

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE CALLOPEAN



Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Thursday, August 24, 1848.

Number 19.

The Cottage-Girl.

I saw a little cottage-girl,
With joy upon her face,
Trip lightly o'er the dew-wet grass,
As if on truant race,
To pluck the freshly opened flowers,
And place them in her hair,
Or bind them round her brother's brow,
So beautiful and fair.

She sweetly sang a mountain song,
As she danced along in glee,
And gaily shook her raven curls
That hung so light and free.
Her mellow voice rang o'er the fields,
And filled the morning air
With notes as soft and rich and clear
As if from bright nymph there.

She stopped beside a babbling brook,
Her ringlets threw aside,
And blushed to see her own bright face
Reflected in its tide;
Then filled her cup from its crystal wave,
And gaily tripped away,
With step as light and air as free
As wild gazelle at play.

Her heart was pure, her spirit free
As the mountain air she breathed,
And her young brow, so bright and fair,
In innocence was wreathed.
The crystal spring from mountain side,
In sunbeams sparkling bright,
Was not more pure than her young heart,
So buoyant and so light.

Her home was on the mountain wild,
And there she'd planted flowers;
There oft her mother sat and sang
Away the evening hours;
And there she'd known but Innocence,
The brightest gem of youth,
And her sweet face a mirror was
Of purity and truth.

E. S. K.

For the Callopean.

MOUNT GILBOA.

THE Mount of Gilboa is pleasantly situated in the centre of Palestine, on the south-east border of the Plain of Jezreel, or Esdrelon. It is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and abounds in springs of water, from whence it derives its name.

It was a lovely evening in the loveliest season, that a group

of Hebrew maidens stood on the summit of this mountain, their jetty tresses lifted by the breeze, and their animated countenances beaming with increased beauty in the rays of the setting sun. They gazed long and earnestly on the prospect so richly spread at their feet—the blooming plains of Jezreel; the rapid waters of the Jordan; the wood-crowned summit of Mount Tabor; the far-stretching range of the mountains of Ephraim, combined their beauties to add interest to the landscape.

“Ours is truly a goodly land, dear Kizpah,” exclaimed Salome, passing her arm as she spoke around the symmetrical form of her friend; “but you are sad to-night—whence those gathering tear-drops? Methinks you have unusual cause for rejoicing in this sweet prospect, for are you not, dear Kizpah, about to enter the palace of Saul; and will you not have for your attendants those who have hitherto been your companions?”

“Ah, Salome, you wrong me sadly if you deem that splendor can alienate my heart from my first fond friends. I could wish that my lot had been cast remote from regal pomp. Ah, had it been given to me,” she added, bursting into a flood of tears, “to share such a destiny as our venerated ancestress, Rebecca! She gained *one* heart, and through life retained unrivalled possession of it; for never for one moment do we hear that the patriarch Isaac wandered in thought or look from her side. And I, what shall I be?—A wild-flower, plucked from this mountain; cherished for a season; then thrown aside to wither neglected, in the very freshness of my feelings—in the spring-tide of my youth.”

Her emotion here became so violent as to prevent her utterance. Salome had led her from their companions at the commencement of their conversation, and now seating her on the verdant turf, she bathed her forehead in the bright waters of a spring, which issued near them—then she seated herself beside her, and soothed her with every consideration her affection could suggest, and woman rarely lacks the power of assuaging sorrow. She enumerated every act of kindness which Saul had showered on her family, and dwelt long and earnestly on the preference he manifested toward herself, assuring Kizpah that one so handsome and so courteous could never cease to smile on a being so beautiful, so gentle, so calculated to chain the heart. And truly Kizpah was no ordinary character,—a creature of surpassing loveliness; that refined loveliness of mind and soul, which elevates the sweetest face beyond mere sensual charms; a slender form, yet blending already somewhat of graceful dignity with the agile and elegant movements of healthy youth. But her marble brow; those compressed, though beautifully curved lips;

those soft, dark, pleading eyes, marked her character to possess high determination, inflexible perseverance, united with a winning gentleness, fitted to captivate and control the impetuous son of Kish.

"What you say, my dear Salome," replied Kizpah, after a pause, "gives me some comfort. I will hope to retain the monarch's preference—if he will continue to smile as he does now, Kizpah will ask no happier destiny than that of ministering before him. But, beloved Salome, I have been thinking how many years shall pass away; how many tears shall fall; how many beloved ones shall bow to the Angel of Death, ere I stand on this lovely spot again."

Kizpah had struck a tender chord, and the young girls mingled their tears without restraint.

The dawn of the succeeding day saw Kizpah on her way to Gilgal, where Saul held his court.

Years passed on, and Kizpah became a mother, and in the society and infantile caresses of her children, found a refuge from many hours of lonely sadness. She had realized all her fears—plucked as a fragrant blossom from her woodland home, she too had ceased to charm, and her place was supplied by a younger, but not fairer, or more true, or tender being than herself; yet she had never ceased to regard the monarch with the tender emotion he first inspired her with. Kizpah was one of those clinging, trusting natures, which are sometimes thrown in the pathway of the sternest of earth's sons; and, throwing around the rough surface of the latter the beautiful and graceful festoons of woman's devotedness, conceal and soften their outlines of character into a pleasing and almost attractive form.

It was so with Kizpah. There were hours when a glance of her beaming eye, or an accent of her melodious voice, would bring Israel's haughty sovereign to her feet, and cause him to reiterate those professions of attachment which first lured her from her early home in the vicinity of Gilboa.

Time passed on. One day Kizpah was surprised by a visit from Saul. He tenderly caressed Armoni and Mephiboseth, who were in their mother's apartment, and dismissed them. "Kizpah," said he, after a pause, "I come to bid you farewell. I go to lead my noble warriors against the hosts of Philistia."

