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THE CALLIOPE

Volume I. Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Thursday, October 9, 1848. Number 24.

My Father.

For the Calliopean.

"At evening time there shall be light."

Sacred the hour, when thou my sainted Father
Wast of thy worn-out sinking clay undressed
Softly by his pale hands, who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to lov. and rest.

Noisless, and clear, and holiest of the seven
That day, when thy last earthly sun went down;
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in Heaven,
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hush was the evening, not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom, or the woodbine leaves;
Silent the bird, which sang about our dwelling,
Slept, where she nestled close beneath its eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While Death's cold touch, lifes silver cord entwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
How did'st thou linger still one Sabbath more;
'Twas holy time, thy pure heart sullied its beating,
Pain, work, and warfare, were forever o'er!

Now, while the robin past thy window flying,
Sends off her young forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-welded to its only bride;
And there thy latest born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel father, over Jordan's water
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod;
Safe now they walk the golden streets of beauty,
And oh! thy blessed eyes see peace in God!

A SUBSCRIBER.

From the Christian Parlor Magazine.

Of all those historians who flourished in England during the eighteenth century, Gibbon has acquired the name of being the most veracious and conscientious. His love for truth in history has become proverbial, and he went so far in his rigidity that he would have sooner abandoned twenty political projects, than alter the slightest historical event. Voltaire gave rise to this new generation of misrepresenting authors, for certainly no one would presume to accuse him of having bound himself too closely to the chariot of Truth. Many of his enemies, indeed, have declared that it was he who first introduced among us the art of blending history with romance. In a word, the author of the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," had just added to the series of his historical works, a collection of adventures and battles of the great hero of Sweden, and had decorated his work with the pompous title of the "History of Charles XII." Gibbon was filled with indignation at this prostitution of the name of history, and was not slow in manifesting his anger at the indelicacy of Voltaire. An article of the greatest severity and violence appeared in London, and was soon known throughout all Europe. Voltaire, whose literary susceptibility was easily aroused, became exasperated at his libeller, and vowed him an eternal hatred. An occasion for punishing him at last presented itself, and Voltaire did not fail to seize it. It was in this wise.

Gibbon was travelling in Switzerland. He was just about to give the last touches to his history of the Helvetic Republics, and he had resolved to come to that country in order to collect the documents which were indispensable for that important work. Already several years had elapsed since the scandal occasioned by his pamphlet against Voltaire.

At this period, as we have said, the court of Femy was in all its glory; and Gibbon did not wish to return to his country without having visited Voltaire; without having seen and spoken to the prince of French philosophy. With this object in view he took up his abode at Geneva, and wrote to Voltaire, asking permission to come to the castle. Voltaire was revengeful; he

had not forgotten the writer who had abused him; consequently, an answer was sent to the latter, saying that he must abstain from visiting Ferney. Gibbon expected such a reply; but, like a true Englishman, he held on, and did not think himself conquered. A few weeks passed. A new request was sent to Ferney, and the same answer returned. But obstacles excite the courage of high-minded beings. Gibbon is determined to see Voltaire. But he must find a new method. The way of negotiation cannot be pursued, he must carry the place by storm or by cunning. He resolved upon the latter method, for the first among philosophers was not practicable.

Therefore, one sunny morning, Gibbon filled his pockets with guineas, took his travelling stick, and set out for Voltaire's dwelling. Ferney is but a few miles from Geneva. Gibbon was to arrive early at the gates of the castle. And now, while he is on the road, we will give you the portrait of the hero of our story.

Gibbon was of an ugliness difficult to describe; his enormous head, abundantly adorned with red hair—such as belongs to the most of Albion's children—was sunk down between two shoulders, more worthy of belonging to some quadruped than to a member of the human race. His fallow eyes glistened, it is true, with an extraordinary lustre, by which great men are always known; but this brightness was greatly lessened by the inconceivable thickness of his eye-brows, which shaded the greater part of the upper portion of his face. Add to this a very round nose, with immense open nostrils; then a violet-colored mouth and a square chin; the whole covered with wrinkles, and encased in a horrible thick garland of red and yellow whiskers: and you will have, with great exactitude, the seducing portrait of our friend Gibbon. As to the fantastic hump, whose sinuous circumference occupied the place of three quarters of his spine, we will not say a word, nor of the strange inequality of his legs, which were miraculously placed almost in the middle of his clavicular bones.

