

THE CALLIOPE

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POETRY.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Oh ! far from his native land he died,
In youth's sweet opening day—
E'en as the flower, in summer pride,
Is torn from earth away.

Far from his home's bright sunny bowers,
On the dark and stormy main,
He languished through long weary hours
For that dear home again.

For lonely the dyin' sailor lay,
Uncheered by one kind tone—
The joyous light of hope's cheering ray
With health's bright hours had flown.

No mother was near to soothe his head,
And catch his parting sighs ;
Strangers stood by the loved one's bed,
And closed his dying eyes.

They gave him unto the stormy deep—
The young, the loved, the brave !
And the dark billows, with sudden sweep,
Closed o'er the Sailor's Grave !

THE GHOST STORY.

BY AN "OLD SALT."

When engaged in the service of a frigate, now at Sierra Leone, my nervous system received a severe trial:—As fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement, (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast,) the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this at a village about six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed ; and as I was particularly desirous

to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the 'ghost' on my road. On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife ; and ever since, the lady or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond this house were the remains of a negro village, which previously to colonization had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery ; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure ; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport.

The empty boast still faltered on my heart and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered