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# THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. I.

MARCH 15 1859.

NO. 1.

## POETRY.

### HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, and without rest—  
Bind the motto to thy breast ;  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,  
Bear it onward to the tomb.  
Ponder well and know the right,  
Onward, then, with all thy might ;  
Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done.  
*Duty* be thy polar guide—  
Do the right, whate'er 't be side.  
*Haste not, rest not*—conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last.

### KISSES 'AND CREAM;

AN ADVENTURE.

By G. S. C.

It was during one of my summer rambles among my country relatives, that the following little incident occurred, which will help to show that the country people aint so verdant, when at home, as is generally supposed.

I was introduced to one of the sweetest little creatures that ever made a fellow's mouth water, with whom I made myself quite at home.

I talked politics and crops to the farmer, and preaching and poultry to the old lady, neglecting no opportunity in the mean time to make the best possible impression upon the mind of the young one.

On approaching the house one day to pay my usual visit, I saw pretty Mary

pan of cream with both hands. Now the temptation was too great for an ordinary individual like me, so before I knew what I was about, I had one arm about her neck, and was quaffing long draughts of nectar, such as I had never dreamt of. Without sacrificing a painful of cream, Mary of course could do nothing to check me. It is impossible to say how long I might have remained thus, had I not caught a glimpse of her cousin, coming round the corner of the barn. With a hurried prayer for forgiveness, I made a show of assisting Mary with her cream, and then joined the cousin. I was agreeably surprised on my return, to find no change in Mary's demeanor towards me, and felt inclined to think she rather liked it.

Two days afterwards, I received a nicely-penned billet doux from Mary, requesting the favor of a tête-à-tête, in the little summer house in the garden, just after dark. I confess I felt rather flattered, and at the hour appointed I might have been seen hitching my horse at the residence of her father, and flying over the garden fence on the wings of expectation, if not of love ; and making my way towards the summer house. It was a lattice-work erection, covered with a luxuriant growth of vines. I gained the entrance, and guided by a scarcely audible sigh, I sprang forward and a soft yielding form lay passively panting in my embrace. With a vivid recollection of the creamy kisses, I hastily sought the twin rose buds again, and fairly devoured them.

How many minutes thus passed I am unable to tell, for I was absolutely drunk with the deep draughts of bliss I was quaffing. I was at last startled into comparative sobriety by a sound close at hand, which jarred most audibly upon my high-strung nerves. It was an every day, vulgar, female titter, and within three feet of my elbow. Before I had any time for speculation, it had grown into a full mouthed laugh. In another moment a candle was lit, and the summer house was flooded with light, and then, before my eyes (but certainly not in my arms) stood pretty Mary holding her sides, and laughing as if she would burst them. And who in the name of Venus, had I been hugging and kissing so furiously all this time. One glance told the story. It was black Moll the cook, a great, fat, frowsy, greasy, "she nigger," with a head a yard long (almost) and nose like a flat iron. The sooty wench was as grey as a badger, though her kinky wool was well tied up, to prevent me from feeling it; and sixty-five years if she was a day. For a single moment I tried to humor the joke, and laugh with the laughers; but the extraordinary noise I made absolutely frightened me. Far from being a *ha-ha!* it was a regular *boo-hoo!*—as much like crying as anything that was 'nt crying could be. Finding that that dodge would not do, I was preparing to cut and run, when another obstacle presented itself in the shape of the farmer's wife, who was still fatter than old Moll, and who completely blocked up the doorway.

'What on earth is all this rumpus about?' asked the old lady, as she stared round the place in every direction. Her eyes finally resting on Moll, she exclaimed, 'And what in mercy's name is the matter with you?'

'Dere's a heap de matter, mistress,' replied Moll I dont know but I shall git ober it dough; but I was a' mos' gone, dat's a fac'. Dis young gempelum done kiss me to def a' mos' indeed, mistress, shore as ye're alive.

At this juncture, all eyes were turned upon the young 'gempelum,' and as the

novelists say "the effect can be more easily imagined than described."

The old lady however seemed disposed to be skeptical about the kissing.

'You Moll,' rejoined she, 'how dare you say such a thing?'

Indeed, an' deed an' double deed, it's de rale gospil! trufe, mistress. Jist you ax Miss Mary ef'taint. Asking Miss Mary was well enough, but answering was another thing. She nodded however and pointed her fore finger at me. I was worth looking at, about that time, beyond a doubt; and if a clever caricaturist had seen and made a drawing of me, in the character of a "stuck pig," it would have been a little fortune to him.

The farmer's wife still doubting, Moll became energetic:

Why, mistress, jist look-ee here at dese lipses o' mine I' raly was afraid young marster was a gwine to chaw' em all up into sassiage-meat, and den de way he scrouged me up in his arms! Great goodness, marry me! I had'nt no more bref lef in me dan a busted blather.