"Jehovah grant thee success," replied Kizpah.

"Speak not thus to me, Kizpah," returned the impetuous monarch. "Jehovah hath ceased to regard the son of Kish; I have grown wiser than when I weakly suffered myself to be led by Samuel; I have gained experience, and need no omens to point my pathway."

"Oh, would that the venerable seer were yet alive!" ejaculated Kizpah. "He ever stood between the inaccessible and pure Jehovah and us frail mortals; and say, beloved, were not thine happiest days those when thou didst follow his counsels without cavil?"

"Kizpah!" exclaimed Saul sternly.

"Pardon me, I meant not to offend," returned Kizpah weeping; "but when I reflect on the precarious tenure by which the lives I most value are held, I can but wish that some holy man would arise and guide Judah's tempest-driven barque to a harbor of safety."

"Methinks, Kizpah, you might find more suitable themes for reflection, than taking the responsibility of a government on yourself. Assure yourself, whatever transpires, you will not be blamed."

"Yet I must feel," returned Kizpah quickly. "Oh, go not, I implore you, until you have returned to the God of our fathers. Remember, He who gave you the kingdom can recall it as easily as He bestowed it."

"Kizpah, no more. Never name this hateful subject again. The morrow's dawn sees me on my journey."

"Is it thus we part?" exclaimed Kizpah, "with all the uncertainties of war before us? Must our last words be spoken in haste and anger? May no sweet remembrance mingle in the recollection of that farewell?"

Kizpah's appeal was not unavailing. The haughty spirit of Saul was touched—he lingered long in her apartment, and they parted with as much warmth of feeling as marked their earlier hours.

Day followed day, but nought was heard of the royal army. At length the dread tidings arrived, that Israel was discomfited before her enemies—that Saul, and Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchishua had fallen on the very mountain where Kizpah's girlish footsteps had so often strayed in that sunny time, when care and sorrow were to her young heart, simply names without meaning. Then was her soul bowed in deep bitterness; but her sons, Armoni and Mephiboseth were still left, and the feelings of the mother gradually assuaged and superseded those of the mere woman. Kizpah lived on, in seclusion and in peace; and though her spirits never wholly recovered their elasticity, her life passed for some years calmly and peacefully.

Meanwhile Armoni and Mephiboseth grew to the estate of manhood, and passed from beneath the control of their mother.

Some years after the death of Saul Israel suffered severely from famine, three successive years. When David enquired of the Lord the cause, the answer returned was,—“It is for Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites.” David therefore consulted with the Gibeonites as to the terms of expiation.

It was finally agreed, that the sacrifice of seven of the male members of Saul's family should constitute the expiatory rite.

We may imagine, but no language can describe the emotions of Kizpah, when she learnt that her heart's best treasures were selected as two of the victims. Those manly forms, in whose martial and almost regal beauty, she delighted to recall the image of their departed father—must they be laid silent and motionless; or must they suffer every indignity a justly enraged populace chose to heap on them? Those brilliant eyes, which had ever looked forth in love and tenderness on their mother's face, must they be so suddenly veiled forever?

Ah! these, and a thousand other torturing recollections, wrung that mother's heart almost to breaking; yet the very intensity of her feelings supported her against herself. There was no appeal, and well did Kizpah know that the house of Saul had been one of blood; and while her own heart bled at every pore, she had nought to urge against the justice of that sentence, which fearfully fulfilled the denunciation, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations."

The parting between Kizpah and her sons may be conceived by every mother. The Holy Spirit has not detailed its particulars, and we forbear to enlarge on the distressing circumstances. Let it suffice, that the sentence of the law was carried into execution.

And now the character of Kizpah beamed forth in bright effulgence. For six long, weary months did that devoted one watch beside the clay-cold corpses of her sons and their relatives, as they hung, suspended on the summit of that very mountain where her young days had passed so happily. How often during these weary vigils must her conversation with Salome have recurred to her mind—how often, amid the dread, dim, mystic hours of midnight, must the awful vision of Saul in his last agonies have harassed her tried spirit. How overwhelming must have been her reflections, as she beheld the last links of love which bound her to earth rudely severed, and their lifeless bodies waving before her startled sight in every passing breeze. Yet she fainted not, but suffered not the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the evil beasts which roamed around the mountain to touch them by night.

Can we not imagine her rapture, when the first genial drops of rain proclaimed their sacrifice was accepted? Can we not sympathize with her deep gratitude, when David, hearing of her maternal devotion, ordered their bones to be collected and laid with their father's in the family sepulchre?

In perusing the preceding sketch, the question must often have recurred to the intelligent reader, where was Michal, the daughter of Saul, and the adopted mother of the other five victims, during the weary vigils of the affectionate Kizpah? It has never appeared to me, that Michal, charming as she must have been in external attractions, possessed one tittle of the moral and intellectual loveliness, which bind us even at this remote period to the devoted daughter of Aiah. In early life, her beauty won the heart of the shepherd boy; but her ill-timed

levity and unmerited sarcasm performed what time, and weary wanderings, and regal pomp, and life's vicissitudes had been powerless to effect. They had completely weaned Israel's monarch from the dreamy vision which had brightened his long watchings in the wilderness, which had without doubt no inconsiderable share in staying his hand against Saul, when entirely in his power, which had caused him, in the first interval of leisure he could command from regal cares, to demand his earliest love from the hands of Phaltiel. Is it that an adopted parent cannot love as a real mother, or was it owing to a natural selfish feeling that Michal suffered her five adopted children to hang exposed to the ravenous beasts of prey for so long a period, without a single enquiry respecting them; whilst she luxuriated in all the magnificent splendor David permitted her, whilst he doomed her to perpetual widowhood?

