

THE CALLIOPE

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My Father.

For the Calliopean.

"At evening time there shall be light."

Sacred the hour, when thou my sainted Father
Wast of thy worn-out sinking clay undressed
Softly by his pale hands, who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to lov. and rest.

Noisless, and clear, and holiest of the seven
That day, when thy last earthly sun went down;
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in Heaven,
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hush was the evening, not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom, or the woodbine leaves;
Silent the bird, which sang about our dwelling,
Slept, where she nestled close beneath its eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While Death's cold touch, lifes silver cord entwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
How did'st thou linger still one Sabbath more;
'Twas holy time, thy pure heart sullied its beating,
Pain, work, and warfare, were forever o'er!

Now, while the robin past thy window flying,
Sends off her young forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-welded to its only bride;
And there thy latest born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel father, over Jordan's water
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod;
Safe now they walk the golden streets of beauty,
And oh! thy blessed eyes see peace in God!

A SUBSCRIBER.

From the Christian Parlor Magazine.

Of all those historians who flourished in England during the eighteenth century, Gibbon has acquired the name of being the most veracious and conscientious. His love for truth in history has become proverbial, and he went so far in his rigidity that he would have sooner abandoned twenty political projects, than alter the slightest historical event. Voltaire gave rise to this new generation of misrepresenting authors, for certainly no one would presume to accuse him of having bound himself too closely to the chariot of Truth. Many of his enemies, indeed, have declared that it was he who first introduced among us the art of blending history with romance. In a word, the author of the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," had just added to the series of his historical works, a collection of adventures and battles of the great hero of Sweden, and had decorated his work with the pompous title of the "History of Charles XII." Gibbon was filled with indignation at this prostitution of the name of history, and was not slow in manifesting his anger at the indelicacy of Voltaire. An article of the greatest severity and violence appeared in London, and was soon known throughout all Europe. Voltaire, whose literary susceptibility was easily aroused, became exasperated at his libeller, and vowed him an eternal hatred. An occasion for punishing him at last presented itself, and Voltaire did not fail to seize it. It was in this wise.

Gibbon was travelling in Switzerland. He was just about to give the last touches to his history of the Helvetic Republics, and he had resolved to come to that country in order to collect the documents which were indispensable for that important work. Already several years had elapsed since the scandal occasioned by his pamphlet against Voltaire.

At this period, as we have said, the court of Femy was in all its glory; and Gibbon did not wish to return to his country without having visited Voltaire; without having seen and spoken to the prince of French philosophy. With this object in view he took up his abode at Geneva, and wrote to Voltaire, asking permission to come to the castle. Voltaire was revengeful; he