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THE CALLOPEAN



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Wednesday, August 9, 1848.

Number 18.

From the Knickerbocker.

NIAGARA.

"Some one has eloquently said: 'Supply two architects with marble, and while one will make a lime-kiln, the other will build a temple for the wonder of ages, lifting up a front which harmonizes with the calm sky, as if it were sculptured from a bright evening cloud.'" We have been impressed with the truth of this remark while looking over two brief poems, in our drawer, upon an identical subject,—Niagara. The one is garnished with labored and meretricious ornaments,—a false jewel,—sparkling, indeed, but with a feeble brilliance. Like all the paintings we have ever seen of Niagara, it inspires no feeling of reality,—imparts no idea of sound, or motion. The lines subjoined are of a different character. Next to those of the lamented BRAINARD, they are in our view, the best that have appeared in America, upon the same theme:

Cloud-girdled Thunderer! Embodied Storm!
Whether enrobed in vapors dark and dun,
Or looms, magnificent, thy giant form
Through the prismatic border of the sun,
Wondrous alike! What floods have swept thy brow
Since the bold plunge of thy primeval wave,
From whose tremendous advent until now,
Thou hast not paused, nor failed. Yon boiling grave
Roars from its depths the song Creation gave!

While towering billows, each a dwarf to thee,
In surging myriads sweep the storm-vexed main,
Here all the fountains of an inland sea
One everlasting avalanche sustain:
Stern Strength and Beauty in thy form contend;
Strength, that Omnipotence alone could stem,—
And beauty, from the mists that o'er thee bend,
Falls at my feet in many a dowy gem,
The peerless jewels of thy diadem.

Who ever touched thy side, and did not feel
His sinews quiver in thy lightning shock?
Or on thy chasm launched his daring keel,
And failed to tremble as its thunder broke?
Who ever stood within yon arch sublime
Of adamantine rock and hissing foam,
With doubtful foothold in the treacherous slime,
Whose shuddering feeling did not anxious roam
To the firm earth and Heaven's chrystal dome!

Barrier of nations! on each cultured shore,
Lashed by the breakers of thy cloven stream,
His wigwam rude the Indian reared of yore,
Where now the dwellings of his conquerors gleam.
But what to thee are nations, or their change?
They cannot claim thy waters as a dower:
And what to thee injustice,—hate,—revenge?
Wildly thou laughest from thy throne of power,
At man's poor wrath,—the turmoil of an hour!

Like some fragment of the Deluge, clost
From its companion waves,—to coming time,
A warning monument of justice, left
By the Omniscient punisher of crime,
Methinks thou seemest. From an hundred realms,
Pilgrims have come to thee, a mighty crowd,
And felt the awe which now my spirit 'whelms,
As here I stand before thy presence, bowed,
Stunned by thy voice, and mandated by thy cloud!"

For the Callopean.

THE SABBATH.

A SKETCH.

'Twas a lovely morning in spring; one of those bright and smiling mornings, which so often dawn upon us in that charming season, when all nature blooms with a new beauty, fresh and fair, and gladness steals into the heart, we scarce know how, or why. The clear, unclouded sun had risen in splendor, and beamed brightly upon a little village, whose fine orchards and pretty, cheerful looking houses nestled at the foot of a mountain, near which flowed a broad and beautiful stream; its swiftly gliding waters dancing gladly on their way, as if they rejoiced in the rays of golden light which sparkled on their surface.

It was the Sabbath—a calm and Sabbath-like stillness seemed to pervade the air, and rest upon all within that quiet little village. The breath of the morning, pure and refreshing, scarce stirred the rich foliage of the trees; and a little rivulet, that wandered down the side of the mountain, stole softly on in its green and flowery course, gently murmuring of happiness and peace. Sweet and solemn was the sound of the "church-going bell," pealing forth from an old and ivy-covered building, long loved and revered as the house of prayer; and pleasant and cheerful were the little groups thronging the road which led to the church of their fathers. The aged grandsire, whose hoary head and tottering form told that his race was almost run—manhood, with firm, unhesitating step—blooming youth, and lisping childhood—all pressed on together towards the temple of their God.

Near the door of an ancient, rural looking cottage, embosomed in trees, stood a young man; the glow of health was upon his cheek; the fire of youth was in his eye; but a shade of deepest thought rested on his brow, and he looked pensive, and even sad. He appeared not to heed the hour of Divine service, or the forms of the passing worshippers; yet something seemed to have touched his heart, for as he mused the gloom deepened upon his countenance and the tear trembled in his eye.

Charles was the child of pious parents; his earliest recollections were associated with the thoughts of the Sabbath and of God; even from infancy had he been led to the sanctuary, and taught to raise his voice in prayer and praise. Since then many years had passed away; many changes had come over him—he had left the paternal roof, and forgotten the God of his fathers; he had learned to disregard the Sabbath, and despise its sacred ordinances; he had become thoroughly a man of the world; a mere votary of earthly pleasure.

But he was now, once more, in the much-loved home of his childhood, and all the past, long banished from his mind, yet never entirely forgotten, now returned to his recollection. He looked around upon each familiar scene, now wrapped in glorious sunshine—he listened to the Sabbath bell, and his thoughts reverted to days and hours long since past; when, surrounded by the fond friends of his earliest years, he had beheld the same scenes, and heard the same glad sounds; he thought of a pious father and a sainted mother, now gone to their eternal rest, who had so often led the wavering footsteps of his childhood towards the house of God, and they seemed to be near him even now, whispering in tones of affectionate solicitude, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Slowly, as the last faint echoes of that Sabbath bell died away upon his ear, did he bend his steps towards the church of his fathers. There he heard the words of salvation from the lips of the same faithful messenger of truth to whom he had so often listened in earlier, happier years; but now his hair was grey, and his voice faltered; and Charles seemed to feel, in that short hour, all the changes time had made since last he entered that sacred place. Bitter, indeed, were his feelings, but they were salutary, and never to be forgotten.

