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THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT.

VOL. 1.

AUGUST 16 1859.

NO. 12.

POETRY.

Written for the 'Calliope.'

BY ETHA.

"Let pleasure be your aim in youth,"
From pleasure's vot'ries fall;
Nor does th'impulsive ear they strike,
List, heedless to the call.

Youth is the time, when nascent hopes
Spring swelling in the human breast;
When all—past, present, future, is
In solar brightness drest.

Yes, youth's the time, to raise the cup
Of sparkling pleasure to the lips;
When pleasure's god his radiant wings
In streams of bright Elysium dips;

And soaring o'er the head of youth
He strikes his pennons bright;
Down pours the stream in sportive drops
And sheds its deep delight.

Then let your spirit roam at will
O'er pleasure's wide, unclouded bound;
'Tis only now, within its range,
That all enjoyment can be found.

For as adown the stream of life
We glide in broken course along;
Not pleasures to encroaching years,
But gathering cares belong.

The pangs of disappointed love;
Hope dying in your breast;
High aspirations sunk to nought
Mayhap shall banish all your rest.

Then deep, ye kindred spirits! plunge,
In pleasure's swelling spring!
Let every hour, at your command,
Its tribute pleasure bring.

Drink deep the sweetened, joyous draught,
While days of youth remain;
For soon the gall of worldly cares;
Shall change its sweets to pain.

LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

Loafer soliloquiseth;—Let's see;
where am I? This is—coal I'm layin'
on. How'd I get here! (reflects,) yes,
I mind now Was comin' up—met a
wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell over
the wheel-barrow—and one on us fell in
the cellar; don't mind which now—
guess it must been me. I am a nice man,
hic, I am tore! tight! shot! drunk!
Well, I can't help it—'tain't my fault;
wonder whose fault 'tis.—Is it Jones's
fault? No. Is it my wife's fault—'tis.
N-o-o.—It's the wheel barrow's fault!
Has he a large family? Got many re-
lations! All poor, I reckon! I think I
won't own him any more.

I'll cut his acquaintance—I've had
that notion about ten years, and always
hated to do it for fear of hurtin' his feel-
ings—I'll do it now—I think, Liquor is
injurin' me. It's a spoilin' my temper.
Sometimes I get mad, when I'm drunk,
and abuse Betz and the brats—it used to
be Lizzie and the children—that's some
time ago; I can just mind when I used
to come home evenin's she used to put
her arms round my neck and call me her
dear William. When I come home now
she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and
puts her hair out of her eyes and looks at
me and says something, like—Bill, you
drunken brute! shut the door after you,
we're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout
lettin' the snow blow in that way. Yes,
she's Betz and I'm Bill now, I ain't a
good Bill nuther—think I am a counter-
feit—won't pass—a tavern 'thout goin'
in and getting a drink. Don't know what

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Bank I'm on—last Sunday I was on the river bank, drunk.

I stay pretty late now, sometimes I'm out all night, fact is I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends—out of pocket—out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty, so Betz says—but then she's no judge for the's never clean herself I wonder why she don't wear good clothes—may be she hasn't got 'em—whose's fault's that? 'Taint mine—it must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however: I'm intoxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. There's one good principle I've got—I won't go in debt: I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone—got tore off I 'spect when I fell down here—I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me the other day I'd make a good sign for a paper mill; if he wasn't so big I'd a licked him. I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm afraid it wont come off without tarin'. People ought to respect me more'n they do—for I'm in holy orders. I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are nearly all greasian style. I guess I tore this window-shutter in my pants behind, the other night, when I set down on the wax in Ben Stragg's shop. I'll have to get it mended up or I'll catch cold—I ain't very stout as it is, though I am full in the face—as the boys say I'm 'bout as fat as a match and as healthy as the small-pox. My best hat's standin' guard for a window-pane that went out the other mornin' at the invitation of a brickbat. It's gittin' cold down here; wonder how I'll get out—I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink I could think better; let's see; I hain't got no three cents—wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge one. When any body treats and says, "come up, fellers," I always think my name's fellers, and I've got too much manners to refuse. Well I must leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary—I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheel-barrow done the harm, not me.

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TUESDAY, AUG. 16.

As editor we possess the privilege, we would not in any other position possess, or whose exercise would not in any other be tolerated, of commenting upon and censuring the conduct and actions of our friends without much fear of incurring the displeasure of those friends. The remarks passed by us upon the deportment of persons, and goodnaturedly taken, would be received by the same individuals, from even a friend, with something bearing a near relationship to indignation and accounted as the highest degree of presumption. Assuming, then, this privilege, we will now proceed to exercise it in making some remarks upon a propensity much too prevalent among our fellow-youths.