Thus exquisitely shaped, Gibbon arrived at Ferney and rang the door of the park. The porter hastened to open, and was about to plunge the key into the lock, when, O, fatal moment for Gibbon! he was recognized. And sure enough, who could mistake him? The description of our unfortunate hero had been given to Voltaire, at the request of the latter, by the Republic of Geneva, and all the domestics of the castle knew it. So Gibbon could not preserve his *incognito*. He must think of retreating; but no, he is an Englishman, and will stand against the enemy. While the porter gives way to the cruel pleasure of repeating the orders of his master, and of examining the whimsical features of the stranger, the latter puts his hand in his pocket and makes his numerous guineas jingle; he takes them out, and displays them on his hand in the sun, and shows them to the astonished porter. This time adieu to Voltaire's orders; Gibbon will triumph. British gold has corrupted the porter's fidelity: the gates are mysteriously opened. Gibbon enters.... But his campaign does not end with the first victory; true, the first step is taken, perhaps the most difficult one; but the next required greater courage and more skill; will Gibbon be able to overcome the difficulties which attend it? The reader will judge from the sequel.

The porter, when he yielded to the generosity of our Englishman, had not assured him that he could have an interview with his master. He had only agreed to let him come within the gates of the park and enter his lodge. Gibbon was to find out the way to see M. de Voltaire. In vain he ransacks his brain; in vain he strikes his forehead; in vain he scratches his head; no idea came to his mind; however, he must quit this critical position; but how shall he do so?

Voltaire owned a little English horse, of which he was very fond. He would permit no one but himself to feed him; it was he who daily filled the manger with the most tender hay; he who gave him to drink in a silver bucket which he had had made expressly for that object by one of the silversmiths of Ferney. For more gold, the porter will go and let loose the horse and will lead him to the great avenue of the park, leaving Gibbon to make as much of the disobedience as he can.

It was still early, as we have said, when the hero of our history arrived at Ferney, and the shutters of the castle were tightly shut; everything seemed to favor this hazardous enterprise; no inconsiderate witness was there to reveal Gibbon's conspiracy. When the bargain was struck and the gold paid, Gibbon hastens to the park, and hides himself behind a large tree. The porter, on his part, goes straight to the stable, unties the colt, and runs off to his lodge. The fresh morning air, and his unexpected liberty, act simultaneously on the petulant organization of the animal. He springs into the garden, jumping about, frisking and skipping in the midst of the flowers, neighing, and throwing the sand and gravel about with his feet. But suddenly a window is opened with a crash, and Voltaire's face is seen, white and trembling with the greatest rage..... Unfinished oaths and sentences are uttered; he curses his servants, sends them all to the evil one, and says he will drive them all away. At his voice the domestics of the castle run to him to see what is the matter, and wish to stop the horse; but Voltaire forbids their moving, and especially their touching him. He says he will himself come down and lead the animal to the stable, and endeavor to appease, by his paternal kindness, the impetuous disposition, which cannot fail to become fatal to his young disciple. And saying this, he runs down the steps, and follows the colt, calling it by its name, and coaxes it to return to its stable. But during all this time, Gibbon, hidden behind his tree, was able to examine the features of the great writer whom he had so long desired to see. What was his astonishment when he saw the celebrated author of the "Henriade," the immortal writer of tragedies, the prince of philosophy and infidelity, fantastically accounted in a long red morning gown, his head covered with a tremendous wig "à la Louis XIV.," surmounting a ridiculous night-cap, which Madame Denis had taken care the day before to ornament with a large yellow ribbon. Great man! is it indeed you who are thus appearing, before the eyes of your antagonist, the celebrated Gibbon; before him, who, having ridiculed you as historian, will not fail to abuse you as philosopher! But it was not philosophy, history, Gibbon or scandal, that now occupied his mind! Voltaire was far from thinking of all these trifles; his horse had escaped; the morning dew would wet its hoofs, which might be broken against the stones. But alas! Voltaire little thinks that while he is trying to prevent his horse from catching cold, his cunning will be found in fault.... He continues his race, and soon finds himself opposite to the tree, from behind which Gibbon has been examining all his proceedings. All at once the Englishman leaves the tree and walks with a firm step up to Voltaire, and with the phlegmatic nonchalance for which his countrymen are distinguished, announces his name, and declares that he will now return content to his country, since he has had the luck of seeing the great man.

Voltaire, stupified at the ugliness of our hero, and at the impudence of his proceeding, lost his wits, forgot his horse, and ran away as fast as he could towards the house, without even answering a word to the treacherous Gibbon. Several minutes elapsed: our Englishman, proud of his victory, has not yet left the park. Like a conqueror, he takes the liberty of surveying the field of battle which his enemy has just abandoned. However, he was thinking of returning to Geneva, when he was overtaken by a liveried servant, who bows to him, and begins by begging his pardon for the singularity of the message which he was about to deliver; but said his master commanded, he must obey.

Gibbon, curious to know the object of this errand, requests the domestic to explain it.

"My lord sends me to Mr. Gibbon," said he, "to demand twelve guineas for having seen the *beast*."

"Here, my friend," replied the Englishman, "here are twenty-four: and tell your master that I have paid in advance for seeing him again; I will here await your return."