Once more did he leave his native village, but never to be what he had been before. That Sabbath, with its sacred associations and holy influences, had roused emotions in his soul never to become dormant.

From that day was he a different character: and ever after, on the return of the Sabbath, would he exclaim, with the sincerity of the psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made."

MARIE.

Towusend, July 10th, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

Sketch of the Life of Mrs. B. Judson.

Among those who have distinguished themselves on the stage of action, Mrs. Boardman Judson shines a brilliant star—not as a literary character, but as an humble, devoted, and successful missionary of the Cross.

Her parents were very poor, and having many children dependent upon them, Mrs. Judson's educational advantages were extremely limited. But this, though a great obstacle to her rapid advancement, and the full development of her powers, could not quench her thirst for knowledge and improvement. After the toils and cares of the day (to which she was early inured) she sat down to her studies as to a rich repast; and thus, by continued exertion and self-application, she attained a proficiency in many of the higher and more abstruse branches seldom equalled by the more-favored of her sex.

Her poetic description of the Israelites as they were encamped by the waters of Elisha—the versification of David's lament over Saul and Jonathan; and another entitled Gethsemane, proved that she possessed talents of no ordinary character.

Some may say she was influenced by a love of admiration and a desire to become distinguished, but her subsequent life satisfactorily contradicts such an opinion. From childhood she always preserved a sacred regard for every thing of a religious nature; and at sixteen she solemnly and publicly consecrated herself to God. From that time till her death she was an humble and exemplary follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"At seventeen we find her engaged in a school for a few months, that she might obtain the means of studying for the same length of time; and then pursuing the laborious task of taking charge of a class of little girls, to pay for her morning's recitation, and poring over her books long after night." She thus, at different periods, writes to a friend, which proves that

her attainments were not superficial,—“We have finished Butler's Analogy since you left school, and are now taking lessons in Paley's Evidences.” “At present I am studying Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric.” “I am engaged this term in the study of Logic and Geometry.” “This winter I am at home, teaching my little brothers, and so have more time to devote to my Latin.”

From the period of her consecration, she had felt the deepest solicitude for the salvation of the heathen; and while her soul panted to bear the glad tidings of redemption to distant climes, she neglected not those in her own land. At the age of twenty-one, by uniting her destiny with Mr. Boardman, whose heart echoed the same spirit of devotion, she was permitted to realize the ardent desire and fervent prayer of her soul—that she might be the messenger of heavenly light to the benighted nations of India.

July, 1825, they embarked for the scene of their future hopes and toils. The sorrowful, yet long wished for morning has arrived—the marriage ceremony, as the last seal of consecration, has been performed—she bids adieu to all the endearing associations of childhood—all the advantages of refined and civilized life. Every object on this morning seems to possess new charms—the sun-beams resting on her native land, never before, in her eyes, appeared so bright—the birds, whose warbling notes she has heard a thousand times, never sang so sweetly—the fields through which she often rambled, viewing in every shrub and flower “the work of an Almighty hand,” seem clothed in additional beauty.

Not far distant stands the old church where she first submitted her youthful spirit to God; and where Sabbath after Sabbath she has met with his people, listening to the preaching of His holy word. Never did these privileges appear so valuable, as she gazes for the last time on those old memory-hallowed spires. But dearer to her than all these is her father's little cottage, in which for many years she has presided as a ministering angel, relieving the wants of her feeble parents and alleviating their care and anxiety, by taking upon herself the moral and intellectual training of her brothers and sisters, of whom she was the oldest.

She looks around with feelings of sorrow, yet of firm composure, upon the weeping crowd assembled to take a last farewell of their beloved and affectionate companion. The severest trial is now come. When called to part with those who tenderly watched over our infant years, from whom we have received wise and affectionate counsel, and who are ever willing to sympathise with us in trouble or joy, the stoutest heart melts as snow beneath the noonday sun. On one side she beholds the agony of her aged parents; on the other, the half-suppressed sobs of her sisters and brothers. 'Tis then her spirit melts, as it were, and for a moment she yields to nature's feelings;—but the ship which is to convey her over the dark and distant sea is waiting—she receives their last affectionate embrace, and the word farewell seems to her spirit echoed by mountain, hill, and dale.

She is gone! and e'er another sun sheds its cheering rays upon New England's shore, she, with the partner of her toils, is borne far thence towards India's sultry clime.

After a long and perilous voyage of nearly two years, they joined their missionary brethren in Burmah. The contrast between this and her own dear land is beautifully described in the following lines—

“And there are men in uncouth dress,
That round the stranger vessel press;
And fragrant groves on every side,
Bask in the sultry noonday beam,
Or lave their branches in the tide
Of Arrah-wah-tee's tranquil stream;
But not a tree on all the strand
Is known in Sarah's native land.”

Here, as if the self-sacrifice already made was not sufficient, this devoted woman, that she might more effectually promote the interests of her Saviour's cause, denied herself of the society of the English at Maulmain, and dwelt in a bamboo house, a mile from the cantonments; her only company the untutored, degraded natives, and exposed to beasts of prey—for the missionary,

in order to be successful in his labors among the Burmese, must become familiar with their language, manners, and habits of life. Mrs. Boardman saw the path of duty and did not wait to be urged, but applied herself to the study of the language with the same diligent and persevering energy which had characterized her early life.

