


# THE CALLIOPEAN



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, January 24, 1848.

Number 5.

(The following Lines are from the unpublished Manuscripts of a Friend.)

On the Eclipse of the Moon.

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WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Up! up!—into the vast expanded pace  
Thou art ascending in thy majesty  
Beautiful moon! The queen of the pale sky!  
But what is this that gathers on thy face—  
A dark, mysterious shade; eclipsing, slow,  
The splendor of thy calm and steadfast light?  
Is it the shadow of this world of woe;  
Of this vast moving world? Portentous sight!  
As if we almost stood, and saw more near  
Its very action—almost heard it roll  
On in the swiftness of its dread career,  
As it hath rolled for ages! Hush, my soul!  
Listen!—there is no sound—but could we hear  
The murmur of its multitudes; who toil  
Through their brief hour—the heart might well recoil.  
But this is ever sounding in His ear,  
Who made it, and who said "let there be light"—  
And we, the creatures of a mortal hour,  
Mid-hosts of worlds are over in his sight  
Catching as now dim glimpses of His power!  
The time shall come, when all this mighty scene  
Darkness shall wrap,—as though it ne'er had been.  
Oh Father of all worlds! be thou our guide!  
And lead us gently on from youth to age!  
Through the dark valley of our pilgrimage,  
Enough,—if thus bending to Thy will  
We hold our Christian course through good, and ill,  
And to the end,—with Faith, and Hope abide.

MUSIC.

For the Calliopean.

Fair daughter of Heaven! Thou wast not born on earth, tho' even here, far from thy abode, thou condescendest to visit mortals, and with thy charms to cheer us on our lonely way. Thou comest to us a sweet solace in the time of trouble—in weary hours, with thy enlivening influence, thou makest our sad hearts expand with gladness. But why dost thou not remain? Why

again leave us to bewail thy absence? Thy sounds, so heavenly, elevate the soul, and bring pleasure to the mourning heart; but

"Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling  
Into rich floods of joy—it is but pain  
To mount so high; yet find on high no dwelling;  
To sink so fast, so heavily again!"

Though, like a wandering spirit from celestial climes, thou visitest earth, it is not thy dwelling place. Its murky atmosphere suits not thy ethereal nature; with angels thou livest, and art their companion. Though here thy heaven-aspiring pinions are dimmed and fettered, still thou bearest the impress of thy celestial origin.

How like our imaginings of angelic music is the loud anthem, accompanied by the full-toned organ, that ascends like incense to the throne of God? Man, though a sinner, can praise the Lord; and what is better adapted to this purpose than music, which almost raises the soul to heaven? What intermingled feelings of awe, love, and gratitude, fill the soul even to ecstasy, as, upborne, it floats upon the rich, full tide of melody, rolling on from a well-trained choir.

"Again! oh! send those anthem notes again!  
Through the arched roof, in triumph to the sky!  
Did the old tombs give echo to the strain—  
The banners tremble as with victory!"

Sing them once more; they waft my soul away,  
High, where no shadow of the past is thrown,  
No earthly passion, through the exalting lay,  
Breathes mournfully one haunting undertone.

All is of Heaven! yet, wherefore to mine eye  
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source,  
E'en while the waves of that strong harmony  
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,  
Thus, by the signs betokening sorrow's power?  
Oh! is it not that humbly we may feel  
Our nature's limits in its proudest hour?"

The influence of music upon the mind is wonderful—it has the power to depress or enliven the spirits—it can make the sad happy, and the happy sad.

Witness its magic power upon the mind of Saul, when the hand of David swept the harp. Its potency is at times electric and irresistible. It inspires the love of liberty, and makes the heart glow with patriotic zeal. The power of music to enkindle in the heart, and keep alive the flame of patriotism, is strikingly exemplified in the characters of those who lived in the times of