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THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. 1.

JULY 19 1859.

NO. 10.

POETRY.

HOME.

Oh! how I long again to view
My childhoods dwelling-place—
To clasp my mother to my heart—
To see my father's face!
To hear each well remembered tone—
To gaze on every eye
That met my ear or thrill'd my heart
In days long since gone by.

Oh! let me seek my home once more,
For but a little while—
But once above my couch to see
My mother's gentle smile;
It haunts me in my weary hours—
It comes to me in dreams,
With all the pleasant paths of home,
And woods and shaded streams.

There is a spring—I know it well—
Flowering beneath a rock;
Oh! how its coolness and its light
My fevered fancies mock!
I long to lay me by its side,
And bathe my lips and brow;
'Twould give new fervour to the heart,
That beats so languid now.

I may not—I must linger here—
Perchance it is but just!
Yet, well I know this yearning soon
Will scorch my heart to dust.
One breathing of my native air
Had call'd me back to life;
But I must die—must waste away,
Beneath this inward strife.

HOW HE "DYED" FOR LOVE.

An amusing story is told, as an episode in a story in a late foreign review, about a military young gentleman who "died" for love. The affair occurred in Paris. The hero was named De Marsay. He had insulted a young woman, the wife of a dyer, in the Rue de Marais, who sent her husband to meet him, a fellow strong as a Hercules, and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false trust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dyers pringing forward caught poor Gustave round the body and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dye-stuff. How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home he never could tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke next day he discovered he was totally changed—his skin from head to foot, being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies, nothing availed in the least, in fact many thought that he came out bluer than before. The most learned of the faculty were consulted, the most distinguished chemists—all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognised the peculiar tint, and said, "Ah, there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marais."

TUESDAY, JULY 19.

Here was a terrible blow to all hope, and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marais growing thin and wretched from fretting, and by his despondency occasioning his friends the deepest solicitude. At length one of his relatives resolved on a bold step. He went direct to the Rue de Marais, and demanded to speak with the dyer. It is not very easy to say how he opened a negotiation of such delicacy; that he did so with consummate tact and skill there can be no doubt, for he so worked on the dyer's compassion by the picture of the poor young fellow, utterly ruined in his career, unable to face the world—to meet his regiment—even to appear before the enemy, being blue!—that the dyer at last confessed his pity, but at the same time cried out, "What can I do? There is no getting it off again?"

"No getting it off again! do you really tell me that?" exclaimed the wretched negotiator.

"Impossible, that's the patent," said the other, with an ill-dissembled pride. "I've spent seven years in the invention. I only hit upon it last October. Its grand merit is that it resists all attempts to efface it."

"And do you tell me," cries the friend in terror, "that this poor fellow must go down to his grave in that odious—well, I mean no offence—in that unholy tint?"

"There is but one thing in my power, sir."

"Well, what is it, in the name of mercy? Out with it and name your price."

"I can make him a very charming green!"

It is needless to say that this offer was rejected in despair. Color for color, it was better to be blue than green.

Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?
No; why do you ask such a question?
Cause that leetle man, with a heap o' hair on his face, cotch'd hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'

It is with extreme regret we confess that we have, in all the sanguine and assured hopes with which we started on our course of journalism of the liberal support we were to receive from our friends, been most cruelly disappointed. We had imagined that the warm manner in which we were received, and the still warmer support promised us on our first timid appearance in public, augured well for the numerous future contributions which were to adorn our columns. We fancied they would take a corresponding pleasure in aiding those few, who have the editing of this journal, in their duties, in order to render our pages more diversified, and to take from them that sameness of style and treatment always characteristic of youthful productions; and eagerly seize the opportunity as a means of exercise and improvement of the noblest faculties of man. But we imagined wrongly, as many wiser have done before us. Not a single line; not a single word; not even a single suggestion have we received from any. Whether to attribute this neglect to a cooling of their former zeal; a decaying of their former interest, or to indolence we know not; it is probably traceable to all three. Be that as it may, we consider ourselves to have been deserted in a most shameful manner. We believe that now, to aggravate the matter, little interest is taken in the paper, at all circumstance very discouraging to those who use their best efforts to make it as interesting as possible. We trust the neglect does not arise from a contempt of the diminutive size of our