The servant goes to deliver our hero's answer, and soon returns to Gibbon: but this time with a real invitation from Voltaire to spend the remainder of the day at Ferney, and to partake of the dinner of the chateau.

Gibbon congratulates himself on the happy effect of his wit, and promises himself much pleasure in the few hours that he is about to spend in the Voltairian court, with Voltaire himself. But, alas! the philosopher did not, indeed, take seriously the pleasantry of Gibbon, which he had provoked by one of those caprices which were so common to him; but as the conduct of the Englishman had offended him, he was not willing to allow a full victory to his antagonist. He did not show himself during any part of the day, and did not even come to dinner. Gibbon, however, consoled himself about that.

When the time for the dinner was come, he ate enough for four persons, drank in like proportion, and appeared very jovial towards all the countiers and when the meat was finished, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following impious lines, which he sent to his host: "M. de Voltaire is like the god of the Roman Catholics—he allows himself to be eaten & drunk, but does not let himself be seen." He then took his travelling stick and returned to Geneva by the same conveyance which brought him to Ferney, and the same week he left Geneva for London. A few months afterwards he published his *History of the Helvetic Republic*, which sealed his literary reputation.

The Accomplished Lady.

For the Calliopean.

CONCLUDED.

These ladies of modern refinement, as I said before, are perfect strangers to domestic economy, domestic enjoyment, and to all those delights and pleasures, which are always to be found in a well regulated domestic circle. Ask them to descend with you for a little from their refined elevation, to survey and enjoy these delights and pleasures, and they will tell you at once, that it is not at all compatible with the station in which they move, and that they would not for worlds be seen thus degrading themselves; and if you ever were so fortunate as to possess a share in their estimation, you will now be totally discarded, for you have given such a shock to their refinement as has rendered them incapable of any longer enduring your society. They have cantoned out to themselves a sphere in which they intend to move, and all who are not confined within these bounds must necessarily fall under their contempt. But why is it thus? are the ladies of the present age possessed of a higher sensibility and genuine refinement than they were centuries ago, that they should be thus affected by the mention of the kitchen and of manual labour? for then even princesses were taught all the mysteries of the distaff. No, but *Fashion* that tyrant mistress, into whose service they have entered has produced the change. Fashion, that enslaver of the human mind, has gained an unbounded influence over them, by which she keeps them constantly bowing before her shrine.

Mistress Fashion, upon whose banner is emblazoned the motto "as well out of the world as out of the fashion," has touched them with her magic wand and metamorphosed them into birds of Paradise, beings too ethereal for the every day matters of earth. All scientific and domestic pursuits having been excluded from their refined vocabulary of accomplishments, it is in vain to attempt conversation with them, for they will immediately ascend into the upper regions of modern accomplishments, and these are things wholly above your comprehension. But do these accomplishments so called, form any part of that noble, and at the same time, modest and humble bearing which ought to be the leading characteristic of every Lady? The wiser part of the community will answer, no. To a sensible and elevated mind, nothing can appear more ridiculous and contemptible than the airs which are sometimes assumed by young persons on leaving school, and in making their entry into the world of fashion. Far be it from us, however, to condemn music and other accomplishments; we have only been speaking of their abuse. We would say, in the language of another, "let these take their proper rank; they are pleasant, as interludes in the great drama of life's duties." If an actor in an inferior part should fancy himself the hero, and snuff the candles, or perform any trifling ser-

vice, as though it were an affair of importance, the beholders would consider it ludicrous; so to a reflecting mind must appear the manner of those who seem to think the singing of a song, or playing a piece of music, an occasion of the deepest interest."

Many, in consequence of the servility with which some bow at the shrine of fashion, would deprive woman of all title to intellectual capacity, and consign her wholly to the sphere of passion and affection. But such conclusions are certainly uncharitable and without foundation, inasmuch as many females have attained to eminence in science and literature. It is not, however, our present object to advocate woman's claim to the character of an intellectual being; still it must be acknowledged by all, that that kind of education which seems to regard the life of woman as consisting of one universal holiday, and that the only contest, in which she shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games which are to be celebrated, is radically defective and merits reprobation.

Females have been taught by the noble minded and well educated of their own sex, as well as by the word of God, that their Maker has assigned them places in society for higher and holier purposes, than to sparkle for a few hours like the dew-drops in the morning sun-beam, and then vanish away as a thing of nought. They have been taught, that to be truly accomplished is to have the mind stored with useful knowledge, to be able to converse intelligently, as well as pleasingly, to be usefully employed in domestic life, or in acts of charity and benevolence. Such was the character of a Hannah Moore, and of innumerable other Females whose names will be mentioned with respect and veneration, even to the latest generation. Nor can those acquisitions and qualities, above mentioned, alone constitute the truly accomplished Lady. To these must be super-added, piety to God. This is the brightest gem that can eradicate the brow of female beauty; the foundation of all true excellence. Such is the accomplished Lady. Her great aim is to make others happy; so to make them happy as to win them over to a full perception of the loveliness of those Christian virtues, which her own life and conduct consistently show forth.

