

THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. 1.

JULY 5 1859.

NO. 9.

Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

"To be or not to be, that is the question," so asked Hamlet of himself soliloquizing under ticklish circumstances, and so ask I Trifluvia Lovier under equally ticklish circumstances. Shall I, or shall I not? that's the question, and a mighty perplexing one it is too. Here have I been parading back and forward over those limited boards for an infinity of time, and still I'm not a whit nearer being able to answer the pozing question; and here I'm likely to parade for any unlimited length of time without approaching an *infinitesimal* degree nearer a conclusion. Oh, ye gods! why fashioned ye me with such a vascillating mind? why not place it fixed, not oscillating, like a pendulum, in vexing doubt? There cannot be a shadow of a shade of doubt, but that the cause which has produced this uncertain and somewhat pleasing (since it gratifies my vanity, and I suppose I have my share of that) state of mind, has been long at work; it has, however, hitherto failed of effect. I never before perceived it; no doubt my natural modesty has made me depreciate the powerful charms and irresistible attraction of my personal appearance. But now that I have become conscious of its transcendent beauty, who, I ask, could look on it—figure, countenance, eyes—and not be dazzled and wrapt into admiration at the beauty which shines from every feature? It was a pleasantly and happily spent evening too. I recollect when I entered the room, at once

those large eyes were turned full upon me (such eyes as Venus must have had.) lit up with a perfect blaze of love. What a strange, pleasant sensation crept over me at the moment; a thousand thrills ran through every fibre. I blushed too, to the very roots of my hair, and shambled up awkwardly enough and shook hands with her; and I am certain—I could swear to it, that those delicate taper fingers gave my enclosed hand a tender squeeze—then, Oh, all ye geniuses of love! aid me to tell the ecstasies of that moment! I was one complete blaze; thrill after thrill rushed through every fibre like the electric fluid over the wire, and, and—I felt deuced nice, though somewhat queamish. So absorbed was I, or rather so infernally fluttered, that I didn't notice another individual in the room; that was deuced stupid and unmannerly. The feminines offended by my apparent neglect gave me nothing but frowns and snappy words after that. I might have known my apologies wouldn't be received, the neglect was bad enough, but for another, that was unpardonable. How these innocent creatures envy one another! "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." And then the dancing and talking—darn me, how stupidly I did everything! I danced like a country lout; (not from any ignorance of the rules of the art of dancing, nor from any natural awkwardness of figure and movement, for I have an admirable figure, and an action that would charm even the graces—such a winning manner of motioning my arms, manœvering my legs and of posturing my "general self,"—but