

THE CALLIOPE

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, August 1859.

Dear CALLIOPE,

Is it then a fact that you are about to leave us? Is it true that now, when we are only beginning to fully appreciate the value of your regular and welcome visits, that you abandon at the outstart, such a praiseworthy publication? How is it? Is your fuel exhausted and no one come to your assistance?

It is really too bad to see you die away without a hand being stretched out to you. But I cannot believe it, you have only gone into dock for repairs, and we will again have the gratification of seeing you come out bright and new, to give us all an agreeable surprise. I only hope it may be so as we cannot afford to loose you yet.

Gladden us with a sight of your good-natured face again, and continue to show up our follies and vices, in spite of all opposition. You have heretofore dealt too lightly with some of our wayward youths who better deserve a sharp rebuke than mild advice. Live and defy them and you may reckon upon the support of yours, &c.,

BULGINE.

("Bulgine," very justly grows indignant at the treatment we have received at the hands of those, to whose advancement the short period of our existence, has been devoted. He also grows unnecessarily enthusiastic at our past efforts, and endeavours to force down our throat a mixture of wormwood and sugar to keep us alive a little longer. But we fear his prescription is too weak as the disease has taken too firm a hold upon our system. But Granny says while there is life there is hope, and our case may not be so bad as it appears. We have besides secured the advice and assistance of a clever physician, in whom we have unbounded confidence, and we will await the result of his care and attention. This is all the satisfaction we can give our friend "Bulgine.")

We feel grateful for his solicitude, and hope he may stand by to fire up when the bell rings.—E. C.)

MY DEAR CALLIOPE,

Who shall deny that this life is one of constant disappointments and vicissitudes? One in which hopes are no sooner born than they are sent to the grave; an existence whose every moment brings an additional care to prey upon our hearts. And that no one has experienced the truth of this more fully than I have, will immediately be made evident to you. It was with the most in-