Surely Michal must have been very deficient in those qualities which elevate and endear woman, and her name will never awaken one pleasing emotion whilst Kizpah's conduct will dwell till the latest period of time in the bosom of every true-hearted woman—in the memory of every high-minded son of Adam.

Reader, do you deem I have drawn too largely on imagination in this little sketch? Bear in mind that the teeming myriads which have preceded us to eternity were beings "of like passions with ourselves."

MARY ELIZA.

Hamilton, Aug. 14, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

"GOD TOOK HIM."

She stood beside me, with
Her soft blue eye upraised to mine, and
Her silken tresses waving in the breath
Of evening breezes. She was a thing of
Beauty—scarce had the roses of five summers
Shed their fragrance round her pathway,
And spake of life and happiness.

Now we stood together. Oft had
We paced that noble deck, and watched
The curbless sea in beauty. In the
Calm of Sabbath morning—in the
Rush of tempest—playing with
Moonlight, we had felt its baptism
And its breath. But now a holier
Scene awaited us.

Death had breathed on the
Ocean: nor shrank his pinion from the
Briny billows—but, commissioned by
His ruler, he struck—and the time-wearied
One lay sleeping for ever.

His form was shrouded, and
We gazed upon it. It was sunset.
How the glory king was sinking into
Sleep, as if reluctantly he set upon
Our broken numbers. Long time we
Watched. I told the gentle girl beside
Me, that the rising sun would see
The sleeper in a watery tomb—how
Sad 'twould be to lay him where
No eye should look upon his grave.
And then I told her, that the Angel
Death came but to usher him
To heaven—how it brighter, clearer
Grew before him, as his earthly house
Was failing—how earth grew dim
Before his aged eyes, as he marked
The coming on of angels—and how
He was folded from all danger—how
He sang with holy ones—and paced
That city, whose throngers are forgiven
All their iniquity.

I looked upon my fair companion;
She had been listening, as
She was wont to do, with deep
Attention. Her young eye beamed
With glory far beyond the crimson
Rays which gilded Ocean. It seemed,
That for one word of kind permission,
Her infant soul would slip its
Moorings, and her spirit, now
Anchor-bound, would sweep over Time
And Death, as we swept o'er the billow.

I spoke again,—“Why do we see
Him not? Why doth his weary eye
No longer watch the sweep of Ocean?”
She looked earnestly upon me, and
Meekly folding up her hands together
And raising her love-breathing eyes to
Heaven, said sweetly and solemnly,
“God took him.”

Years have rolled on since then.
We parted, and I know not where the
Flower bloometh. I have seen many
A train of fashion throng, and they
Have passed unheeded. I have seen
Infants in their coffins, and the loved
Of years in death—and it is in scenes
Like these, and in hours of solitude,
That the fair child comes up before
Me, and I see again those eyes, and
Hear again those words, “God took
Him.”

And for my loved one—it may
Be that she hath wandered from that
Blest shepherd whom she loved.
It may chance, that she hath deeply
Drank of this world's pleasures, and
Her young heart hath lived on
Empty joys, which pass away.

Or it may be, that He to whom
Her ocean hours were given, looking
Down from heaven, and seeing how
The lily flourished amid thorns,
Hath taken her to Paradise.

To know this would be happiness,
For though our love grew deeply,
Gladly would I think of her as being
Not—because “God took her.”

HARNET ANNIE.

Hamilton, August 14th, 1848.

EARTHLY BLISS.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

THE pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting, that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in frivolous pursuits, or to stake, as many do, their whole mind upon what, before tomorrow's sun shall go down, will become as mist and vapor. The uncertainty of life, the dark veil which covers the future from the piercing eyes of man, the ignorance of what a day might bring forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and wean them from a too great love of the world, its pleasures, or of themselves. Though there be a few who live to the age of threescore years and ten, it is no guarantee that we shall live till then. Health and youth are not to be relied on, for the nipping frost often destroys in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away before our sight, and the hard earnings of years, in a day have been swept away.

BABYLON—Belshazzar's Feast.

[The following was written by a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. VanNorman's school, before its removal to Hamilton, and read at the Review of 1844.—Ed.]

'Twas a night of mirth
And revelry. The gay and festive lamps
Were streaming from each turret—a thousand lords
Sat round the sumptuous board. Belshazzar rose—
"Now let the red wine foam!" There should be mirth
When conqueror's revel! Bablon's immortal gods
Have triumphed over Israel! and by their might
We soon shall trample down our latest foe
And tame their stubborn necks to slavery's yoke,
As my brave father did Jehovah's saints.
Bring forth the vessels which my father took
From Judah's fallen temple—now "drink and praise
Gods of gold, silver, iron, wood, and stone."

O mad Belshazzar! is there not
Enough of sin upon thy guilty soul?
Are not the visions of the midnight couch
Now wild and dark enough, but thou must add
Insult to sacrilege.

If justice reigns on high—for deeds like these
There must be fearful chastening! Such awful guilt
Rising above thee to the judgment seat,
Shall call a burst of gathering vengeance down
To sweep such crime from earth! Ah, proud man!
Prince, ruler, conqueror, dost thou deem heaven sleeps?
Or that the unseen immortal ministers,
Ranging the world to mark even purposed crime
In burning characters, have laid aside
Their everlasting attributes for thee?
But know, vain worm! that *that* almighty power,
Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs
To chain them from their wanderings, hath assigned
A limit to thy triumph! Ho, in whose hands
The lightnings vibrate, holds them back, until
The trampler on this godly earth hath reached
His pyramid-height of guilt, that so his fall
May, with more fearful oracles, make pale
Presumptuous mortals!

