

THE CALLIOPE

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THE LONGING.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clow to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Alas! I hear the music singing—
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between,
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
 Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine forever, yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!
 But lo! between us rolls a river,
 O'er which the wrathful tempest raves;
 I feel the soul within me shiver
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, wo is me, the pilot fails!
 In, boldly in—undaunted over!
 And trust the life that swells the sails!
 Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
 *By miracles alone men enter
 The glorious land of miracles!—SCULLER.

* "Wo kein Wunder geschicht, ist kein Begluecker zu sehn."

A Vision for School Girls.

For the Calliopean.

Seest thou that "candle burning dim, with a crown about its head"? and she for whom the taper was lit, is there beside it, yet all unconscious of surrounding objects.

The little table is strewn with class-books of several sciences, while paper, pens, pencils, &c., betoken a student's chamber. Her elbows rest upon the open page before her; with both hands she clasps her temples and brow; her gaze is downward, but methinks the statue is marble, so fixed, so lifeless does it appear. See! the marble weep; tears are dropping fast upon the outspread leaves; yet the countenance changes not, nor doth a single muscle move her rigid features, to show that there

is life within. Her soul is absorbed in other scenes; it broods not outward things. Ah! now I hear her spirit's wail—I see the visions which float before her eyes. Hark!—above the tempest's howl, and from afar, o'er bleak wintry clads and leafless forests blowing to the blast, come deep-toned voices, sending their whispers into the inner ear of her soul, and her spirit is away at their call, nestling around the old parental hearth, in the home of her childhood. A quiet song, sweet as that, and from the sire reclining at his ease, to little rattlebrain frolicking with her kitten on the floor, no care appears to shade a brow, or aught restrain the flow of joy. There they are!—father, mother, sister, brother—heart to heart responding, even as tongue to tongue. They are gone—they have vanished—the student and her book, the paternal home have passed from vision.

List!—Heardst thou that peal of music? Again and again, it comes swelling out upon the gale. Ha! look upon that gorgeous scene. Animated forms, with flashing eyes, lit from within, are ere, and they glide through a flood of silver light poured down from brilliant chandeliers—"on, on and away through the mazy dance"—while one there is who seems queen of the throng; mistress of attention; around whose throbbing temples twines a bridal wreath. Ah! and she is the same youthful female; but her brow hath lost its marble hue and rigidity, her eye its vacant stare. She hath escaped from that coll-like chamber, and though she hath brought with her no well disciplined mind to bear a reverse of fortune; no store of intelligence to cheer and beguile a weary hour, when beauty fails and wit languishes; or treasures of knowledge, from which to satisfy the cravings of young immortals committed to her charge; yet she is happy in the thought that she is free—and what could she, the pretty petted plaything of home, the conscious mistress of an idolising husband's heart—aye, what could she require of those solid endowments and musty virtues which might have been acquired at that detested school.

The curtain drops, and now again another festive scene, and she who last appeared a joyous bride, is there presiding at the sumptuous board. Time hath not marred her beauty; but with a more dignified and imperial grace she moves, the centre of an admiring circle. Yet her eye is restless, and seeks in vain amid that obsequious multitude some object on which to rest its sight. Seest thou that little curtained bed? Within its damask folds repose in sleeping grace three lovely babes, who ought, methinks, to form that mother's pride and care. But shall the star of brilliant assemblies stoop to the charge of a nursery-maid—and when those fresh expanding minds begin to ask for know-