Place one of the butterflies of fashion beside that holy, self-denying Missionary, Ann Judson, and then say which is the accomplished Lady?

We repeat that piety is the greatest ornament of the Female character; without it all accomplishments will be like the gilding of a picture-frame, which for a time adds to its beauty, but by degrees becomes tarnished and, finally, only mars what would otherwise be really beautiful. Nothing, indeed, can compensate for the want of this "Pearl of great price." Though she descend into the dark recesses of nature and explore her hidden mysteries, or though she ascend Parnassus' rugged height and become familiar with the Muses, and bind the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield upon her brow, or though she soar from this our lower world, and become acquainted with the magic of the starry heavens; if her life is not one of piety she cannot be called, strictly speaking, an accomplished Lady. ADELINE.

The First Steamboat.

In 1806, Mr. Fulton returned to America, having procured a steam engine, which was constructed according to his directions, by Messrs. Watt and Bolton, of England. He immediately commenced the building of his first steamboat at New York. In the spring of 1807, she was launched from the shipyard of Mr. Charles Brown; the engine from England was put on board, and, in August, she moved, by the aid of her machinery, from her birth-place to the Jersey shore,

Great interest had been excited in the public mind in relation to the new experiment, and the wharves were crowded with spectators, assembled to witness the first trial. Ridicule and jeers were freely poured forth upon the boat and its projectors, until, at length, as she moved from the wharf, and increased her speed, the silence of astonishment which, at first enthralled the immense assemblage, was broken by one universal shout of acclamation and applause. The triumph of genius was complete, and the

name of Fulton was thenceforward destined to stand enrolled among the benefactors of mankind.

The new boat was called the Clermont, in compliment to the place of residence of Mr. Livingston, and shortly after made her first trip to Albany and back, at an average speed of five miles an hour. The successful application of Mr. Fulton's invention had now been fairly tried, and the efficacy of navigation by steam fully determined. The Clermont was advertised as a packet-boat between New York and Albany, and continued, with some intermission, running the remainder of the season. Two other boats, the Raritan and Car of Neptune, were launched the same year, and a regular passenger line of steamboats was established from that period between New York and Albany. In each of these boats, great improvements were made, although the machinery was yet imperfect:

The attempt has been frequently made, by those who were governed by narrow and unworthy motives, to deprive Fulton of the credit due for the greatest achievement of modern times—the actual establishment of steam navigation. The futility of such attempts is sufficiently evinced by the notorious fact, that, in 1807, he had put in practical operation the first steamboat that ever was built, and that no boat was launched in Europe which proved successful till five years after. This was constructed by Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, in 1812. At this time, four of Fulton's boats were running from New York.

It is not contended that Fulton is the first individual who conceived the idea of steam navigation, or sought by experiments to accomplish it. Rumsey is known to have attempted it in Virginia as early as 1787; Fitch made experiments in 1783; Oliver Evans in 1785; and Jouffray, in France, 1792. Indeed, the idea had been suggested by Jonathan Hulls, in England, even so far as the year 1736. But it was reserved for Fulton to perfect and bring into operation what had been conceived by others, but which had baffled all human attempts to reduce it to practice. — *Parley's Benefactors.*

The Child's Dream of Paradise.

BY RUSTICUS.

I SAW a land of beautiful woods and fields,
A land of hills, with lovely vales between;
Where every tree its wafted fragrance yields,
And stands rejoicing in its robe of green,
The flowers around my path in beauty stood
Like a sweet band of linked sisters sleeping,
While the birds' songs within the dark-green wood
Came amid smiling, though I wakened weeping—
Mother! what land is that?
"Was it a land whose goodly trees are seen?
Where fairest flowers of every clime do meet?
And hast thou stood upon its hills of green
To view its spreading beauties at thy feet?"
"Tall trees were there, whose shadows fall like balm
Upon the flowers that round their bases grew;
And in the stillness of that deep, deep calm,
The music from their branches came like dew.
And there were silver streams within the vales,
Whose waters pure, the willows were embracing,
And Nightingales, that told me wondrous tales
Far amid the shade of palm-trees interlacing—
Mother! what land is that?
"And was it brighter than thine own sweet home?
And were its flowers the ones thou lovest best?
And wert thou happy when thy feet did roam
Far in the valleys, where thy dreams did rest?"
Methought our home was where the roses twine
A bow of bloom beneath those summer skies,
The sweet blue-bell, and lofty eglantine
Were there, with violets of a thousand dyes;
Upon the far-off misty hills of blue
A glory, as of countless suns, was shining,

For the Calliopean.

