

THE CALLIOPE

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POETRY.

The pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him ;
For he at any time can eat
The sand which is around him.

It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did not we know the sons of ham
Were bred and mustered there.

Written for the 'Calliope.'

WHERE CAN HE BE ?

By Quiz.

I am down on dogs. I detest the whole canine race, and any one who gets up a Dog Exterminating Association I'll invest my "pile." The event which I am about to relate occurred a few years ago in the vicinity of W—. At that time I was as bashful as a Quakeress, and to look at a girl would have made my face like a fullgrown lobster. However, with the assistance of a friend Charley D., I became initiated, "broke the ice," and was "going in" with a rush, when I was brought to, on a sudden by a con-founded dog, who deprived me of a lovely wife and half a dozen babies (probably.) My friend Charley, had any quantity of sisters and cousins, and as a natural consequence I fell in love with one of them. What a delicious sensation one experiences when he is in love—does he not? If he ever can get an idea of heaven its about that time, provided he hasn't the horrid image of a dog to dispel the enchanting illusion.

Well, I was up to my ears in love with Maggy (sweet name,) and I flattered myself she smiled approvingly on me. Her residence was about nine miles from the city, and as a "team" was a rather expensive luxury, my visits were only simi-occasional. It was during my last visit that the never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe befel me which has made me the enemy of dogs. Charley and I had secured a week's leave of absence, from our employer, and I "went in" to enjoy myself. At a short distance from the house was a fine stream of water, where he and I used to bathe every morning. On the morning in question, Charley felt like sleeping and I was obliged to bathe alone. I floundered about for an hour until the people about the farm were up, when I thought it time to dress. I went to where I had left my clothes, but Christopher! what did I find? *a hat, coat, boots and shirt.* One look up the road soon told me where the remainder were, for directly opposite the house stood a huge Newfoundland Dog, tossing up in the air what I recognized as my new black cassimere pants, and other portions of my apparel. How the thieving brute enjoyed himself; catching them up and shaking them as if daring me to go for them.

I was afraid to go into the road, lest my immodest appearance might shock some of the females who could not fail to see me from the windows. I whistled and made all sorts of gestures to no purpose. I had been absent long enough to create suspicion, and I fully expected