How weak thy boasted strength! Know heaven doth work
By many agencies; and in its hour,
There is no insect, which the summer breeze
From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may serve
Its deep unsearchable purposes as well
As the great ocean, or the eternal fires
Pent in earth's caves. 'Twas by His power
That suns were stayed at noonday—stormy seas,
As a rill parted—mild'd archangels, sent
To wither up the strength of kings with death,
And punish human pride. *How false thy peace!*
How like a slumberer, crowned with flowers, and smiling
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm! Or, how it seems, as when
In beauty bright, the blue transparent skies,
And brilliant sunbeams pour a buoyant life
Through each glad thrilling vein, and brightly chase
All thoughts of evil. When the very air
Breathes of delight; and scarcely heralded
By one deep moan, forth from his cavern depth
The earthquake bursts, and the whole splendid scene
Becomes one chaos of all dreadful things.

So, on that festive scene
Fell fearfulness and woe.
In that same hour, upon the palace wall,
"In unknown characters, God's messenger
Doth write thy doom." That God whom thou hast mock'd—
Whose temple thou hast rob'd—whose name blasphemed—
Whose people murdered and oppress'd—*that God!*

The God of Jacob—now in vengeance comes
To scourge thee for thy sin! Upon his gods
Of gold and silver, now the trembling king
Calls vainly, in his agony of fear,
To cover him from wrath.
Fear falls on all—tames the proud tyrant's heart—
Melts down stern spirits—pours terror and dismay
Through all the fiery blood—as when an icy dart
Hath touch'd the veins—unnerves the trembling knee,
And fetters the strong arm.

'Tis an awful hour!
Upon its heavy steps deep horrors crowd
With such dark presage, there is left no room
For one pang more! Where now is fled the hope,
The strength of this proud city? Imagination now
Paints all in gloomy terror. Even the skies
O'erhang the desolate splendor of her domes
With an ill-omened aspect—and the winds
Swell with the voice of danger—and heavily
The fearfulness and might of guilty dread
Presses the fainting heart. The angry heavens
Presage dark ruin! The pallid sky puts forth
No clear bright star, but ever and anon
A deep, dark, dismal mantle shadows all;
As when the billows of the deep engulfed
The Egyptian armament. Now the dread hour,
For which stern justice ne'er kept watch in vain,
Is come. Cyrus, the man Jehovah had ordained,
Even now prepares the dark and solemn rites
Of retribution. On their disordered sense
The vision bursts!—it maddens! 'Tis the flash,
The lightning shock of lances, and the cloud
Of rushing arrows, and the fearful blaze
Of gleaming sabres!

On! on they come!—
The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes,
Like thunder showers upon the forest paths.
Aye! guilt knows well the omen of that sound,
And she hath voices like a sepulchre's,
In all her seared hollows, to respond
Unto the step of death!

The conquering foe
Crowds on to dreadful combat. Now the hosts
Rush on the revellers, in their blind debauch,
In mighty vengeance! Oh, there is now
A crash, a mingling of all things awful,
Far, far more dreadful than the open field—
When battle's voice doth shake the ancient hills,
And peals through heaven's great arch; and rushing steeds
Trample the life from out the mighty hearts
Of fallen heroes.

The morning light breaks on the scene, and shows
The dreadful harvest death hath reaped. Those halls,
Where songs of revelry arose so late, now smoke
With red libations, poured profusely out
To heaven's insulted justice. The wrath of God
Hath made a blasted void, where once the sun
Looked upon lovely dwellings—and from earth
Razing all record, that on such a spot
Heaven was insulted, or dumb idols praised!

O, Babylon!
How art thou fallen? Where now is she who sat
As queen, and said, "I never shall see sorrow."
Thy ponderous walls, which rose in massive strength,
Are crumbled into dust. Thy brazen gates are fallen.
Thy stately forests, midway in the air,
Are withered down to earth—and Belus' temple
Whose sculptured top did reach high heaven's arch,
Is mingled in the wreck.

Proud Babylon!
Thy "cry was in thy ships." But now nor ships,

Nor harbor thou! Thy proud and lordly streams—
Tigris, Euphrates—now disdain to move
Through thy forsaken streets, but turn aside,
And stand in stagnant pools—a deep morass—
O'er all the plain of "Shinar."

How hath the oppressor ceased.

The glory of earth's kingdoms, and the pride
Of the Chaldean's beauty, now are laid,
As when *Almighty God*, in vengeance poured
His wrath on guilty *Sodom*.
Nor e'er again, down to the end of time,
Shall any dare to dwell where heaven has left
Such marks of indignation; nor Arab's tent;
Nor shepherd's fold, shall there be found. But there,
Where luxury once reigned, sea monsters yell;
The owl stands continual; on the fallen towers
The spider weaves her veil, and dragons dwell—
And Satyr's dance, and desert beasts do howl
Through all the dismal solitude of night,
Which gathers round thy fallen palaces,
Now laid in fearful ruin.

Effect of Different Colored Lights upon Plants.

THE warmth of the sun has comparatively little to do with the specific action of his rays on the chemical functions of the plant, which is illustrated by the experiments of Mr. Hunt of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, on the effect of the rays of light of different colors on the growing plant. He sowed cress seed, and exposed different portions of the soil in which the seeds were germinating to the action of the red, yellow, green and blue rays, which were transmitted by equal thicknesses of solutions of these different colors. "After ten days there was, under the blue fluid, a crop of cress of as bright a green as any which grew in full light, and far more abundant. The crop was scanty under the green fluid, and of a pale green, unhealthy color. Under the yellow solution only two or three plants appeared, but less pale than those under the green; while beneath the red a few more plants came up than under the yellow, though they were also of an unhealthy color. The red and blue colors being now mutually transferred, the crop formerly beneath the blue in a few days appeared blighted, while on the patch previously exposed to the red, some additional plants sprung up."

