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# THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

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Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

"To be or not to be, that is the question," so asked Hamlet of himself soliloquizing under ticklish circumstances, and so ask I Trifluvia Lovier under equally ticklish circumstances. Shall I, or shall I not? that's the question, and a mighty perplexing one it is too. Here have I been parading back and forward over those limited boards for an infinity of time, and still I'm not a whit nearer being able to answer the pozing question; and here I'm likely to parade for any unlimited length of time without approaching an *infinitesimal* degree nearer a conclusion. Oh, ye gods! why fashioned ye me with such a vascillating mind? why not place it fixed, not oscillating, like a pendulum, in vexing doubt? There cannot be a shadow of a shade of doubt, but that the cause which has produced this uncertain and somewhat pleasing (since it gratifies my vanity, and I suppose I have my share of that) state of mind, has been long at work; it has, however, hitherto failed of effect. I never before perceived it; no doubt my natural modesty has made me depreciate the powerful charms and irresistible attraction of my personal appearance. But now that I have become conscious of its transcendent beauty, who, I ask, could look on it—figure, countenance, eyes—and not be dazzled and wrapt into admiration at the beauty which shines from every feature? It was a pleasantly and happily spent evening too. I recollect when I entered the room, at once

those large eyes were turned full upon me (such eyes as Venus must have had.) lit up with a perfect blaze of love. What a strange, pleasant sensation crept over me at the moment; a thousand thrills ran through every fibre. I blushed too, to the very roots of my hair, and shambled up awkwardly enough and shook hands with her; and I am certain—I could swear to it, that those delicate taper fingers gave my enclosed hand a tender squeeze—then, Oh, all ye geniuses of love! aid me to tell the ecstasies of that moment! I was one complete blaze; thrill after thrill rushed through every fibre like the electric fluid over the wire, and, and—I felt deuced nice, though somewhat queamish. So absorbed was I, or rather so infernally fluttered, that I didn't notice another individual in the room; that was deuced stupid and unmannerly. The feminines offended by my apparent neglect gave me nothing but frowns and snappy words after that. I might have known my apologies wouldn't be received, the neglect was bad enough, but for another, that was unpardonable. How these innocent creatures envy one another! "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." And then the dancing and talking—darn me, how stupidly I did everything! I danced like a country lout; (not from any ignorance of the rules of the art of dancing, nor from any natural awkwardness of figure and movement, for I have an admirable figure, and an action that would charm even the graces—such a winning manner of motioning my arms, manœvering my legs and of posturing my "general self,"—but

from being "all in a flutter,") trod on toes and dresses; seized wrong hands and rushed in all directions but the right one. And what stupid, bungling things I said (not again from natural stupidity, but flutter); and when I tried to compliment—Oh, tortures! I'll be hanged if I ain't actually blushing at the bare thought of it. However, despite of all these things I got through the evening pretty well (*incredibile dictu!*) and was fortunate enough to enjoy a good deal of her company, much more than any of the other *exquisites* present, at which I perceived they looked a good deal of exquisite envy. Oh! ecstasy of ecstasies to think that I should be so highly favored by one so beautiful! surely I must possess uncommon outward charms—let me take another look in the glass. I see now what missed my eye before, that I have a fine, broad, high forehead; that my eyebrows are well arched and my eyes very bright and expressive. Let me try the latter in their different expressions. (Looks languishing.) How delicately soft and tender they are now! what an amount of affection and sentiment beams from them! what maiden heart would not melt at such a look? (Looks fierce) Now how frightfully fierce and savage they are! fire seems to dart from them; and all the furies seem to lurk within them; who would not tremble beneath such an eye? an eye that would "strike dismay to every heart." (Looks bright.) How clear and sparkling they appear; mirth and good humor and the all train of merry skipping little satyrs dance in them. Than mine more perfect nose ne'er garnished face before; it is Grecian, the best kind. Who could gaze unmoved on such a nose especially when a white handkerchief is fluttering airily about it? She has a lovely nose too; it is of the same class as mine. Callous were my heart; shut to every affection; dead to every tender impression, could I contemplate such beauty as hers and not soar off into the lofty region of raptures! Darling creature! had I you but here, what tender, loving kisses would I imprint on those cheeks in

which beauty sits enthroned—that is if you permitted me, and I've no doubt but that you would. What would I say to her now were she present and supposing I were making a declaration of love? 'Most charming and angelic being of immaculate virtue; one in whom every outward charm and inward excellence seem united. Rare and lovely incarnation of all that is pure and beautiful before whom the lovely goddess of love would seem as an Irish cook, behold one now prostrate' (falls on the floor) 'at thy feet, smitten by the overwhelming beauty of thy countenance and struck with admiration at thy perfections; deign, O, lovely being! to cast one resplendant look down on thy slave—a look which must either diffuse eternal sunshine through my breast, or kill, like the trenchant sword, which sinks to the heart and lets flow the life-blood.'" I guess that's about the style. She couldn't listen to that unmoved or I'm mistaken, and I flatter myself I'm seldom that. Still I'm not yet what is called 'decidedly in love.' My state is that which is called 'smitten,' not wounded. And there's a considerable difference between being smitten and wounded. I am, and have been all along smitten at least twenty times a day, but never was wounded more than once a year. I've a strong predilection for the gentler sex and every thing connected with them, and glory in that sweet, tender and pure passion which they kindle within us.

