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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.

Maiden Resolution.

BY MANY TICKET.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white or yellow,
But is altogether green!
Then his name isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bill,"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will!

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the gateway
Tumbled down upon his knees?
While the tears the creature wasted,
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will!

Oh! he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly,
That I nearly fell asleep!
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journeyed down the hill,
To go hand-in-hand together,
But I hardly think I will!

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead,
Never meant to go away.
At first I learned to hate him,
And I knew I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will!

I am sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
That he could not live a minute;
And you know the blessed Bible,
Plainly says, "we mustn't kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather guess I will!

The Old Year and the New Year.

BY REV. DAWES.

An old man, wrinkled with many woes,
Went trudging along through the wintry snows:
'T was the thirty-first of December, at night,
He had travelled far and was worn out quite;
The clock was just on the click of twelve,
When the old man stopp'd and began to
dole.

And he made a grave in the broad highway,
To be trampled upon on the coming day,
Then in he crept, and laid his weary head,
To stretch himself out at his utmost need,
When the clock struck twelve—at the solemn tone,
The old man died without a groan.

Just then a youth came tripping by,
With a holiday look and merry eye;
His back was loaded with books and toys,
Which he tossed about to the girls and boys;
He gave one glance at the dead old man,
Then laughed aloud, and away he ran.
But when he comes back, let him laugh, if he
dare,
At the following lines which are written there.

"Beneath the stone which here you view,
Lies Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Two—
His grandfathers blundered so sadly, that he
Inherited only their penny.
With a few little play-things he's left for his
heir.
Who will feel a while, and then die of care,
He lived, a wretched life, we're told,
And died at last, just twelve months old!"

A celebrated clergyman was spending a
Sunday at Greenport not long since, and
of course preached a sermon. Returning
from church, he passed a number of specimens
of young America amusing themselves
with a game of marbles, rather intemperately
mixed with fancy swearing:
"My boy," said the reverend, to an inter-
esting youth of eight years, "my boy, I
am quite frightened."
"Are you?" answered Buttons, quite
naively, "why the devil don't you run then?"

TITLES OF FIRMS.—One of the best titles
of a mercantile firm we have ever seen is
"Call & Settle," which is painted in golden
letters on a sign in one of our eastern cities.
Customers are reminded every time they
pass of their outstanding accounts. "Neal
& Pray" is the title of another firm. But
the following, "Beas all," "Two attorneys,"
says an old newspaper, "in partnership in
a town of the United States had the name
of the firm, which was "Catchum & Chet-
um," inscribed in the usual manner upon
their office door; but as the singularity and
ominous juxtaposition of the words led to
many a coarse joke from passers-by, the
men of law attempted to destroy in part
the effect of the old association, by the in-
sertion of the initials of their Christian
names, which happened to be Isaiah and
Uriah; but this made the affair ten times
worse, for the inscription ran: I Catchum
& U. Chetum."

Stand from Under.

A QUEER STORY.

The following story was told as an actual fact by a sailor, who solemnly affirmed that he knew it to be true. We have the story as he related it:

I was on board a slave ship bound to the coast of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business, and I believe others had them too. We had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and were lying off Barbary, one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to take the helm. The ship was becalmed, and everything was silent as the day after the deluge. The wide monotony of water, varied only by the glaucous of the moon on the crest of the waves, made me think of the old fables of Neptune were true, and that Amphitrite and her Naiads were sporting on the surface of the ocean, with diamonds in their hair. These fancies were followed by the thought of my wife, my children and my home; and all were wildly enough jumbled together in a delicious state of approaching slumber. Suddenly I heard above my head a loud, deep, terrible voice call out, 'Stand from under!' I started to my feet—it was a customary signal when anything was to be thrown from the shrouds and mechanically I sung out the usual answer, 'Let go!' But nothing came. I looked up into the shrouds—there was nothing there. I searched the deck, and found that I was alone. I tried to think it was a dream, but that sound, so deep, so stern, so dreadful, rung in my ears like the bursting of a cannon.

In the morning, I told the crew what I had heard. They laughed at me, and were all day long full of their jokes about Dreaming Tom. One fellow among them was most unmerciful in his raillery. He was a swarthy, malignant looking Spaniard, who carried murder in his eye and curses on his tongue; a daring and lordly man, who boasted of crime as if it gave him pre-eminence among his fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my story. "A most navvily ghost, Tom," said he, "when such things happen, I'll not be satisfied without seeing and feeling, as well as hearing."

The sailors all joined with him, and I was ashamed, was glad to be silent. The next night Dick Bartos took the helm. Dick had nerves like an ox, and sinews like a whale; it was little he feared on earth or beneath it. The clock struck one. Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he said, thinking nothing of me or my story, when that awful voice again called out from the shrouds, 'Stand from under!' Dick darted forward like an Indian arrow, which they say goes through and through a buffalo, and wings on its way as if it had not left death in the rear. It was an instant or more before he found presence of mind enough to call out, 'Let go!' Again nothing was seen—nothing heard. Two nights in succession, at one o'clock, the same unearthly sound rung through the air, making our stoutest sailors quail as if a bullet shot had gone through their brains.

At last we grew pale when it was spoken of, and the worst of us never went to sleep without saying our prayers. For myself, I would have been chained to the or all my life, to have got out of that vessel. But there we were, in the vast solitude of ocean and this invisible being was with us. No one put a bold face on the matter but Antonio the Spaniard. He laughed at our fears, and defied Satan himself to terrify him. However, when it was his turn at the helm, he refused to go; several times, under the pretence of illness, he was excused from a duty which all on board dreaded. But at last the Captain ordered Antonio to receive a round dozen of lashes every night, until he should consent to perform his share of the unwelcome office. For awhile this was borne patiently, but at length he called out, 'I may as well die one way as the other. Give me over to the ghost.'

That night Antonio kept watch on the deck. Few of the crew slept, for expectation and alarm had stretched our nerves upon the rack. At one o'clock the voice called out, 'Stand from under!' 'Let go!' screamed the Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laughter, and such laughter! It seemed as if the fends answered each other from pole to pole, and the bass was howled in hell. Then came a sudden crash upon the deck, as if our masts and spars had fallen. We all rushed to the spot, and there was a cold, still, gigantic corpse. The Spaniard said it was thrown from the shrouds, and when he looked upon it he ground his teeth like a madman. "I know him," exclaimed he, "I saw and him within her's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for breakfast."

doue with the body. Finally we agreed that the terrible sight must be removed from us, and hidden in the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it; but human strength was of no avail—we might as well have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid, heavy, and as immovable as if it had formed part of the vessel. The Spaniard was furious; 'Let me lift him,' said he, 'I lifted him once and can do it again. I'll teach him what it is to come and trouble me.' He took the body round the waist and attempted to raise it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised itself up. Its rayless eyes opened—its rigid arms stretched out and clasped its victim in a close death grip, and rolling over the sides of the ship, they tottered an instant over the water—then, with a plunge, they sank together. Again that laugh—that wild, shrieking laugh—was heard on the winds. The sailors bowed their heads and put up their hands to shut out the appalling sound.

I took the helm more than once after, but we never again heard in the shrouds, 'Stand from under!'

PIERCE PUNGENT'S PEANUTS.—HOOPS.

Little did Pierce Pungent think, when he trundled his hoop sixty years ago, that he was playing with the petticoats of a future generation!—We had certainly heard our Aunt Pearl say that the fashionable ladies of her youth had certain whalebone expanders, but we maintain that the genuine hoop never has been in active operation before now!

Boys in olden time, spoke in the spirit of prophecy, when they cried:
Come with a hoop,
And come with a call,
Come in your petticoats,
Or come not at all!

Possibly the hooping cough may have been named after some fair one, whose damp hoops, being made of green wood, disagreed with her, and gave her a cold. How beautifully also has nature provided a variety of woods to suit that diversified sex, the female! Weeping willows for widows! Oak for old women! Ironwood for bones! Pine for damsels! Crab tree hoops for old maids! And so on! especially bamboo for those dear girls who bamboozle us out of our bachelorhood, and make us pay for the operation!

We were deep in the cogitation of the hoop mystery when we accidentally met with an old friend who is one of the family. It was John Hoops, that capital Democrat. We brought him suddenly to his senses by asking what he thought of the hoops!

