

Consider the kind of substance upon which the schoolmaster is either skilfully or unskilfully tracing the first lines that he receives, after the invisible cipher of the nursery, and what the sketching upon such a tablet ought to be. He might go down to the sea shore, when the tide is out, and write as ruddily as he pleased, and the first reflux wave would wash the surface just as smooth as the last ebb left it. He might draw his awkward diagrams upon the drifted snow-bank, and the first breath of air would whisk them away. He might write out his lessons like a wise man or a fool, and it would make no difference; the next hour would obliterate them all.

But it is not so in the school-house. Every tablet there is more durable than brass. Every line that the teacher traces upon the mind of the scholar, is, as it were, "graven with the point of a diamond." Rust will eat up the hardest metals; time and the elements will wear out the deepest chiseling in marble, and if the painter could dip his pencil in the rainbow, the colors would at length fade from the canvass. But the spirits, the impressible minds of that group of children, in however humble circumstances, are immortal. When they have outlived the stars, they will only have entered upon the infancy of their being. And there is reason to believe, that no impressions made upon them will ever be obliterated. Forgotten, during shorter or longer periods of time, many things may be; but the cipher, without the erasure of a single line, in all probability remains, to be brought out by the tests of a dying hour or the trial of the last day.—The schoolmaster literally speaks, writes, teaches, paints, for eternity. They are immortal beings, whose minds are as clay to the seal under his hand. And who is sufficient for these things?—*Dr. Humphrey's Address.*

It is a great satisfaction to me, that my daughters will be educated well, and taught to depend upon themselves, and not upon others, for their happiness in this world; for, if their hearts be good, they have both of them heads wise enough to distinguish between right and wrong. While they have resolution to follow what their hearts dictate, they may be uneasy under the adventitious misfortunes which may happen to them, but never unhappy; for they still have the consolation of a virtuous mind to resort to. I am most afraid of outward adornment being made a principal study, and the furniture within being rubbish. What are called fashionable accomplishments are but too often teaching poor misses to look bold and forward, in spite of a natural disposition to gentleness.—*Collingwood.*

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbors the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him. I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.—*Owen Feltham.*

Our Library.

No. 17.

"Loiterings in Europe; or, Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Great Britain, and Ireland. With an Appendix, containing observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. By John W. Corson, M.D."

From having read one or two letters written by the author, during the course of his travels, to one of the journals in New York, we were led to form high expectations of the volume now before us, and we have not been disappointed. It is full of graphic descriptions, useful information with regard to the countries which he visited, pleasing historical allusions, and incidents told with much good humor and narrative. While perusing this able and interesting work, we could not but reflect on the early life of its author, who is a native of our own country.

Born in the wilds of Canada, without the advantages of fortune, and at a time when there were few facilities for improvement, he has steadily and nobly worked his own way to influence and fame, through difficulties which seemed insurmountable. Passionately attached to study, but prevented by his duties from gratifying his taste during the day, he would sit up at night with

his favorite books, till, being deprived of a candle by the affectionate solicitude of the family, for his health he is said to have sat many an hour, after the rest had retired, upon the hearth, reading by the dim light of the embers. Like Demosthenes and Newton, he proved the correctness of the motto—no excellence without labor." His persevering industry, however, has been crowned with success, and he now ranks among the first physicians in the city of Brooklyn, and has a name already high in the world of letters. But we must turn from the increasing career of the author to the volume which lies upon our table.

The work is throughout of an elevated character. At the same time that it gives a sufficiency of personal incidents to give zest to the narrative, it is free from those constant details of little inconveniences, &c., which make one imagine the traveller more anxious to exhibit himself, than the scenes which he is visiting.

But the peculiar excellence of this volume over the numerous travels, which have lately been published, we conceive to consist in the vividness and beauty with which he brings before the mind of the reader the great objects of interest, which he visited. He *paints*, rather than describes what he saw, and the reader seems as if already familiar with scenes thousands of miles distant. Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Lamartine, are the great masters in this, what may be called, the *poetry* of travelling; but their followers are lamentably few.

The author of this work, however, has taken up the traveller's staff in the right spirit. Endued with an imagination that could feel every touch of beauty or grandeur, the impressions, which he received and generally penned down at the time in a style equally graphic and clear, are peculiarly vivid and life like. At one time, while reading his glowing descriptions, we seem to see lying before us in all their loveliness the enchanting prospects of the Rhine—at another the snow-clad summits of the Alps glistening in the beams of the rising sun—and at another, the majestic structures of Rome towering beside the wrecks of departed ages. Of this character is his description of the Coliseum by moonlight, which, for want of room in this number, we will endeavor to insert in our next.

At the end of the volume is an Appendix, containing two lectures on European Charities and poor, which give much useful information with regard to the condition of the destitute in Europe, and a letter on Foreign Hospitals and Schools of Medicine.

The "Loiterings in Europe," we are informed, can be obtained in a short time at Messrs. Eastwood & Co's.

☞ HAVE our excellent correspondents Simeon, Dorcas, and Josephine, entirely forsaken us? May we not hope to hear from them and other correspondents during our holy days?

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D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,

Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

Principal.

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Although "THE CALLIOPEAN" is under the management of the Young Ladies connected for the time being with the Burlington Ladies' Academy, Contributions of a suitable character will be thankfully received from all who take an interest in the work.

☞ All Communications and Remittances must be addressed to the Editress of "THE CALLIOPEAN," Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, Canada West.