

THE CALLIOPE

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POETRY.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, and without rest—
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might ;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whate'er 't is side.
Haste not, rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

KISSES 'AND CREAM;

AN ADVENTURE.

By G. S. C.

It was during one of my summer rambles among my country relatives, that the following little incident occurred, which will help to show that the country people aint so verdant, when at home, as is generally supposed.

I was introduced to one of the sweetest little creatures that ever made a fellow's mouth water, with whom I made myself quite at home.

I talked politics and crops to the farmer, and preaching and poultry to the old lady, neglecting no opportunity in the mean time to make the best possible impression upon the mind of the young one.

On approaching the house one day to pay my usual visit, I saw pretty Mary

pan of cream with both hands. Now the temptation was too great for an ordinary individual like me, so before I knew what I was about, I had one arm about her neck, and was quaffing long draughts of nectar, such as I had never dreamt of. Without sacrificing a painful of cream, Mary of course could do nothing to check me. It is impossible to say how long I might have remained thus, had I not caught a glimpse of her cousin, coming round the corner of the barn. With a hurried prayer for forgiveness, I made a show of assisting Mary with her cream, and then joined the cousin. I was agreeably surprised on my return, to find no change in Mary's demeanor towards me, and felt inclined to think she rather liked it.

Two days afterwards, I received a nicely-penned billet doux from Mary, requesting the favor of a tête-à-tête, in the little summer house in the garden, just after dark. I confess I felt rather flattered, and at the hour appointed I might have been seen hitching my horse at the residence of her father, and flying over the garden fence on the wings of expectation, if not of love ; and making my way towards the summer house. It was a lattice-work erection, covered with a luxuriant growth of vines. I gained the entrance, and guided by a scarcely audible sigh, I sprang forward and a soft yielding form lay passively panting in my embrace. With a vivid recollection of the creamy kisses, I hastily sought the twin rose buds again, and fairly devoured them.