And in my heart a gush of fondness grew,
While that deep joy around my soul was twining—
Mother! what Land is that?
"And did'st thou see the dwellers of that Land?
I saw them on the hill and in the grove,
And white-winged children led me by the hand,
And press'd around me with their looks of love,
They sweetly warbled in an unknown air
Beside a fountain that was ever flowing,
Till every singer seemed to me as fair
As if Heaven's light upon each face were glowing—
Mother! what Land is that?
"It is the land of Paradise, my child?
"Of every land the brightest and the best!
Where sorrow of its tears is all beguiled,
And weary pilgrims find eternal rest.
"There may'st thou follow when my steps have gone
Before thee, to that land beyond the skies;
And, waking, to behold a brighter sun,
Thou'lt softly murmur with a sweet surprise—
Mother! what Land is this?"

St George, Dumfries.

The Waverley Novels.

For the Calliopean.

Now as we may in universal homage to the genius of "the great magician of the North," the world has become too utilitarian in its views, to rest silent under his fascination, and forget to call in question the great moral bearing of his works for good or evil. It no longer lies at the foot of genius, and worships it, alike whether ravaging the mental, moral and physical world, or throwing its vast influence in the scale of morality, and right. Witness the opinions of the first writers of the day on that most idolized of mortals, Napoleon. "He was as notorious," says William Howitt, "for his recklessness of human life, for no possible end but his own notoriety; for his private cruelties and murders, as for his insolence and undignified anger; scolding those who offended him like a fish-woman, boxing their ears, kicking them, etc." "It has always been wonderful to me," says Walter Savage Landor, "what sympathy any well educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, unmanly Corsican." Or read that most eloquent and masterly essay of Dr. Channing on his character, in which, "shearing off, with stern and unflinching hand, all the beams of the false glory which encircled that lofty head, he sees in it the head of a man full of blood, cruelty, and falsehood, like a red and rayless sun." Similar is the ordeal to which Lord Byron has been subjected and found wanting. "Year after year, and month after month," says Sheridan Knowles, "he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men, who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan on the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will and; who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and Heaven." "His vulgar Don Juan," says another, "has, perhaps, done more to corrupt the mind, and weaken the restraints of virtue, than any other book of the past century;" and his Childe Harold, by its cheerless, but sublime misanthropy, has contributed to the most serious local ruptures, and taught thousands to regard every exhibition of generosity and friend-ship as heartless hypocrisy." We mean not to say, that the moral turpitude of Sir Walter Scott is as great as that of Buonaparte or Byron, but that he possessed a kindred genius with them, like them perverted it, and like them is answerable for the results. The talents of Sir Walter Scott were undoubtedly great. In vivid description of scenery, in life-like portrayal of character, and in picturesque-ness of narrative, he is almost unrivalled in the ranks of English literature. It has been well said that in "the battle Marston is the most Homeric strife sung since the siege of Troy," and that "few descriptions have a more complete reality, a more striking appearance of life and motion, than that of the warriors in the Lady of the Lake, who start up at the command of Roderic Dhu, from their concealment under the fern, and disappear again in an instant." His Poems, his Life of Napoleon, and his Scottish History, possess these characteristics in an eminent degree. So also, we acknowledge, do his Waverley Novels; if we did not do so, we should be liable to the charge of extreme literary ignorance. But though they are thus stamped with the impress of genius, they are guilty of the evils incidental to novel-reading and novels, and which cling to them as inseparable as light from the sun. They are like the poems of Byron and the exploits of Napoleon, which we cannot, but admire, but the effects of which we deeply deplore. They are not indeed peculiarly immoral, and both in genius and morality, are far superior to the mass of novels that are flooding our country, but that they are not different from them in the essential points which make them in.

rious, we shall endeavor to show: We will mention the chief consideration, which are urged as giving them an exemption from the evils attendant upon ordinary novels:

1st. *They are historical.* This is a great merit, but it should not be estimated too high. All the information we gain in one of his three volumed novels, may be found in a few pages of Hume's History of England, told in a more polished style, and interspersed with more profound and useful remarks. The blending, also, of fictitious with real events, renders it difficult to draw a distinction between them.