In the spring of 1828, they moved to Tavoy, where their missionary career properly commenced. The time previous had been spent in acquiring a knowledge of the language; but now, schools must be established, translations made, &c.; consequently Mr. Boardman had to take long and frequent tours among the neighboring tribes. During one of his tours among the Karens, Mrs. Boardman is comforted by the following short address from one of the female native converts—"Weep not, mama; the teacher has gone on a message of compassion to my poor, perishing countrymen. They have never heard of the true God, and the love of His Son Jesus Christ,—Christ who died upon the cross to save such sinners as we. They know nothing of the true religion, mama; and when they die they cannot go to the golden country of the blessed. God will take care of the teacher; do not weep, mama." How simple and consoling.

We might suppose that the glorious cause in which Mrs. Boardman was engaged, and the external trials she was called to endure, would exempt her from those severer afflictions, which even in this happy land deeply wound a mother's heart. But not so. He, whose "judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out," saw fit to take from her her little daughter, about four years of age, whom in her loneliness she almost idolized. But this bereavement, severe as it may seem, was but a foretaste of the future. In February, 1831, she was called to experience in the death of her husband a still greater affliction, and drink as it were, the bitter cup to its very dregs. In all her trials he had borne a part—he had alleviated her grief.

If in her own native land, when surrounded by friends and relations, the loss of a bosom friend would be deeply felt and lamented, what must be her feelings, as thus isolated in this far distant portion of the globe, she gazes on his lifeless corpse and performs the last mournful rights? What is her conduct under this afflicting dispensation of Providence? Does she repine and murmur at her lot? Does she wish she had never left America, or resolve to return immediately? No! but with true christian fortitude she submits to the heavy stroke, and with fastings and prayers and tears, seeks wisdom and direction from God.

The first time she stood beside the grave of her husband, reflecting on the loneliness of her situation, and the helpless state of her fatherless son standing by her side, she says, "I thought I must go home with little George, but these poor, enquiring, and christian Karens and the school-boys, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh, how can I go? We shall not be separated long! A few more years and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world. I feel thankful I was allowed to come to this heathen land."

What christian philanthropy! She resolves to stay and labor on at God's command. Prior to this she was a missionary's wife, and a sharer in his duties and toils; but now she becomes emphatically the missionary. Around her the wild mountaineers flock to receive from her lips the gospel truths, and learn the way to heaven. The success of the schools, as far as human agency is concerned, depends upon her—all the translations devolve upon her, and various other duties. But her labors are not confined to the place where she resides. She frequently traversed the Karen wilderness accompanied by the native converts, who carried little George in their arms, often fording creeks and marshes to reach her destination.

Thus, for more than three years she toiled in the missionary field. At the commencement of the fourth year of her widowhood she was married to one equally devoted to the work, and leaving her beloved Karens, removed to another part of the vineyard. On her return to Maulmain she occupied most of her time in acquiring a knowledge of the Peguan tongue, into which she translated many tracts, catechisms, and a portion of the New

Testament. She also revised the greater part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and many of Watts' Hymns into Burmese.

But her work was nearly finished, and the time close at hand when she was to hear her master saying, "Well done! thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The disease which had hung upon her feeble frame, since her arrival in Burmah, was now making rapid inroads upon her constitution. Every means employed for her restoration to health proved useless: finally, a voyage to America was suggested by the Physician, as her only hope. This was not, as might have been expected, joy's news to her. She could not think of leaving those "dear people," (as she calls them) without deep regret. What! unwilling to leave this benighted people to return to New England, after being an exile more than twenty years? Yes, she would rather have died peaceably in Burmah; but duty demanded the sacrifice, and it was made.

After they embarked, her health was so much improved that recovery seemed almost certain; and it was thought unnecessary for Mr. Judson to accompany her any farther. But how transient is their hope! ere they reached the isle of St. Helena, the disease made a violent attack—her life-strings broke, and her happy spirit winged its way to mansions in the skies—September 1st, 1845, in the forty-second year of her age, and twenty-first of her missionary life.

Oh! is it not a noble thing to die,
As dies the Christian, with his armour on.

Fanaticism men may call the motive which actuated her, and indeed it might have been, were there no eternity—were not the souls of heathen immortal, were not the glorious tidings of salvation so warming, expanding and ennobling to both the impartor and receiver of its truths.

On earth she was a pilgrim indeed. Her life, from childhood, was a series of energetic actions and self-denials; But let us look beyond this world of toil and care to that blessed country "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—there, forever free from sorrow, she unites with loved ones gone before in singing "Hosannas to God and the Lamb;" and in the morning of the resurrection, how many happy spirits will join that song, who but for her instrumentality would have been doomed to endless misery. Think you she regrets leaving her native land, or the dangers and privations she endured? No! but if regret could dwell within that bosom now, it would only be that she was not more zealous, more devoted. What are a few years of toil and suffering here, in comparison to the everlasting glory which shall be revealed hereafter. F.B.P.

For the Calliopean.

A Geographical Enigma.

BY ANDER.

I AM composed of fourteen letters:

- My 3 14 3 is a city in India.
- My 14 1 7 3 is a town in Spain.
- My 12 8 11 11 13 is a town in Prussia.
- My 6 9 10 is a town in Finland.
- My 1 11 2 is a river in Great Britain.
- My 13 9 9 is a cape in the United States.
- My 12 6 9 3 is a river in Asia.
- My 8 12 8 is a town in Tartary.
- My 9 8 12 6 is a river in Africa.
- My 10 7 13 9 is a town in Algiers.
- My 4 10 7 10 9 4 10 is a city in Canada.
- My 11 3 12 4 is a lake in South America.
- My 2 5 8 14 3 is a town in Independent Tartary.
- My 11 5 13 7 2 11 is a bay in Australia.
- My whole is a town in Russia.

Hamilton, August 2, 1848.

AMBITION.

