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THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

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NO. 11.

POETRY.

God bless you.

How simply fall those simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound in strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part!
You sadly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you!"

A LECTURE TO LOAFERS.

Stand up here you lazy rascals, and let us reason about your daily vocation. Hold up your sheepish heads and say why sentence of the most unqualified condemnation should not be passed upon your conduct. How can you possibly have the impudence to stretch your lazy bones or block up the Post Office door with your carcasses, to the no small annoyance of busy working people who are engaged in some useful occupation? How can you be contented to pass away time in lounging around the streets, only shifting to avoid the rays of the sun—in company with your equally lazy and useless companions, the dogs, perchance once and a while setting your canine friends to fight for the sake of gratifying your brutal love of fun? and how can you have the unblushing impertinence to gaze under every lady's bonnet who is compelled to pass by, and just before she is quite out of sight express your vulgar propensities by remarking "what

a gait," "what big feet," or what a stuckup air, and turning to one of your companions, inquiring of him "how he'd like to hitch horses with that female for life?"

You poor fools, don't you know that her stuck up air was caused by her having to pass such a crowd of human brutes? And don't you know that instead of criticizing a lady's gait you ought to be at home mending your garden gate? And that no sensible feminine will hitch horses with any of you as long as you pursue your present business?

Do you suppose that you were made for no other purpose than to "loaf," and hinder industrious people by asking unmeaning questions or standing in their way? And do you think it decidedly sharp when you hail a gentleman who is hurrying about his business, and asking him if he is walking for wages, and you are loafing for wages which you will get some day if you don't mind your ways, i. e. free boarding in the poor house, or you may be promoted to the high rank of private in the penitentiary. Time may hang heavily with you, but you may hang heavily in time if you do not bestir yourselves and be useful.

Do you imagine that you were created to do nothing, and that brains were put in your great pumpkin heads for the poor use you make of them? Do you think it honorable for you to do nothing because your father has enough to support you, when you know what they have, they got by honest industry? And do you suppose your mothers and sisters

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were sent into this world to cook meals and wash shirts for such worthless beings as you are ?

And then when night comes what do we see you at ? Why about the grocery and liquor stores of course. There you post yourself and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to "treat," at the same time urge as a reason that he is the only man in the crowd that is making any money. Then after you have sponged enough of a clever fellow, to make night hideous with beastly shouts, you finally lay down in some gutter with your equally respectables companions, the hogs.

Now ain't you a beautiful set of fellows ? Felons we ought to call you. Your faces ought to be covered with shame at the idea of degrading poor human nature in this manner, especially when you acknowledge that it is an awful burden to do so—Then go to work like men, or else take arsenic and make yourselves of some use, by giving the printers a chance to publish your departure under the head of suicide.

S L A N G .

A lecture recently delivered in Carlisle, by the Rev. A. Mursell, contained the following amusing but instructive passage :—The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness in speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own ; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English ! Now just listen to our fast young man, or the ape of a "fast young man," who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own

"hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If he is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will stand Sam ? If he meets a savage-looking dog he calls him "an ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is "a chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake"—a "flat"—a "spoon"—a "stick"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up"—never pays but "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up."—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, "cuts his lucky !"

The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts," and when he holds his peace, he's "shut up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and made to "sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated is to be "sold"—to be caught clearly is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant is "jolly." He says, "Blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does

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that," "hanged if he does the other thing"; or he exclaims; "My eye!" "my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars he would be "flummoxed." Then he swears "By George"—"By the piper"; on select occasions he selects "the piper that played before-Moses." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor," as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the "relieving officer." Does it not betray on the part of young men great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I assure you will admit that it is a very heinous word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned.

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TUESDAY, AUG. 2.

Our friends would do well to be upon their guard against the gentry from the other side the lines, who practice every artful dodge to reach the purse-strings of the unsuspecting. Look out for those who offer you a profitable employment, or agency. They will give you any amount per day you may ask provided you send them a *three cent stamp*. A very modest request when we think of the immense profit to be derived from it, very! And then this kind friend, who is so desirous to secure your services at such a handsome salary, only wants this *three cent stamp* to pay an answer to

your letter. Kind friend! we feel grateful for your disinterested services for our welfare, and we are sorry we have not the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance to *tender* you a slight token of our regard; we assure you you should be heartily welcome to it.

Three cents, or twenty-five cents, is a matter of such small moment to one individual that they are the more easily gulled; many sending merely *for the fun of it*; but when we come to count the dupes of these rascals by the hundreds, and even thousands, (considering the wide range their advertisements take) we are not surprised to find their successful villainy spurs them on to fresh schemes and rascality. Their motto is "Every *dodge* is fair that pays."

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Hear what Sydney Smith says concerning what men lose for want of a little independence of mind. The subject is of importance to boys, and we hope the comments of such excellent authority will not be deemed out of place, as they are well worth remembering:—

"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could

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consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one day, he finds he is sixty years of age; and that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

### Varieties.

An old miser owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved man hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, he invited his servant to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched. "Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know." "Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went "Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer. "Thank you," said the labourer, "I never work after supper."

"Dejeuners a la fouchette" are common enough, but "guerre a la fouchette" as the Zouaves call their favorite bayonet practice, is as novel as it must be disagreeable to the man at the wrong end of the musket.

A man in Lowell, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud-hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information." "Impossible, sir!—but tell me, what do you allude to?" "You said that Mr. M. had been tried." "True." "Condemned." "Very true." "Hung." "Most true." "Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself." "Impossible!" "I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged." "By no means, sir." "Now!—what do you mean? you are deranged!" "I may be so, sir; but I will not do it." "I will complain to a magistrate." "As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you is, to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir; it is said of me I never deceive."

Sir William B——, being at a parish meeting, made proposals which an influential farmer objected to, and so effectually, that they were not carried. Highly enraged—"Sir," says he to the farmer, "you may be a judge of a plough, but you know nothing of the subjects in which you have interfered. I think I ought to be well informed upon them, I have been at both the universities, and at two colleges in each." "Well, Sir," replied the farmer, "and what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, that *the more he sucked the greater calf he grew.*"

A grocer wishing to be a little odd in regard to a sign, caused two letters, T.T., to be painted on his shutter, the one green and the other black. Not long after, some person observing it, inquired what it meant. "Why, you goose," said the trader, "it's green tea and black tea!"

"How old are you, Pat?" said a clerk of indictment to a convict, at an assizes in the south of Ireland, "Faith, sir, I believe I'm pretty well as owld as ever I'll be," said Pat; and, in good truth, he was hanged on the Monday following.