

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, JULY 5.

exquisitely moulded and support a noble head, and still that *vertex* may be very empty and light and no burden at all to the exquisite shoulders and neck. And that tongue which now wags so gently and drops such soft, dulcet words, may be horribly discovered when too late, to clatter furiously; frightfully capable of delivering, excellent Caudle curtain lectures; of cutting into very minute, indivisible pieces a neighbours reputation without the least compunction; and sowing the seeds of discord among families broadcast. I've not a burning desire of discovering too late that I have been casting pearls before swine, (a bad wife is as bad as a *swine* any day,) for I flatter myself my better or even my equal is not to be found in a pretty wide circle of the civilized world; and I would therefore much desire to find a being worthy of the incalculable favor I bestow on her by deigning to offer her my hand and to take her to me for better or for worse; to accompany me in my "pilgrimage" through this life of vicissitudes—alternate griefs and joys; this "vale of tears." That in time of joy she may participate in it; and in misfortune and grief may dissipate by her gentle and bright influence the lowering clouds which may overhang my darkened spirit. I see I'm running into the sentimental, a pretty frequent running with me, but not to my present purpose. My *smite* approaches so nearly to a wound, that I hope my researches may turn out satisfactorily, as it might prove somewhat difficult and painful or even might approach the impossible to heal it" (The result of Mr. Trifluvia Lovier's researches and what they led to, will probably be giving in another paper.)

We should not suppose that a child because he kicks up a dust, is like a carpet, that requires to be instantly taken up, and thoroughly beaten before it can be put down.

The events of the past month, which has been darkened by the shadow of the scaffold throughout the land, should furnish us with matter for serious reflection, and be a fearful warning to us in future. The number of executions which have taken place, and the enormity of the offences, will make it one of unusual darkness in the annals of crime; and, in peaceful times, unparalleled in the history of Canada.

Justice demands the life of the murderer, in atonement for that of his victim, as well as to arrest the progress of crime by such an example; but each successive example only proves more clearly the inefficiency of such a course. It may happen, that, amongst the thousands who love to feast their eyes upon the sufferings of their fellow beings, are those whose hearts are steelled by constant crime, and whose hands may be more deeply dyed in blood than the unfortunate sufferer of whose execution they are witnesses; but the scarcely audible whisperings of their conscience are choked down by fiendish jests and ribaldry, and the impression, if any exists, is but momentary, and often expires with the life of the unhappy victim. In looking over the crimes for which so many, during the past month, have paid for with their lives, we are alike shocked and grieved; and at times we are under the impression that it is the history of some barbarous nation we are reading, instead of the daily events of a christian, and hitherto happy and peaceful country. Here we have the