WHAT is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
 Angels of light walk not so dazz'ingly
 The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd mine
 Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated throne
 Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
 It hath no features. In its face is set
 A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
 It looks a god, but it is like himself!
 It hath a man of empery, and smiles
 Majestically sweet—but how like him!
 It follows not with forgo. It is seen
 Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
 It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
 And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
 The narrow walls expand, and spread awry
 Into a kingly palace, and the roof
 Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
 Two collings with rich blazonry, and write
 His name in burning letters o'er all.
 And over, as he shuts his wilder'd eyes,
 The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
 A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
 Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
 Breathes a fierce thirnt no water will allay.
 He is its slave henceforth: His days are spent
 In chaining down his heart, and watching where
 To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
 Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
 His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
 Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye,
 His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
 Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
 That was a daily blessing but to see,
 His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
 Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
 Into a cold, care-frosted, heartless man!

And what is its reward? At best a name!
 Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!
 Gold—when the senses it should please are dead!
 Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray!
 Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is numb!
 All things but love—when love is all we want,
 And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
 That ev'n these unavailing gifts are curs,
 He sends us, stripp'd and naked to the grave!

WILLS.

Eugene Sue.

THE author of "Parisian Portraits" in the Atlas, tells some sad stories about the author of the "Wandering Jew;" of which tale, by the way, it is stated that not as many hundreds are sold of the last volume as there were thousands of the first. The following do not tell much to Sue's credit:

Sue never sat for his portrait, and the engravings of him are from stolen sketches, taken at the theatre or some public place. Mr. Brisbane, of New York, ordered a young American artist who was in Paris year before last, to paint his portrait, and gave him a letter to Sue, begging a few sittings. This letter was sent to the romancer, enclosed in one from the artist, who counted on the money he was to receive for the portrait, as his daily bread depended upon it or charity. He never received an answer. Not many months since, Sue used to visit almost every day one of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, Madame de ———, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor. "Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de ———, at the close of one of these harangues. "To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are small, they are cheerfully bestowed—I give one-fourth of my income in alms." That afternoon, as he left the *Cafe de Paris*, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags prayed for charity. "Go away," was the stern reply. "But I am starving, give me a single copper to purchase bread with." "I will give you in charge to a police officer, if you thus annoy me." "You will!" said the beggar; "and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor—you are the workingman's champion—you are—" "Who are you?" exclaimed Sue. "Madame de ———," was the reply, and the disguised lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

SOUND.

MISS EDITRESS,—The following solution, by one of our teachers, of a problem which has often puzzled and perplexed my mind, appeared to me so novel, yet so philosophical, that I have thought it not unworthy a place in the Calliopean.

The question having been asked by one of my class-mates, "Why sounds scarcely audible during the day become perfectly distinct at night?" The following is the substance of the answer given:—

"It is a popular notion, that the increase of sound at night is owing to the greater stillness which prevails during the hours of slumber. This explanation, however, appears very unsatisfactory, as the same phenomenon has been observed in situations where sounds were greatly multiplied during the night. Others have attributed it to greater atmospheric density,—a solution equally contradicted by facts; inasmuch as the barometer often indicates, during the night, when every sound falls upon the ear with three-fold power, a great reduction of atmospheric pressure; and we often observe this fact particularly just before a storm, when the atmosphere is known to be lighter than usual. We must therefore refer it to some cause which operates in spite of this counteracting influence. The true cause of the diminution of sound by day is probably the presence of the sun, which, by heating unequally different portions of the earth, produces irregular currents of air of different density. This may be familiarly illustrated by throwing several pebbles into a pool of water, and observing in what manner the ripples intersect, obstruct and retard each other's progress. In the same manner a wave of sound passing through portions of the atmosphere of different density, is broken up and becomes so wasted that it affects the sense in a much smaller degree."

I was led by this explanation, so simple and reasonable, to reflect how many interesting phenomena and changes are taking place around us, and meet our observation at every point, which would afford material for delightful and mind-improving investigation and research. How pleasing and profitable to trace the connection between causes and effects, in the solution of the ten thousand interesting problems, whose diagrams are drawn upon the earth, in the waters, air and skies!

To prepare the mind for such investigations, and to drink in those pure joys arising from a perception of the order and harmony pervading the Creator's works, is indeed an important object of mental training.

ALPHA.

Translated from the German.

The Child and the Queen.

BEVURCHE (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II,) had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought her to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat which had been placed for her by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests; the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with her sweet childish voice, these words:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
 Are all my ornament and dress;
 Fearless, with these pure garments on,
 I'll view the splendors of thy throne."

And all the assembly were struck with surprise, at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed. "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"—*Episcopal Recorder.*

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

The Seven Sages of Greece and their Sayings.

(CONCLUDED.)

SOLON.

It was most probably in his retreat in Cyprus that he composed one of the few poems of his which have come down to us, in which he bewails the misfortunes of his native country—the ruin which the rashness of the Athenians was bringing upon them. “O Athens!” he exclaims, “destiny would have spared you, but you will perish by the hands of your own citizens!” * * * * The blasting hailstorm escapes from the bellowing cloud; the rapid thunder-bolt leaps out from the clear sky; the wind raises mighty tempests on the sea, and often by great men perish great states—often the imprudent people of a sudden find themselves larded over by usurpers * * * * O Athenians! ascribe not to the gods the ill that overwhelm you; it is the work of your own corruption; yourselves have placed the power in the hands of your oppressors.” He then expresses his gratitude for the kindness of the Cyprian monarch, and seems about to conclude, when a yearning for home fills his heart—the longing of age to revisit the scenes of its youth: “O lovely Venus! crowned with violet wreaths, smooth my path o’er the sea, bless the hospitable land that has welcomed me, and grant that I may once more behold my dearly-loved Athens!” The desire of his heart was not granted. He died at the court of King Philecyprus, in the eightieth year of his age.

