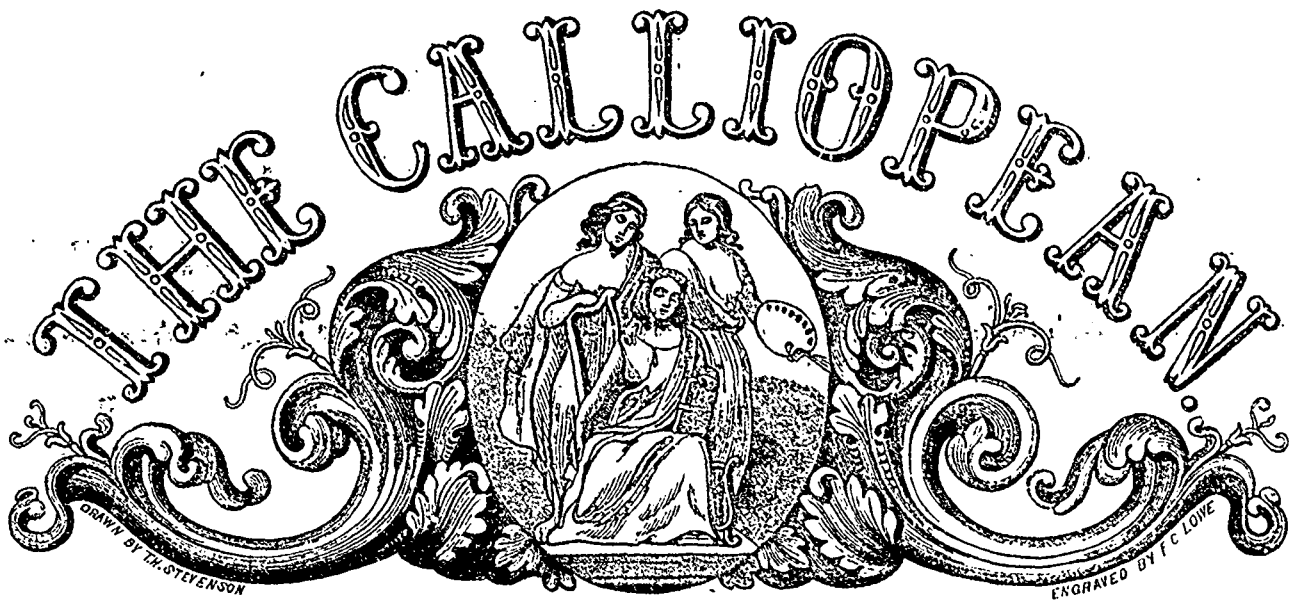


THE CALLOPEAN



Volume 1.

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Number 1.

For the Callopean.

Apostrophe to Genius.

What bends not, high-souled conquering Genius, to
Thy sway? Thou hold'st the world itself in awe,
And tramplest on its pride. Where common minds
In vain attempt to soar, and care-worn sink
In hopeless anguish; thou, on pinions swift,
Dost cut the empyrean, and dost seem
To rest in quiet ease, 'mid heights undreamt.
Creation's works, thy friends, thy kindred are.
Yon rolling orbs, that sweep, in awful majesty,
The boundless realms of space; thine equals, thou
Dost scarcely deem. In converse sweet, thou whill'st
The hours away, communing with the roar
Of groaning thunders; and the lightning's flash,
In other minds exciting terror grim,
And fierce dismay—in thee awakens calm
Delight. Then, when thy journeyings o'er,
Amid the awful and sublime above,
Thou turn'st, and gliding smoothly down
On Fancy's airy pinion, revelest deep
Among the darksome bowels of the earth;
And deeper, deeper still, where Titan and
Fell spirits are ingulphed in midnight gloom.
Before thine eagle gaze, earth's beauties and
Sublimities—man's passions, hopes, and fears,
All open lie. Thou twirlest them,
As blighted weeds, scarce worth a care; then smil'st
To see the wreck thou'st made. And when thy spirit's chords
Are touched, oh! soul-enrapturing vibrations!
Forth the wild enchanting numbers flow,
With all the phrensy of poetic fire,
Now making life's warm pulse beat high with mad
Excitement,—now the troubled spirit
Lulling down to sweet repose.

Thousands have sighed
For thee—breathed out their lives in useless longings—
Yet thou heed'st them not. Yes! silver, kingdoms, life
Itself, have all been offered for thy smile;
But even these thou turnest from, with injured
Dignity; as though too small a gift
To be devoted on thy shrine. But thou,
Mad mortal, askest thou for Genius?
Thou knowest not for what thou askest.
Look! would'st thou behold his victims—look

Amid the regions of the damned—the pit
Of fathomless perdition—see, while
The avenging fires their very vitals gnaw!
Ha! listen! dost thou hear those words—as wild
And piercing—they resound from vault to vault
Of deepest hell?—" 'Twas Genius brought me here—
Roused my ambition—fanned my pride!" But there!
A louder and more hideous voice. Ah! 'tis
The Sceptic's. Bitterly the demon mourns
The hour, when, flattered by the smiles of Genius,
He, his reason dared oppose to God
Omnipotent, and dared arraign himself
Against the shafts of slighted justice. Proud,
Conceited fool! What now avails thee? Closed
Forever is the door of hope. These, then,
Oh Genius! are thy fruits. Ah! well thou might'st
Turn pale and look abashed. For what art thou
Without a guide? A mariner without
A helm. (No, Genius! thou, alone, canst
Never fill the cravings of the immortal mind.
Thy lofty gifts can never quench the spirit's
Eager thirst for happiness. Consume
It may, for wholesome food, with which
To satisfy its wants; but thou canst
Never give content.) That guide is Piety.
She can alone direct thy erring steps,
And give thy soul expanded views
Of Nature and of God. No longer does
Thy spirit wither then; for thou art fed
On radiant hopes, that thy Deliverer yet
Will burst earth's fetters, and thou'lt live
Where, Genius, thou wert born to live—among
The regions of ethereal light.

EDITH.

EDUCATION.

For the Callopean.

This term is so often misapplied, and so comprehensive in its true meaning, as to require some consideration before attempting a correct definition. In the common acceptation, it regards the development and training of the intellect only, without reference to any other portion of our nature. Now, if the mind alone were capable of improvement by culture, this application of the term would be just and accurate; but while we are possessed of bodily frames, of feelings and affections, susceptible of education—which by their bias stamp the character as good