

THE CALLOPEAN



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The Cottage-Girl.

I saw a little cottage-girl,
 With joy upon her face,
 Trip lightly o'er the dew-wet grass,
 As if on truant race,
 To pluck the freshly opened flowers,
 And place them in her hair,
 Or bind them round her brother's brow,
 So beautiful and fair.

She sweetly sang a mountain song,
 As she danced along in glee,
 And gaily shook her raven curls
 That hung so light and free.
 Her mellow voice rang o'er the fields,
 And filled the morning air
 With notes as soft and rich and clear
 As if from bright nymph there.

She stopped beside a babbling brook,
 Her ringlets threw aside,
 And blushed to see her own bright face
 Reflected in its tide;
 Then filled her cup from its crystal wave,
 And gaily tripped away,
 With step as light and air as free
 As wild gazelle at play.

Her heart was pure, her spirit free
 As the mountain air she breathed,
 And her young brow, so bright and fair,
 In innocence was wreathed.
 The crystal spring from mountain side,
 In sunbeams sparkling bright,
 Was not more pure than her young heart,
 So buoyant and so light.

Her home was on the mountain wild,
 And there she'd planted flowers;
 There oft her mother sat and sang
 Away the evening hours;
 And there she'd known but Innocence,
 The brightest gem of youth,
 And her sweet face a mirror was
 Of purity and truth.

E. S. K.

For the Callopean.

MOUNT GILBOA.

THE Mount of Gilboa is pleasantly situated in the centre of Palestine, on the south-east border of the Plain of Jezreel, or Esdrelon. It is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and abounds in springs of water, from whence it derives its name. It was a lovely evening in the loveliest season, that a group

of Hebrew maidens stood on the summit of this mountain, their jetty tresses lifted by the breeze, and their animated countenances beaming with increased beauty in the rays of the setting sun. They gazed long and earnestly on the prospect so richly spread at their feet—the blooming plains of Jezreel; the rapid waters of the Jordan; the wood-crowned summit of Mount Tabor; the far-stretching range of the mountains of Ephraim, combined their beauties to add interest to the landscape.

"Ours is truly a goodly land, dear Kizpah," exclaimed Salome, passing her arm as she spoke around the symmetrical form of her friend; "but you are sad to-night—whence those gathering tear-drops? Methinks you have unusual cause for rejoicing in this sweet prospect, for are you not, dear Kizpah, about to enter the palace of Saul; and will you not have for your attendants those who have hitherto been your companions?"

"Ah, Salome, you wrong me sadly if you deem that splendor can alienate my heart from my first fond friends. I could wish that my lot had been cast remote from regal pomp. Ah, had it been given to me," she added, bursting into a flood of tears, "to share such a destiny as our venerated ancestress, Rebecca! She gained one heart, and through life retained unrivalled possession of it; for never for one moment do we hear that the patriarch Isaac wandered in thought or look from her side. And I, what shall I be?—A wild-flower, plucked from this mountain; cherished for a season; then thrown aside to wither neglected, in the very freshness of my feelings—in the spring-tide of my youth."

Her emotion here became so violent as to prevent her utterance. Salome had led her from their companions at the commencement of their conversation, and now seating her on the verdant turf, she bathed her forehead in the bright waters of a spring, which issued near them—then she seated herself beside her, and soothed her with every consideration her affection could suggest, and woman rarely lacks the power of assuaging sorrow. She enumerated every act of kindness which Saul had showered on her family, and dwelt long and earnestly on the preference he manifested toward herself, assuring Kizpah that one so handsome and so courteous could never cease to smile on a being so beautiful, so gentle, so calculated to chain the heart. And truly Kizpah was no ordinary character,—a creature of surpassing loveliness; that refined loveliness of mind and soul, which elevates the sweetest face beyond mere sensual charms; a slender form, yet blending already somewhat of graceful dignity with the agile and elegant movements of healthy youth. But her marble brow; those compressed, though beautifully curved lips;