

village of Amalphi, a sea-port of Naples. These were a collection of all that was useful in the works of the ancient lawyers; which, Justinian, who governed the Eastern Empire of the Romans at Constantinople, had caused to be made in the year 533. Having long been the laws of the Empire, they were buried at length under the weight of the barbarous institutions of the Vandals and Goths; but finally came forth again to resume their accustomed sway over the nations of Europe. The modern world, just bursting from its fetters, was struck with admiration at those venerable relics of ancient jurisprudence; men of learning were appointed to lecture upon them in the chief universities; and a surprising alteration was soon visible in the state of order and government in the various countries of Europe. Being also introduced into the courts of justice, it was found necessary to employ men to explain and apply them, who had studied them from their youth; and thus appeared the first dawnings of that profession, which has changed the whole condition of Europe, and in the hands of such men as Mansfield and Blackstone, has carried the science of law almost to the highest perfection of justice and equity. A class of men so often consulted for advice, soon became respected; the honour of knighthood, the highest dignity of the times, was frequently conferred on those who had risen to eminence; and the cheerful occupations of peace began to rival, in their attractions, the brilliant achievements of war.

"Let arms revere the robe—the warrior's laurel
Yield to the palm of eloquence."

A. B.

For the Calliopean.
Horrors of Composition Writing.

"O HORRORS! not a word yet," exclaimed Maria, as, exasperated, she threw her pencil and paper across the room, with an air of desperation—"I almost wish I was out of the world; here I've sat these last two hours—tried about forty subjects—looked over every book in the library—and, to think that out of six hundred volumes I cannot find a subject or an idea! O goodness! what shall I do? Composition class this afternoon—and what will my teacher say? I wish I had not put it off so long. I'll get nothing but daggery looks and lectures on procrastination, for an age to come—for that overbearing Miss Maywood will be sure to ask me what time I commenced to write, when I tell her I have no composition. Mercy! I believe I shall go mad! I I vow, I'll copy something out of one of these old books—they're never read—but it seems they've read every thing—for one cannot copy a few sentences without detection. Dear! if I had only the brains of Mrs. Ellis, or somebody else. And then, to think I have to go through another fiery ordeal when I go home—for pa'll be sure to give me some subject to write upon, to know how I've improved. He says he's so anxious about that important branch—as he calls it—wonderfully important! But I don't care what any body says—not all the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, combined, could convince me that composition writing is fit for girls—it is well enough for boys to torture their brains with it; but for girls, it's cruel! I do believe my constitution will be ruined before I go home; for I feel so much every Saturday morning, that I don't get over it for the next six days. But there is one consolation—I shall not have the brain fever, whatever else may befall me, for the want of brains to have it in!" Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of one of her companions, Leonora Claybarton, who exclaimed—"Why Maria, what's the matter now? You look as disconsolate as though you had lost all your friends—and such a pile of books around you! Why you are becoming quite a literary lady, I should imagine from appearances." "Humph! a great literary lady I shall make; why the very thought is enough to give one the horrors. Of all unfortunate beings, a literary lady, I think, most deserves our pity. It's enough to make any one look disconsolate. Why, would you believe that I have sat here for the last month, and have not yet written a word for this afternoon—and it is near eleven o'clock now! You're just the one—come, that's a good girl—you'll help me—won't you? Now don't say it's deceiving, nor begin moralizing; for I've enough of that from my teachers. I'll do anything for you, if you'll only help me." "It's a lucky thing," replied Leonora, "but

I've just this minute finished a little story, which I think is peculiarly adapted to your situation; and as you like stories, I'll tell it, if you have no objections.—Well, it commences as most stories do,"—

"Once, upon a time, there lived a young lady, who had a very kind uncle that sent her to one of the best schools in a large city, at some distance from the village where he resided. Every little while the uncle received beautifully executed letters from his niece, which, in connection with the very flattering encomiums frequently bestowed upon the talents and improvement of Caroline, by her preceptress, afforded him great pleasure. Things went on in this way, till, at the expiration of three years—the time allotted his niece for the completion of her education she returned home. The uncle was quite delighted to see before him a tall, lady-like looking personage, in her who but a few years before was the greatest romp in all Christendom. Shortly after her return, a noble and intelligent looking young man, named William Jamieson, having become enamored of her, at length obtained the consent of both uncle and niece to their union. Having occasion to leave the place for a few days, and not having time for an interview with Caroline, Mr. Jamieson desired the uncle to state to her, that he wished to keep up a correspondence with her during his absence. On her uncle's giving her this information, she asked "if there was no way of avoiding it?" "Certainly not," he replied; when, to his astonishment, Caroline almost frantically exclaimed, "then I am ruined! for, to tell the truth, I cannot put together the words of a single line." "What's that, Caroline! can't put together the words of a single line? Nonsense, child—why, how did you write your letters home?" "O, sometimes I copied them from the teacher's old letters; sometimes from the pupil's, and sometimes Madame De Cour composed them for me." "Was ever such a cheat!" exclaimed the enraged uncle; "the Circular states that the use of all Letter-Writers is entirely prohibited, in order that the pupils may more effectually improve in so important a department. And this is the means they resorted to, to display the acquirements of their pupils. For these last three years I have been paying the highest price for your schooling, at a place where I supposed you received the best instruction, and now, to say you can't compose a line—really it's too bad! And I suppose the rest of your education is all of the same character. Did you do the whole of your paintings?" "No, Madame De Cour did them nearly all,—but you'll compose a letter for me to send him; won't you uncle?" "No! that I will not—and I'll expose Madame De Cour to every one who is either sending, or about to send to her school. We'll see if the public is to be imposed upon in this manner." At this moment, the servant having announced a speedy call from one of his patients, (for he was a physician,) he left the room. Poor Caroline! write she must—and what could she do? Such an extremity! At length, having received the first letter from her suitor, the crisis came. After a great many conjectures, she conceived a stratagem by which to extricate herself from the difficulty. She recollected that Sukey, the cook, corresponded with some one; and as there was no other resource, she resolved to request some of her letters. Sukey, moved with sympathy, readily granted her request. Cheered with the prospect of success, she set about taking out the best parts, and putting them together, till she thought she had sufficient, she sealed the letter and sent it to the post office. A few days after, her uncle, coming in with a troubled air, handed her a letter. Alas! for poor Caroline! She was now about to reap the bitter fruit of her former negligence; for the letter expressed a wish that all further correspondence might cease.

We will pass over a year, and introduce other characters. In a splendidly furnished apartment, sat a matronly looking lady, deeply absorbed in the perusal of a letter—while on the sofa lounged a young man, watching her with equal interest. At length, breaking the silence, he exclaimed, "why, aunt, that must be something very interesting. I thought you did not approve of such abstractions. Here I have sat the last half-hour, and you seem totally unconscious of my presence." "I ask pardon, William; really, I did not observe you." Handing him the letter, she continued, "Did you ever read anything more elegantly composed?" The young man read the letter—but when he came to the conclusion, and saw the name of Caroline