Yet before I allow the sparks of love which have been struck within me to unite and swell into a flame, I must answer the question "shall I or shall I not?" that is: shall I or shall I not fall in love with her. And that response can only be given when I have discovered whether she is worthy of me or not. The thing rests entirely with me. I know she loves me, and I have only to indicate by word or action that her passion is reciprocated, to have her rush to my arms. She may be outwardly all that is lovely and agreeable and be inwardly very deficient. Her shoulders and neck may be

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TUESDAY, JULY 5.

exquisitively moulded and support a noble head, and still that *vertex* may be very empty and light and no burden at all to the exquisite shoulders and neck. And that tongue which now wags so gently and drops such soft, dulcet words, may be horribly discovered when too late, to clatter furiously; frightfully capable of delivering excellent Caudle curtain lectures; of cutting into very minute, indivisible pieces a neighbour's reputation without the least compunction; and sowing the seeds of discord among families broadcast. I've not a burning desire of discovering too late that I have been casting pearls before swine, (a bad wife is as bad as a *swine* any day,) for I flatter myself my better or even my equal is not to be found in a pretty wide circle of the civilized world; and I would therefore much desire to find a being worthy of the incalculable favor I bestow on her by deigning to offer her my hand and to take her to me for better or for worse; to accompany me in my "pilgrimage" through this life of vicissitudes—alternate griefs and joys; this "vale of tears." That in time of joy she may participate in it; and in misfortune and grief may dissipate by her gentle and bright influence the lowering clouds which may overhang my darkened spirit. I see I'm running into the sentimental, a pretty frequent running with me, but not to my present purpose. My *smite* approaches so nearly to a wound, that I hope my researches may turn out satisfactorily, as it might prove somewhat difficult and painful or even might approach the impossible to heal it" (The result of Mr. Trifluvia Lovier's researches and what they led to, will probably be giving in another paper.)

We should not suppose that a child because he kicks up a dust, is like a carpet, that requires to be instantly taken up, and thoroughly beaten before it can be put down.

The events of the past month, which has been darkened by the shadow of the scaffold throughout the land, should furnish us with matter for serious reflection, and be a fearful warning to us in future. The number of executions which have taken place, and the enormity of the offences, will make it one of unusual darkness in the annals of crime; and, in peaceful times, unparalleled in the history of Canada.

Justice demands the life of the murderer, in atonement for that of his victim, as well as to arrest the progress of crime by such an example; but each successive example only proves more clearly the inefficiency of such a course. It may happen, that, amongst the thousands who love to feast their eyes upon the sufferings of their fellow beings, are those whose hearts are steeled by constant crime, and whose hands may be more deeply dyed in blood than the unfortunate sufferer of whose execution they are witnesses; but the scarcely audible whisperings of their conscience are choked down by fiendish jests and ribaldry, and the impression, if any exists, is but momentary, and often expires with the life of the unhappy victim. In looking over the crimes for which so many, during the past month, have paid for with their lives, we are alike shocked and grieved; and at times we are under the impression that it is the history of some barbarous nation we are reading, instead of the daily events of a christian, and hitherto happy and peaceful country. Here we have the

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husband beating the wife to death, whom he had sworn before God to cherish and protect, and again we have the wife, with steady hand and ready smile, prepare and administer, without fear or reluctance, the fatal draught, which sends to his last account her confiding and unsuspecting spouse. Beardless boys grasp a murderous weapon at some trifling annoyance and, often without provocation, sheathe it in the heart of their most intimate friend.

And what, we ask ourselves, can incite peaceable citizens, in a christian land, to perpetrate horrors such as these? Why are our senses daily shocked by scenes and details which cause the most hardened sinner to pale and shudder? The cause we find issuing hourly from the flourishing distilleries. *Some of the effects* we have shown,—*others may be found* in the dingy garret of the starving pauper, and in the crowded cells of Gaols and madhouses.

But it is useless for us to dwell upon the multitude of crimes, vices, misery and starvation which intemperance engenders, as it is more fully portrayed in every-day life; we would, however, point out to our friends what, in our humble opinion, appears to be the only remedy which can effect anything like a reform. The work lays with the boys, and to them will fall the profit. To endeavor to entice or force a drunkard from his bottle would be to attempt impossibilities; but for boys to abstain from it is comparatively easy, as they never feel the want of it while they continue to shun and refuse it. Fly from it. Abhor it. Look upon it as the Evil One, and the result will be a better state of things when you arrive at man's estate. By your example you may do much to pro-

mote the welfare of the rising generation;—in your hands you hold the happiness of yourself and children. How many a poor misguided wretch who would shudder at the sight of bloodshed, has been brought to an untimely end upon the scaffold through intemperance. His hand, which in sobriety, would have shrunk at the touch of a deadly weapon, seizes it, under the influence of alcohol, with avidity; and guided by the destroyer, and without one spark of his better nature left, blindly rushes upon his dearest friend and ends a life, to save which when sober he would, in all probability, have sacrificed his own. Some may feel disposed to laugh at, and scorn advice coming from such an insignificant source, but humble though our pretensions may be, those who follow our counsel may live to bless and thank us for it when we are "gone where all small papers go."

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Some years ago a celebrated English Jockey advertised in all the principle newspapers that, upon receipt of one guinea enclosed in a letter to him with the address of the sender, he would send by return of post, full instructions in horsemanship. As it is not our intention to make money out of his secret we will give it to our friends gratis. We hope they may profit by it, as, to those whose time will permit, there is no exercise so invigorating as horsemanship. Here it is:—

Your head and your heart keep boldly up,  
Your hands and your knees keep down,  
Your legs keep close to your horses sides,  
And your elbows close to your own: