

(For the Torch.)
ELSIE OF DINGLE BAY.

They are robing the bonny young bride,
Fair Elsie of Dingle Bay;
With roses they've crowned, with ribbons
they've bound

Fair Elsie of Dingle Bay;
For this is her bridal, why cometh he not?
Who hath stolen his innocent heart away?

In the rapturous nights of June,
When heaven seemed earth to greet,
They roved by the shore, while he told o'er
and o'er

A story of love most sweet;
And the night wind sighed through the way-
ing boughs.

While he laid his true heart at her feet.

Her mother looked out from the turret high
With an anxious and troubled gaze:
"He will soon be here, child you should not
fear—

Some mishap his steps delays."
But puls grew the cheek of the beautiful bride
As snow-wreaths unknissed by the sun's
bright rays.

"Oh, mother! last night the lady moon
Looked fearful from her place
Of omens most dread, about her pale head
Were many an awesome trace:
The watch-dog it howled, and the night bird
it shrieked,—
Oh! my grave, make it deep, for I'll ne'er
see his face."

A riderless steed flies over the hills,
A masterless dog amain;
They are bearing the dead, with funeral tread,
To the waiting bridal train:
One glance, and the shriek of a breaking heart
That will wake, no never, to joy or pain.

GLOW-WORM.

(For the Torch.)

Oh, Torch! prudence why so curious? Dost
know what the fatal gift of curiosity has cost
our race? Did not curiosity lead fair Eve to
taste forbidden fruit? hence the sad train of
all our woes—that of author and editor in-
cluded. Be warned, oh Torch, lest you get turned
into a pillar of salt, and be condemned to
keep watch and ward forever over the cities of
the plain beside Lot's wife.

I have always understood that curiosity was
a foible that dwelt not in the mighty minds of
the Lord's of creation, belonging solely to weak
feminine intellects, hence, oh Torch, thy ser-
vant "Glow-Worm" is delighted to find one
of them tripping, and in the position of the
poor trembling wife of that villain Blue Beard,
who, after she had penetrated the secret of
the fatal chamber, kept crying out, "Listen,
Annie, do you see any one coming?" Beware,
then, oh Torch, and desist, for thou canst not
be gratified. Wouldn't unearth a worm and
drag its sensitive vertebra into the pitiless
glare of day, where it could only squirm, its
glow extinguished forever. Aggy—that's the
widow McKilligan—I call her so, having made
her acquaintance under that cognomen. She
has had a legal right to several other names
since, but the Kill-em-again process going on
she is now single, and the old name seems
most familiar and appropriate. At present, as
I stated in my first, the Rev. Nicodemus Ho-
neycomb, who has been bidding his time since
she spliced number two, looms ornamentally
up now in the florid gothic style on the hori-
zon. "Coming events," as the widow says,
"cast their shadows before."

"Well Penny," says Aggy, meaning Pene-
lope—that's me—"If I wish to goodness Joey
had ast me, wouldn't hi go to them ere heddi-
torial rooms hin first class style. First him-
pression his hevery thing, has my poor dead han

gone Larry—was hit Larry—lemme see, hi'm
not sure"—(reflectively, her head on one side
like a great barn door owl blinking at the sun
—"no, 'twas John; I'm sure 'twas John.
Well, has poor John used to say, 'Haggy,'
says 'e, 'the first time you borrr down hon me
hunder that black flag, hi struck my colours
hat once, said 'e, before that ere top-gallant
flag and sendling sails." "Poor John," and
Aggy got out a handkerchief the size of a hum-
ming bird's wing and wiped away her grief.
At length she recovered herself, and continued,
"When John popped the question the sixth—
was it the sixth—Penny, dear, hi hoften told
you, was hit the sixth or seventh,"—slipping
one neat, plump foot over the other "I for-
got, Aggy, I'm ashamed to say," I replied.
"Oh, hi 'ave hit!" she exclaimed, brightly.
"Twas the seventh time. Well, hi haccepted
'im," Aggy said,—you mind me of that
roaring good hold ballad, 'The Wedding hof
Bally-po-reen?"

"Then the bride she got hup han she made a
low bow,
Han she curtsied han felt so, she couldn't tell
'ow;
Till'er mother cried, 'What, hare you dead,
child?"

For shame hof you, 'old hup your 'ead, child,
Hi'm fifty, but wish hi was wed, child,
Ho, hi'd rattle at Ballypo-reen."

