

# THE CALLIOPE

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## POETRY.

Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

"Let pleasure be your aim in youth,"  
From pleasure's vot'ries fall;  
Nor does th'impulsive ear they strike,  
List, heedless to the call.

Youth is the time, when nascent hopes  
Spring swelling in the human breast;  
When all—past, present, future, is  
In solar brightness drest.

Yes, youth's the time, to raise the cup  
Of sparkling pleasure to the lips;  
When pleasure's god his radiant wings  
In streams of bright Elysium dips;

And soaring o'er the head of youth  
He strikes his pennons bright;  
Down pours the stream in sportive drops  
And sheds its deep delight.

Then let your spirit roam at will  
O'er pleasure's wide, unclouded bound;  
'Tis only now, within its range,  
That all enjoyment can be found.

For as adown the stream of life  
We glide in broken course along;  
Not pleasures to encroaching years,  
But gathering cares belong.

The pangs of disappointed love;  
Hope dying in your breast;  
High aspirations sunk to nought  
Mayhap shall banish all your rest.

Then deep, ye kindred spirits! plunge,  
In pleasure's swelling spring!  
Let every hour, at your command,  
Its tribute pleasure bring.

Drink deep the sweetened, joyous draught,  
While days of youth remain;  
For soon the gall of worldly cares;  
Shall change its sweets to pain.

## LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

Loafer soliloquiseth;—Let's see;  
where am I? This is—coal I'm layin'  
on. How'd I get here! (reflects,) yes,  
I mind now Was comin' up—met a  
wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell over  
the wheel-barrow—and one on us fell in  
the cellar; don't mind which now—  
guess it must been me. I am a nice man,  
hic, I am tore! tight! shot! drunk!  
Well, I can't help it—'tain't my fault;  
wonder whose fault 'tis.—Is it Jones's  
fault? No. Is it my wife's fault—'tis.  
N-o-o.—It's the wheel barrow's fault!  
Has he a large family? Got many re-  
lations! All poor, I reckon! I think I  
won't own him any more.

I'll cut his acquaintance—I've had  
that notion about ten years, and always  
hated to do it for fear of hurtin' his feel-  
ings—I'll do it now—I think, Liquor is  
injurin' me. It's a spoilin' my temper.  
Sometimes I get mad, when I'm drunk,  
and abuse Betz and the brats—it used to  
be Lizzie and the children—that's some  
time ago; I can just mind when I used  
to come home evenin's she used to put  
her arms round my neck and call me her  
dear William. When I come home now  
she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and  
puts her hair out of her eyes and looks at  
me and says something, like—Bill, you  
drunken brute! shut the door after you,  
we're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout  
lettin' the snow blow in that way. Yes,  
she's Betz and I'm Bill now, I ain't a  
good Bill nuther—think I am a counter-  
feit—won't pass—a tavern 'thout goin'  
in and getting a drink. Don't know what