

## THE CALLIOPE.

expressible concern I learned that the period of your existence was drawing to a close; that you were heaving your last breaths; the death rattle was in your throat. The information brought with it to me so great a load of disappointment and care that many a day will have rolled away into eternity ere they have ceased to weigh down my soul. After many an hour of intense and feverish thought, of ceaseless labor and many sleepless nights; after having combatted with and overcome innumerable, and to human eye, insurmountable difficulties, I had at last arisen superior to circumstances, bearing in my victorious hand a work which, through your resplendent vehicle, would have flashed upon the world, pouring upon it a flood of insupportable light; rolling back in black frowning volumes the clouds of ignorance in which it is wrapt—a work which would have worn in its lineaments the traces of unequivocal genius; which would have surprised, enraptured, dazzled, overwhelmed mankind, by the almost incomprehensible wisdom of its pages and the impetuous, irresistible roll of its fiery eloquence. A work which would have indelibly engraved in the temple of fame the name of its illustrious author; and stamped him as one of the greatest lights that ever rose and unquenchably burned in the literary horizon; a work which would cast into impenetrable shade the most illustrious works of antiquity, and poured its rays into the innumerable ages of futurity. But as the last touch was given to it, the same was being given to you. On it, what a mighty fabric has hope been induced to erect! with your last breath down must fall, in hideous ruin, the airy fabric, burying beneath it the brightest

hopes and aspirations, and noblest creation of human brain. Oh, that you had continued to exist! On the heads of those who have caused your death rest the blood of my expiring hopes and the loss to the world.

Yours ever in sadness,

*One about to be a contributor.*

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TUESDAY, AUG. 30.

Dear friends.—The days of the publication of our little sheet are now drawing to an end. We flatter ourselves that you have throughout followed us along “the noiseless tenor of our way” with sufficient interest and attention, as to remove the necessity of our reminding you that this is the last issue of the *Calliope*. The moment has arrived, and that it has done so not devoid of much heartfelt regret to us is needless for us to affirm, in which we must utter the part-word “farewell”; and as it passes from our lips, it leaves behind it a trace of regretful feeling whose depth you will be fully able to appreciate. When we first timidly ventured before the public, doubting our own powers of sustaining what we had undertaken, we threw ourselves upon your indulgence, trusting, that in it, you would overlook all our shortcomings and incapacity; and give us all your unhesitating support in order to encourage us in what we had taken in hand, which had an end in view, worthy of your countenance, however short we may have fallen of the mark we aimed at. Nor have we been deceived. We are conscious that our paper can never have possessed sufficient