

# THE CALLIOPE

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## POETRY.

God bless you.

How simply fall those simple words  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends long bound in strongest ties  
Are doomed by fate to part!  
You sadly press the hand of those  
Who thus in love caress you,  
And soul responsive beats to soul,  
In breathing out "God bless you!"

## A LECTURE TO LOAFERS.

Stand up here you lazy rascals, and let us reason about your daily vocation. Hold up your sheepish heads and say why sentence of the most unqualified condemnation should not be passed upon your conduct. How can you possibly have the impudence to stretch your lazy bones or block up the Post Office door with your carcasses, to the no small annoyance of busy working people who are engaged in some useful occupation? How can you be contented to pass away time in lounging around the streets, only shifting to avoid the rays of the sun—in company with your equally lazy and useless companions, the dogs, perchance once and a while setting your canine friends to fight for the sake of gratifying your brutal love of fun? and how can you have the unblushing impertinence to gaze under every lady's bonnet who is compelled to pass by, and just before she is quite out of sight express your vulgar propensities by remarking "what

a gait," "what big feet," or what a stuckup air, and turning to one of your companions, inquiring of him "how he'd like to hitch horses with that female for life?"

You poor fools, don't you know that her stuck up air was caused by her having to pass such a crowd of human brutes? And don't you know that instead of criticizing a lady's gait you ought to be at home mending your garden gate? And that no sensible feminine will hitch horses with any of you as long as you pursue your present business?

Do you suppose that you were made for no other purpose than to "loaf," and hinder industrious people by asking unmeaning questions or standing in their way? And do you think it decidedly sharp when you hail a gentleman who is hurrying about his business, and asking him if he is walking for wages, and you are loafing for wages which you will get some day if you don't mind your ways, i. e. free boarding in the poor house, or you may be promoted to the high rank of private in the penitentiary. Time may hang heavily with you, but you may hang heavily in time if you do not bestir yourselves and be useful.

Do you imagine that you were created to do nothing, and that brains were put in your great pumpkin heads for the poor use you make of them? Do you think it honorable for you to do nothing because your father has enough to support you, when you know what they have, they got by honest industry? And do you suppose your mothers and sisters