

For the Calliopean.

The Farewell of the Zephyr.

BARTON, 't is time that we hurry away,
For the winter king cometh in pearly array;
The green leaves are falling from forest and bough;
The streamlet I love must be manacled now;
Yot, ere I go ye shall list to my plea—
I've traversed the mountain, the land, the sea;
And loved ones are sorrowing—sadness reigns here,
Let us go to a clime where falleth no tear.

One dewy morning I left my cool cave
To roam where the branch of the tall trees wave,
I found out a spot, where the prospect was fair,
But the sadness of sorrow was reigning there—
The loveliest that walked with the daughters of men,
The last prop of the household was dying then
I told her when winter should blow o'er the main,
In a land that was fairer, we'd meet again.

I have lifted the mane of the warrior's steed;
I looked on the scene, when the bright day was freed;
'Twas the night ere the battle—a tall form bowed
On the turf, which at day-dawn might be his shroud.
Thus, softly and slowly up rose his prayer,
As I pressed through the locks of his raven hair—
"God, be this night with my beautiful bride,
And the bright eyed boy that kneels by her side!"

God, keep them safe from the tempest's power,
As choicest plants in a sheltered bower."
I passed away—I was there again,
When the sun was bright on the battle plain:
The sabres were broke as the gossamer's thread;
The stillness that reigned spake but of the dead;
Life's streams mingled freely with locks so fair;
The stricken in battle, the warrior lay there.

I have breathed with joy on the filling sail,
As I went with the breath of the flowery vale—
The sailor hath blessed me, as onward I bore
The fragrance which came from a distant shore—
I've carried the song of the fresh May-flowers
On my fairy wings from their sylvan bowers—
I've been a sweet hope to the men of the sea;
The tears of the sailor are hallowed by me.

I have tarried long in the groves of spice;
I have made my home with ungathered rice;
I have smiled when the roses their tendrils raise;
I've cherished the hues of the ripened maize:
But I'm weary of earth; let us go for awhile
To a land where the summer doth ever smile.
Children of men, I shall leave each dell
Where we've wandered so often—one last farewell—
Shall I weep for the day that was once so blue?
I am going to a fairer one—earth adieu!

Hamilton, September 18, 1848.

HARRIETT ANNIE.

For the Calliopean.

EMILY MORTON;

Or a Tale for Embroidery.

"EMILY dear, do put aside that embroidery; I am sure you are injuring yourself by sitting so constantly; put it aside, and get your bonnet and gloves for a walk."

"Oh, dear papa, do not ask me; you know it would give me great pleasure to oblige you; but really I cannot leave this work just now—the pattern is hired, and is very expensive; besides, Mrs. Barton wished it returned as soon as possible, because there is a lady waiting for it."

At that moment the servant came to say, that Mrs. Hall and her niece waited to see her in the drawing room. Emily threw

down her wools, flosses, etc., and half rose from the frame, but suddenly recollecting herself, she said, "tell them to walk in this way; I am sure they will excuse me when they know my hurry."

"Dear Mrs. Hall, I am so glad to see you, and Susan also; but I beg you will pardon me for bringing you into the breakfast parlor, and introducing you to my work; I know your kindness or I should not have presumed."

Mrs. Hall assured her she was very pardonable, &c.; saying that she would prefer coming into the family room, as she had a little business which she could thus transact without trespassing upon her young friend's time and patience, both which were probably in good requisition, if she could judge from the character of her employment.

"Oh, Aunt!" exclaimed Susan, "do examine this screen; is it not beautiful? Miss Morton, you must be the most industrious creature in the world; I never saw any person accomplish half as much embroidery, and with such exquisite taste. When you have completed this your drawing-room will be superb."

"Pray, young lady, do not compliment her," said Mr. Morton, half laughing, "or she, like a silk-worm, will work herself up into a ball of embroidery, and die."

"Well, Mr. Morton, jesting aside, Emily is looking very pale and meagre; is not her health exceedingly delicate?"

"Oh yes, she was obliged to leave school on account of feeble health, and I fear she is not improving much. She is afflicted with a constant pain in her side and shoulder, frequently attended with a headache."

"Has she had medical advice?"

"She had while at school, and her adviser ordered her immediate removal, saying that the confinement was too great, and would lead to serious results if continued."

"This reminds me—the business on which I came is to enquire concerning that school, as I had thoughts of placing Susan there."

"Mrs. Hall, do not I beseech you, if you value her life and health; it came near ruining me, and indeed I fear I shall never entirely recover my strength and spirits," interrupted Emily, for one moment raising her eyes and bowed shoulders from the frame of her screen.

"I am very sorry to hear this statement," returned Mrs. Hall; "but shall I impose too irksome a task, by requesting a short detail of the regulations and routine of the academy?"

"O, not at all," said Emily.

"In the first place, they of course keep regular hours—at what time do they rise and retire?"

"They rise at five and retire between nine and ten."

"Very good hours, I should think; did you not find them so?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure; as sometimes I found the time for sleep not sufficient, and at others, too long; I like to do as I please in such matters."

"Most natural!" said Mrs. Hall smiling; "undoubtedly you would, and in so doing would have made strange proficiency in your studies. Your meals?"

"We breakfasted at seven, dined at twelve, and took tea at six."

"Very rational hours, with just a proper length of time between. How many hours were devoted to study and recitations each day?"

"Nine."

"And had you stated times for exercise?"

"Oh yes, we had to walk in the morning, and play in the yard for an hour in the afternoon."

"Why that is perhaps as much exercise as you take at home."

"It is more, and I could not take so much there. I used often to get excited when I had the headache, which was indeed nearly all the time."

"I think you did wrong, and should imagine you found your recess hours very dull, while the rest were all out at play."

"By no means; that was almost the only time I found to work at my embroidery; and I would then have to lock my door, lest some one should see me and tell a teacher."

"They were then opposed to your incessant needle plying?"

"I think they were very tyrannical about it—they would not