His laws survived him for four hundred years, until Greece became absorbed in the rising empire of Rome; and Cicero, who himself saw them in operation, passes a high eulogium on the wisdom of one who framed a code so mild, and so well adapted to the temper of the fickle Athenians. The prominent feature in the character of Solon is utilitarianism—his love of the useful—his earnest desire of practically benefiting the physical and moral condition of those around him. A philosopher, he avoided the then uncertain and ill-directed speculations of metaphysics, and turned his attention solely to the duties of man and the laws of nature. Of his success in the former of these studies his code will be an enduring monument, and in the latter, having regard to the state of science in his day, he seems to have been little less successful, and, wishing to instruct his countrymen in the philosophy of nature, he composed a treatise on the subject, using poetry as a vehicle for his ideas, in order to impress them more deeply on the minds of the people. As a poet, he did not give way to the ideal reveries, the passionate sentiments, the ardent aspirations of the poetical temperament; the charms of poetry are chiefly employed by him to render his precepts attractive. Austerity formed no element in the character of Solon; but he seems always to have been calm-tempered, and of strict justice; and if in some places his writings were tinged by voluptuousness, some allowance ought to be made for the laxity of morals then all-prevalent. In conclusion, we may remark, that the writings of Solon consisted of a number of letters, a poem upon the Atlantis—an isle which was supposed to exist far off in the Western Ocean,—and several political elegies, of which some fragments have been preserved, which everywhere exhibit proofs of a noble mind, an elevated understanding, and a great talent for serious poetry.

Sayings of Solon.

There is a God who is Lord of all: no mortal has power equal to his. Our ideas of the Deity must always be imperfect. No man is happy; but also, no one under the sun is virtuous. As long as you live, seek to learn: do not presume that old age brings wisdom.

Take care how you speak all that you know.

Distrust pleasure; it is the mother of grief.

Do not be in a hurry to make new friends, nor to quit those you have.

Few crimes would be committed, if the witnesses of the injustice were not more deserving of it than the unhappy victims.

Courtiers are counters used at play—they change in value with him who employs them.

BIAS.

Bias of Priene united the benevolence of the philanthropist to the wisdom of the sage; and the memory of his kind actions will more surely preserve his name from oblivion than even the purity and truth of his maxims. He was born in Priene, one of the twelve independent cities of Ionia. He won the esteem of his countrymen by his talents and zeal in behalf of his native state, which, sharing the common fate of the small republics, was alike torn by intestine divisions and menaced by powerful enemies from without; and which, but for his exertions, must speedily have lost its dependence. He inherited, or amassed by his own efforts, a considerable fortune; and his wealth was employed by him in gratifying the promptings of a benevolent heart. Among other generous actions, he ransomed the young captives of Messona, watched over their education with all the interest of a parent, and afterwards sent them back to their native land, bearing with them the rich presents which his kindness had bestowed on them. He was a poet we are informed, and composed a poem of some two thousand verses on the way to become happy: he had found it, for he did good.

Bias flourished about five hundred and sixty-six years before our era. He was elevated by his countrymen to office in the state; but his native gentleness of heart was unchilled even by the stern forms of the hall of justice. On one occasion, we are told, on condemning a man to death, Bias wept. “If you weep,” said one to him, “for the guilty, why do you condemn him?” “We can neither repress the emotions of nature,” said the sensitive sage, “nor disobey the law.” He is said to have been possessed of great eloquence; and to the last hour of his life, it too, like his fortune, was ever ready at the call of benevolence. One day the old man was pleading the cause of one of his friends; when he had finished speaking, he leaned his head on the bosom of his nephew who stood near. When the judges had pronounced in his favor, the bystanders wished to awake him—but life was flown!

Sayings of Bias.

A good conscience is alone above fear.

Listen much, and never speak but to the purpose.

To desire what is impossible, and to be insensible to the troubles of others, are two great maladies of the soul.

People who bestow all their talent on trifles, are like the bird of night, which sees clear in the darkness, and becomes blind in the light of the sun.

You become arbiter between two of your enemies; you will make a friend of him whom your decision favors. You constitute yourself judge between two of your friends: be sure you will lose one of them.

The wicked suppose all men knaves like themselves; the good are easily deceived.

The most unhappy of men is he who cannot support misfortune.

CLEOBULUS.

We know but little of Cleobulus, but he seems to have been a mild and good prince. He was a native of Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, and was elevated to the sovereignty of his country; and it was as much by the wisdom and the zeal for his country's welfare which characterized his conduct on the throne, as from his philosophical attainments, that he won a place among the sages of Greece. Nature seems to have been no less kind to him in physical than in mental endowments, for he is said to have possessed great beauty of form. His leisure hours were devoted to the cultivation of philosophy and poetry; and after a tranquil reign, he died in the seventieth year of his age, 546 B.F. His daughter Cleobulina seems to have inherited her father's talents, and profited by his instructions. She distinguished herself as a poetess, and composed several enigmas, in one of which the year is thus characterized:—“A father had twelve children; and these twelve children had each thirty white sons and thirty white daughters, who are immortal though they died every day.”

Sayings of Cleobolus.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still; benefit your enemies, that they may at last become your friends. Never take the part of a rascal: you would make an enemy of his victim.

Many words and more ignorance: such is the majority of mankind.

Choose a wife from among your equals. If you take one from a higher rank, you will not have allies, but tyrants.

CHILON.

