

[For the Torch.]

DRUNKEN SOLILOQUY IN A COAL CELLAR.

BY TAPER.

Let's see, where am I? Ah! lying on coal. How'd I get here? Yes, I mind, 'twas down through a hole
In the sidewalk. While coming up street. A drunken wheel-barrow I happened to meet. It fell over me—I fell over it, and one of us fell in the cellar.
I don't mind now which, but think I'm the fell-er.
I'm a nice young man; tight, tore, drunk, shot; No money; won't work; and a drunken old sot.
Well, I really can't help it—it ain't my own fault.
Nor Jones', nor the wife's; but too much of old malt
Whiskey, whiskey! who's whiskey? Has large family 'spose—
Got a great many friends, and a great many foes.
Any more I want own him, his acquaintance I'll cut,
Had that notion for years, and will do so now—but,
I couldn't for fear his nice feelin's I'd hurt, And off' when I tried it, he was on the alert
To make friends. And back to the old haunts again
He'd bring me. Ah! Yes, I'm tied with a chain.
Sometimes I gets mad, beats Bets and the brats;
I once called 'em "Lizzie and the children," but that's—
A long time ago—Things have changed so since then
I once used to be the happiest of men.
When I'd come home she'd put her dear arms 'round my neck—
But that was before I turned out such a wreck— She'd call me "dear William," and imprint a sweet kiss
On my lips. Ah, to me those days were pure bliss.
Yes, I now calls her "Bets," and she calls me "Bill."
I ain't a good *bill* neither. I'm counterfeit still,
I won't pass—(a tavern without taking a drink)
The slightest thing tempts me, I wait for a wink.
I stay out pretty late—Sometimes all night, When Bets bars the door. We're sure then to fight.
Sometimes I'm in; I'm in-toxicated now, And in somebody's cellar—there'll be a big row,
If they find me down here. At once out I'll scoot,
Or I'll feel the hard toe of somebody's boot
Wonder how I'll get out? I ain't able to climb.
If I'd a drink I could do so, but I hain't got a dime.
I've got one good principle, I was never in debt,
Cause nobody'll trust me. But here I am yet. They'll arrest me for burglary, if I stay any longer.
Brace up William, Ah, I feel rather stronger. It was not my fault, that down here I came, 'Twas that drunken old wheel-barrow that was to blame.

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GONE TO THE DOGS.—A man near Manchester, who lost a fine little skye terrier a short time ago, has had a tomb-stone erected, on which is inscribed the following epitaph, which is equal to Geo. W. Child's breeziest:
Here lies a little skye bitch Nell,
Whose master was Joe Carr the Farrier;
She's gone with other dogs to—well
To be a good *Sky Terrier*.

[For the Torch.]

NO. FOUR OF THE WIDOW MCKILLIGAN SERIES.

In the midst of this dreadful commotion Aggy rushed out the front door crying "Elp! Elp! Murder! Elp!"
A man was passing with a team.
"What's the row," said he:—"Man killing his wife?"
"Ere's a madman hin 'ere: come hin for 'evens sake," said Aggy.
"Two to one on that" says he, rushing in, whip in hand
In the meantime Honeycomb had run out to look at the scene of the catastrophe, but ere he was aware he slipped on the soup, and fell flat on his back, the soup splashing all over him. He sang out like a catamount, making frantic efforts to rise, but each time slipped back again into the flood
Bounce observing that things looked rather mixed, thought he would mix beef with his bro, so flew at Honeycomb's flank, and abstracted a juicy steak. Amid Honeycomb's howls of pain and rage, the stranger and Aggy arrived at the scene of the action.
"Here's a go," said he, "Be this hyar the lumatic, you all fire good looking piece of dunnity."
"Yes! yes!" said Aggy, "Do something, ho! do something, ho! hi shall hevaporate."
Aggy would use big words, whether she got them right or wrong.
"Bet ye two to one I'll do something," he replied, "but there's been 'exvin' enough by the looks of things an the 'looney's' all right. Dog's got 'im fast. Don't you be scart, Marm, Mrs., or Miss, I, Billy Spooner 'll stand by ye till the Mellinnun; but three to five on't, S'boy, there, hold 'im fast."
"For the Lord's sake take the brute off," shrieked Honeycomb, "or he'll kill me."
"S'boy!" cried Spooner, "hold 'im fast."
In this emergency I, Penelope Fowler, flew to the pantry, and, seizing the rolling-pin, I and retired howling, when, with Bridget's assistance, I wiped the grease off Honeycomb's ed me, but stood soiling and lowering, as mad as fire at Aggy and Spooner, who were seated on the sofa billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves in spring time.
"He's a leetle touched here you think," said Spooner, tapping his forehead.
"Ho yes," replied Aggy, getting closer, "e cried hout, no mad, no mad, han dashed down hall those yer flower pots han hink, han that—ho don't leave me, please don't."
Aggy wound up most of her periods with 'han that,' generally waving her hand as to some invisible person or thing.
"Not much, if I know it," said Spooner.
"How do ye feel now, Mister," (to Aggy) "looks leetle dangerous, but don't you voporate an't that, Billy Spooner's the boy to take keer of you."
"You noodle! you pumpkin head!" snarled Honeycomb, "you'd Letter not try me, you'd find me dangerous."
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, yah, ha," laughed the stranger, his vast mouth opening from ear to ear, like a barn door, slinging out a pair of legs on the carpet, resembling quilting frames more than anything else. "I'm Billy Spooner, at yer service, from Spoon Creek, ten mile tother side Beaver Dam. Hearn tell of the Spooners, in course. They're as multitudinous as the steers of heaven fur numbers, broadest as the Colorado Beetle or the whooping cough. Bet ye three to one on that. They kin whistle higher, run faster, swear harder, an' eat more, than any other critters on this terra-quarions globe, an' they kin lick all creation; ten to one on that. How air ye, stranger?"
"If twas for the cloth," rejoined Honeycomb, "I should say they can out lie all creation."

