

(For the Torch)
"A ROSARY OF SONNETS."

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Gentle Spring.

"Hail, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness hail!"
Thus quoth the poet, and his prayer prevailed,
For scarcely had he tuned his lyre to sing
Before the weather altered and it hailed!

Small Beginnings.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the boundless land."

Little nips of whiskey,
Little horns of beer,
Make the high old bender
And the drunk severe.

Response to a Request for an Autograph.

To send an autograph aright
You ought to graphically write.
But, wooed too oft, the readiest muse
Compliance will at times refuse;
So these few hasty lines I scrawl,
'Nuf eed—the end—amen—that's all.

Sad Experience.

How oft does genial hope spring up
The downcast heart to cheer,
Like wine that sparkles in the cup
Or foaming lager beer.

How oft does disappointment come
Directly after that,
Like beer that doesn't froth or foam,
As stale and sour and flat.

(For the Torch)

LETTERS FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.

My dear hulla,—I once more take me pen
in my feeble hand to rite you. "Oh how aw-
ful sick I have been since I pened me last let-
ter to you & all oin to me grate appetite i had
at the grand banquet, wich i peetook off wid
the poates of the kountree. I append a frac-
shun of the bill of fair.

- Wild Turkey from Africa,
- Red head ducks,
- Blu bill widgeen,
- Spring tale ducks from Californie,
- Green wing teal,
- Grouse from Illinoes,
- Quales, larded,
- Spruce partridges, from Manatoha,
- Venisen & peach jeece.

PUDINGS.

Marmelade & apple jack.

PIES.

meat, squash, punkins, potatoes, Lemon, &
plumb pies.

ICE KREAMS.

sherbut, Lemen, bull-foot jelly, black manger
& cranberry frozen.

DESERT.

strawberys, blue berrys, rasberrys, cranberrys,
crab apels, rasons, plums, cherries, & huckel-
beres.

Cofee, tea, ice water, spruce beer, & wooden
tooth picks, &c., a very nice sit down, but it
was wantin in one thing, & that was,

The light that lys
In woomens ies,

is it any wonder dear Hully I was sick, "oh
how I pine for my native are & spruce covered
hills I thought the novelty of the ting
wood soon ware off, but I find it is only jost
begun. "by jiminy" what a splended, nise dear
nurse i had to take care of me, would kome
me here evere morning & evening & part it
in the middle so pretty, jst the way charley
the garden sass fellow d.e. I was on the
pint of tellen her 15 or 20 times, how much I

loved & worship her, but your angelick face
dear hulla, would rise up before me, & then I
would si for my native land, oatenalog. How-
ever, I assured her on my bendad nees i
would take her for my 2nd wife. I swow, at
that, if she didnt fill up wid gush, & blush all
over like our speckled rooster; kissed the
skirt of me linen duster & thank me lots of
times; I am be goli darned if she didnt look
as perty as a picter. You can't blame me,
can you, for bein ex-fatuated.

I have jst received a note from the citee
farthers to take a sled ride, to morro & see the
surburbs.

In the mornin i was up brite & arlee,
breakfasted on mush & eals, thin put on me
knew suit of homespun & made tracks for the
lobee ware i invested in 3 for 5 cent cigars, &
a mightee good smoken that is too, soon an ex-
straordinaryare big sled wid horse all round
& i covered with the flags of all nashuns, hove
in site halled by 20 black hosses, on each hoss,
was a chinee lamp, to be lit at night. I swow
it was an awful pertye site, I was helped into
me coat bi his worship, who kome-nnekate, &
a grate mance historical facks, in konectshun
wid the historee of his forefathers, we went up
Handover to Tremont & stoped at Atwoods, for
a smile. I was introduced to Mr. heaton Bod-
low, Lanerung Frost & all the bon ton, of
beakon hill, smiling agin, we started, escorted
by 50 policemen mounted on white hosses &
led by deteckive Harding. The streets ware
lined wid people & huraywed all the time the
winders ware filled wid em & they all did it.

mance pints of interest ware shone me, one
thing in pertickular struck me, & that was,
the women washing the steps of the houses,
thalived in, wid water, & it 20 degrees be-
low zero, of course i frozeed on the steps &
sidewalk, & I should think made it verree
healtie for the predestrians to walk on, how verree
redickless, I said. Yes was the answer, it is
one of the kustoms of this grate kountree.
Soon we arrived at brighten, smiled, & hashed
& then visited the grand kittle circus, ware
you can by a hoss all the way from 2 cents up
to 10 dollers, & by jimnetee, jst the kind of foder
for a sassage factoree.

