

THE CALLIOPE



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Saturday, June 24, 1848. Number 15.

To an Aeolian Harp.

"Harp of the winds! oh, let the gale
Awake thy sadly pleasing wail;
Thy mingling chords so wild are flung,
So soft their fitful murmurs ring,
They thrill as if an angel sung,
Or Ariel's finger touched the strings!"

Harp of the winds! thy thrilling lay
Is floating pensively along,
Soft as the dying strain of day,
The gentle zephyr's evening song:
Whence are these notes so sweetly given,
That to the soul such music brings,
Soft as the chiming bells of heaven,
When gently touched by angels' wings.

Harp of the wind! thy fairy strain
Swells with the breeze, then faintly dies,
Like the soft echo on the main
That steals along in fitful sighs:
I love to hear it float along,
So faintly murmuring on its way;
It seems some spirit's blissful song,
Soaring in love to endless day.

Harp of the winds! withhold not yet
Thy gentle and soul-thrilling lay!
Thou breath'st of hours I'd not forget—
Of pleasures e'er pass'd away:
Oh, dost thou breathe a requiem sweet
O'er scenes of love for ever fled?
Or over hearts long ceased to beat,
A mournful anthem o'er the dead?

Harp of the winds! breath on, breathe on!
Oh, cease not yet thy pensive strain;
Though sad and mournful is the tone,
I'd hear it o'er and o'er again:
Thy thrilling sounds fall on my ear
Clear as the night-bird's song at even;
And soft as music that we hear
So exquisite in dreams of heaven!

Harp of the winds! a balm to care
Are tones that murmur 'mong thy strings;
They float along the charmed air
Like Music's bird on hallow'd wings.
But no—the strains that softer flow
Than those in Fancy's loveliest dream,
Must fade like flowers that sweetest blow—
Alas, like eyes that brightest beam!

LUDOLF.

The Empress Josephine.

With the dust of our ancestors would have been buried the memory of their virtues, but for the preserving hand of biography. It reveals to the world's eye those many good and great exemplars, which have long since passed to the tomb. In its treasures we may behold the purity of the human heart unfolded, and also its deformity. The beauty of the one, or the odiousness of the other, conduces equally to our improvement and happiness.

Among the names of her age and nation, which shine in the page of story, none shed a brighter lustre than Josephine's.—There is a magic in her name, that brings back the dreams of vanished years. It has a shrine in every heart that loves the sound of truth and virtue. Hers was one of those many choice spirits which have lived but to love—breathed but to throw around them an atmosphere of purity. In early youth, she appears to have exhibited those excellencies of character which form the basis of a noble mind—those buds of promise which bring forth flowers perennial. As a woman, she possessed not common-place attributes; but those of a superior stamp. She had combined, delicacy of taste and dignity of mind. All those finer qualities which beautify and set forth the character were natives of her soul. Truly might Napoleon say—"While he gained kingdoms, she won hearts;" for so affectionate and affable were her manners, that she secured the love and esteem of all with whom she associated. Her influence in her court won many a brave youth to the standard of Buonaparte. Her heart was wed to friendship, and susceptible of the warmest attachments. So blended were her affections with her friends, that her sympathies were in unison with all their ills, as well as their pleasures. Her friendships were not formed relative to rank or fortune, but to the needy and disconsolate. Her soul flowed out in love to all. Her friendship was something more than

"A name, a charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

When power to govern was her prerogative, she exercised it but to bless.

Hers was a forgiving spirit. She gloried in restoring a rebellious but repentant subject to the bosom of his family. Acts of charity and benevolence characterized her every day walk. Although it was one of her favorite delights to stroll with her