"A most respectable family," he replies; "I belong to it!"

Putting the question in a plainer way, he asked us into his little office, where he sits throned on piles of gold, like Fisher, the pirate of Mrs. Sippy. He reminds me of Longfellow's verse:

John Hoops was in his office
A counting of his money,
While the pretty ladies walked
Broadway,
As sweet as yellow honey!

When we were seated he thus commenced:
"My dear Pungent, the origin of hoops is lost in obscurity, to it is possible to decide, at this late day, whether women stole the hoop from the casker, or the cooper stole the hoop from the woman! Certainly, in the dark ages, hoops were considered as the natural protectors of the washing tubs, barrels, puncheons, and every other species of cask! It is, however, a question, whether they do not more effectually defend a woman than they do a hoghead!"

Our handsome young cordwainer whom Beattie celebrated in his minstrel thus:

Now, Edwin Brooks, he was no vulgar boy, &c., assures us, he wishes hoops in the collar; indeed, anywhere except round a young woman, thus saving the privileges of a lover's arm! But to the tale our murmuring Brooks reads:

"Left alone with a pretty girl, she asked for a kiss. Alas! the lot of Lattig's observatory might as well be done it! I could not get within kissing distance! There she stood, surrounded by her fortifications. No goose was ever more miserably secured in the centre of a gooseberry bush than my fair friend, who, despite wish to aid me in the desperate enterprise, stood like a Sevastopol with her 'Zakoff's,' 'Reliance,' and 'Cherwell' frigates! At last the beautiful besieged, her natural desire to meet me half way, lost balance, and as I am a New Yorker, a Christian, she rolled about the room like a barrel of lager beer that had tumbled on its end. As the song says, 'I was a cooper and she was a girl!'"

At last to unloose her
Before she could get on her end,
Trundling a hoop down road way, with a
woman inside, is a vast improvement upon the old game of our childhood. One man in speaking of his wife's petticoat, said it must have been raised like a barn. Another, a lawyer, assures us, that his daughter's skeleton skirt is large enough for a small law office. And then how fearfully made! Why Mrs. Hoops's hoop is latticed, cornered, stiffened, and jointed like the frame of the Crystal Palace. I don't see what a woman wants with a husband, if she wears hoops, for they are her natural protector. A girl is as safe in her skirts as she is in a convent. She cannot be more shut up from the world if she were in a nunnery. Then how are we to get along in our thoroughfares with the women in full possession! Francois Ravel has given walking up altogether. He lives on flying leaps. Councilman Wild practiced his famous summersault from Fremont to Fillmore by jumping through his wife's skirts.

Colonel McArdie assured Broughman the other night at the Bowery Theatre, that a dozen women in the fashionable costume, marching along in file or column, would at a distance, look like a regiment, and a battalion might easily retire and reform behind a Belle of Broadway. And just fancy, observes Colonel Harper, how easily a small detachment might be smuggled into an enemy's town under a woman's modern petticoat. What the wooden horse was to Troy, one of these great whalebone petticoats might be to some modern beleaguered City. As to a lover hiding under a lady's skirt, it would be a solitude for its vastness.

It is a nice calculation, how many square miles a hundred fashionable ladies would occupy, if they ever became squatters. Our architectural friend, Thomas, declares that it is an improvement upon the Egyptian Pyramids. We, ourselves, have a nice whose circumference is rapidly approaching those of Babylon. The ancients considered a Sabbath day's journey three miles, that is now about equal to walking once around a woman. We shall soon be compelled to have speaking trumpets to make the dear girls hear our whispers of undying affection. Walking in an arm is identically informed that Genin, the celebrated latter, has turned his unrivalled genius to the invention of an elongating anchor, or hook and eye, which will enable a polite gentleman to offer his arm to a lady.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTY.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:—The following is a most remarkable and praiseworthy instance of that perseverance and industry rightly directed are able to effect. Among the graduating class at the last commencement at Williams College, was one by the name of Condit, from New Jersey. The gentleman is a shoemaker, married, and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools. One by one, as he sat on his shoemaker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. Without means and with a large family depending on him for support, he commenced and learned Latin and Greek in the evenings, after his day's labor was over, under the direction of a friend and after the lapse of a year and a half, prepared himself and entered the sophomore class of Williams College.

