



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, April 10, 1848.

Number 10.

For the Calliopean.

Scene on a Battlefield in Mexico.

It is recorded, that in one of the late battles in Mexico, a Mexican woman was engaged during the heat of the action in carrying food and water to the wounded of both armies; and she actually lost her life while literally fulfilling the divine injunction—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

'Twas a wild scene of carnage—the slippery plain
Was piled with the bodies of dying and slain—
The sulphurous smoke roll'd in clouds o'er the sky,
And the wounded were left in their torments to die.

And a tropical sun, in the power of his might,
Looked down with fierce heat on the red field of fight;
And the close heavy-breeze, with its warm, fainting breath,
Fann'd feebly the brows of the victims of death.

For there, 'neath the sunbeam, the warrior lay,
All shrivell'd and scorched by the hot burning ray;
And the hearts that had bounded each danger to share,
Lay withering now, in the depths of despair.

But mark, midst the cannons that thunder in wrath,
On her mission of mercy, a woman goes forth
In that dark scene of strife, mid the battle, alone,
She sees but the wounded—she hears but their moan.

She knew they were enemies—e'en then their hand
Was lifted to conquer her fair Fatherland—
Yet now, when all powerless, stricken they lay,
She saw them but suffering creatures of clay.

She hath passed where the conflict most fiercely hath raged,
And the thirst of the dying with water assuaged—
In tender compassion her soft hand hath lain
On brows that throbb'd wildly with fever and pain.

She hath staunch'd the red wound in the rough soldier's breast,
And laid his hot head on her bosom to rest—
And the voice, that erewhile had been silent and dead,
Returns to heap blessings and thanks on her head.

And the angels looked down from their mansions on high,
And wondered such mercy on earth to descry;
And wept, that a sister so gentle and dear,
Mid such frightful scenes should be sorrowing here.

The battle is o'er, and the victory won!
But the worst of their labor remains to be done—
In haste to afford (for their time must be brief,)
A grave to the dead—to wounded relief.

They have passed o'er the field, and re-passed it again—
And the corpse of a woman was found with the slain;
And they know it was she, who so fearlessly sped
Alone, mid the wounded, the dying and dead.

But many a warrior to weep over her came;
And they laid her at rest on the field of her fame;
And the wild summer flowers now blossom above
The victim of mercy, compassion and love.

Toronto, February 26, 1848.

A. J.

For the Calliopean.

R O M E.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE STAEL.

RAPHAEL has said that modern Rome was built almost entirely with the ruins of the ancient city; and it is certain that we cannot take a step without being attracted by some relics of antiquity. We perceive here the *eternal walls*, as Pliny has called them, in the midst of the works of later times: the edifices of Rome bear a historical impress; we observe in them, so to speak, the physiognomy of ages. From the times of the Etrurians to the present day; from the time of that people, who were more ancient than the Romans themselves, and who resemble the Egyptians in the solidity of their works and the variety of their designs, down to the Chevalier Bernin, that artist who has formed a peculiar style of his own, like the Italian poets of the seventeenth century, we can trace the human mind at Rome, in the different characters of the arts, the edifices and the ruins. The middle ages, and the brilliant era of the Medici, present themselves before us again through their works; and this study of the past in the objects which are present to our view, enables us to understand the genius of each period. We think, that Rome was formerly a mysterious name, known only to a few adepts; it seems that it is still necessary to be initiated into the secret of this city. It is not simply a collection of buildings; it is the history of the world, expressed by various emblems, and represented under various forms.

The churches are all decorated with ancient magnificence; but something of the sombre and the fantastic is mingled with