2nd. *They contain accurate descriptions of ancient manners and customs.* These are ably portrayed, but in such a manner as rather to excite admiration than blame. The antiquated chivalry seems to be the *beau idéal* of his worship, and wonderful feats and lucky accidents are not wanting to give it a zest. Barbarous customs and shameful practices, are vividly described, but passed over without one word or epithet of disapproval. Such, for example, is his account of the tournament in Ivanhoe, the most fascinating of his novels: The splendor of the scene in which England's Beauty and Bravery were gathered together, the fearful onset of the steel-clad combatants, the crowning of the victor by the Queen of Beauty, and the motley crowd of spectators, from the peasant to the prince, are painted with all the magic of his pen, and seem to rise up before the eye of the reader, and become endued with reality. At one time, some masterly horseman meets in full career his antagonist and hurls him from his seat; at another, large numbers mingle together in fearful, life and death conflict, displaying prodigies of valor, and strewn the field with the wounded and slain. Such is the scene which he describes in such a manner, without a single comment on its cold-hearted barbarity, and false glitter of enjoyment. What youthful mind, or even one of mature age, would not be captivated by such a description, and consider this, *this* as the acme of human happiness and glory? In the same glowing colors he pictures the freedom, the justice, and the jollity of the forest robbers, with Robin Hood at their head; and the conviviality and daring mal-practices of the monastery priests. Such, in fact, is the manner in which he throws a false glory over almost everything, which the good sense or morality of modern times has abolished. Though such descriptions may not have as powerful an effect upon the sturdy phlegmatic minds of the English, as they would have upon the enthusiastic Germans, many of whom are said to have become banditti from reading Schiller's play of the Robbers, still they could not but tend to confuse our ideas of right and wrong. This leads us to consider another characteristic for which the Waverley Novels are much lauded, namely, *their morality*; but the examples which we have just given from one of the best of these works, will be sufficient on this point. His heroes, indeed, seem to have acted very much on the same principle which actuated Napoleon, that no action whatever was wrong, which contributed to his own interest.

3rd. *They display superior talents.* There is, however, a certain class of actions, in which the more an individual excels, the greater his guilt. Whoever imbrues his hands in the blood of his fellow creatures is criminal; whoever injures the minds or the morals of mankind is still more so; and and whoever is pre-eminent in doing either is pre-eminently criminal. That novels are one of the most powerful agencies that have ever been employed in waunting the time, destroying the energies, and vitiating the minds of the young, is a truth of which we are firmly convinced, but which we have not time or space at present to substantiate. It needs, however, no arguments to prove it. Universal experience has shown them to be pernicious. Whoever, then, excels in this department of writing, is a corrupter of the human race, and a criminal of the deepest dye. Yes! the most successful novelists as well as the ablest tyrants; the most talented infidels, and the most gifted writers of impure and atheistical poetry, are the very individuals who have the most to account for at the bar of mankind, and the final tribunal of Heaven. Besides, by thus devoting his great talents to what was from its very nature destructive of the best interests of society, Sir Walter Scott has given to novels a popularity and a character, which they should not and would not otherwise possess. It was in this way, that Hume and Voltaire attempted to throw the cloak of their learning and eloquence over the shallow and debasing doctrines of Infidelity; but are they not so much the more reprehensible? The Waverley Novels have a finer show of external ornaments, a better dress, as it were, than other novels; but should they on this account be considered any the less injurious? Should they not rather be the more strenuously condemned, because they have thus cast the shield of their protection over the whole mass of corruption, and caused hundreds to read them & gain a taste for them who would not have otherwise acquired it? It is a circumstance well authenticated, but not generally known, which accounts in a certain degree for the early popularity of the Waverley Novels. When they first appeared in 1816, the author himself reviewed them in the "Quarterly," praising them highly and blaming principally the best passages. The learned Dr. Parr said his popularity would not last; but it has been seen the unbounded circulation of novels in our day, and the sluggishness of Christians with regard to them, we fear he would have changed his prediction.

JUNIA.

Editorial Department.

This number completes our volume. Having endeavoured to fulfil the obligations assumed in the undertaking, we submit the result to that charity which "thinketh no evil." Guided by a reverence for the great truths of religion and morality, an ardent zeal for the intellectual elevation of our sex and an instinctive devotion to the great principles of social order and domes-

tic happiness, it has been our aim to deepen the impression and extend the influence of these feelings upon the minds of our readers.

Though in all respects our efforts have fallen short of our desires, we are consoled by the reflection that, if the Calliopean has effected little good, it is at least free from the obloquy of having been the vitiator of youthful taste, and the corruptor of youthful morals.

By many it has been urged as a defect, and an objection to our Periodical that it is not adapted to the reading taste of the community, to which we have invariably replied, "Though we may not hope to do much towards correcting a vitiated public taste, we shall be free from the charge of catering to it."

The Calliopean was undertaken with the hope of its becoming a source of revenue to our Library. In this, however, we were soon convinced that we had misjudged, and must be disappointed; a circumstance, which tended, in no small degree, to damp our ardor and paralyze our energy.

Having fixed upon a scheme by which we fondly hoped to be enabled, in some small degree, to accomplish for ourselves what the Public Treasury does for the other sex, our readers may imagine our disappointment, when it was ascertained that the immediate effect of our project would be to pull down by exhausting our resources, what it was intended to build up by replenishing them. For this disappointment, however, we can blame only the too great enthusiasm and the too sanguine expectations of youth; as we are informed by older and experienced friends, that our circulation—nearly 700—has been quite as extensive as could reasonably have been anticipated for the first year.