Chilon was a native of Sparta, and became one of the Ephori or chief magistrates of the state; and in fulfilling the duties of his high office, his judgments were always dictated by the strictest impartiality. A true Spartan, he entertained a profound veneration for the laws of Lycurgus, and considered the slightest deviation from their rigid execution, in spirit as well as in form, as the highest of offences; and for once failing in this point he all his life after reproached himself. One of his friends, it seems, had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was brought before him for trial: Chilon had the firmness to condemn him, but advised him to appeal from his decision. Such was the fault with which this upright magistrate reproached himself: it is one from which he is absolved at the bar of posterity. The character of his eloquence and of his writings bespoke the Spartan: always bold, always nervous, and of few words. "Know thyself" is one of his admired aphorisms—a precept the difficulty of rightly fulfilling which has since become proverbial, and one of which, from the preceding anecdote, Chilon, as was to be expected, seems to have been no more capable than others, for had he thoroughly "known himself" his sensitive mind would have had cause to weep over not one but a thousand failings.

The Olympic games, at which all Greece assembled every fourth year, and in which rivals alike for literary and athletic fame competed, was the great arena of distinction for the Greeks. Sparta, of course, was not hindermost in the athletic contests; and in 597 B.C., a son of Chilon was a competitor in the games. He proved victor in the combat of the Cestus; and on his triumphal entrance into his native city, his aged sire, overcome with joy, died in the youth's arms while embracing him.

Sayings of Chilon.

Know thyself. Nothing is more difficult: self-love always exaggerates our merits in our own eyes.

You speak ill of others; do you not fear, then, the ill they will speak of you?

You bewail your misfortunes; if you considered all that others suffer, you would complain less loudly.

Distrust the man who always seeks to meddle with the affairs of others.

It is better to lose than to make a dishonest gain.

Your friends invite you to a feast; go late if you like. They call you to console them; hasten.

Do not permit your tongue to outrun reflection.

To keep a secret, to employ well one's leisure, and to support injuries, are three very difficult things.

Let your power be forgotten in your gentleness; deserve to be loved; avoid being feared.

The touchstone tries the quality of gold; gold, the quality of men.

PITTACUS.

Pittacus was distinguished alike as a warrior and as a philosopher: his victories in the field endeared him to his countrymen; and his wisdom was held in such high repute that many of his maxims were engraved on the walls of Apollo's oracular temple at Delphi. A patriot, a warrior, and a sage, he will live for posterity; virtuous, self-denying, and contented, his memory will be cherished by all good men. He was a native of Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos. His country was then groaning under the oppression of the tyrant Melanctrus; and as he grew up, young Pittacus resolved to attempt the liberation of his native isle. Alcæus, the great lyric poet, had roused the patriotic ar-

dor of his fellow-citizens by his stirring warlike odes, and his bold invective against tyranny; and his sons now associated themselves with Pittacus in his daring enterprise. Their efforts were successful. The citizens rose against the tyrant; and under the generalship of Pittacus, he was defeated and driven from the island. But scarcely had the Mytilenians begun to taste the sweets of freedom when a new danger arose, and they were menaced by a formidable invasion from the rival power of Athens. Pittacus was again chosen leader, and defeated the Athenians in several engagements, in one of which he killed the enemy's general in single fight. As the issue of the war seems in some way to have depended on the issue of this combat, it is recorded that Pittacus, besides his usual armor, provided himself with a net, which he concealed in the hollow of his shield, and during the fight he skillfully contrived to entangle his antagonist in its meshes, and thus came off victor.

His countrymen were not deficient in gratitude; and Pittacus was soon after created governor of the city, with kingly power. His reign was marked by justice and moderation; he introduced many wise laws and institutions; and at the end of ten years voluntarily abdicated the throne, alleging that the virtues and innocence of private life were incompatible with the possession of unlimited power. Filled with admiration for his noble conduct, his countrymen now sought to load him with marks of their esteem. But Pittacus declined the dangerous gift of wealth; and when offered an extensive tract of land, he refused to accept more than he could overcast with a javelin. A costly present is also said to have been sent to him by King Cræsus, which was declined in the same contented spirit of independence. His declining years were passed in peaceful retirement, employing much of his time in literary pursuits. His writings have perished; but they consisted, we are told, of a code of laws for his countrymen, a variety of moral precepts, and some elegiac verses. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, and died peacefully, full of years and of honors, 570 B.C.

Originally of obscure parentage, Pittacus is said to have had the weakness to marry a lady belonging to the class of the nobility, whose pride often disturbed his usual serenity of mind, and helped to embitter his otherwise tranquil existence. He had a high regard for the duties of children to their parents, and of parents to their off-spring; and nothing could be better suited to express this than one of his own maxims—"As you treated your father," he says, "so expect in your old age to be treated by your children." One day, we are told, a son was about to plead against his father, when Pittacus stopped him: "You will be condemned," said he to the youth, "if your cause is less just than his: if more so, you will still be condemned."

Sayings of Pittacus.

Happy is the prince whose subjects fear for him, and do not fear him.

Would you know a man? Invest him with great power.

The prudent man foresees evil; the brave man bears it without complaining.

You answer for another: repentance is at hand.

In commanding others, learn to govern yourself.

I love the house where I see nothing superfluous, and where I find everything necessary.

PERIANDER.

The enrolling Periander among the sages of Greece is nowadays regarded as derogatory to the high character of his colleagues; for in his case his vices and tyranny were more conspicuous, and are now oftener thought of than his wisdom and ability. The word "tyrant" in its original signification means "prince," and it was only in after times that it came to be applied as an epithet of reproach. But Periander was a tyrant in the worst sense of the term; so that some writers have been tempted to think that it was another Periander who lived about the same time that was the sage; but there is little authority for this supposition, and the general opinion is, that the tyrant and the sage were one person.