The old lady could not reject such conclusive testimony, as Moll's lipses; and fortunately for me, got so overcome by her exertions that she staggered back from the door, leaving the coast clear, of which circumstance I took advantage, and clearing the way of all remaining obstacles, with one bound I cleared the fence and regained my horse.

Stopping my ears, I dashed the spurs into the horse's sides. He bounded forward, and I tumbled off, like a sack of potatoes, the saddle rolling on top of me; some one at Mary's instigation having cut the girth. I regained my horse and quickly rode off minus my saddle, and at a rate that soon left my tormenters far behind.

There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his descent from an ancient family.

"So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say—the older the seed, the worse the crop."

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.



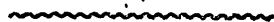
With this the first number of the *Calliope*, we come before our friends with a hope that our object will be a sufficient guarantee to our future exertions. As our circulation will be limited, we need no introduction to public favor, nor do we expect public support, but only look for the patronage of those who feel a direct interest in the advancement of the younger portion of our community. We entirely ignore political and religious controversies, leaving these subjects to others who are better able to deal with them. Our aim is simply the instruction and amusement of *young Three Rivers*, to whom our columns are at all times open.

Many of our young friends who are considered otherwise dull, may possess excellent literary attainments, which with a little exertion, when afforded a suitable opportunity, if brought to light, and properly cultivated, might prove of infinite benefit, not only to themselves, but to society. It was with a knowledge of this, and with a view, in part, to remedy it, and advocate the interests of the rising generation of *Three Rivers*, that this *extensive* journal has been brought to life. Let no false sense of shame, or useless modesty, deter our friends from contributing according to their abilities, and trust to time and practice for improvement. Make an effort, and furnish plenty of fuel, to enable us to keep the water boiling, and like our namesake the *Calliope*, we will make a noise while the steam is up.

The execution of Fleming at Toronto, furnishes another melancholy example of the evil influence of bad company, especially upon those young people who reject the advice and counsel of their parents; and for the gratification of their passions, associate with vile and infamous companions, who lead them step by step to the scaffold. It should teach us a wholesome lesson to avoid such company, and shun those vicious habits, which may end, like poor Fleming, in an ignominious death.



The winter is now drawing to a close, and it has in many respects been one of the most severe that has ever been experienced in Canada, for a quarter of a century. It has not only proved the coldest, (the thermometer varying from 20 to 36 degrees below zero during the months of January and February,) but likewise the most distressing from the depression of business and the want of employment for the laboring classes generally, and the consequent deprivation and misery always attendant upon such an event. The Spring weather which has issued in the present month has been cheering after so severe a winter, and we trust that the summer may show an improvement in Trade, and afford every honest person that employment which will afford him the necessaries and comforts which he is intitled to receive from his labor.



Time is money, which if properly made use of, will prove so. But the generality of youths never consider "that lost time is never found," but remain idle while they might be employed in study, or some other useful occupation.

Varieties.



With whiskers thuck upon my face  
I went my fair to see,  
She told me she could never love  
A bearfaced chap like me.

I shaved quite clean, then called again,  
As I thought my troubles o'er,  
She laughed outright and said I was  
More barefaced than before.

PRICE CURRENT.

The price current sheet presents some items of interest. We see "the demand for East India hides is active." Should not this properly come under the head of news from the seat of war?—as the English are just now largely engaged in the business of tanning native hides "Though the demand for *indigo* continues good," yet holders look *blue*. We see "there is a firmer feeling for pig iron." We presume that should read "a firm a-feeling for pig iron." "There is rather more inquiry for sole leather." A strange announcement!—though sole leather is largely applied now-a-days, we were not before aware that any body was anxious to receive it. "There has been a fair demand for assorted sizes of nails." Then the number of henpecked husbands must have largely increased. We read that "tars are firm but quiet." Now we have seen several jolly jacks lately quite unsteady and belligerent. "In beef there is no change." Indeed! we saw a piece lately very much changed. 'St. Croix rum remains without change.' Of course, unless the change is forthcoming, it remains on the shelves of the retailers. "The business in pulled wool is moderate." A mistake—a good many voters have had wool pulled over their eyes lately. Really, we must get up a price current of our own.

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each

man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, &c. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits stepped up to the narrator, and inquired jokingly:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed!—what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold!"

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason; stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied with a shrug of the shoulder:

"O, yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by far, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me move."

A countryman having purchased a gallon of mountain dew, for want of a more business-like label, wrote his name upon a common playing card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle of the bottle. A wag coming by observed:

"That's an awful careless way to leave liquor!"

"Why so?" says Tom.

"Why? because some one might come with the eight of clubs and take it."

Tom seized the bundle and left.

*A Weather Item.*—The court was called. There was a *cloud* upon the brow of the judge. Silence *rained*. William Mulligan was *hailed*, but William was *mist*. The judge *thundered*. The prosecuting attorney *stormed*. The jury's labors *lightened*, but William Mulligan, the brave, the good, had fled from the oppressor into the land of the free and the home of the brave.