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# THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

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## POETRY.

### THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Oh ! far from his native land he died,  
In youth's sweet opening day—  
E'en as the flower, in summer pride,  
Is torn from earth away.

Far from his home's bright sunny bowers,  
On the dark and stormy main,  
He languished through long weary hours  
For that dear home again.

For lonely the dyin' sailor lay,  
Uncheered by one kind tone—  
The joyous light of hope's cheering ray  
With health's bright hours had flown.

No mother was near to soothe his head,  
And catch his parting sighs ;  
Strangers stood by the loved one's bed,  
And closed his dying eyes.

They gave him unto the stormy deep—  
The young, the loved, the brave !  
And the dark billows, with sudden sweep,  
Closed o'er the Sailor's Grave !

### THE GHOST STORY.

BY AN "OLD SALT."

When engaged in the service of a frigate, now at Sierra Leone, my nervous system received a severe trial:—As fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement, (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast,) the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this at a village about six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed ; and as I was particularly desirous

to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the 'ghost' on my road. On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife ; and ever since, the lady or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond this house were the remains of a negro village, which previously to colonization had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery ; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure ; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport.

The empty boast still faltered on my heart and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered

negroes as they came howling on the gale. Whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black cloud thick with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when in a moment, he stopped, threw out his forelegs, and reared upon his haunches, while streaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something super-naturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated ‘don’t be alarmed, ’tis only Uncle Joey!’—So, so, poor fellow! so, so!’

The horse bearing a well-known sound

became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly-raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drank rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid,) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting. Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instill pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Joeys.

## BOYS, WORK!

It is one of the besetting sins of young men of this extravagant and intolent age to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from your bosom the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of virtue, health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing and never as a burden or a curse—Idleness, on the other hand, is the fruitless source of vice, poverty, degradation and misery; would you escape all these, shun it. Pursue some honest calling, be not ashamed to be useful, go to work! Be a man not a drone.

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, MAY 24.

We should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.

All small towns are noted for scandal. Ours far from being an exception to this rule, might without injustice to others, or usurping a position which did not rightfully belong to her, take her stand at the head of them in that regard. I have frequently heard the victims of our merciless scourges with contracted brows, compressed teeth and deep curses call our otherwise pleasant city, a foul hole, from which nothing but the poisonous exhalations of scandal rise, shocking the nostrils of offending and unoffending indiscriminately. And we must confess, on account of a bitter experience, that we almost concur in this judgment; we have however sufficient charity remaining to make a few allowances; we take into consideration the weakness of human nature, the upper emptiness of many of the propagators, &c. Our scandal mongers, (in common with all others we suppose) male and female, take a sort of diabolical delight in tearing to shreds the characters of all, upon which they can have the least cause for seizing. No mercy need be expected at their hands, the hapless wight who falls into them, must give himself over to despair or indifference without much hope of ever being able again to restore his cruelly lacerated character. There are some, undoubtedly, who by their immoral conduct deserve to have their names spread abroad loaded with disgrace, in order that others may shun them; but that does not excuse in the least the unchristian propensity of

those who seize with avidity upon every trivial circumstance and exaggerate it into a serious offence without any other object apparently but that of having the pleasure of striking a painful or fatal blow at the characters of some of their fellow citizens, and these often intimate acquaintances. If many were but aware of the injury they caused, we feel confident that consideration if nothing else, would lead them to restrain, if not wholly suppress their uncharitable tendency. We ourselves have seen a first offender, reluctantly led into his first deviation from the path of rectitude, and who would in all likelihood never have repeated it, so exasperated at the reports circulated regarding him, as to rush deeper into the evil, from which different treatment might have drawn him, declaring that he was now perfectly indifferent as to what was said about him. It is wonderful the power, which the individuals under consideration possess of amplifying their invention in matters relating to scandal is truly amazing; how it is to be regretted that some were not so prolific in matters which more nearly concern themselves.

Some author (I forget his name) says: "No quality is more surely a concomitant of the highest order of genius than its *expansive* character." To what conclusion does the above lead us? Why, that we have in our midst geniuses "of the highest order," who constantly display the *expansive* powers of their intellects at the cost of the *contraction* of the good repute of others. Small cost in their eyes. Our geniuses surely belong to the class of "evil genii" which plays so important a part in the "Arabian nights."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, May 23th 1859.

Friend CALLIOPÉ,

Many, we have no doubt, will think that we are unjust, and that there is too much asperity, in our remarks. We leave it to those who have felt the pain of unmerited blows at their conduct, whether we have gone beyond the bounds of truth. Even if we had, we consider ourselves justified in doing so; we can't see why the 'game' should be confined to one side. Our object however is not to retaliate but to remonstrate, to inform those, who seem not to possess sense enough to perceive it for themselves, that those characters they play so lightly with are not things "of little account;" that a character once lost is with no small difficulty regained. Those, of whom we are writing, should recollect, that it is not by shunning an offender, by pointing the finger of contempt and reproach at him, by publishing his faults highly exaggerated, that he is to be reclaimed from the evil into which he has fallen; and surely we cannot believe that any who pretend to the name of christians can wish for anything else, as it is difficult to believe that they wish him to sink deeper into wickedness. If told so they would shudder at the thought; (plain evidence of the thoughtlessness of some people,) still their whole behavior is calculated to make him do so.

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If it should ever fall to the lot of youth, "said Sir Walter Scott in his biography," to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret, that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth.

If such a man as Scott thought he had neglected his opportunities, what must the feelings of a really ignorant man be!

As I understand you have some influence with the *Boys*, I hope you will grant me a corner of your valuable *sheet* to hold by, while I remind them of the importance of indulging in a "copd dip" every morning. Most of them, who are too lazy to get up in the morning, bathe during the day under a scorching sun, which is not only unpleasant but dangerous. The morning is the proper time for bathing, and those who enjoy such a treat will agree with me in saying that they feel invigorated and as cool as a cucumber all day. But we pay so much attention to scrubbing and ornamenting our artificial covering, that our natural covering is neglected, probably because it is not included in the catalogue of fashion.

I am fond of a "comfortable shiver," myself in the mighty (shallow) waters of our noble St. Lawrence, but I take care never to go beyond my depth, as it is dangerous in case you might step on a crab and loose your *equal liberty*. When I want a good spout, whale fashion, I get on my knees to it, as it is the safest way, in always having a good *footing*.

You will please excuse this *watery* attempt at composition.

And believe me, Yours &c.,

Tommy Cod, Junr.

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An English parish church gives the following Notice. "That no person is to be *buried* in this church-yard, except those *living* in the parish; and those who *wish* to be *buried* are desired to apply to the parish-clerk!"

Verily it is hardly fair to doubt that Balaam's ass spoke like a man, when so many men speak like asses.