

THE CALLIOPE

CONCORDIA RES PARVÆ CRESCUNT,

VOL. 1.

MARCH 29 1859.

NO. 2.

POETRY.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now that winter's gone, the earth has lost.
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;
But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee ;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile.

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

It happened, in the course of the Thirty Years' War, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Manheim ; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that very morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed ; and her husband, of course staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he

possessed both courage and shrewdness ; and, on the spur of the moment, he thought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants, having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal ; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose,—namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, “ a world too wide ; ”—he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels, that they lifted him about half a yard from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air upon his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

“ Friend,” said our hero, as soon as the herald concluded his speech, “ tell your commander, that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, providing he agrees to the three following conditions in which I shall make no abatement whatever. *First*, The garrison must be allowed to march out with military honours ; *second*, The lives and pro-