Besides the rays of heat and light, the sunbeam contains what have been called chemical rays, not distinguishable to our senses, but capable of being recognized by the chemical effects they produce. These rays appear to differ in kind, as the rays of different colored lights do. It is to the action of these chemical rays on the leaf, associated with the blue light of the solar beam, that the chemical influence of the sun on the growth of the plant is to be ascribed, by the decomposition of the carbonic acid absorbed from the air by the leaf of the plant on the interior of the leaf, the retention of the carbon, and the rejection or emission of the oxygen contained in the carbonic acid of the plant, which is returned to the atmosphere, while carbon retained uniting with the elements of water (hydrogen or oxygen,) absorbed at the same time by the roots, gives rise to, and furnishes the elements for the formation of woody, cellular fibre, &c., and for which cause it is that "that if light be excluded, vegetation never produces a leaf or a stock."

The decomposition of the carbonic acid contained in the atmosphere, and the emission of oxygen gas from plants, is determined by the solar light, pure oxygen gas is, therefore, separated by the action of light, and the operation is stronger as the light is more vivid. By this continued emission of vital air, the Almighty thus incessantly purifies the air, and repairs the loss of oxygen occasioned by respiration, combustion, fermentation, putrefaction, and numerous other processes which have a tendency to contaminate this fluid, so essential to the vigor and comfort of animal life; so that, in this way, by the agency of light, a due equilibrium is always maintained between the constituent parts of the atmosphere.

From Wright's Paper.

Importance of Uniting the Moral with the Intellectual Culture of the Mind.

MAN has received from the hand of his Creator certain innate moral powers, and these are, without education, not more perfect than his physical and intellectual powers. Now, as the five senses and the perceptive and reflective faculties require the special attention of those entrusted with the formation of the human constitution and human character, certainly the moral affections and feelings, simply as an essential ingredient in man, as one of the gifts and endowments bestowed on him by his Creator, are deserving of improvement. But the argument is not yet set forth in all its strength, for it is agreed that the moral powers, because of the peculiar and ever-changing character of the objects on which they are to be employed, and of the actions to which they impel, are more imperfect by nature, or, what is the same thing differently expressed, naturally more unfit for discrimination and guidance, than are our physical and intellectual powers; therefore their cultivation is the more necessary.

The paramount necessity of moral culture is argued from higher considerations than can be offered in favor of the development and proper training of our physical and intellectual powers. It is argued from the fact that moral nature is superior to intellectual and to animal nature, as the means are superior to the end. For, in man, animal organization and intellect itself are but the means to moral endowment. A proof of that is experienced by all the cultivated, in the fact, the animal pleasure is but a positive degree; intellectual pleasure a comparative; while moral pleasure is the superlative of human bliss; just as man's animal organization is the positive, his intellectual the comparative, and his moral the superlative of his excellence and glory, graduated on the scale of all earthly existence. True, indeed, we cannot view these as simple elements, and compare them as so many ingredients in the human constitution, still we have no difficulty in forming a comparative estimate of their respective value in human nature and in human character.

It is a misfortune that parents (not a few) often speak in the presence of their children as if they would rather see them great than good, talented than moral, cunning than candid, selfish than generous, knavish than honorable. They would seem as if at pains to cherish in their infant bosoms contempt for the poor, pride, arrogance, deceit, ambition, selfishness, rather than have them admire goodness for its own sake, whether associated with wealth or poverty, beauty or deformity. And yet they are sometimes heard to complain that their children are what they have taught them to be; and are not what they have never inculcated by precept or example!

Were it not a matter of fact, forcing itself upon our daily observation, that there is a possibility of intellectual, without moral culture, one might be induced, from speculative feelings, to conclude that in cultivating the mind he was cultivating the morals of youth. To the philosophic christian it is impossible to study nature without seeing God in every law, in every arrangement of nature. The christian philosopher will, therefore, be apt to conclude that the knowledge of nature and the knowledge of God are not only intimately, but, in some degree, inseparably connected. Yet society, as it now exists, presents to him the phenomenon of an avowed atheistic philosopher; of one who not only studies nature without seeing God, the Supreme Architect and Lawgiver of nature, but of one who, while he boasts of the knowledge of nature, denies the existence of the God of nature. This being possible, it must not be thought incredible that we may have a system of intellectual culture without any moral influence; or that the intellectual powers of youth may be, in some degree and in some sense, highly cultivated, while the moral powers are in no degree improved.

True, indeed, philosophically and religiously considered, every man is uncultivated, uneducated, and impolitic, who is immoral or profane. With the man of true science every person is uneducated who cannot, or who does not discern moral excellence; who cannot, or does not, appreciate it. And, if we except pure mathematics, we find it difficult to conceive how a person can understand any one science, without discerning and appreciating the nature and value of moral and religious truth. For vapors

do not more generally ascend to the tops of the mountains, nor rivers more uniformly descend the vales, than do all the truths of genuine science lead to religion and morality. Yet by some unpropitious management, intellectual and moral culture have been divorced, and we have got up systems of education and schools for youth, the unnatural and unscientific object of which is to cultivate the perceptive and intellectual powers without the moral, and to give a fashionable, a popular, and scientific education, without any knowledge of religious or moral truth. The consequence has been, that amongst the most highly educated there is often less religion and less morality than amongst the uneducated community. So generally has the notion obtained, that religion and morality are neither sciences nor arts—neither useful nor elegant accomplishments—that it has become expedient to prove that moral culture is an essential part of a good education.

