshuns smote me muchlee, & I said to his worship, let us leave this den of inkutee, & drowsh the remembrance of it in a mug of sider. Correct, he said, & in a half an hour I was enjoyen the hospitallity of the Somersett club on Park street.

I guess i wont rite any more to night, so i will bid you good nite, & kisses to all.

Adew until death does

us part,

JOSH MUFF.

P. S.—cant you send me some butter milk in a jug. i want it for meedisaalee purposes.
JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, April 15, 1878.

THEATRICAL.

Dear Torch.—Things generally in the amusement line here are moving on quietly but effectively. At the "Boston" last week we had the "Danites," and when the management gave matinees, the attendance day-an-nights was good. At the "Museum" the clever actor, Lawrence Barrett, played his fourth and last week of his engagement, and the attendance showed that the public could bare it for some time to come.

At the "Howard," the lively and entertaining burlesque of "Robin Hood,"—and the *Robin* who did it was Miss Nellie Larkell—and as there is a beautiful bird scene in the extravaganza, the management seem to feel that the addition of a *Lark* 'll make it successful, and the management are right.

At the "Globe" the *Hess* English Opera Troupe held forth, and the *Hess*-ians made a great success—in fact the attraction was so excellent that it made such a *prhessure* upon the pocket-books of the denizens of the "Hub" that the Temple did a *rushin* business.

More by-and-by,

JEMS.

FALL.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Man who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrog their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have sent the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boasts that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him, a writ is read for the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his life-time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral scive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

The Troubles of Life.

It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do, they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and ragged, and thorny. They will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward; while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has sufficient reward, and of that he is certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. That will always buoy him up and support him in the darkest hours.

The death of a woman from what is said to be hydrophobia, resulting from the bite of a cat, is repudiated this morning.—N. Y. Herald.

THE GROCERY CLERK.

W. B. WILLIAMS.

Oh, sweet is the life of a grocery clerk,
It is happy and free from care—
Except that he has to work in the night,
And can never neglect his hair.

While shoveling sugar he laughs and chats
On the questions that may a-riee,
And he knows just how to open the door
In a way that is really nice.

Sometimes of course he must cut salt pork,
But swine not do this as well
As be writing poetry, or teaching school,
Or ringing the milk man's bell.

And it's oh, such fun, to bundle up starch,
Batter clerk of the high degree,
But rarely appears in the least way stiff—
He does the thing up to a tea.

When baking powder he sells to a girl,
Then it must be jolly to say—
"My little miss dough not fail to come up
And purchase some other day."

And if she buys nutmegs, or coffee or cloves.
Or spices, she's sure to reply—
"I ne'er cin-na-mon as polite as you are;
Please give me some blueing—I dye."

Let's soap, then, friends, ere we shut up shop,
And turn from life's crackers and cheese;
We all can be clerks, and wait on the girls,
Who purchase potatoes and peas.

And if it be so, lettuce never neglect
To open the grocery on thyne,
Nor artlessly cabbage the wealth from the till,
Or think three cent piece a dime.

—Fallon Times.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

.....At what per (s)cent can you obtain col-
loan?

.....SYNONYMOSS—E-clips-e of the sun, and
hiding of the son.

.... Two editors, after blowing each other
up editorially, came to blows corporeally, and
a plunny reporter described the combat as A
PAPER MILL!!

.....Can a bird be on nest when its a robin?

.....Rents are enormous, as the poor fellow
said when he looked at his coat.

.....A new development of insanity—If a
mad man becomes madder he's fit to dye.

.....Does a raise in the price of gas improve
the rays of light?

.....To a criminal who is sentenced to be
hung and waiting to hear of a commutation,
"No noose is good news." He don't like how-
ever to be kept in suspense.

.....A negro monarch should be highly
polished, being a black-k-nyg.

.....Oculists say that wearing nails is the
cause of many diseases of the eye, but what
a nails such statements, as long as they're
fashionable.

.....Is a man who is not a friend to the N.
Y. Daily Graphic a foe-to-Graphic man?

TEA-TABLE SCENE.

SMART SIX-YEAR OLD—"Papa, can you tell
me why the ice in the river, after it is broken
up and gets wedged up at Frederickton, is like
these preserves?"

PAPA—"No, Johnnie, I can't see the similar-
ity; why is it?"

JOHNNIE—"Because its an ice current jam."
Papa faints.