

THE CALLOPEAN



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For the Callopean.
The Child at the Teacher's Grave.

"They say she is gone to this silent spot,
Yet weeping I call, and she answers not—
I'm printing the snow with my little feet;
I wander, all lonely, the lost to meet.

I thought she looked strange in that snow-white dress;
So pale, and so still—and her eye beamed less—
Her icy-cold forehead I kissed again,
And strove to awaken her—but in vain.

They speak of a fond one, whose love was strong,
Though lost to her motherless child so long;
Yet, surely she was not more kind to me,
And I ever fancied her just like thee.

Like the bird, I murmur thy hymn, and rest
With thy withered rose on my throbbing breast;
I keep, as a treasure, thy book last given,
And kneel yet to whisper thy prayer to heaven.

O tell me *once* more of the song-bird bright;
And who made the shroud of the starry night—
Who waters from heaven the trees and flowers,
And watches his children through sleep's dark hours?

Didst thou, as thou saidst, seek a home on high,
To sing, where they weep not, and never die—
And dress in a robe as the sun-cloud fair,
And live with my mother?—O take me there!"

Brooklyn, N. Y., January, 1848.

J. W. C.

For the Callopean.
The Study of Botany.

"Earth hath a thousand tongues, that swell
In converse soft and low;
We hear them in the flowery dell,
And where the waters flow."

The study of nature, in any of her multitudinous forms, is highly interesting and instructive. We may soar in imagination to the vast orbs which compose the universe, and hold converse with the bright intelligences which inhabit them; but even imagination droops beneath the mighty conception of their distance and immensity.

The animal creation, though affording the most striking marks

of designing wisdom, cannot be dissected and examined without unpleasant sensations. But in the vegetable productions of our earth, we find a boundless field, which may be explored with the most pure and delightful emotions.

There the Almighty seems to manifest himself to us, in less of that overpowering sublimity, which it is almost painful for us to behold in his more magnificent creations; hence, it would appear, that in accommodating the vegetable world to our powers and means of observation, he designs it especially for our investigation and amusement, as well as comfort and sustenance.

The study of Botany is adapted to refine the taste and improve the heart, as well as please the eye. Perhaps no science more effectually combines pleasure with improvement. It calls the student forth to the garden, the field, the grove—along the banks of winding brooks, on the edge of precipices, the sides of mountains, and into the depths of forests—amidst the verdure of spring and the bloom of summer—to the charming retreats of nature, in her wild luxuriance; or where she smiles under the hand of cultivation. To the female, this science particularly recommends itself. Surely, no lady can investigate the perfect order of nature in the formation and growth of flowers, without receiving lessons in regularity and system, traits so essential in the female character. Then it affords such agreeable relaxation from the mental toil, and, too often, close confinement of the school-girl, supplying those motives and stimuli to physical exercise, the want of which is so painfully felt by the sedentary. How delightful, when the mind is fatigued with severe application in the study, to saunter forth among the fields and woods—the laughing streams and singing birds—in quest of specimens for the herbarium, until the heart bounds with glee, and sends its warm life-current back to the brain, muscles, and limbs, in healthful activity. But not least among the virtues of the study of flowers, is their acknowledged influence upon the affections of the heart. Who can look upon that loveliest gem of the floral year, the violet, partially concealing itself in its leafy bower from the garnish gaze of the sun, without feeling an instinctive yearning to imitate that beautiful symbol of retiring modesty?

Again—who, as they pass, can inhale the odor of mignonette, without staying to enquire whence such grateful fragrance? To his surprise, he finds it issues from yon perianth of plain and unassuming garb, neither touched with the hues, nor dressed in the ostentatious robe of the *hydrangea hortensis*; but so rich in precious odors, gentleness, and worth, that amid a world of gayer companions true wisdom would woo her first.

Again—we find some plants common in the tropical regions,