

For the Calliopean.

## THE MIND.

ing majesty. A perpetual spring, like that of blest Elysium, blends with the charming manliness of the full-crowned year, and plays with soft sweetness around the haughty contour of his limbs.

Send thy spirit into the world of incorporeal beauty—seek to create beings of heavenly essence, and to fill thy soul with images which rise above the thrall of matter. For here is nothing earthly, save what frail mortality required. No veins and sinews heat and move this body—but a heavenly soul, pouring itself into it like a gentle stream, has filled, as it were, the whole outline of his figure. He has pursued the monster Python, against whom he has just discharged his arrows, and his mighty stride has caught and laid him low. From the cyrie of his pride, his lofty glance goes forth beyond his triumph, far as into infinity. Scorn sits on his lips, and the wrath which stirs within him gently inflates his nostrils, and mounts upon his laughing forehead. But the calm of victory rests undisturbed upon his countenance, and his eye is full of sweetness, as when he sports among the Muses. His silken hair plays around his celestial head, like the soft and liquid tendrils of a noble vine, when stirred by the gentle breeze.

I forget every thing else in the contemplation of this miracle of Art, and insensibly assume an elevated situation myself, to view it to advantage. With veneration my bosom seems to dilate, like that before me swelling with the soul of prophecy, and I feel myself transported in imagination to Delos and the Lycian grove; scenes once honoured with Apollo's presence. The figure seems to receive life and animation, like the statue of Pygmalion: how is it possible to paint and describe it? I lay the description which I have given of this image at its feet, like those garlands which the givers could not reach to the head of the god whom they wished to adorn.

CORINNE.

\* The Statue of Apollo, in the Vatican palace, at Rome, otherwise called the Apollo Belvidere, from the apartment in which it is placed, was recovered amid the ruins of Nero's villa, at Antium, about the end of the fifteenth century. It represents the god in the moment after his victory over the serpent Python. It is of the heroic size, with one foot in advance, as if just arresting his progress, and his left arm outstretched, as if holding the bow

## The Advent.

BY THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night  
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound  
In distant hallelujahs stole  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye  
New streams of glory light the sky;  
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits at the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung—

"O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

"He comes! to cheer the trembling heart;  
Bids Satan and his host depart—  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom;  
Again the Bowers of Eden bloom!

"O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh!  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

THOUGHTS.—It is well to prostrate ourselves in the dust, when we have committed a fault; but it is not well to remain there.

There are tears which can be shed by those only who have elevated hearts, as the source of mighty streams is found on mountains which neighbor upon heaven.—*Chateaubriand*.

WHAT language can express the darkness and infatuation of that mind which can investigate and reflect upon the structure of the human body, and say "no God!" It is a frame work of such exquisite structure, and exhibits such inimitable skill!—What proportions! what variety! what harmony! what elegant polish of beauty! But there is a gem within, infinitely more rich and lovely than the beautiful casket, in which it is enclosed. I have seen it sparkling through its windows. But I will not dwell on those mute, yet *speaking* orbs of mind, fringed by the Great Architect with their embossed encasements, harmoniously blending beauty with utility.

I proceed with my subject—and O, if I had an eye capable of discerning the spirit's essence! Would not its colors be beautiful? To see its mysterious workings—its careful yet unimpeded motions, swifter than the wings of time! And O, that I had an ear to drink in the full-toned harmony of its joys, and the plaintive melody of its sorrows!

How strange that I have thrown away time to look at perishable things! Gold shone on me; I grasped at its beauty, but grasped a shadow. Music played on my ear, but it was deceitful.

True, I am animated with life and joy; yet a thousand animals have lived, and joyed, and died beneath my feet. But I have learned that death is not for me. The earth may perish—the sky may fade, and retire; but I shall live, and range through space forever, unchained. O! had I thought of this, I would not have adored this flesh, nor spoken of its beauty, nor have wept to lay it in the grave.

But enough of soliloquy. Gentle reader, permit me to introduce to your notice *yourself*; there is something noble in the exhibition. A landscape may enchain the eye for hours, but at last you become familiar with it. 'Tis so with all material things. Did not God design by this to prove their inferiority?

Fix your eye upon the soul. Touch its most delicate nerve; that nerve will vibrate while the sands of eternity are wasting. Gaze upon its whole machinery. It is all life—all action. The wires of passion have been struck, and the echo is in the spirit's farthest, deepest ravines. And what is the spirit, the mind, this sublime indescribable? The eye sees it not—we can not touch it; the ear cannot hear its rushing; yet it exists; it moves; it darts like the lightning's flash; anon it rushes like the mountain torrent. I have seen its shadow beneath the infant's eyelid; it was gentle as the breath of a summer evening. Still it was a restless spirit. Sensations, thoughts, emotions, were floating by; it was changing from sensation to emotion, from emotion to thought, like the hero of a dream. Imagination played unchidden, and even genius in boyish freshness stood in the circle.—When the wind whistled without, it was in the wind. When the mother's eye beamed forth in love, it fastened on that eye and was at home. It wrapt itself around the gay plumage of beauty, and even dared to climb upon the throne of hoary sublimity, and play with his awful crown.

I saw it in youth, bright, beautiful, joyous as ever; it was the same spirit, but clothed with a different mantle—impelled by a new energy. It was now a soul impassioned. There was not a chain that could bind it to earth. It leapt upon the wind—it outrode the storm—the lightning's blaze was but its fellow traveller, and the sun-beam only could fly by its side. And yet it was but a soul in its youth, beginning to joy in a deathless existence. How passing wonderful the contrivance that lets the spirit grow! to be always an infant—to be always a youth, or even what our world calls a man! How death-like it would be to the spirit to cease to grow. It would be like binding up the Universe, and stopping all its mighty wheels.

I love to linger with a spirit in its youth, when I can find such an one untarnished—a gushing, joyous, holy spirit. There are not many such on earth. What so pure as a holy spirit? How refreshing to dwell on its beauties! There are some in yonder star. There are millions in yonder beautiful planet. But our world is too dark. A beautiful sun shines indeed upon the body, but darkness encurtains the soul. Gentle reader, I had almost forgotten you. Perhaps we are kindred spirits; then we shall