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POETRY.

“ Said Stiggins to his wife one day,
‘ We’ve nothing left to eat ;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan’t make *both ends meet*.’

“ The dame replied, in words discreet,
‘ We’re not so badly fed,
If we can make but *one end meat*,
And make the other bread.’ ”

A MELONCHOLY AFFAIR.

Farmer Swipes overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them said,

“ What do you say Joe ? shall we come the grab over them *melons* to-night. Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before twelve o’clock.

The other objected as there was a high wall to get over.

“ Oh, Pshaw ! ” was the reply. “ I know a place where we can get over. Know it like a book. Come Joe, let’s go it.”

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruit exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. The other did not care so much about the melons as the fun of getting them.

The owner had made all needful arrangements for the visit, put in brads pretty thick along the wall where they intended to get over ; uncovered a large water-vat that had been full for some time ; fastened tightly some cords about eight inches from the ground along the path. He took good care to park all the

melons, leaving pumpkin and squashes in their place.

Old Swipes liked a little fun as well as the boys, and when the time came, from his hiding place he listened.

“ Whisht, Joe ! dont you hear something ? ”

Probably they *did* here something, for hardly had the words been uttered, when there came a sound of tearing fustian.

“ Get off my coat tail ! ” whispered Joe, “ there goes one flap as sure as a gun ! ” “ Why get off Ned ! ”

And Ned was off and one leg of his breeches, besides ; and then he was telling Joe how *something* had been scratching him tremendously, and torn his breeches all to pieces.

Joe sympathized with him for he said, “ half his coat was hanging up there somewhere ! ”

They now started on, hand-in-hand, for Ned believed that he “ knew the way.” They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went “ swash ! swash ! ” into the water vat. A squeeze ensues, then the suppressed whisper.

“ Thunder, that water smells rather *old*.

“ Never heard anything about the *ci* : Curious though that we should both fall in it ! ”

Joe wanted to go home at once, but Ned would’nt hear of it. They now pushed on again for the melons : presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of