

THE CALLOPEAN



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Wednesday, August 9, 1848.

Number 18.

From the Knickerbocker.

NIAGARA.

"Some one has eloquently said: 'Supply two architects with marble, and while one will make a lime-kiln, the other will build a temple for the wonder of ages, lifting up a front which harmonizes with the calm sky, as if it were sculptured from a bright evening cloud.'" We have been impressed with the truth of this remark while looking over two brief poems, in our drawer, upon an identical subject,—Niagara. The one is garnished with labored and meretricious ornaments,—a false jewel,—sparkling, indeed, but with a feeble brilliance. Like all the paintings we have ever seen of Niagara, it inspires no feeling of reality,—imparts no idea of sound, or motion. The lines subjoined are of a different character. Next to those of the lamented BRAINARD, they are in our view, the best that have appeared in America, upon the same theme:

Cloud-girdled Thunderer! Embodied Storm!
 Whether enrobed in vapors dark and dun,
 Or looms, magnificent, thy giant form
 Through the prismatic border of the sun,
 Wondrous alike! What floods have swept thy brow
 Since the bold plunge of thy primeval wave,
 From whose tremendous advent until now,
 Thou hast not paused, nor failed. Yon boiling grave
 Roars from its depths the song Creation gave!

While towering billows, each a dwarf to thee,
 In surging myriads sweep the storm-vexed main,
 Here all the fountains of an inland sea
 One everlasting avalanche sustain:
 Stern Strength and Beauty in thy form contend;
 Strength, that Omnipotence alone could stem,—
 And beauty, from the mists that o'er thee bend,
 Falls at my feet in many a dowy gem,
 The peerless jewels of thy diadem.

Who ever touched thy side, and did not feel
 His sinews quiver in thy lightning shock?
 Or on thy chasm launched his daring keel,
 And failed to tremble as its thunder broke?
 Who ever stood within yon arch sublime
 Of adamantine rock and hissing foam,
 With doubtful foothold in the treacherous slime,
 Whose shuddering feeling did not anxious roam
 To the firm earth and Heaven's chrystal dome!

Barrier of nations! on each cultured shore,
 Lashed by the breakers of thy cloven stream,
 His wigwam rude the Indian reared of yore,
 Where now the dwellings of his conquerors gleam.
 But what to thee are nations, or their change?
 They cannot claim thy waters as a dower:
 And what to thee injustice,—hate,—revenge?
 Wildly thou laughest from thy throne of power,
 At man's poor wrath,—the turmoil of an hour!

Like some fragment of the Deluge, clost
 From its companion waves,—to coming time,
 A warning monument of justice, left
 By the Omniscient punisher of crime,
 Methinks thou seemest. From an hundred realms,
 Pilgrims have come to thee, a mighty crowd,
 And felt the awe which now my spirit 'whelms,
 As here I stand before thy presence, bowed,
 Stunned by thy voice, and mandated by thy cloud!"

For the Callopean.

THE SABBATH.

A SKETCH.

'Twas a lovely morning in spring; one of those bright and smiling mornings, which so often dawn upon us in that charming season, when all nature blooms with a new beauty, fresh and fair, and gladness steals into the heart, we scarce know how, or why. The clear, unclouded sun had risen in splendor, and beamed brightly upon a little village, whose fine orchards and pretty, cheerful looking houses nestled at the foot of a mountain, near which flowed a broad and beautiful stream; its swiftly gliding waters dancing gladly on their way, as if they rejoiced in the rays of golden light which sparkled on their surface.

It was the Sabbath—a calm and Sabbath-like stillness seemed to pervade the air, and rest upon all within that quiet little village. The breath of the morning, pure and refreshing, scarce stirred the rich foliage of the trees; and a little rivulet, that wandered down the side of the mountain, stole softly on in its green and flowery course, gently murmuring of happiness and peace. Sweet and solemn was the sound of the "church-going bell," pealing forth from an old and ivy-covered building, long loved and revered as the house of prayer; and pleasant and cheerful were the little groups thronging the road which led to the church of their fathers. The aged grandsire, whose hoary head and tottering form told that his race was almost run—manhood, with firm, unhesitating step—blooming youth, and lisping childhood—all pressed on together towards the temple of their God.

Near the door of an ancient, rural looking cottage, embosomed in trees, stood a young man; the glow of health was upon his cheek; the fire of youth was in his eye; but a shade of deepest thought rested on his brow, and he looked pensive, and even sad. He appeared not to heed the hour of Divine service, or the forms of the passing worshippers; yet something seemed to have touched his heart, for as he mused the gloom deepened upon his countenance and the tear trembled in his eye.