

From the Louisville Journal.

MY SISTERS.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
Ere strange rude hands have parted them;
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet Sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle Mother
To us was like the stem to flowers.

She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were severed far and near.
The flowerot's stem, when broke or shattered,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, though widely scattered,
The same soft perfume still we find.

And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
Sweet Sisters, we are not the same;
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name:
And yet, if Sorrows' dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I cannot trace those shadows now.

Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown;
While like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind that bears o'er
Sweet scents upon its unseem wing—
The wind that for no creature cares,
Yet steals sweets from every thing.

It hath rich thoughts, for ever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That win their music still as keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze.
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods—

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dew-drops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over,
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, Sisters, these wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars for ever—
To hear the wind's wild melody;
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding places
As they peep out upon the earth.

But, Sisters, as the stars of even
Shrink from Day's golden, flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So will we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven one mystic chain.

AMELIA.

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases: he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?—Pestalozzi.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

MADAM.—In my note to the question repropounded in the 8th number of the Calliopean, instead of saying that "Olmsted has given an erroneous solution to the question. I should have said, from the manner in which the question is expressed, it admits of two solutions. I shall, in due time, send you the solution of the second case of the question. I send you two new problems, which I hope will prove acceptable and useful to some of your readers.

I am, Madam,

Yours truly, &c.,

Glanford, April 5th, 1848.

ARITHMETICUS.

A ship came to anchor, and after paying out forty fathoms of cable she was 50 fathoms from her buoy, which floated perpendicularly over her anchor. The depth of the water is required, without the application of Algebra.

A certain sum of money being put at interest eight months, amounts to £772 10s.; the same sum put out at the same rate for fifteen months, would amount to £792 3s. 9d. Required the sum and the rate per cent, without algebra or double positions.

From 'A Posing upon Poetry' in the last Blackwood

WORDSWORTH—BYRON.

It is only by understanding and keeping in view the exact office of poetry, that any fair defence can be made for such writings as those of Byron. The beneficent influence of such a poet as Wordsworth, no one will dispute. He not only leads to reflection, but reflection of the purest kind. He has taken it for his province even to correct many associations, which, other poets finding in the minds of men, have taken advantage of, without calculating their tendency. It has been his peculiar achievement to extend our sympathies toward the neglected and forgotten, towards the humble and the weak, who need them not the less because they have few qualities to attract from. Witness that little piece, 'The Cumberland Beggar' which throws so singular a charm over a torpid slow old man, creeping along the highway with his head bent to the earth, not more by age and infirmity than with sluggish apprehension. The old man creeps along with scarce a thought—no fictitious sentiment is infused into his mind—no ideal grace is added to his figure—there is nothing in all this picture but the simplest reality—there is nothing new but the poet's heart, which, however, has circled its object with so singular an interest, that it is impossible for any one who has read the poem, ever again to look with apathy upon one of those old children of the earth. Of such writings there will not be two opinions. But what are we to say of his contemporary, Byron? His teaching extends not our sympathies, but our contempt, over mankind, and justifies this arrogance towards others by an equal self-disparagement. He teaches his pupil to despise the homely expedient of regulating the passions of his own bosom, and to preserve the tumult, and with it the wild license of infinite complaint. In his own vivid phrase, we are 'half dust, half deity.' He does not raise what is in us of divine, but teaches us perpetually to contemplate with bitterness that part which is dust and clay. He teaches half the lesson, and there leaves his tortured and disquieted reader. If every book, especially of poetry, were looked on as a sole instructor, who would not feel compelled to denounce such writings? But many books, many thoughts, much contradictory and perplexing and turbulent matter, go to the making up of a cultivated mind. Every mode of thinking has its place; and the very best is not the best until it has been viewed in juxtaposition with others. He who has read, and felt, and risen above the poetry of Byron, will be for life a wiser man for having once been thoroughly acquainted with the morbid sentiments which there met with so full and powerful an expression. And so variously are we constituted, that there are some who find themselves best roused to vigorous and sound thinking by an author with whom they have to contend. There are those who can better quiet their own perturbed minds by watching the extravagances of a stronger maniac than themselves, than by listening to placid strains, however eloquent. Some there are, who seem destined to find their entrance into philosophy, and into its calmest recesses, through the avenue of moody and discontented reflection.