The innumerable instances of moral degradation and ruin found in the ranks of the most talented and best educated, in popular esteem, are beginning to excite a laudable interest on the subject of education. The fact that thousands of the flower of the community are forever ruined by receiving a college education, and thousands of the wisest and best fathers, who have sons full of promise, and ample means of giving them a liberal education, are debarred by the countless bankruptcies in fame and fortune amongst the educated, imperiously demand a change in the whole system; or, at least, present an unanswerable argument in favor of uniting a rational system of moral training with the intellectual, in the education of youth.

Not only the absolute ruin of many of the educated, but the wide-spreading mischief entailing upon society by the powerful influence of educated talent, shows that there is no necessary union between talent, education and morality; and also admonishes us of the necessity of a more infallible moral culture than is at present in existence. All the world acknowledge that education gives power that enables its possessor to be greatly advantageous or greatly injurious to society. A few educated persons in society are like an armed band well practised in all the tactics of war, amongst an unarmed and undisciplined multitude. They may be its best friends or its worst enemies, according to circumstances, and as they employ themselves. We all know what talent and some learning could achieve, in the life and writings of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Didoret, Rousseau, and in the profane and licentious wits that introduced the reign of terror and the horrid scenes of the French revolution, and whose writings to this hour, sustained by Hobbes, Volney, Chesterfield, Hume, Payne, Taylor, and others of minor fame, are flooding society with profanity, impiety, debauchery, rapine, duelling, assassination, and every species of sensuality, fraud and injustice. The influence of such men on society, contrasted with that of Bacon, Locke, Newton, Boyle, Euler, Addison, Milton, Grotius, Butler, and a thousand kindred spirits, who have bestowed science, religion and morality, on millions of our race, fully prove that talent and learning, with religion and morality, are the choicest blessings; without these they are the most grievous curses to the individual and to society.

Nature and Education.

I THINK that as in bodies some are more strong and better able to bear fatigue than others; even so among minds may be observed the same difference; some of them by nature endowed with more fortitude are able to face danger with greater resolution. For we may observe that all who live under the laws and follow the same customs are not equally valiant. Nevertheless I doubt not but education and instruction may give strength to that gift nature has bestowed on us. The same difference is likewise observable in every other instance; and so far as any man exceedeth another in natural endowments, so may he proportionably, by exercise or meditation, make a swifter progress towards perfection. From whence it follows, that not only the man to whom nature hath been less kind, but likewise he whom she hath endowed most liberally, ought constantly to apply himself with care and assiduity, to whatsoever it may be he wishes to excel in.—*Socrates in Xenophon.*

FASHION.

"LOVELINESS needs not the aid of foreign ornament, but is, when unadorned adorned the most." No heathen god or goddess ever had more zealous devotees than *Fashion*, or a more absurd or humiliating ritual, or more mortifying and cruel penances. Her laws, like those of the Medes and Persians, must be implicitly obeyed; but unlike them, change as certainly as the moon. They are rarely founded in reason—usually violate common sense; sometimes common decency, and uniformly common comfort.

Fashion, unlike custom, never looks at the past as a precedent for the future or present. She imposes unanticipated burdens, without regard to the strength or means of her hoodwinked followers; cheating them out of time, fortune, and happiness—repaying them with the consolation of being ridiculed by the wise; endangering health, and wasting means—a kind of remuneration rather paradoxical, but most graciously received.

Seemblance and shadows are among her attributes. It is of more importance for her worshippers to appear happy than to be so. She makes folly originator and conductor of ceremonies; the routine of which must be rigidly adhered to, until the fickle goddess shakes her kaleidoscope again—and then, O my! what a bustle and scampering to obey the mandate: it could not be eclipsed by ten score of rats, should ferret, weasel, and puss all pounce upon them at once. The least murmuring or halting on the part of the recusant, is punished with instant excommunication from the fashionable community.

If she requires oblations from the four quarters of the globe, they must be had, though wealth, health, and happiness are the price. If she fancies comparative nakedness for winter, or five thickness of woolen for dog-days—she speaks, and it is done. If she orders the purple current of life, and the organs of respiration to be retarded by steel, whalebone, buckram, and cords—it is done. If she orders a bag full of notions on the back; a Chinese shoe on the foot; a short cut; a mail; a balloon sleeve, or no sleeve at all; a bonnet like an eastern grain fan, or a fool's cap for the head, she is obsequiously obeyed. If she orders her male subjects to put on boots too short or too long, by two inches, for the foot; with toes square, round, or acute angled—to play the coxcomb; with chains dangling; rattan flourishing, and carlocks streaming in the breeze, they are quite as tractable and docile as the feminine exquisites.

Fashion taxes without reason, and collects without mercy. She first infatuates the court and aristocracy, and then ridicules the poor if they do not follow in the wake. This was exemplified in the reign of Richard III, who was hump-backed. Monkey like, his court, at the dictum of fashion, all mounted a bustle on their backs, and as this was not an expensive adjunct, the whole nation became hump-backed—emphatically a crooked generation—from the peasant to the king, all were humped.

If this tyrannical goddess would be content with seducing the rich from the path of common sense for a short time, and would leave them something for old age, when she can no longer receive their adulations, she might have some claims to generosity; but no, she pursues them until death; searching the cellar and the garret, the cottage and the hovel, for victims.

Not only the vain and the giddy, the thoughtless and the rattle-brained dance attendance upon her, but more or less from all classes, at least, pay tithes into the treasury of this brazen-faced goddess.

GRACE.

ADVANTAGES OF THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite. The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers, disclosed to the well-informed mind, present attractions, which, unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures; and thus, in the end, a standard of character is created in the community, which, though it does not invariably save each individual, protects the virtue of the mass.—*Everett's Essay.*

The Duty and Reward of Original Thinking.

