

THE CALLIOPE

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POETRY.

HOME.

Oh! how I long again to view
My childhoods dwelling-place—
To clasp my mother to my heart—
To see my father's face!
To hear each well remembered tone—
To gaze on every eye
That met my ear or thrill'd my heart
In days long since gone by.

Oh! let me seek my home once more,
For but a little while—
But once above my couch to see
My mother's gentle smile;
It haunts me in my weary hours—
It comes to me in dreams,
With all the pleasant paths of home,
And woods and shaded streams.

There is a spring—I know it well—
Flowering beneath a rock;
Oh! how its coolness and its light
My fevered fancies mock!
I long to lay me by its side,
And bathe my lips and brow;
'Twould give new fervour to the heart,
That beats so languid now.

I may not—I must linger here—
Perchance it is but just!
Yet, well I know this yearning soon
Will scorch my heart to dust.
One breathing of my native air
Had call'd me back to life;
But I must die—must waste away,
Beneath this inward strife.

HOW HE "DYED" FOR LOVE.

An amusing story is told, as an episode in a story in a late foreign review, about a military young gentleman who "died" for love. The affair occurred in Paris. The hero was named De Marsay. He had insulted a young woman, the wife of a dyer, in the Rue de Marais, who sent her husband to meet him, a fellow strong as a Hercules, and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false trust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dyers pringing forward caught poor Gustave round the body and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dye-stuff. How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home he never could tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke next day he discovered he was totally changed—his skin from head to foot, being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies, nothing availed in the least, in fact many thought that he came out bluer than before. The most learned of the faculty were consulted, the most distinguished chemists—all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognised the peculiar tint, and said, "Ah, there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marais."