Periander was a native of Corinth, and became a magistrate and leading man in the state. At this time he is said to have been of a mild and even amiable disposition; but ambition sprang up in his heart, and seems quickly to have obtained a mastery over his early good qualities. Bent upon attaining supreme power in his native country, and at first uncertain as to the best means of succeeding in his ambitious project he despatched an envoy to the court of the tyrant of Syracuse, that he might procure the advice of one well fitted to guide him aright in the course which he meditated. The tyrant was in the country when the messenger was brought to him; and after reading Periander's letter, he bade the envoy mark what he did, and then, plucking off all the ears of corn which overtopped the rest, told him that was the answer he was to make to his master. Periander divined his meaning. He forthwith surrounded himself with an armed guard, and, by high pay and other inducements, secured their fidelity to his person. By means of them he made himself supreme in Corinth, cutting off all those who by their talents or influence were likely to prove rivals, selecting his officials from the servile and the cowardly, and issuing death-warrants on the slightest suspicion.

The iniquities of his public career were only surpassed by those which stained his conduct in private life, where he was guilty of irregularities so gross that we are forced to forbear detail. As he became old, constant and harassing fears preyed upon his mind; his agitation, his terrors, his remorse punished the tyranny which he had not courage to abdicate; he trembled at his shadow—the echo of his own footsteps filled him with alarm. His tyranny and its punishment lasted forty years. Enfeebled by age and no longer able to bear the tortures of a guilty conscience, he one night despatched some youths of his body-guard to lie in ambush at a certain spot, with orders to kill the first man who should pass that way. It was himself who went: they had killed their prince ere they recognized him.

This monster of cruelty was possessed of learning and wisdom, and was on terms of friendship with the other six sages. Had not ambition come with its deadening and all-engrossing influence—and he continued in the rank in which it found him, he might have carried his attainments to a higher perfection, and have preserved the better nature of his youth; and so have bequeathed his title of sage uncoupled with that of tyrant. He has left some valuable maxims; but perhaps in his case the most striking is one which must have been wrung from him in bitterness of heart, when, alone, unloved, agitated by nervous terrors, the aged tyrant called to mind what he might have been and what he was—"Would you reign in safety?" he remorsefully asks: "surround not your person with armed satellites; have no other guard than the love of your subjects!" He lived eighty years, and died 585 years before the Christian era.

Sayings of Periander.

Pleasure endures but a moment: virtue is immortal.

Do not content yourself with checking those who have done ill; restrain those who are about to do it.

When you speak of your enemy, think that one day, perhaps, he may become your friend.

A dangerous promise has been drawn from you by force; go, you have promised nothing.

BYRON AND COWPER.

In nothing do men differ more widely than in their estimates of Poetry and Poets. Even the most common and miscellaneous reader has adopted some articles of faith, some standard by which to judge of all that comes under his view. One man is fond of simplicity, another of magnificence; one delights in blood and battles, another in music and moon-light. Some are pleased only with the witty or satirical; others with descriptions of nature. And even if we do not go so far as to set up our own altar and bow down to it, we are apt to overrate the beauties which agree with our propensities and associations, and to be unjust to those which wear a different complexion or which spring from different source. It is true there are some poets who have sten-

ded themselves on the universal sympathies of mankind; but the great majority are content with being at the head of a party. Hence schools of poetry are as various now, as schools of philosophy were in ancient days.

At the head of two of these schools, stand Byron and Cowper. We wish to compare their merits as Poets, but in order to do this we must first look at them as men; for their poetry is not impersonal, abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings, it is the mere transcript of their inmost souls.

Cowper was a Christian, and his life the life of a Christian. Byron was an avowed, argumentative sceptic, and his life was but the acting out of his principles. We cannot believe that Byron's scepticism was assumed, that he had no other view than that of ably supporting a paradox, and if we did believe this, it would scarcely alter our opinion of his character. What would you think of the man who should attempt to sap the foundations of morality and religion out of mere vanity?—of the man who should cast about firebrands and then tell you he was in sport?

In natural disposition the two were unlike. Cowper was modest and retiring, always happiest when attracting least notice. Byron's craving for notoriety was insatiable. He sought it one hour by abusing the world, and the next by uttering his deep tones of woe, in that voice which denotes a heart desolate but unbroken, and still yearning for the sympathies of his fellows.

Cowper's manners were gentle and unassuming; Byron but for his vanity would have been unsufferably proud. Cowper was formed for social enjoyment. He lived only in and for his friends. Byron had no home; he sought admiration rather than friendship. "Friendship! (says he to Dillay) I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted and perhaps my mother (!) a single being who will care what becomes of me." Captain Medwin represents him as saying, "Almost all the friends of my youth are dead, shot in duels, ruined or in the galleys." "I was at that time a mere Bond-Street lounge, a man of gambling and coffee-houses; my afternoons were spent in luncheons and boxing, not to say drinking. In fact my constitution was ruined by early excesses." Such were Byron's youthful indiscretions. Alas! his manhood unfolded a more melancholy story!

But Byron's most marked characteristic was misanthropy. This was his master failing, or rather his master vice. In excuse for this his friends cannot plead the unbridled pulse of passionate youth, the want of parental discipline, the enticements of vicious company, and the temptations surrounding a youthful Poet basking in the smiles of Fortune. Nor can they deny the charge. Why then, was Byron always gloomy, and melancholy, and complaining? He was blest with youth, and health, and fortune and fame; and yet he cursed the day of his birth.

Cowper was predisposed by his organization to the deepest melancholy; madness seized him, and for long years the light of his spirit was quenched. Yet in his writings we uniformly find tenderness of feeling, and a vein of cheerfulness and humor. Long continued, lingering disease, which tends more than any thing else 'to try the genuine temper of men's souls,' disclosed in him but growing virtues. He came forth from the furnace of affliction purified. Or if ever depressed by his mental disease, he flies for consolation to his books. He writes his publisher, "that he parts with a MS as with a dear friend that had long cheered him in his hours of sadness."