BY PROFESSOR G. W. EATON.

THE principle by which mind acts on mind is mysterious and inexplicable. The fact is obvious, that the world is ruled by mental power. There are intellectual as well as physical forces. A strong mind when encountering a weaker, will as naturally move it, as a strong force in the material world will overcome a weaker. It is an old adage, passed into an unquestioned axiom, that "knowledge is power." This is but a partial and imperfect expression of a great truth. Knowledge is not power, unless wielded by an intelligent agent, who knows how to use and apply it. A man may have stuffed into his head all the contents of the Bodleian library, and his memory may be the treasure-house of all the facts in science; and yet comparatively a weak man, who may pass through the world and die without permanently influencing or changing the course of any individual. A mere acquaintance with facts, however extensive, does not give power. It is the comprehension of principles, and the ability to apply them in the varied circumstances in which he may be placed, which makes a strong man intellectually. Now a principle cannot be apprehended, much less can it be comprehended without thought. We may confidently assert then, that mental power is generated by hard thinking only; and he alone possesses it who has been accustomed to bring the powers of his understanding to bear with such intensity of heat upon the subjects submitted to their action, as either to dissipate them in thin air, if they are intrinsically worthless, or to fuse them and remould them into forms better suited to his purpose. Such a man will be strong in himself, his power over others irresistible. *Sibi ipsi stat.* While resisting or modifying all influences however mighty and sweeping, coming in upon him from abroad, he sends out a strong and modifying influence over the excited elements raging around him. He is himself an original source of influence. He stands firmly fixed upon the adamantine rock of his own clear convictions, against which the turbulent waves of human opinion dash harmlessly, and break, and foam, and retire. But from this immovable stand he utters a voice which the elements hear and obey. Such a man, with respect to other men, is neither planetary nor reflective, but fixed and self-luminous. He pours a light abroad from the living fountains of his own intelligence. Who does not envy power like this? It is truly the only power worth desiring or possessing. What true dignity and sublimity encircles the brow of the mighty ruler of mind! Olympian Jove, shaking the material heavens and earth with his nod, and hurling his thunders upon the aghast and discomfited giants, does not "with half that kindly majesty dilate our strong conception," as a simple man, with no outward ensigns of authority swaying to and fro a vast multitude of intelligent minds by the breath of his lofty eloquence, and demolishing the citadels of error by the might of his irresistible logic.

For the Calliopean.

A Geographical Enigma.

BY ANDER.

I am composed of thirteen letters :

- My 12 2 5 is a Lake in British America.
- My 7 4 11 is a Cape in the United States.
- My 1 2 6 5 is a Lake in Buenos Ayres.
- My 3 12 7 is a Town in Peru.
- My 8 13 5 5 13 9 is a Lake in Sweden.
- My 6 13 4 2 is a river in Siberia.
- My 7 7 9 is a Town in Scotland.
- My 5 2 9 4 2 is a Town in Sweden.
- My 1 7 11 2 is a Town in Arabia.
- My 11 3 6 10 is a River in Africa.
- My 8 2 17 is a Town in Finland.
- My 5 3 13 5 10 is a River in the south of Brazil.
- My 6 2 11 7 is a part of the Chinese Empire.
- My whole is a River in North America.

Answer to the Enigma in our last—ERATHERINOSLA W.

Education,—What is it?

WE stated in a former number of this journal, that a right education of the young is the most effectual instrument of a thorough and permanent reform in society. But let no one take too limited a view of what is meant by the phrase, "a right education." By the expression we do not mean simply that instruction and discipline which children receive at school. We do not mean a knowledge merely of the arts and sciences, the instructions to be derived from the study of books. To educate a child is to draw out, to develop, and to direct his faculties. A right education is the right development, and the right direction of his powers. But the child's powers are various and manifold. He has appetites and passions pertaining to the body; faculties and capacities which we call intellectual; he has also moral and religious susceptibilities and powers. Thus complex is human nature. The body, the mind, the soul, these constitute the man. The body must be so trained as to secure its full growth, and the vigorous and healthy action of all its parts and functions. The powers of the mind must be cultivated in a way to secure their fullest development and their noblest action. The moral sentiments and the religious susceptibilities must have that culture which christianity prescribes. The inferior part of man's nature must be under the control of his superior powers,—his reason and his conscience—and his whole nature, body, mind, heart, must be in subjection to the will and laws of his Maker. This is in brief, general terms what we understand by a right education; and this is to be secured, not simply by the schools which our children attend, but by every means which a benevolent Father has provided for the purpose.

Be kind to the Old.

O, BE kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous and unreasonable? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them—rebuke them not, for, doubtless, many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and, perchance, their dispositions, while in the "spring time of life," were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that now thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thine hand; lest, when age has set its seal upon thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, there may be found those who will wait upon thee unwillingly, and who will feel relieved when the coffin lid has covered thy face forever.

The old must soon pass from this to another world. Is it a world of bliss? Then, though they have much to cheer them through the remnant of their earthly existence, be kind, very kind, to them, for they have many sorrows to endure, before they seek the abodes of happiness; they have yet to pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." Is it a world of wo to which they are hastening? have they no hope of Heaven? then be doubly cautious how thou addest a single drop to a cup already full; for surely they have enough to bear, if their prospects for both time and eternity are shrouded in gloom.

GENIUS.

HE is not the greatest man, who, with a giant intellect, can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul, must have a calm, sympathising heart. It is this which vibrates through the human heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are with common humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews, they descend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway the multitude and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.

Our Library.

No. 15.

"The Obligations of the World to the Bible. By Gardiner Spring, D.D.

