

THE CALLIOPE.

every moment to see Charley, and perhaps the girls, coming in search of me. I finally came to the conclusion to put on what I had left. My coat, unfortunately, was made in the height of fashion, with narrow-tails, which only served to hide a very small portion of my nudity. I had scarcely finished *dressing*, when I heard the sound of voices, and standing on tip-toe, I fairly danced for joy on seeing Charley emerge from the garden. I was just on the point of revealing myself, when horrible! right in his wake followed half a dozen girls, Maggy amongst the rest. Down the road they bounded crying out my name.

"Frank, Frank, the runaway, where can he be," sung out a voice which I recognized at once as Maggy's. Suddenly there was a pause.

"We-e-e, we-e-e," screeched half a dozen feminines at once. "He's drowned," cried some.

Two or three fainted, while those with stronger nerves caressed the dog for what they deemed his sagacity in making my sad fate known. I had secreted myself behind a small clump of trees; and my position was now becoming every moment more critical. I looked round for some place of concealment, when thank heaven! I discovered a tree, which I mounted with the agility of a squirrel, and had just succeeded in secreting myself when the whole household arrived on the spot, and halted directly under it.

"Can he be drowned?" sympathizingly asked Maggy, and I thought I heard her sob. My curiosity was excited, and stretching myself forward upon the branch, I lent over to catch every word. Treacherous limb! Just as I did so, with a report like a pistol, the branch broke, and down I went headlong, amongst my sympathetic female friends.

"What a fall was there my countrymen."

The sudden and unexpected somersault bewildered me for a moment, but a scream like a locomotive whistle made me start to my feet, in time to witness a general stampede. I looked round

to see if I was entirely deserted, and found my friend Charley rolling and kicking on the grass unable to utter a word; with him it was a capital joke, but far different with me. When I thought of my dropping down heels up; attired in a shirt, hat, boots and coat, and a narrow-tailed coat too, and being thus seen by Maggy and her cousins; none of the coaxings of Charley could induce me to return to the house. As soon as I had procured the necessary wardrobe, I left, and I never saw Maggy afterwards. Oh! how I did curse that brute of a dog. Don't you think my antipathy is justly founded?

A butcher who was afflicted with an obliquity of vision, was about to kill a bullock, and employed a little negro boy to hold him by the horns to keep his head steady.

As he raised his axe in the air his arm was arrested by an exclamation from the darkey,

"Look here, massa, is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin'?"

"Of course I am, you black scoundrel."

"Den you get somebody else to hold de bullock, you isn't gwine to knock dis chile's brains out!"

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TUESDAY, APRIL 12.



It is with much pleasure we are enabled to inform our readers, that the "Union Cricket Club," which was so ably carried on last summer, is again about to muster its forces for another campaign. We heartily wish them that success which they deserve; and we hope to see all the old members resume the bat, and use their best exertions to promote so worthy an object. Young