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sheet. We know that some, in whom to our certain knowledge the bump of self-esteem is very largely developed, have declared with a sneer of contempt and vaunting tone that they could write such a paper every day. We have no doubt of it. We are proudly conscious that we have actually in our midst some luminous geniuses who diffuse the brilliant and dazzling rays of their understandings around, which partially dispel the dark and impenetrable clouds of ignorance in which we poor benighted creatures are enveloped. We bow in all admiration and humility to those mighty spirits, conscious of our own inconceivable inferiority. Our bosom swells with pride at being able, in all humility and deference to call them fellow-citizens. Shall not our honest heart expand with a thousand grateful emotions, at it being asked of us "what! are you acquainted with Mr. W—, &c.?" Deservedly would the thunders of a noble and righteous indignation burst with extinguishing sweep over our temerarious head did we dare to have the fearful audacity to request these transcendent spirits to wield their magic pen to grace our obscure, humble and to them contemptible paper. No, let it be enough for us to admire and worship at a distance these lofty geniuses; to cast now and then up to them a timid and shaded eye, and pass by with a lowly bend; our imaginations are too feeble to conceive, and our words fail to describe their transcendent powers. But let us pass from the contemplation of these prodigies of genius—those human Gods—and turn and address our poor remarks to our fellow denizens of darkness.

This journal was not originated as a source of profit, or for personal and

limited improvement and pleasure; it was designed as a means of improvement to our fellow-youths as well as to ourselves, not so much from the perusal of its contents, as from the exercise of their powers of composition. Many persons read without any real improvement; the thinking faculties of the mind may be perfectly dormant, and the attention or curiosity only awakened while we are occupied in reading; the memory may retain all that has been read, but such information is next to useless, unless it be digested and rendered your own by an intermixture of your own thoughts, and by your own modifications and improvements. But in composing, all the active faculties of the mind are necessarily brought into full play; it teaches to reason for oneself; to draw upon our own observation and experience, and above all to arrange our thoughts in perfect order and sequence, and to trace out a subject in all its relations and consequences from its source to its end. We ask if the avowed aim of this paper was worthy of a better return than that vouchsafed it. We have ceased to accept such reasons as inability to write, as accounting sufficiently for the neglect of many of our subscribers on whom we relied for aid; it is a plausible, and to them but not to us, conclusive excuse which their indolence prompts them to offer. We do not deem ourselves more talented or better informed than any of our youthful subscribers, still it is a work of no difficulty or effort to us to pen a page or two at any moment. We were once under the impression that the capacity of writing was completely beyond our reach, and probably would have ever remained under the impression had we

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not by actual trial discovered (greatly to our satisfaction) that it was not so distant as we imagined. Our first attempts, we confess, were most miserable and woful failures; but we allowed not that to dishearten us; persevering amidst all discouraging appearances, we have attained to our present proficiency. It is true our present attempts are not very brilliant productions, but we do not assert too much in saying they are passably good. We design by practice to bring them to much greater perfection. What power of composition we now have, we owe entirely to persevering practice and application. Try you and see if you won't arrive at the same result. We will not again request you to contribute to our columns; we have done so sufficiently often; we fancied the performance of what we asked would be a pleasure to you; we have, discovered our error; our requests carried any further would descend to importunities, disagreeable alike to you and to us. If any of you, however, should muster sufficient courage, energy and determination to lift and wield the pen, we will always be most happy to receive the result of such lifting and wielding.

There is no trait of human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay; provoke from the man of lofty determination, only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed, teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

The pursuit of knowledge tends to cultivate and to form the mind, but the most important business is to form the heart; that is, to become an honest man. As such, one will abhor injustice, lies, pride and avarice. If a person, though possessed of the finest understanding and greatest knowledge, should be a liar, cruel, proud, covetous, he will be hated and detested by every human creature, and shunned like a wild beast.

Varieties.

We have all heard of asking for money and getting advice; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

A convict wrote a letter to his brother, a serious letter, without an attempt at a joke, which, however, concluded thus: "I must leave off now, for my feet are so cold I can not hold my pen."

'Why does father call mother honey?' asked a boy of his elder brother. 'Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large comb in her head.'

'Master at home?'—'No, sir, he's out.'—'Mistress at home?'—'No, sir, she's out.'—'Then I'll step in and sit by the fire?'—'That's out too, sir.'

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge. 'True to nature,' said a gentleman who was seated beside, 'a beaver naturally takes to the water.'

'Come here Master Tommy, do you know your A, B, C's?' "Yez, zur, I know a bee sees."

Misplaced politeness—Asking a full hooped lady to take a seat in an arm chair. It can't be did!