The great obligations of the world to the Bible are here displayed with a masterly hand, in a series of Lectures originally delivered to the young men of New York, by the author, a Presbyterian minister of that place. The indebtedness of literature, legislative science, liberty civil and religious, and society generally to the Sacred Writings, is proved by the most powerful arguments, which are accompanied by happy illustrations, and a style of great eloquence and beauty.

No. 16.

"Corinne on P'talie, par Mme. La Baronne De Staël."

This work, perhaps the most celebrated, which Madame de Staël has written, though placed in the form of a novel, should rather be considered as a description of Italy. Possessed of a glowing imagination, and well versed in the history and literature of the country, she has excelled every traveler in Italy in the irresistibly charm, which she has cast around the scenes of this most interesting of all countries. Especially is she at home amid the time-hallowed ruins of Rome, throwing out her brilliant thoughts among them, like so many jewels. We give the following translation of her description of St. Peter's, which, however, will convey but an imperfect idea of the strength and beauty of the original:—

"THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AT ROME.—The Church of St. Peter then appeared to their view, the grandest structure which the hands of man have ever reared; for the pyramids of Egypt themselves are inferior in height. I ought, perhaps, said Corinne, to have shown you the finest of our edifices last; but that is not my system. It seems to me, that to render one susceptible of the charm of the fine arts, it is necessary to commence by viewing those objects which inspire a lively and profound admiration. This sentiment, once experienced, reveals, so to speak, a new sphere of ideas, and renders us henceforward more capable of admiring and judging of that which awakens, though in an inferior degree, the first impressions which we have received. All these gradations, these careful attempts to produce a great effect, are contrary to my taste. We do not attain the sublime by degrees, there is an infinite distance between it, and even that which is beautiful.

Oswald felt an emotion altogether extraordinary on arriving in front of St. Peter's. It was the first time that the work of man had produced upon him the effect of one of the marvels of nature. It is the only achievement of art upon the earth which possesses the same kind of grandeur which characterises the immediate works of creation. Corinne enjoyed the astonishment of Oswald. I have chosen, said she to him, a day in which the sun is shining in all its eclat, to show you this magnificent structure. I have in reserve for you a pleasure more deep, more sacred—that of contemplating it by the light of the moon; but it was necessary, first for you to be present at the most brilliant of our fetes, the genius of man decorated by the magnificence of nature.

The place in front of St. Peter's is encircled by columns, which appear light in the distance, but massive when near. The earth, which makes a gradual ascent to the portico of the church, adds still more to the effect which it produces. An obelisk of eighty feet in height, which appears insignificant in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's, stands in the middle of the place. The simple form of obelisks itself, has something in it which attracts the imagination; their summit loses itself in the air, and seems, as it were, to carry up to heaven a great thought of man. This monument, which came from Egypt to ornament the baths of Caligula, and which Sextus V. afterwards caused to be transported to the foot of the temple of St. Peter; this contemporary of so many ages, which have not been able to waste it away, inspires a sentiment of respect; man feels himself so

transitory, that he is over touched with emotion in presence of that which is unchangeable. At a little distance on each side of the obelisk, rise up two fountains, whose waters perpetually leap into the air, and fall down in luxuriant cascades. This murmur of waters, which we are accustomed to hear only in the country, produces in this enclosure a sensation entirely new; but this sensation is in harmony with that which is awakened by the aspect of a majestic temple.

Painting and sculpture, imitating most commonly the human figure, or some object existing in nature, reveal to our minds ideas perfectly clear and positive; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not, so to speak, any determinate expression; we are seized, in contemplating it, with that kind of reverie, without any limit or object, which bears away the thought to such an infinite distance. The noise of the waters contributes still more to these impressions so vague and profound.

"Eternal movement and eternal repose,"

are thus brought to combine with each other. It is in this place, above all others, that time has no power; it cannot dry up these jetting fountains, any more than it can shatter these immovable stones. The waters which leap up like a sheaf into the air, are so light and so mist-like, that in a fine day, the rays of the sun produce little rainbows, formed of the most beautiful colors.

Pause here a moment, said Corinne to Oswald, as he already stood within the portico of the church; pause before lifting aside the curtain which covers the entrance of the temple. Does not your heart beat on approaching this sanctuary? Do you not feel, at the moment of entering, all that can awaken the expectation of a solemn event? They advanced into the temple; and the impression which they received under these immense arches, was so profound and so sacred, as to banish from their minds every other thought. Every thing here commands silence; the least sound is echoed so far, that no words seem worthy of being thus repeated in an edifice almost eternal! Prayer alone, the accent of misfortune, proceeding from some feeble voice, sends its low sound through these huge vaults. And when, under these immense domes, we hear an old man approaching from afar, whose trembling steps lead him along over these beautiful marbles, watered with so many tears, we feel that man is rendered more venerable by that very infirmity of his nature, which subjects his divine spirit to so many sufferings, and that christianity, the religion of grief, contains the true secret of the sojourn of man upon the earth.

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE WINTER SESSION, will commence on THURSDAY, the FIFTH day of OCTOBER, 1848.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments.

For full information, attention is invited to the Academy Circular, which may be obtained on application to the Principal.

The Academy Building is situated in a pleasant part of the city, and in all its arrangements and furniture, has been fitted up with special reference to the health, comfort and convenience of the pupils.

The Principal invites Ladies and Gentlemen from abroad, at their convenience, to visit the Institution.

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

Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

Principal.

The Calliopean is Published on the 9th and 24th of each month, by PETER RUTHER, James Street, Hamilton.

TERMS—One Dollar a year; in all cases payable in advance. Six copies will be sent for Five Dollars; or any one forwarding the names of five subscribers, with the money, free of postage, will receive a copy gratis.

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

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