

THE CALLOPEAN

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The Dream of Death.

For the Callopean.

BY RUSTICUS.

"And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun!
 And she forgot the blue above the trees;
 And she forgot the dells where waters run,
 And she forgot the lilly Autumn breeze!
 She had no knowledge when the day was done,
 And the next morn she saw not!"—Keats.

She a strain of music, low and sweet,
 That stole softly on the ear—
 As gentle as the falling dew
 That trembles in the moonbeam clear.

She dreamed of castle, strong and high,
 But built upon a viewless isle;
 And ever from its turrets fell
 Those notes that bound her soul the while.

And from its windows flowing, flowing,
 Like the music of the sea,
 Came again, still softer, softer,
 That undying melody.

And still she dreamed—the music lingered
 Round the isle she could not see,
 And floated o'er the fairy waters
 Like a cloud above the sea.

The angel guard that watched her sleep
 Still fanned her with his downy wings—
 And deeper still the vision grew,
 And sweeter yet the music sings.

And underneath the castle wall
 A mermaid combs her sea-green hair;
 And like the music of the waters,
 'Trills a sad and plaintive air.

And still the angel fanned her cheek,
 That burned so high with hectic red—
 And still she dreamed the cooling breeze
 The castle's airy music shed.

But lower, softer, grew the strain—
 And slowly melts away the view—
 A mist o'erspreads the closing eye—
 Her cheeks grow pale—her lips grew blue.

The angel kissed her pale cold lips,
 And warbled a celestial air;—
 A smile was gathering on her cheeks;—
 The breath is past—the smile is there!

The angel's song received her breath,
 And melted in the airy leaven;—
 'Twas the last note she heard on earth—
 It was the first she heard in heaven!

THE SUMACH.

For the Callopean.

AMID the varied beauties which adorn the American forests, the Sumach stands forward in vivid coloring and graceful foliage. Its firm, yet pliant growth; its clustering leaves, changing their hues as the orb of day glances on their polished surfaces; and its bright scarlet berries looking forth so cheerfully upon the azure sky and verdant earth, have ever interested me deeply; and since I first gazed upon it on the banks of the wild Mohawk, I have deemed it no unsuitable emblem of a vigorous, warm-hearted young man, on whom fond hopes are laid, and of whom high expectations are cherished by admiring and affectionate relatives. If the opinion of my readers coincides with my own in this particular, I purpose to lay before them a slight sketch of a much-endear'd friend, who bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the graceful tree I have selected as his type.

My first interview with Rollin D— took place in his native village, a lovely spot on the Western Reserve. I was then recently arrived from old England, and my spirits were somewhat depressed by the new, strange aspect of things around me; but his fervent greeting, and bright smile, when he heard me introduced as the daughter of his future pastor, assured me, that sincerity and affection possessed a dwelling place in western woodlands equally with the sylvan retirements of polished Europe, and I returned his salutation with a feeling of confidence which I never had reason, during the whole of our subsequent intimacy, to deem misplaced. And here I would remark a fact, which has often come beneath my observation, with regard to what are termed by professors of natural philosophy, "affinities" and "resistances;" and I believe that the idea may be carried out in moral philosophy also—for what human heart is there, which has not as it were leaped into an immediate and permanent friendship with some individual, even on a first introduction; whilst they have trod the dusty road of life for years, side by side with beings of different temperament, without the interchange of one sweet thought, or one heartfelt word? It is even so. Our Heavenly Father has formed us as He has the lovely flowers at our feet—each with some peculiar excellence, but none precisely alike in form or foliage—and as well may we expect the fragrant woodbine to twine its beauteous tendrils around the deadly opium, as endeavor to assimilate minds of a totally different cast. Yet are we still one family, though we differ "even as one star differeth from another star in glory." But to return to the Sumach, and him who forms its antitype.

Rollin was of a peculiarly cheerful and happy temper. Like