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THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. I.

JUNE 7 1859.

NO. 7.

POETRY.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world,— it is just as we make it,

We see not the flower if we set not the seed,
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it.

The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,

And say that the search for true friendship is vain ;

But remember, this world, though it be not the best,

Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim ;

For often poor friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame ;

Then ne'er by the changes of fate be deprest.

Nor wear like a tetter time's sorrowful chain ;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,

Is the next to the best we shall ever attain !

Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

Wit, pure and intuitive, few possess. Sought after by all, it is but rarely found. Who does not essay to be witty ? and who does not oftener fail than succeed in the attempt, and makes himself look exceedingly stupid, and all near him who are at all sensitive, extremely uncomfortable ? Still we all try again, and at every succeeding attempt make more egregious fools of ourselves. If we were but half as persevering in other things as in this, how much better would we

succeed in this world. And strange it is, that however often and invariable are our failures in our endeavors to be witty, we never come to a sense, or rather are unwilling to come to it, of our want of the rare gift of nature. We seemingly cannot learn by experience in this as in other things. We give her the lie if she tells us that we are not endowed with the peculiarly Irish quality ; and are bent upon being Jerolds at any cost. This leads us to centre all our attention upon this one aim, and to take every means and opportunity to compass it. The natural gift fails us more frequently from want of it, and sometimes when possessed moderately, from constant calls on it ; our attempts then degenerate into impertinence ; this some very few of us mistake for genuine wit, and insult people right and left in the exercise of it, when our design, innocent enough, is to amuse those very persons whose feelings we so abuse. This is not the case with the greater number. Those whose whole ambition (exceedingly high) is to be deemed witty, determine to be so at any price. Feelings, honor, virtue, religion, in fine, all that is sacred and good, they scruple not to attack if by so doing they can only make a "good hit" This is the wit prevalent in our city. Every thing here seems to take the same color. The same unvarying tint is cast over, or is inherent in all. All evil—nothing good. Religion—doubtful, pharisaical. Honor—doubtful, dirty. Virtue—thing unknown. Selfishness—prevailing feature. Cupidity—absorbing quality. Pride—stinking.

Malice — sharp. Dissipation in every form — revolting. Wit — insult. We have got an exceeding nice fashion here too of laughing at our own sayings—giving ourselves the applause which others deny us. Our wit costs us nothing, it does others, what matter, why should not we be amused at it? One of our most remarkable characteristics is admiration of ourselves. “Oh! heavens we are Gods!” we all exclaim with wonderful sincerity and satisfaction. With what “wreathing smiles” do we lend our willing ears to any thing flattering to ourselves! with what eloquence do we dilate upon our own achievements, parts and attractions! With what gusto do we heighten our own qualities by the depreciation of those of others! How we strut, how we stride, how we wave our arms, how motion our heads, vanity and selfishness (inseparable characteristics) shining out of every feature, and denoted by every movement, and both plainly saying, in each individual, “I am a being infinitely exalted above my fellow creatures, who is to be likened unto me?” Disgusting but true picture! How do I detest man as I see him here! Show me I beseech, some being, free from man’s vices, petty, selfish motives, vanities, spites, and all those qualities so disgustingly prominent in man as seen by me! Show me him as he was “in His own image,” with something of his primitive nobleness of nature remaining, and not as the mean, abject beings which daily creep before my loathing eyes! Gladden my longing eyes with such a sight, and—but why demand impossibilities, as well hope to see man free from all his littleness, moral filthiness and degradation, as he who came to save him a low in the scale of morality as man now himself is. But, dear me how I have wandered, my moralizations on fallen human nature, wrapt me completely away, and had not a disturbance startled my thoughts, from their upward flight, down into their former level, I might be still, proceeding at full speed from my subject. To return to it. Our wit, is then, that unscrupulous wit, springing

from, vanity, inordinate self-esteem and ignorance; a wit which every body detests and which, queerly enough, every body practices; a wit which makes you disposed to kick everybody when practised on yourself, and everybody you when on them; a wit which sets you at enmity with all, and all with you; a wit which knocks heels over head every good principle and thing, and laughs with great glee at its work; a wit which makes indignation swell within the generous; the sensitive feel exquisite pain; the simple as if on pins and needles; and at which every blockhead laughs. A wit, in fine, which every generous nature despises and shrinks from displaying; and which every true wit scorns. A wit which has become so prevalent here as to call forth the present perhaps too severe remarks.

Who can have any sympathy with those who hesitate not to wound the tenderest feelings on the tenderest subjects? who hesitate not to call the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence by some coarse or filthy joke? who shock and defile sisters’ ears by low and vulgar buffoonery? and in short who hesitate not to violate the feelings, to cause the blush of shame to rise, to defame honor, to tear asunder the bonds of friendship and affection so long as they accomplish their one object—that if being considered witty? Who does not condemn, despise such people? condemn and abhor the miserable mean object of their ambition! I hesitate not a moment—why should I?—in saying that many such persons are to be found amongst us. If this should meet their eye I sincerely hope that it may not be devoid of some good effect on them. Let them subdue their pitiful ambition; let them drive from them the belief that they gain for themselves the admiration of their fellow-citizens. I pray them in pity rather than anything else, to take some other means (there are many others) to gain approbation: means by which they may secure the goodwill and respect, not the hatred and contempt (as they are surely doing) of their fellow-citizens.

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7.

The 24th of May 1859 will long be remembered as an eventful day in the history of our infant City, as on that day she removed, by one simple act, the stigma of distrust and suspicion which had clung to her for years. She has forever silenced the busy tongues of her enemies, by a most heartfelt and patriotic expression of loyalty, which, for sincerity and universality would rank as second to none in Canada.

Some years ago, her people, from an imaginary insult offered their race, turned their backs upon the representative of our gracious sovereign, and refused him that common greeting and hospitality which is never denied a stranger, but they now come forward and acknowledge their mistake and show the world that while they despise the man, they love and honor his noble mistress.

As the first which has yet been attempted upon such an occasion, it was most successful and enthusiastic and we hope it is only the precursor of a practice, which instead of a tribute, will become eventually a sacred right with every British subject who enjoys the protection and maternal care of Queen Victoria.

We are, as yet, but wayward and petted children, who despise the Counsel and care of our ever watchful mother, because we cannot fully estimate its value, but let her cast us off and leave us battle with the world as best we may, we will soon learn to value the protection of her wooden walls, and, like

prodigal sons, return again to her maternal bosom.

It is with pleasure, not unmixed with pride, we notice the progress which the Union Cricket Club is making, and we look forward confidently to the time when they will have reached a state of proficiency which will place them on a level with their neighbours of Montreal and Quebec. We were present lately during practice, and though the players acquitted themselves honorably, it could not escape the notice of a bystander, that due respect was not paid to the officers. This is the fault of the officers, who should enforce the regulations of the club, and preserve their authority in defiance of the whims and grumbling of any party. We have also heard some complaints of want of punctuality and we are sorry to add, from personal observation, that some of the officers, in this respect, show the men a bad example. In this case it is the duty of the men to see that the officers respect the laws which they are bound to enforce. It is to be regretted that annoyances such as these should occur, and we hope soon to see a remedy applied, for without punctuality and respect their Union is a dead letter.

Anonymous correspondents will save themselves and us a good deal of unnecessary trouble by bearing in mind our principles, already expressed, that no notice whatever will be taken of communications when not accompanied (in confidence) by the name of the author.

Young men when you read, pause frequently, meditate and digest. Reading without these is useless.

THE CALLIOPH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, June 6th 1859.

Friend CALLIOPH,

Any one who saw the plain and scanty account of the Queen's birthday celebration in our City papers could not fail to be surprised that an affair, which gave such general satisfaction, should be noticed in such a matter-of-fact manner. They should at least, in justice to the sovereign whom, *I trust*, we all respect, if not to the boys who carried it through, have mentioned *all* the proceedings. They seem not to be aware that a salute of several guns was fired at sunrise, and also a Royal salute of twenty one guns at noon. Flags were likewise displayed in different parts of the City, which also escaped their notice. It gives us, however some pleasure to know that they let the world see that we are at least capable of such a demonstration.

EGO.

Things not in order.—1. To stand before the church door before service.

2. To engage in any kind of conversation, even religious, between the time of our going in and the commencement of worship. That interval should be spent in composing the thoughts for the solemnities of the approaching services.

3. To salute persons coming in, by bowing, smiling, etc. It is profanation.

4. To look around to catch the eye of a friend, and smiling at any remark from the pulpit.

5. To permit your children to sit in any place except in your own pew.

6. To allow them to be stuffing themselves all the time with apples, sweet cakes, candy or anything else.

7. Sleeping in church.

8. To be reaching for garments, or adjusting the dress, while the blessing is pronounced.

9. To commence laughing, talking and

saluting one another as soon as the peo- are dismissed.

10. To read these items, and not endeavor to correct them.—*C Record.*

Varieties.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could? but as he can't, he does all he can to show the world that he is not a man.

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep lately held a meeting to rejoice over the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph, the prince of W(h)ales presiding and the cashier of the Bank of Newfoundland acting as secretary.

Johnny, that smart little Philadelphia boy, was walking down Chestnut Street with his father, and seeing a strange sort of machine at the door of a store, inquired of his father,

"What is that for?"

"I am sure I dont know."

"I Guess I do," said Johnny.

"Well, what do you thing it is for?" asked his father.

"Why," said Master Johnny, "I guess it's for sale!"

The whole duty of a man is frequently only to please himself.

When two men dispute, you may be sure that there is a fool upon one side or the other.

A lady sent for a new velvet mantilla at her dress-maker's.

"John," she said, "if it rains, take a coach; I had rather pay the hack hire than have my mantilla wet."

When the man handed her the mantilla it was ruined, the paper it was covered with being saturated with water.

"Why, John I told you to take a cab if it rained."

"So I did mum; but sure you would not have your footman a ridein' inside. I got on the box with the driver."