He brought his bench and tools as well as his books with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and with the fund for diligent students and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the College course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated on his birth-day, aged thirty-two. He stood high in his class, and received a prize at commencement, but declined. After farewell meeting of the class, in consideration of his perseverance, talents, and Christian character, they presented him with a elegant set of silver spoons, tea, and tablecloth handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will, no doubt, make a faithful and popular minister. What young man in this country will ever after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education!

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATING SOCIETIES.

If a man has an angry bill in the bill, which would be the best for a personal safety, to hold on, or let go?

A country girl writing her friend, says of the polka, that the thing does not amount to much, but the juggling is heavenly.

THE OVAL CHAMBER.

An American clergyman, who wrote under the signature of "Kirwan," in a volume of travels in Europe, gives the following account of a fearful chamber in the castle of the Duke of Baden-Baden, in Germany:—"We made a morning call at the new castle of the Duke, which surrounds the hill, and were shown through all its apartments. As if for our accommodation, he had just retired from his breakfast room, that we might see the table at which a reigning Prince sipped coffee. We have seen the breakfast room and table of many in America more richly furnished. The upper apartments were quite an air of poverty, after having seen those of Versailles, the Quirinal, and Turin. But the underground apartments possess a fearful interest. With lighted torches we went down into the cellar of the palace; thence by a spiral inclining plane, we went down, down, until by a door formed of one huge flax, and fitted to its place with remarkable exactness, we entered a small oval room, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and hewn out of the solid rock. The door was shut behind us, and we were barred alive under the mountain! A ray of light came from above, and we could look up as through a narrow chimney. A stone was removed beneath our feet, and we could look down, perhaps, two or three hundred feet, and could see a little glimmer of light upon a dashing current of water, whose murmuring came unto us from beneath, and all around the room were seats cut out of the rock. And what was the object and history of this awful room?"

The little room above described was the room of judgment, and the judges were let down by machinery through the opening above. If not guilty, the accused were haled or feared, which made condemnation even more certain than guilt. When condemned they were commanded to kiss an image of the Virgin in the apartment; in the movement they touched springs which caused her to embrace them, and in the embrace to pierce them through with daggers. Then a trap was sprung beneath them, and they fell into a stream of water; by those knives they were cut in pieces, and the mutilated fragments fell into the stream below.

And there we were—receiving this awful narrative in the very apartment where these atrocities were committed in the name of justice and religion, with the tunnel above us through which the holy inquisition descended, and with the tunnel beneath us through which the bodies of their victims were let down for mutilation, so as to be beyond the reach of recognition. For a moment our blood ran cold, and we were filled with horror. Oh, if those stone seats, and those walls of solid rock could speak—if the injunction of perpetual secrecy were removed by Him who upheaved the mountain what an awful narrative they would give of the scenes of treachery, hatred and blood there perpetrated in the name of God and religion. What wallings were there uttered under the tortures swung by priests.

The stone door swung open, and we groped our way through a labyrinth of chambers and passages, dark as midnight, into the open air. We were soon after on the railway for Frankfurt on the Maine, deeply affected by the beauty and wickedness of Baden-Baden, and thankful that its days of feudal and papal tyranny were at an end.

A CLEAN SELL.

A shrewd countryman was in ten the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye teeth out. Passing up Gartham street, through the Jews' quarters, he was continually encountered with impostures to buy. From almost every store one rushed out, in accordance with the unvarying custom of that street, to seize him and try to force him to purchase. At last, one dirty looking fellow caught him by the arm and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent air.
"A splendid assortment, sir. Stein sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."
"Are they clean?"
"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."
"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "but 'em one, for 'y need 'em."
"The rage of the shop keeper was imagined, as the countryman, turning on his heel, quietly passed his way."

A SHARP LAD.—"Come here, by, and tell me what the four seasons are."
Young prodigy answers: "Pepp' mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what amina always seasons with."

THE FORGED WILL.

A few years since a man of high respectability was tried in England on the charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, with his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered that he had.

