

THE CALLIOPE.

his nose, and being a lone woman, as she said, she could not let Nosey alone till she had married the beggar, and so she found a substitute for him, (glad enough the Glories were, for that matter.) So they went to church as fine as dukes and duchesses, and emperor and emperresses, and even as popes and popesses, for the news of the shindy that the wedding made, turned Paint upside down, set all Sally port agog, made a noise all over Gosport, and was talked about as far off as Chichester. But the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, as it is put down somewhere in John Hamilton Moore; and a blaze-up marriage don't make a married couple happy; all is not gold that glitters; it is not the finest looking craft that sails the fastest; under the smoothest water there may be the sharpest rocks; says King Solomon—

“Hip! ho hoy!”—vast heaving!” cried out the boatswain; “this is twice-laid wisdom, with a vengeance. Who the dickins, Tim, is going to listen to this long yarn, spilt out of old saw and sayings, older than Adam, and as musty as the last biscuit in the bread room? Get on with your story, and be blown to ye!”

“Well! wasn't there a rumpus shortly after Nosey was spliced! In the first place, nobody could, would, or did call the lady by the name she was married in; but it was nothing else but ‘Mistress Nosey’ here, ‘Mistress Nosey’ there. ‘A pot o' swipes, Mistress Nosey,’ says one; ‘A chaw o' rum, Dame Nosey,’ says t'other. It was no use her airs, and her turning up her own decent nose at callers; they called on till she was fairly worried out, and swore a good round wapping oath, that Nosey Jollynose and his nose was altogether a vexation and a deception; and before they had been spliced three days, she beat her husband soundly, and broke the bridge of his very remarkable nose. Then the shabby natur of the beast was seen: instead of standing up to her like a man, he began to snivel and pipe his eye; and all the sneak could do was to threaten to hang himself. This startled her a little at first;

but that soon wore off, and there being in the cable of her disposition a good strand of fun and drollery, she became all consenting and promised to assist him in the tucking up all that laid in her power. And so, my böhny boes, this was the way on't:—She'd wack Nosey—‘I'll hang myself,’ says he: ‘Do my dear!’ says she. That was the only time she called him my dear. So down to the cellar they'd both go, she all compliance. Well she'd help him to tie the rope on the beam and round his cur-like neck, he vowing and swearing all the time he'd do it, and haunt her afterwards—standing all this while upon a bucket. ‘Now,’ says she ‘if you've the courage of a man, you've only to kick the bucket. I would do it myself for you with all the pleasure in life, only I'm afraid of the crowner's quest; and you're not worth getting in trouble for.’ When all was ready, she would ax him very tenderly if she should take away the light. Sometimes he'd say ‘Yes,’ sometimes ‘No;’ but it always ended by the cur sneaking up again for his bub and grub, and to be whacked in due course. This here rig was soon known all over the fleet. How's your old man, Mistress Nosey? they would say—though, for the matter of that he was much younger than she. ‘Not kicked the bucket yet,’ sorrowfully would she shake her noddle and say. However one day, a set of us old Glories goes and finds her in her widow's weeds again. Before we could get the first word in, ‘He's kicked the bucket at last,’ says she; and so, ye know—”

“All the starboard watch, ho-hoy!” This cut short all Tim's moralizing. It was eight bells—the first watch over—the look-outs were relieved, and all the larboard watch turned into their hammocks for the night.

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Sentences to be read either backwards or forwards.

“Name no one man.”  
“Snug and raw was I ore I saw war and guns.”