Could Printing, in Hamilton, be done at as low prices as in those places where Power and Steam Presses are established, we could, with even our present circulation, pay expenses and realize something additional for improving our Library. As circumstances are, however, a large increase of subscribers would be required to justify the continuance of the Calliopean another year. For these reasons we now take leave of our Patrons and Friends, tendering them our most cordial thanks for their kindness in the encouragement given to our undertaking. To Gentlemen of the Canadian Press, who, by speaking kindly of our efforts, and throwing over us the shield of their protection, have done so much to cheer and encourage our minds—we desire to express the warmest gratitude of our hearts.

☐ For the convenience of those who may have filed the numbers for the purpose of binding, we have prepared an Index to the volume.

☐ A word to the Members of our Association abroad. Dear Friends, We hope, that amidst the duties and engagements of the domestic circle, you have not forgotten *The Calliopean Library Society*. We know that in imagination you must often revisit the Burlington Academy, and mingle again with former companions in the interesting routine of Academic life. These associations and reminiscences can never be effaced from your mind. Will you not then, while visions of the past are beaming o'er the ocean of memory, occasionally stay, in thought's rapid flight, her airy opinions to dwell upon the condition and wants of our Library? To the original members of our Association, it must be cause of gladness and congratulation to learn that the slender twig which they planted and anxiously watered, has already grown to a goudly tree affording refreshing shelter, and life giving fruit to many. Our Library now contains about 700 choice volumes, which are daily administering healthful, and invigorating food to more than a hundred immortal minds.

But shall we now fold our arms, and say it is enough? Shall we not rather, encouraged by the success which has thus far attended our efforts, address ourselves with renewed zeal and energy, to our noble undertaking? Will it not be a source of comfort, in coming years, when our Library, perchance, shall rival, in the number and excellency of its volumes, some of those provided by State patronage for the improvement of the other sex; that we have aided by our influence and our mite, an enterprise so praiseworthy and so valuable, in the good it is destined to accomplish? Let us not be discouraged, because our little Periodical failed to do for our Library what we had fondly hoped.

A plan, of which you shall receive due notice, is now under consideration by the resident members, for increasing our Library, which we think must prove successful. The scheme contemplated is one, in which all, whether present or absent, can bear a part: Be prepared then, Dear Friends, to help forward the undertaking with a vigorous cordial hand.

☐ We hope our Subscribers, who are in arrears, will lose no time in making their remittances.

☐ For those entering the BRATTON LADIES' ACADEMY, the *Second Term of the Winter Session*, will commence on *Wednesday, the Third day of January, 1849*. This will be a favorable time for pupils to enter, as several new classes will then be formed.

The several departments of the Institution are filled by able and experienced Teachers,—the Principal and Preceptress, having *nine* assistants.

In addition to *Weekly Lectures*, continued through the *Winter Session*, on a variety of interesting and useful subjects.—Two courses will be commenced at the opening of next term; one on *Chemistry*, the other on *Astronomy*, enlivened and rendered interesting by numerous experiments and illustrations, for which extensive apparatus is provided.

It has been the constant aim of the Proprietor, to increase and improve the facilities of this Establishment; the result of which has been a steady increase of pupils since its first opening. Though only the commencement of the Session about 120 pupils, from various parts of the Province, ranging from Montreal to London, are now in attendance;—a greater number than during any previous Term.

The Institution is not subject to the control of any religious sect.

It is essentially a private enterprise; depending for support on the faithful and conscientious performance of duty on the part of the Principal, Preceptress, and Teachers, towards those entrusted to their Guardianship. While steady efforts are made to impress on the youthful mind the evidences, obligations, and duties of revealed religion, Sectarian influences are carefully excluded. No efforts are permitted to be made to divert religious faith from the channel in which home instruction has directed it.

The Pupils attend their own places of worship, accompanied by one of their Teachers; their associations being thus carefully guarded.

For Expenses, and all other particulars, attention is invited to the Academy Circular, which may be obtained by application to the Principal, or of any Wesleyan Minister in the Province.

D. C. VANNORMAN,
Principal.

Hamilton, 7th November, 1848.

Isabella, Queen of Spain.

In the midst of all these scenes of crime, and war, and woe, Christina and the courts of Europe were intriguing for a husband for the hapless Isabella. England, France, and Austria each had a bridegroom to urge upon the passive princess; and yet neither of these powers would consent that either of the others should have the benefit of such an alliance. At last it was decided to compromise the question. All abandoned their claims, and they agreed to force upon Isabella a husband so weak and impotent that none need fear his influence. Francisco, Isabella's youngest uncle, had two sons, Enrique and Francisco. The only difference between them was, that while the elder was coarse, brutal, energetic, and unblushing in avarice and vice, the younger was imbecile, silly, and mean in his bested temper. Isabella preferred Enrique, if she must take one of the two. It was, however, decided that Francisco must be her spouse. His imbecile mind, and feeble person, and squeaking voice, excited her contempt. For a time she flatly refused to surrender herself to one whom her soul loathed. She wept, she stormed, she declared that she would sooner die than wed Francisco.