I saw in the drumm distins a big chimnee as
I thought, of a Saw Mill, i was informed that
it was bunker hill monymunt ware thure grand
cires fit, biad, died, & retired before the british-
ers & gained a kolossichal victoree. I re-
marked gentlee that my grand dad tooked
part in that skrape, & tha all said wid one
voice, "I want to no," "dew tell," &c., &c. I
assured them it was so, as we drove up to
Johnstones, I had the good fourtune to meet
Friend V. Hovee, who had jst received a pack-
age of Kough Mixer from Finn; we enjoyed
ourselves dancing & lookin at the chestnut hill
reservoir. I was tickled at the stile of the
way tha doo things here. On our way back
to the citee, nothing of importencee took place.
In the evening I was invited to musick hall
to hear the renound would be Govenor Genl.
Ben Butler, speake on the fisheree ward, about
all I could make out was, that the Govern-
ment ought to give Kronooes to everee fisher-
man from Eastport, to kape cod engaged, in
that hasardous okupachun, katchen, lake &
shud, & it would be an inducement to farciners
to come over & take a hand in the busines, as
he new tha ware fond of that sort of thing,
howsoever take it all in all, it was a most
erdorser orachun. Notwithstanding it wasent
a verree good weak for orachun. I feel better
to night, & to morrow I will rite a lot more
adoo from your eternal Love

JOSH MUFF
P. S
send on me socks, & darn the hecals, &c.

N. B. "Oh yes," I want some hemlock &
flag roots, to make a poultice for a boile on mi
ear.

When is a mole like cheese? When it's
mole dead.

STAGE SPARKS.

Kate Denin is Mrs. S. Ryan.

Harry Bloodgood is Carlo Manreau.

Dominick Murray's right name is Moran.

Oliver Doud Byron is Mr. Oliver B. Doud.

Miss Leona Dare is Miss Bridget McCarthy.

Miss Lucille Western was Mrs. James Harri-
son Meade.

Robert Buchanan, the poet, has written a new
play, which is soon to be brought out in London.

L. M. W. Steere has been engaged by Man-
ager Stetson to pilot an "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
Company through Canada.

McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard, Louis Al-
drich, Charles T. Parsloe and the other "Dan-
ites" begin a two weeks' engagement at the
Boston Theatre on Monday, 25th inst.

Mary Anderson has refused to play the part
of Rosalind in her Southern tour, on the ground
that she considers it unmaidenly for a young
girl to appear in a boy's dress, and thereby ex-
hibit her person.

John C. Cowper returns to England to re-
sume his old position as leading man of the
Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of
Henry Irving. He will take with him Colonel
Richardson, pupil of H. L. Bateman, as man-
ager. They leave about June 1.—Boston Society.

A new dramatic version of "Uncle Tom's
Cabin," said to be superior to anything yet pro-
duced, has been running at the Boston Howard
during the present week with Marion Fiske as
"Topsy," Miss Louisa Morse as "Ophelia,"
Mary Davenport as "Eliza" and John Davies,
another old St. John favorite, as "Deacon
Perry."

Mrs. Flora E. Barry sang during the past
week at the Academy of Music in Baltimore.
She was made the recipient of several floral
tributes, and of a more substantial gift after
the concert.

Walter H. Stuart, the well known "man
without arms or legs," who has been so long
at the Boylston Museum, has accepted an en-
gagement at the American Museum in New
York.—Boston Herald.

No arm in saying that a legless actor cannot
play leg-itimate business.

Laura Joyce of this city is very popular in
Baltimore. The Monumental City knows what
is good when it sees it.—Boston Express.

Hoop! la-re-joice ye modern Athenians.
W. H. Whiteneck has pitched the Eliza
Weatherly Froliques Company to success.
They are closing an excellent business out
West, playing in all the principal cities to
crowded houses. It is expected they will re-
turn East in May for an extended tour of the
New England States.

Domestic Dialogue.

HUSBAND.—"I see dear by the paper, that a
society is being organized in New York for the
prevention of cruelty to Husbands."

WIFE.—"I thought it was animals, but it's
just the same." The husband thinks there was
something of a sarcastic nature in her re-
ply, although he is not quite certain of it.

"A THING OF BOO-Y," &c.—If swinging
signs are not in order, why is that horrible
looking boot allowed to be hanging in front of
Greany's Boot and Shoe Store on King St.?
But as it is only a one foot projection, perhaps
it's not illegal. We wont charge Mr. G. for
this free ad.