And did you sign it at his request as a subscribing witness?
"I did."
"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"
"With red wax."
"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"
"I did."
"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"
"In his bed."
"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"
"About three or four inches long."
"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"
"I did."
"Where did you get it?"
"From the drawer of his desk."
"How did he light that piece of wax?"
"With a piece of candle."
"Where did that piece of candle come from?"
"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."
"How long was that piece of candle?"
"Perhaps four or five inches long."
"Who lit that piece of candle?"
"I lit it."
"With what?"
"With a match."
"Where did you get that match?"
"On the mantle shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still fastened to the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:
"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle shelf?"
"I did."
"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you did?"
"My Lord—IT'S A WAFFER!"

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

S. S. Goodrich in his recollections, recently published, gives the following striking sketch of that royal rake:

KING GEORGE IV.

But what of London in 1824? King George IV. was then on the throne, though he was shy of showing himself in public. I chanced to see him several times and once to advantage, at Ascot races. This was a royal course, and brought together an immense crowd of the nobility and gentry, and as abundant a gathering of gamblers and blacklegs. For more than an hour his majesty stood in the pavilion, surrounded by the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Anglesea, and other persons of note. He was a large, over fat man, of a rather sour and discontented countenance. All the arts of the toilet could not disguise the wrinkles of age, and the marks of dissipation and dissipation. His lips were sharp, his eyes a grayish blue, his wig chestnut brown. His cheeks hung down pendulously, and his whole face seemed pallid, bloated, and flabby. His coat was a blue surcoat, buttoned tight over the breast; his cravat, a huge black stock, scarcely sufficient to conceal his enormous, undulating jaw. On his left breast was a glittering star. He wore a common hat, the brim a little broader than the fashion. But for the star and the respect paid to him he might have passed as only an over dressed and rather sour old rake. I noticed that his coat set very close and smooth and was told that he was trussed and braced by stays, to keep his flesh in place and shape. It was said to be the labor of at least two hours to prepare him for a public exhibition like the present. He was a dandy to the last. The wrinkles of his coat, after it was out, were cut out by the tailor, and carefully drawn up with the needle. He had the gait, and walked badly. I imagine there were few among the thousands gathered to the spectacle who were really less happy than his majesty, the monarch of three kingdoms.

ALMANAC FOR 1857.

MONTHS.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JANUARY.	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	25 26 27 28 29 30 31			
FEBRUARY.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28			
MARCH.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31		
APRIL.	1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30		
MAY.			1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17	18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
JUNE.	1 2 3 4 5 6	7 8 9 10 11 12 13	14 15 16 17 18 19 20	21 22 23 24 25 26 27	28 29 30		
JULY.	1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30 31		
AUGUST.			1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	9 10 11 12 13 14 15	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	23 24 25 26 27 28 29	30 31
SEPTEMBER.	1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30		
OCTOBER.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
NOVEMBER.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30						
DECEMBER.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the collection of Count Las Casas, at Paris, there is preserved a curious document—an attempt, the first, perhaps the only one, of Napoleon Bonaparte to write in English. The sense of this extraordinary epistle is not quite clear, but the words, as well as they can be deciphered are as follows:

"Count Las Casas, since six week I learn the English and I do not any progress, six week do forty and two day it might have learn fifty word for day I could know it too thousand and two hundred. It is the dictionary more of forty thousand even I could must twenty hour much often for know it or hundred and twenty week do more two years, after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is great labor, who it must do in the young aged.—Lorwood (Longwood) this morning the seven March thursday, one thousand eight hundred sixteen, after nativity the year Jesus Christ.

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Crograms was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—did—who the mischief was four, counting his fingers—the two Crograms was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—did, there was four of us; but St. Patrick could not tell the name of the other. Now it's myself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Crograms was two, myself was three, and—and be the powers, I think there was three of us after all.

"Look here, Jim," said a young fellow the other evening to an old sealer who had evidently taken a deep interest in spiritual matters, and was still, with the peculiar obstinacy of those in his condition, endeavoring for another "smile!" "Look-a-here, old fellow! you'll spoil your constitution by this style of thing—better hold up."
"Con-stitution be blowed!" said the old fellow, "I have broke that long ago! Been living on the by-laws this six months!"
"I don't care so much about the bugs," said Mr. Wornley to the head of the general private family in which he resides, "but the fact is, mamma, I have not got the blood to spare you see that yourself."