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THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. I.

MAY 10 1859.

NO. 5.

A fore-castle yarn,
KICKING THE BUCKET,

(The origin of the phrase)

BY AN "OLD SALT." I

"Now I have ye to know, messmates, that there was a bottle snouted sample of a varmint, a waster, on board of the wall-sided Old Glory, a sneak, a skulker. Now, d'ye see this hear Nosey Jolly-nose——"

"Well my hearties," exclaimed Tim, "but little good did the Old Glory get out of Nosey, and but a small matter of work had His Majesty for his lots of beef and pork."

"He was a lolluping, loose-built craft, near six feet high, and as lazy as a Mahon soldier. He was a coward, and mightily given to pipe his eye, a glutton, and no garbage was dirty enough to come amiss. A thief, as I told you afore. I think he was a mortal liar, but I am not so sure o' that as no one ever spoke to him but to tell him to get out of the way. His face was broad and blotched, and his nose was not nat'ral, something the size of a powderhorn, and studded over with carbuncles that seemed to have inside of them small furnaces to heat shot-red-hot with. Now this chap, who'd let the least boy in the ship kick him afloat, the moment he got ashore, he rigged his arms a kimbo, and the King's highway warn't wide enough for him. He come it strong he did, as the purser's plug in these melt-your-heart latitudes. And if you had seen the lubber's eyes! but he

would a made you stare like Polly-famous's (Polyphemus) everlasting one ogle. I must say this for the brute, he had a fine nat'ral crop of hair; and the tiller that he stuck on his nob, was as long a handspike, and a great deal thicker. Those were days for your real sailor-like pig tails. Nothing to be seen like them now-a-days, in these falling-off times."

"Do you mean that the times or the tails are falling-off?" asked the young reefer.

"Both, sir, both. In Duncan's time! well, well, neither the men nor their tails are what they were then. But I isn't going for to go to justify Nosey; for, not content with sarving his tail round with wax-ended tape, from root to tuft, he would clap a bow o' blue ribbon on the end on't, and which I hold to be an abomination; but it took with the gals, it did. Shipmates, to cut it short, when Nosey was titivated to the hines ashore, he made sich a sort of a 'ar as', mayhap, ye may a seed drawn on a twelf cake ticket, or as they puts in the play-acting, to gammon the land-lubbers with. He was always seen swagging along with a bludgeon, and swore most rumbustiously—that is, messmates, ashore; on board, as I told ye, he was as mild as cabbage-water, only a great deal nastier. Well, it so happened that Mrs. Bladderbog, the large 'oman, a widow, who kept the Jolly Sailors, in 'hapstring alley, down at the back of the dockyard-wall at Portsmouth, took a fancy to this blustering Dutch lump of rottenness, in spite of his hide-

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his nose, and being a lone woman, as she said, she could not let Nosey alone till she had married the beggar, and so she found a substitute for him, (glad enough the Glories were, for that matter.) So they went to church as fine as dukes and duchesses, and emperor and emperresses, and even as popes and popesses, for the news of the shindy that the wedding made, turned Paint upside down, set all Sally port agog, made a noise all over Gosport, and was talked about as far off as Chichester. But the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, as it is put down somewhere in John Hamilton Moore; and a blaze-up marriage don't make a married couple happy; all is not gold that glitters; it is not the finest looking craft that sails the fastest; under the smoothest water there may be the sharpest rocks; says King Solomon—

“Hip! ho hoy!—’vast heaving!” cried out the boatswain; “this is twice-laid wisdom, with a vengeance. Who the dickins, Tim, is going to listen to this long yarn, spilt out of old saw and sayings, older than Adam, and as musty as the last biscuit in the bread room? Get on with your story, and be blown to ye!”

“Well! wasn't there a rumpus shortly after Nosey was spliced! In the first place, nobody could, would, or did call the lady by the name she was married in; but it was nothing else but ‘Mistress Nosey’ here, ‘Mistress Nosey’ there. ‘A pot o’ swipes, Mistress Nosey,’ says one; ‘A chaw o’ rum, Dame Nosey,’ says t’other. It was no use her airs, and her turning up her own decent nose at callers; they called on till she was fairly worried out, and swore a good round wapping oath, that Nosey Jollynose and his nose was altogether a vexation and a deception; and before they had been spliced three days, she beat her husband soundly, and broke the bridge of his very remarkable nose. Then the shabby natur of the beast was seen: instead of standing up to her like a man, he began to snivel and pipe his eye; and all the sneak could do was to threaten to hang himself. This startled her a little at first;

but that soon wore off, and there being in the cable of her disposition a good strand of fun and drollery, she became all consenting and promised to assist him in the tucking up all that laid in her power. And so, my böhny boes, this was the way on't:—She'd wack Nosey—‘I'll hang myself,’ says he: ‘Do my dear!’ says she. That was the only time she called him my dear. So down to the cellar they'd both go, she all compliance. Well she'd help him to tie the rope on the beam and round his cur-like neck, he vowing and swearing all the time he'd do it, and haunt her afterwards—standing all this while upon a bucket. ‘Now,’ says she ‘if you've the courage of a man, you've only to kick the bucket. I would do it myself for you with all the pleasure in life, only I'm afraid of the crowner's quest; and you're not worth getting in trouble for.’ When all was ready, she would ax him very tenderly if she should take away the light. Sometimes he'd say ‘Yes,’ sometimes ‘No;’ but it always ended by the cur sneaking up again for his bub and grub, and to be whacked in due course. This here rig was soon known all over the fleet. How's your old man, Mistress Nosey? they would say—though, for the matter of that he was much younger than she. ‘Not kicked the bucket yet,’ sorrowfully would she shake her noddle and say. However one day, a set of us old Glories goes and finds her in her widow's weeds again. Before we could get the first word in, ‘He's kicked the bucket at last,’ says she; and so, ye know—

“All the starboard watch, ho-hoy!” This cut short all Tim's moralizing. It was eight bells—the first watch over—the look-outs were relieved, and all the larboard watch turned into their hammocks for the night.