One night, her unnatural mother and a crafty minister took the weeping, agonized child of sixteen into an inner chamber of the palace, to constrain her consent. The imperious mother, with her conspiring counselor, first tried the efficacy of threats upon the unprotected child. Finding them unavailing, she turned to entreaties and tears. Thus, expostulations, and solicitations, and menaces, the long hours of the night passed away, and day dawned upon the pale and tearful cheek of Isabella, before she would give her consent to receive the despised Francisco for her husband. At last, worn out with exhaustion and despair, she resisted no longer, and submitted herself to the outrage. Fearing lest she might again summon resolution to rebel, the marriage was hastily consummated. But hardly was the irrevocable tie formed, before Isabella's repugnance to her spouse became so absolutely insupportable that she could not even endure his presence. Both were proud and irascible. They quarreled; they separated. Again they attempted to live near each other; again the total want of congeniality, invincible disgust on the part of Isabella, drove them asunder. Our sympathies strongly incline

us to represent Isabella as an amiable, pensive, and gentle child, fading away before the blight of untimely sorrow. Truth, however, compels us to admit that she is imperious, irritable, and masculine. She is the child of ungovernable passions, and is wrecked, both in body and soul, by a life of joylessness. She possesses nothing but her sorrows to win our love. How could it be otherwise! Her father was one of the most worthless wretches who ever disgraced a throne. Her mother was an intriguing, unprincipled, abandoned woman. From infancy, Isabella has breathed as polluting a moral atmosphere as it is possible for one to inhale. It would, indeed, be a miracle, were one, born of such parents and reared in such a home, to possess the graces of a refined and lovely spirit. The wreck and ruin of her own heart are even more desolating and more to be commiserated than the external calamities which have enveloped her in gloom, which apparently never can be dissipated. Isabella has no resources within for consolation. *She never has been, and never can be loved.* Earth has no heavier doom than this.

Isabella's sister, Louisa, was a few months ago married, when fourteen years of age, to the Duke of Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe. This marriage produced every great excitement throughout Europe, and roused the most vigorous though unavailing, remonstrances on the part of England. Should Isabella die childless, Louisa will ascend the throne. And thus the son of Louis Philippe will be the husband of the queen. Of course, the two kingdoms, had not Louis Philippe, been ejected from his throne, would have been most intimately allied, and the cabinet of Versailles would have had great influence in the councils of Spain. Indeed, it was more than possible that the crowns of the two kingdoms of France and Spain, as in the case of Castile and Aragon, would have descended upon one brow. This would fearfully destroy the "balance of power" in Europe. England was extremely jealous of this influence, and was ready to wage war with France, rather than have a son of Louis Philippe marry the Queen of Spain. Isabella would have liked, it is said, that connection.

The probability, however, now is that Louisa will soon ascend the throne. Isabella looks care-worn and haggard. Wretchedness has broken down her constitution, and epilepsy, one of the most awful diseases to which the human frame is subject, is apparently hurrying her to the grave. It is now most probable that her sorrowful life will soon be terminated by death. Indeed, it is alleged that the ministry of Madrid are on the point of declaring their sovereign incompetent to reign, and of recommending to the Cortes the regency of Louisa. The kingdom is filled with stories of her discreditable demeanor, and of her bickerings with her spouse. England has been calling loudly for the queen's divorce, hoping that another union may be more successful, and that heirs of Isabella may yet prevent a son of Louis Philippe from being queen-consort. The dethronement of Louis Philippe, for the present, allays these fears. But monarchy is not yet dead in France.

The death of Isabella, without issue, would probably be the signal not only for the outbreak of civil war in Spain, but it might also involve all Europe in hostilities. The Carlists would immediately present their claims to the throne, sustained by England, Austria, and Russia. Louis Philippe, with his armies, would, of course, have sustained the cause of Louisa. There is no kingdom of Europe now in a state of deeper depression, or whose prospect for the future is more gloomy, than that of Spain. What combinations are to be presented by the new turn recently given to the political kaleidoscope, no one can tell.

And yet, were it not for foreign interference, Spain, under the nominal reign of Louisa, with the Duke of Montpensier as her counselor, would unquestionably be far better governed than she has been for many ages. The duke is a young man of elevated character and education. He has seen much of the world, and, with peculiarly conciliating and affable manners, has great energy of purpose and action. He undoubtedly would be able to accomplish much toward the redemption of Spain from the degradation into which she has fallen.—John S. C. Abbott.

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