"Right as a trivet, stranger, true as a bomb-shell; three to five on't!" and he discharged a squirt of tobacco juice on the handsome carpet.

This was too much for Aggy's sense of neatness. She ran, and getting a spittoon placed it beside him. "Ere's the spittoon, sir," she said.

"Spits times, eh?" said he. "Fire away then, I go fur moosiek of all sorts, from Rule Britannye to,

A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigho says, Heigho,

Whether his many would let him or no,
With his Roly, body, cabbage and spinach,
Heigho says, Anthony Roly."

Spooners all run to moosiek like a boss to grass, or ducks to water. Larned it from the plaguy Spoon-Bills. When they hold portracted meetins on the banks of Spoon Creek, in the twilight, they yell worse than a band of Sioux on the war path, or a country singing school when some sap-head's tryin' to beat quavers and demi-semi-quavers into the country bumpkin's heads; two to one on that. Was you ever to Spoon Creek Ma'am, Mrs., or Miss," he asked, turning to Aggy.

"Ho no," she replied, "hi hanticipate hi never was so 'appy."

"Lord," says he, "yer bound to come. Why darn! to darn! we're billet-duxe I all over the airthly firmament out thar. Lord love ye, the Spooners' tents is spread out thar like the Children of Israel on the plains of Shiner, or other plains; we air ekal to a hundred thousand lodges or Mrs. Sittin' Bulls. We've sprang up like the willars by the waters; we've tuk root downward like couch grass; we've driv out the Caananites, the Girgishites and the Tubisantes, an' enlarged our borders like the Muscovites, that's so, ten to one on't; how air ye, stranger?" And he drove another squirt of tobacco juice clear across the house, and gave a cut of the horse whip in Honeycomb's direction.

"He won't bite now," says he. "Golly what a heap of city fixins; talk about cloth, stranger, look hyar," and he flung one of the quilting frames across the room, "ye see that thar cloth, Mother Spooner span three hundred an' sixty-five yards of it in one day. Snakes and Centipedes! Marm Spooner beats all holdar that thar Scripitor gal who riz afore day an' lit 'er candle an' made things lively; eight to eighteen on that," launching one quilting frame over the other.

"Arrah now thin," said Biddy, putting her head in the door, "that there grease is sot in the rug as solid as Biddy Finnigan's tomb-stone."

Aggy ran out to look and returned wringing her hands. "Ho my, that there helegant carpet has hi brought from Hingland twenty years ago, han hit just las good has new, han so bean-tiful han that," waving her hand, what 'that was 'twas impossible to tell.

"My dear Aggy," commenced Honeycomb. "Don't you Haggy me," she cried, "Hi won't 'ave it. A hundred dollars won't cover damages."

"What! after twenty years wear," put in Nick.

"Avent you hanything has you 'ave 'ad twenty years that's as good as new," she interrogated.

"Oh, if you put it in that way," says Honeycomb.

"Look hyar, you wilted clothes bag, you barrel of swill," shouted Spooner.

Honeycomb made a drive at him, crying out, "I don't care a cent for all the lying Spooners between this and Jerico, out you go, ten feet eleven of bragging bushwhacker."

"Ten to one on that," roared Spooner, laughing.

"Elp! 'elp! murder! 'elp! ho my, hi'm hall hof a quiver," said Aggy, and she threw herself between the belligerents.

GLOW WORM.