

# THE CALLIOPE.

Bank I'm on—last Sunday I was on the river bank, drunk.

I stay pretty late now, sometimes I'm out all night, fact is I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends—out of pocket—out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty, so Betz says—but then she's no judge for the's never clean herself I wonder why she don't wear good clothes—may be she hasn't got 'em—whose's fault's that? 'Taint mine—it must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however: I'm intoxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. There's one good principle I've got—I won't go in debt: I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone—got tore off I 'spect when I fell down here—I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me the other day I'd make a good sign for a paper mill; if he wasn't so big I'd a licked him. I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm afraid it wont come off without tarin'. People ought to respect me more'n they do—for I'm in holy orders. I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are nearly all greasian style. I guess I tore this window-shutter in my pants behind, the other night, when I set down on the wax in Ben Stragg's shop. I'll have to get it mended up or I'll catch cold—I ain't very stout as it is, though I am full in the face—as the boys say I'm 'bout as fat as a match and as healthy as the small-pox. My best hat's standin' guard for a window-pane that went out the other mornin' at the invitation of a brickbat. It's gittin' cold down here; wonder how I'll get out—I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink I could think better; let's see; I hain't got no three cents—wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge one. When any body treats and says, "come up, fellers," I always think my name's fellers, and I've got too much manners to refuse. Well I must leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary—I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheel-barrow done the harm, not me.

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TUESDAY, AUG. 16.

As editor we possess the privilege, we would not in any other position possess, or whose exercise would not in any other be tolerated, of commenting upon and censuring the conduct and actions of our friends without much fear of incurring the displeasure of those friends. The remarks passed by us upon the deportment of persons, and goodnaturedly taken, would be received by the same individuals, from even a friend, with something bearing a near relationship to indignation and accounted as the highest degree of presumption. Assuming, then, this privilege, we will now proceed to exercise it in making some remarks upon a propensity much too prevalent among our fellow-youths.

Although the confiding, frank and generous nature of youth invariably leads it to a desire of forming friendships and of finding some congenial nature that will sympathize with it in all things—pastimes, studies, affections and aversions. In which nature, if the youth be wild, restless and mischievous, he may find one who will enter with all his fervent, impetuous soul into his bold and fearless adventures. In which, if of a studious, thoughtful disposition, he may find one actuated by the same love of study; worshipping the same authors; drawing inspiration from the same poets; admiring in them the same beauties; censuring the same faults. In which, if "Melancholy has mark'd him for her own" he may find one whose soul is overcast