And here some one may say, "When you praise the dead, it is well; but why drag Byron's frailties from the grave." The answer is plain. It is not to gratify a malicious temper; for that must be a distasteful spirit that wars with the dead. It is because you cannot judge of the poetry without passing sentence on the Poet, (for his works are saturated with egotism;) it is because the evil that men do lives after them, and that his admirers when they know the man, may at least receive with some caution the lessons taught by the Poet.

Let us now contrast the poetry of Byron and Cowper. It requires very little penetration to fix upon the most prominent marks of distinction. Byron's poetry is the poetry of passion. He excels in the exhibition of pride, revenge, obstinacy, and solitary self-reliance. He cares not for the gay or the cheerful; he can sympathise only with the gloomy, the exciting, the pas-

sloate. And his works are full of this. We hear 'the car rattling on the stony street,' the sound of the distant gun, the clash of battle and the groans of the dying. Again, and we hear the half-stuffed sob and sneer of malicious triumph; and then

'The solitary cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.'

He paints too, and the picture starts up before us. We look upon the beauty and the strength of Rome;

'We see before us the gladiator lie
And through his side the last drops obbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower: and now
The arena swims around him.—He is gone!

He paints again, and we see a cave and the ocean is near; and there is a fond and confiding pain, 'with eyes that speak of love, and hope, and joy.' Can you not see them?

Once more; and the victim is bound to the panting steed; and there is the forest, and the flight, and the pursuit and the fainting. We look up and see the vulture wheeling in narrowing circles impatient for his prey.

Cowper seeks not excitement. Truth, Charity, the Sofa, the morning walk, the winter evening, the water lily—these are his themes, and there he excels, these he renders delightful. In Cowper's poetry there is a moral beauty. His charm consists, chiefly, in his tender, elevated, generous sentiments; in his his warmth, his praises of retirement, his love of Liberty. Is there any moral beauty in Byron's poetry? We can expect none; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak.

Cowper was a descriptive poet. We see it in the sweetness, the fidelity, and the wonderful minuteness of his pictures. He was a lover of Nature, and with him 'Nature was but a name for an effect, whose cause is God.'

'Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the Earth.'

Task. Book VI.

Byron would not stoop to Nature. Other poets had described her charms. If Nature would come and sit at his feet, he might perhaps condescend to clothe her in the fantastic garb of his own imagination. But what communion can there be between the heart of Nature and the heart of the victim of pride, the slave of passion? None whatever. The Poet of Nature must be a good man, not a Byron.

Both were original poets; though Byron's originality has an appearance of design.

Cowper exists by sympathy; Byron is the creature of his own will. Byron projects himself into antiquity and invokes the spirit of its heroes and its men of genius. Cowper regards human philosophy and human genius with something of contempt; for he looks to the great inspiring Mind of all.

Byron seeks to astonish by some new speculation; Cowper is incite to known duty. When we read Cowper's works we are convinced that he is sincere; Byron affects singularity, and we distrust him. The one describes the workings of his own gloomy and solitary mind; the feelings of the other are the feelings of half the universe.

But to understand the real character of poetry you must look at its influence. Observe, then, the influence of Byron's poetry on the mind. There is a young man just entering on a course of intellectual discipline, he reads Byron and he is at first fascinated. He indulges in a pleasing melancholy, and begins to exist in a new world—the world of the imagination. Let the poetry perform its perfect work, and then observe its effects, in ebbs and flows of feeling, in moodiness of temper, in aversion to common every-day duties in the blighting of the social affections, in suspicion, and finally in scepticism.

We walk forth with Cowper into the fields and shady lanes, and the eye is opened and the ear tuned to all that is beautiful and harmonious. We drink delight from the common air, the earth, the skies,

'We learn to look on Nature, and we hear
The still sad voices of humanity.'

There is a poetry which comes home to our bosoms and to our experience, and yet withdraws us from the power of the senses—a poetry which warms the heart while it expands the mind—which prompts to offices of kindness and scatters flowers in the path of duty; in a word, which makes us better and happier. Such is the poetry of Cowper, and over such Time has no power.

A. R.

Our Library.

No. 10.

"The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of N. P. Willis."

N. P. Willis, though not generally considered the first of American poets, is yet one of the most pleasing and popular writers of verse, which the age has afforded. His writings, both in prose and verse, are numerous, and have gained for him a greater European reputation, than that of perhaps any other author on this side of the Atlantic. His "Scripture Sketches," written in blank verse, upon some of the most thrilling events in the Bible, have a high and pure elevation of thought, a felicity of expression, and a vividness of conception, which enable them to be read over and over again without tiring the attention of the delighted reader. His poetical genius is well displayed in the piece on Ambition, which is given in another column.

No. 11, 12.

"Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ, or Daily Scripture Readings By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D.L.L.D." In 3 vols.

This useful and interesting work, published since the death of the venerable author, and consisting of remarks, which he himself made on each chapter in his daily reading of the Bible, cannot but be of great service to the Christian public. The plan and scope of each chapter is clearly laid down, together with such additional explanations, as Travels, History, and other researches may have afforded. His own profound mind, and his intimate acquaintance with every part of the Scriptures, have also supplied many excellent reflections on the different subjects which came before him. We can cordially recommend it as an invaluable aid in reading the Holy Scriptures. The third volume, comprising the parts after Job, has not been printed.

No. 13, 14.

"The Life of Joseph Brant—Thayadanegea. By William L. Stone." In 2 vols.

The life of this celebrated Indian warrior, written by Col. Stone, whose extensive researches had well fitted him for the task, is a narrative of peculiarly captivating interest. The Mohawk Chief took a prominent part in the exciting events of the Revolutionary War, and his operations and achievements during its progress are ably portrayed. His character has been cleared by his biographer from much of the obloquy, which had hitherto rested upon it, especially with regard to the Massacre of Wyoming, from which he is shown to have been absent. The biography derives additional interest, also, from Joseph Brant having spent a great part of his life in Canada.

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Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

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