Although the confiding, frank and generous nature of youth invariably leads it to a desire of forming friendships and of finding some congenial nature that will sympathize with it in all things—pastimes, studies, affections and aversions. In which nature, if the youth be wild, restless and mischievous, he may find one who will enter with all his fervent, impetuous soul into his bold and fearless adventures. In which, if of a studious, thoughtful disposition, he may find one actuated by the same love of study; worshipping the same authors; drawing inspiration from the same poets; admiring in them the same beauties; censuring the same faults. In which, if "Melancholy has mark'd him for her own" he may find one whose soul is overcast

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by a kindred cloud ; whose mind is tinged by the same deepening ill ; that they may together darkly brood over the same imaginary evils ; interchange their gloomy thoughts ; and see the future and life through the same dark and disastrous glass. It is this same warmth and impetuosity of nature, which softens and decreases as we glide on towards manhood, leading us so quickly to form ties of friendship and love, which leads us also as suddenly to break those ties, and places us under the guidance of those impulses which drive us into so many acts of folly, and into bursts of unbecoming passion on the most trivial provocations, when utterance is given to words that alienate from us the affections of friends, whom we had shortly before gained and held in high value. These remarks apply with only too much truth to our youths. Their games and associations are daily marred and interrupted by some violent and unseemly quarrel, frequently about nothing. One maintains that he is in the right, the other asserts equally dogmatically that he is right ; an appeal is then made to the bystanders, without, however, any attention being paid to their opinion, the reciprocal abuse being continued as violently as ever ;—the whole is then summed up by a mutual accusation of lying. Offence is at this given on both sides, and the parties separate with the determination not again to speak to one another. Highminded and praiseworthy resolve ! evidence of noble spirit ! It must not be thought that these scenes are confined to the youngsters ; they as frequently occur between those from whom better things and better sense are expected. In any case these disputes should not be allowed to arise ; a desire to avoid them should exist, whereas, to all appearance there exists a contrary tendency. Insult is frequently given without cause ; and in such case those who retort in similar terms can hardly be blamed. The point disputed should be settled amicably either by concession, or appeal to bystanders ; but no such proceeding is taken ; such does not seem desired by the parties at difference ; quarrel seems preferable to peace ; enmity to friendship ; noise to quiet ; abuse to compliment ; reason and judgment are speedily dismissed, and fiery passion and deafening noise reign instead. When the dispute has ceased ; when passion has cooled down and yielded precedence to reason, and ceased to pervert our better nature ; the noblest course for the *ci-devant* wranglers to pursue would be to forget the causes of their disagreement ; to join hands in amity ; to ask and give forgiveness ; and to let bygones be bygones. But very few do so. Fancying themselves deeply injured and “ nursing their wrath to keep it warm,” they brood over their imaginary wrongs, and exaggerate them into dimensions fearfully greater than their original ones, if they really had original ; their enmity increases in proportion, until that which was at first a trivial difference has grown into a deep and lasting enmity. The thought of forgiveness never enters their minds ; means are only sought to increase their animosity. It rankles within ; takes a firm hold upon the heart, and seldom if ever leaves it, and often unhappily tinges the whole course of action through life. Such are often the consequences of those quarrels which we all ever seem so ready to engage in. How should they be avoided !

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Let us prevail upon those of our readers of this temperament to display a less love of quarrel, and a greater of good-will and friendship ; less littleness and more nobleness of mind ; that they may save themselves from the dislike and contempt sure to follow upon display of a quarrelsome and unforgiving disposition ; to be ever ready to concede in order to avoid dispute ; and ever ready to forgive. Sacrifice self-esteem a little. Do not fear that such conduct will expose you to ridicule ; those incapable of admiring it are beneath even your contempt. Be certain that it will gain for you the good-will, love and esteem of all.

We believe that a portion of our leading article of issue No. 10 has been discovered by one of our readers to allude exclusively to him. Since the cap confessedly fits so well we will allow it to remain. That alone was not worthy of notice, but the same individual has made us guilty of some things which we must take the liberty of showing him to have erroneously done. He says that in a preceding number we employed our pen in condemning the love of scandal so great in our worthy townspeople, and that we are in the above instance guilty of that we condemned. He also says the allusion to him is an evidence of bad taste. Ye gods and little fishes ! Say by what earthly mode of induction are these conclusions arrived at ! We act in self-defence—can his translucent brain not perceive that ?—and we are guilty of scandal ! We defend ourselves against his attack, and we are guilty of bad taste ! Verily here is matter for our admiration ! Surely this is one of the rare instances

in which conclusions are drawn by superior minds by trains of reasoning wholly beyond the grasp of ordinary intellects ; one of those instances of inspiration in which persons even outdo themselves. The sum total of the matter is : we were ridiculed and we ridiculed in return. We can see neither scandal nor bad taste in that. Can anybody ?

We perceive they have got a Gridiron in Quebec to “do the green uns brown,” and haul some of the *small fry* across the coals. It has not yet got very hot, but it looks rather *red in the face*, on account, we presume, of its having so many bricks in its hat. We may expect some sharp *hissing* when the new fireplace near Prescott Gate is finished, and the Gridiron placed near the fire with some of the *sharks* cut up in small pieces and laid across the bars. We would advise the “Poker” not to attempt to take up the fire under it as he might raise such a *dust* as would smear all the *loaves and fishes* ; But this is not likely, if we are to believe the poet who poured forth his tale of love, in cadence sweet, to the celebrated Widow Machree :—
The poker and tongs to each other belongs
While the Grumbler sings songs, &c.,

It is reported that M. Blondin is about to enter into a contract with the authorities of the moon, to supply them with firewood during the ensuing winter. He proposes to make the trip upwards with his wheelbarrow upon moonbeams, and hire a comet to fetch him back, provided he can *come it*. We rather think it is all moonshine.