

THE CALLIOPE

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POETRY.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world,— it is just as we make it,

We see not the flower if we set not the seed,
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it.

The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,

And say that the search for true friendship is vain ;

But remember, this world, though it be not the best,

Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim ;

For often poor friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame ;

Then ne'er by the changes of fate be deprest.

Nor wear like a tetter time's sorrowful chain ;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,

Is the next to the best we shall ever attain !

Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

Wit, pure and intuitive, few possess. Sought after by all, it is but rarely found. Who does not essay to be witty ? and who does not oftener fail than succeed in the attempt, and makes himself look exceedingly stupid, and all near him who are at all sensitive, extremely uncomfortable ? Still we all try again, and at every succeeding attempt make more egregious fools of ourselves. If we were but half as persevering in other things as in this, how much better would we

succeed in this world. And strange it is, that however often and invariable are our failures in our endeavors to be witty, we never come to a sense, or rather are unwilling to come to it, of our want of the rare gift of nature. We seemingly cannot learn by experience in this as in other things. We give her the lie if she tells us that we are not endowed with the peculiarly Irish quality ; and are bent upon being Jerolds at any cost. This leads us to centre all our attention upon this one aim, and to take every means and opportunity to compass it. The natural gift fails us more frequently from want of it, and sometimes when possessed moderately, from constant calls on it ; our attempts then degenerate into impertinence ; this some very few of us mistake for genuine wit, and insult people right and left in the exercise of it, when our design, innocent enough, is to amuse those very persons whose feelings we so abuse. This is not the case with the greater number. Those whose whole ambition (exceedingly high) is to be deemed witty, determine to be so at any price. Feelings, honor, virtue, religion, in fine, all that is sacred and good, they scruple not to attack if by so doing they can only make a "good hit" This is the wit prevalent in our city. Every thing here seems to take the same color. The same unvarying tint is cast over, or is inherent in all. All evil—nothing good. Religion—doubtful, pharisaical. Honor—doubtful, dirty. Virtue—thing unknown. Selfishness—prevailing feature. Cupidity—absorbing quality. Pride—stinking.