"Well," Aggy says, "hit's no use, I can't
go. I should just swoop down all of a heap
in the ante-room, like Queen Esther, and then
if he didn't hold out that sceptre, or staff—is it
a flag staff or distaff, such as that ancient lady
—was it, Helen, or Penelope—used when her
husband was at the wars, if he shouldn't hold
it out, or after the fashion of irate editors
should tap my pericranium with it, or pericar-
dium, I should card no more wool—wool,
as Sawney said for Torchlight."

"You must go, Penny dear," she said, "han
wear your butiful yaller silk dress." "I can't,"
says I, "it's in the dye house at Gilbert's lane."

"Hi declare that's too bad, Phenny," she
said, and glancing out of the window, "hif
there isn't that 'orrid tease, a 'Oneycomb,
coming hup the walk, han 'ere hi's got this
woollen gownd hon, the morning is so hairy—
meaning airy—han this 'ere dust pan hin my
and." "Dust—and away she rustled to put on
her kill-em-again, leaving me to entertain
number four, which I did but poorly, wanting
her ten thousand dollars.

GLOW-WORM.

(To the Editor of the Torch.)

DEAR SIR.—The following questions or que-
ries may have an interest for readers of TORCH.
I found them in an old English Magazine, and
the answer to each is to reveal the name of an
Author, *Poet, &c.*

1. What a rough man said to his son when
he wished him to eat properly?
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill
where there is no water?
3. Pilgrims and flutterers have knelt low to
hiss him?
4. Makes and mends for first class cus-
tomers?
5. Represents the dwelling of civilized
men?
6. Is a kind of linen?
7. Is worn on the head?
8. A name that means such fiery things I
can't describe their pains and stings?
9. Belongs to a monastery?
10. Not one of the four points of the com-
pass, but inclining towards one of them?
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be?
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark
treasure?
13. Always youthful as you see, but between
you and me, he was never much of a chicken?
14. An American manufacturing town?
15. Humpbacked, but not deformed?
16. An internal pain?

17. Value of a word?
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with
fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other
one?
20. A worker in precious metals?
21. A very vital part of the body?
22. A lady's garment?
23. A small talk and a heavy weight?
24. A prefix and a disease?
25. Comes from a pig?

MORGAN.

(To be Continued.)

We will be glad hereafter to devote a por-
tion of the space of the TORCH to a puzzle de-
partment—and will be pleased to receive con-
tributions from any of our clever readers—
Ed.

GOOD GLIMMERS.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.—
Tennyson.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

Though charity may make your purse some
lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier an-
other.

God will not let any apparent evil come into
our lives from which we cannot wring some
good to ourselves and others.

After you have said a mean thing you think
about it and regret it; but why didn't you
think about it before you said it?

Those who are watching for opportunities to
do good will find them often occurring; if the
morning does not afford them, the evening
may.

Nothing makes a man so in love with purity
as purity. Many a man has been lifted out of
debasement by coming to know and love a pure,
sweet woman.

Men's lives should be like day—more beau-
tiful in the evening; or like Summer—aglow
with promise; and like Autumn—rich with
golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened
in the field.

Singing hearts are and a blessing unto them-
selves. A song is joy-giving. He who can
sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner
nature carries a rare pleasure with him al-
ways. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy
burdens seem light; sorrow may knock often
at his door, but it seldom enters his home or
his heart. And when it does, and the clouds
obscure the sunlight—when the soul walks
down into the night and sees never a star—ah,
then trebly blessed is the singing heart! If it
can sing psalms at such a time the stars will
shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight
sooner reappear.

Spiritualists in England and Australia very
generally send memorial cards to friends and
relatives in commemoration of a death or
change, and funeral. They usually have one
or more original verses. One of the latest
bears the following:

"There is no death, 'tis but a shade;
Be not of outward loss afraid,
There is no death—'tis but a birth—
A rising heavenward from earth!
Sharing life's unbounded span,
Eternity is thine, O man!
Think of the future as a sphere,
Where roses blossom all the year."

And now they say the Pope's leg is threaten'd
with gangrene. If he should die from it, the
pianist of the *Herald* will have something to
say about the difference between gan-green,
L. E. G. and Gray's Elegy.

Mary Stanton, aged 21, of New York, took
Ether, with suicidal intent, on the last day of
the year. But she ether took too little or too
much, as she didn't die worth a cent.