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Sentences to be read either backwards or forwards.

“Name no one man.”  
“Snug and raw was I ore I saw war and guns.”

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, MAY 10.

In our last issue we took occasion to point out to our young friends, some of the evil effects of intemperance and to warn them against such a dangerous indulgence. We hope we will not be considered too officious if we take the liberty of offering them a few words of caution upon another subject, which is by many, regarded too lightly, particularly by those whose strength of mind is insufficient to withstand temptations, and who willingly submit to the influence of a fatal and ruinous infatuation.

Gambling is one of the principal causes of intemperance and (being inseparably linked together and dependant on each other,) should be avoided in all its branches; for a "quiet rubber" with a particular friend is often an introduction to the faro and dice tables of a gambling hell.

Relaxation and pleasure are often requisite to renovate and restore the faculties of both body and mind when over wrought by excessive manual or mental labor; but pastimes which stimulate and excite the worst passions of our nature, tend more to repress and deaden, than restore them. When pleasure amounts to a passion it should at once be discontinued, as the longer it is indulged in the more difficult it will be to relinquish.

A gambler's life is one continued series of hopes and fears which end in disappointment and regret, and leaves him either a raving maniac, or a case for some officious coroner and greedy un-

dertaker, who boast that were it not for drunken spendthrifts and misguided gamblers, their business would be far from remunerative.

Young men, when about to choose a profession, should be careful to adopt that for which they are best qualified by nature. It is a subject which requires serious deliberation, and a decision upon which our future prospects in life greatly depend. A profession when once adopted should never be relinquished, but followed with perseverance and energy without relaxing our efforts until we have made ourselves thoroughly master of it. No man is more to be pitied than a Jack-of-all-trades. He knows a little of every thing, but unfortunately all the "littles" put together amount to nothing, as he finds it impossible to bring them all into use at the same time. A man who is an indifferent watchmaker cannot expect better wages because he is also something of a tailor. Genius is not confined to any class or sect, but is divided as plentiful amongst the poor as the rich; and let us not suppose because we have been born on the streets, that we have to sweep them for a living. Knowledge is within the reach of all, and we would advise all those whose store is limited to seize every opportunity to increase it, as it will repay us with interest when we least expect it.

Never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day, lest for you, to-morrow may never come. Do not act rashly or without reflection, but what you intend to do, do at once. Decision and punctuality are the true basis of an honorable character, and go far to gain confidence

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and respect, when a wavering and unsettled mind can never be dependent on. Take a lesson from nature; see with what precision and regularity she performs her work. The sun never rises or sets before his time; the moon pays her monthly visits with scrupulous exactness, and the seasons follow each other in regular succession, the stars are always to be found at their posts, and even the comets, though their visits are few, are always on hand at the appointed time.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, May 9th 1859.

Friend CALLIOPE,

The following lines from Moore strikes me as being rather *hard* on the ladies:—

Though wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the lore she brought me,  
My only books were woman's looks,  
And *folly's* all they've taught me.

He must have studied a very poor edition, or have been exceedingly difficult to please, as the study is both pleasant and instructive. He may have been, like many others, attracted by the handsome *binding* rather than the more valuable contents; selecting those

Who want but little on their head  
But much below to make them spread.

Publishers bind the most worthless volumes in brilliant covers with gilt edges to make them saleable; while the more substantial works, find ready purchasers in any binding. The gilt soon wears off and leaves only a bundle of *dry leaves*, while those with a plainer exterior increase in value the oftener they are read and properly understood, and will pay the expense of rebinding at any time. Some people are so captivated by the appearance of a *book*, and so anxious to possess it, that they never

pause to enquire into its merits, but merely judge by its *title* and popularity. Any one of ordinary penetration can however, by a little observation, tell the nature of a *book* by its *binding*; for instance, those tipped, or encircled with brass, or gold, should be avoided, and those more unpretending ones in muslin or cloth, carefully preserved and studied. I would gladly give your young readers a bit of fatherly advice on the choice of such books, but I have already filled more space than I had at first intended.

For the present Adieu,

QUIZ.

### Varieties.

“Come kiss me,” said Robin, I gently  
said “No?”  
For my mother forbade me to play with  
men so.”

Ashamed by my answer he glided away,  
Though my looks pretty plainly advised  
him to stay  
Sillyswain, not all recollecting—not he—  
That *his* mother ne'er said that he must  
not kiss me.

“How do you do, Mr. Smith?”

“Do *what*?”

“Why, how do you find yourself?”

“I never *lose* myself.”

“Well, how have you been?”

“Been—been *where*?”

“Pshaw! how do you feel?”

“Feel of me and see.”

“Good-morning, Mr. Smith.”

“It's not a good-morning—it's wet  
and nasty.”

And the parties separated.

“You would be very pretty, indeed,”  
said a gentleman, patronizingly to a  
young lady. “If your eyes were only  
a little larger.” “My eyes may be very  
small, sir, but such people as you *don't*  
*fill them!*”