

AMBITION.

WHAT is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
 Angels of light walk not so dazz'ingly
 The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd mine
 Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated throne
 Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
 It hath no features. In its face is set
 A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
 It looks a god, but it is like himself!
 It hath a mien of empery, and smiles
 Majestically sweet—but how like him!
 It follows not with forgo. It is seen
 Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
 It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
 And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
 The narrow walls expand, and spread awry
 Into a kingly palace, and the roof
 Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
 Two collings with rich blazonry, and write
 His name in burning letters o'er all.
 And over, as he shuts his wilder'd eyes,
 The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
 A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
 Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
 Breathes a fierce thirnt no water will allay.
 He is its slave henceforth: His days are spent
 In chaining down his heart, and watching where
 To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
 Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
 His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
 Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye,
 His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
 Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
 That was a daily blessing but to see,
 His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
 Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
 Into a cold, care-frosted, heartless man!

And what is its reward? At best a name!
 Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!
 Gold—when the senses it should please are dead!
 Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray!
 Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is numb!
 All things but love—when love is all we want,
 And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
 That ev'n these unavailing gifts are curs,
 He sends us, stripp'd and naked to the grave!

WILLS.

Eugene Sue.

THE author of "Parisian Portraits" in the Atlas, tells some sad stories about the author of the "Wandering Jew;" of which tale, by the way, it is stated that not as many hundreds are sold of the last volume as there were thousands of the first. The following do not tell much to Sue's credit:

Sue never sat for his portrait, and the engravings of him are from stolen sketches, taken at the theatre or some public place. Mr. Brisbane, of New York, ordered a young American artist who was in Paris year before last, to paint his portrait, and gave him a letter to Sue, begging a few sittings. This letter was sent to the romancer, enclosed in one from the artist, who counted on the money he was to receive for the portrait, as his daily bread depended upon it or charity. He never received an answer. Not many months since, Sue used to visit almost every day one of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, Madame de ———, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor. "Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de ———, at the close of one of these harangues. "To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are small, they are cheerfully bestowed—I give one-fourth of my income in alms." That afternoon, as he left the *Cafe de Paris*, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags prayed for charity. "Go away," was the stern reply. "But I am starving, give me a single copper to purchase bread with." "I will give you in charge to a police officer, if you thus annoy me." "You will!" said the beggar; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor—you are the workingman's champion—you are—" "Who are you?" exclaimed Sue. "Madame de ———," was the reply, and the disguised lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

SOUND.

MISS EDITRESS,—The following solution, by one of our teachers, of a problem which has often puzzled and perplexed my mind, appeared to me so novel, yet so philosophical, that I have thought it not unworthy a place in the Calliopean.

The question having been asked by one of my class-mates, "Why sounds scarcely audible during the day become perfectly distinct at night?" The following is the substance of the answer given:—

"It is a popular notion, that the increase of sound at night is owing to the greater stillness which prevails during the hours of slumber. This explanation, however, appears very unsatisfactory, as the same phenomenon has been observed in situations where sounds were greatly multiplied during the night. Others have attributed it to greater atmospheric density,—a solution equally contradicted by facts; inasmuch as the barometer often indicates, during the night, when every sound falls upon the ear with three-fold power, a great reduction of atmospheric pressure; and we often observe this fact particularly just before a storm, when the atmosphere is known to be lighter than usual. We must therefore refer it to some cause which operates in spite of this counteracting influence. The true cause of the diminution of sound by day is probably the presence of the sun, which, by heating unequally different portions of the earth, produces irregular currents of air of different density. This may be familiarly illustrated by throwing several pebbles into a pool of water, and observing in what manner the ripples intersect, obstruct and retard each other's progress. In the same manner a wave of sound passing through portions of the atmosphere of different density, is broken up and becomes so wasted that it affects the sense in a much smaller degree."

I was led by this explanation, so simple and reasonable, to reflect how many interesting phenomena and changes are taking place around us, and meet our observation at every point, which would afford material for delightful and mind-improving investigation and research. How pleasing and profitable to trace the connection between causes and effects, in the solution of the ten thousand interesting problems, whose diagrams are drawn upon the earth, in the waters, air and skies!

To prepare the mind for such investigations, and to drink in those pure joys arising from a perception of the order and harmony pervading the Creator's works, is indeed an important object of mental training.

ALPHA.

Translated from the German.

The Child and the Queen.

BEVURCHTE (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II,) had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought her to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat which had been placed for her by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests; the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with her sweet childish voice, these words:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
 Are all my ornament and dress;
 Fearless, with these pure garments on,
 I'll view the splendors of thy throne."

And all the assembly were struck with surprise, at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed. "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"—*Episcopal Recorder.*