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THE CALLOPEAN



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C.W, Tuesday, November 23, 1847.

Number 1.

For the Callopean.

Apostrophe to Genius.

What bends not, high-souled conquering Genius, to
Thy sway? Thou hold'st the world itself in awe,
And tramplest on its pride. Where common minds
In vain attempt to soar, and care-worn sink
In hopeless anguish; thou, on pinions swift,
Dost cut the empyrean, and dost seem
To rest in quiet ease, 'mid heights undreamt.
Creation's works, thy friends, thy kindred are.
Yon rolling orbs, that sweep, in awful majesty,
The boundless realms of space; thine equals, thou
Dost scarcely deem. In converse sweet, thou whill'st
The hours away, communing with the roar
Of groaning thunders; and the lightning's flash,
In other minds exciting terror grim,
And fierce dismay—in thee awakens calm
Delight. Then, when thy journeyings o'er,
Amid the awful and sublime above,
Thou turn'st, and gliding smoothly down
On Fancy's airy pinion, revelest deep
Among the darksome bowels of the earth;
And deeper, deeper still, where Titan and
Fell spirits are ingulphed in midnight gloom.
Before thine eagle gaze, earth's beauties and
Sublimities—man's passions, hopes, and fears,
All open lie. Thou twirlest them,
As blighted weeds, scarce worth a care; then smil'st
To see the wreck thou'st made. And when thy spirit's chords
Are touched, oh! soul-entrapturing vibrations!
Forth the wild enchanting numbers flow,
With all the phrensy of poetic fire,
Now making life's warm pulse beat high with mad
Excitement,—now the troubled spirit
Lulling down to sweet repose.

Thousands have sighed
For thee—breathed out their lives in useless longings—
Yet thou heed'st them not. Yes! silver, kingdoms, life
Itself, have all been offered for thy smile;
But even these thou turnest from, with injured
Dignity; as though too small a gift
To be devoted on thy shrine. But thou,
Mad mortal, askest thou for Genius?
Thou knowest not for what thou'askest.
Look! would'st thou behold his victims—look

Amid the regions of the damned—the pit
Of fathomless perdition—see, while
The avenging fires their very vitals gnaw!
Ha! listen! dost thou hear those words—as wild
And piercing—they resound from vault to vault
Of deepest hell?—" 'Twas Genius brought me here—
Roused my ambition—fanned my pride!" But there!
A louder and more hideous voice. Ah! 'tis
The Sceptic's. Bitterly the demon mourns
The hour, when, flattered by the smiles of Genius,
He, his reason dared oppose to God
Omnipotent, and dared arraign himself
Against the shafts of slighted justice. Proud,
Conceited fool! What now avails thee? Closed
Forever is the door of hope. These, then,
Oh Genius! are thy fruits. Ah! well thou might'st
Turn pale and look abashed. For what art thou
Without a guide? A mariner without
A helm. (No, Genius! thou, alone, canst
Never fill the cravings of the immortal mind.
Thy lofty gifts can never quench the spirit's
Eager thirst for happiness. Consume
It may, for wholesome food, with which
To satisfy its wants; but thou canst
Never give content.) That guide is Piety.
She can alone direct thy erring steps,
And give thy soul expanded views
Of Nature and of God. No longer does
Thy spirit wither then; for thou art fed
On radiant hopes, that thy Deliverer yet
Will burst earth's fetters, and thou'lt live
Where, Genius, thou wert born to live—among
The regions of ethereal light.

EDITH.

EDUCATION.

For the Callopean.

This term is so often misapplied, and so comprehensive in its true meaning, as to require some consideration before attempting a correct definition. In the common acceptation, it regards the development and training of the intellect only, without reference to any other portion of our nature. Now, if the mind alone were capable of improvement by culture, this application of the term would be just and accurate; but while we are possessed of bodily frames, of feelings and affections, susceptible of education—which by their bias stamp the character as good

or evil, should not these also come within its range. Much has been said and sung of mind—"mighty mind"—and yet its powers have not been over-rated, nor its beauty and sublimity too highly extolled. But it has been considered too much as an abstraction, as if forming the whole man; whereas, so far from this being the case, it is not even the ruling principle.—The intellect may be so enlightened as to see and approve the right, yet if the affections and will are bent in a contrary direction, the conduct will be wrong. It is well known that when the passions are strong, have been long used to command, and are abetted by early habits, they will not quietly yield the reins into the hands of reason; nor indeed will any agency bring them into submission, except the power of grace divine. Vainly do men talk and atheists rave of the Goddess Reason; the very people who boast most loudly of her potent influence are usually found to be under the control of prejudiced inclinations, while denominating their favorite notions by the name of their fancied deity. Again, man is very much under the dominion of habit; it is indeed a kind of second nature to regard objects and perform actions, as we have been long accustomed. Hence it requires more than ordinary force of character to break the spell of fixed habits, by pursuing another and contrary course. On this point no argument can be more conclusive than to look upon the world around and ask of our own hearts, whether, soon as the intellect perceives her error, in which we have been wont to indulge, our affections and habits at once coincide with reason to set the matter right. Is it thus? Is nothing necessary in order to the performance of all good, but a knowledge of it in contradistinction to evil? The answer all may supply—it is too plain to be mistaken. Then, as the affections, the desires of the heart, and the customs of early years hold such dominion over the soul, would it not be very desirable to pre-engage them on the side of virtue and truth?

Here let no one think that it is intended to intimate that education should, or could, take the place of religion—that in its best, most extended sense, it could "form a soul averse to sin;" but it would tend greatly to alleviate the miseries of mankind, as well as beautify and polish the christian character—to bring the passions, even from infancy, under the scrutiny, and as far as possible in subjection to reason—to form habits, which in after years will not be troublesome, nor forever at variance with moral light and christian principles.

It is also acknowledged that the feelings and propensities of the heart are earlier developed than the mental faculties; that often tempers and appetites, adverse to righteousness, have fixed themselves upon the soul, before the mind is to any considerable degree expanded or enlightened.

This view of the subject shows parents and teachers in a different light from that in which they are too commonly viewed. It represents them as having in their hands the power to mould the rising generation into men, who shall be not only wise, but upright and virtuous. It shows, too, the folly and mistake of supposing that children may grow up at random—may be placed at any school, amidst any associates—form what habits they please—come in contact with what evil companions or prejudices they may—and yet all these wrongs shall be righted by the influence of enlightened reason, or, in plain language, by giving them an opportunity of learning a few sciences. Oh, miserable delusion! and yet how many are even now suffering from its consequences!

With reference to women, it is particularly desirable that the heart be cultivated, that her warm affections be directed in the right channel, and that her tender sympathies be enlisted in behalf of worthy objects; which can be accomplished, not by blind chance, but only through the means of PROPER AND THOROUGH EDUCATION. IDA.

MUSIC.

For the Calliopean.

In this age of Music and Musical mania, it is hardly safe for any one to say he has no taste for song; as he would certainly incur the risk of being regarded a fool, or madman. Indeed with such enthusiasm is the "divine art" hailed, that a musical amateur of

moderate pretensions, obtains ready access to any circle he may choose to enter. Whole families leave the domestic hearth and range the country, not for the purpose of imparting instruction in the science, but to make gain and get fame, in a way at once easy and popular. Numbers attach themselves to the travelling circus or theatre, thus strengthening the charm and increasing the infatuation which draw multitudes within their pernicious influence.

Young ladies are taught to consider their taste and attainments in music, as the measure of their education; in fact, that if they can perform well on the piano or harp, they are fitted for society, although their other qualifications are insignificant and the intellect entirely neglected. In conversing with a young friend on this subject, she became so enthusiastic as to tell me that if I did not appreciate music, she was sure I could never enjoy heaven, as, in her opinion, that blessed place will be one grand concert, or musical convention. Now, despite fashion and popular feeling, I dare profess I could be happy—could feel my nerves thrill with pleasure, although entirely deprived of music, in the common acceptance of the term. Far be it from me to depreciate the "power of song," when it lends "wings to devotion," or enters the domestic and social circle as a softening, refining influence. There let it be cultivated—there improved; but if to be fond of music, implies that one shall take no pleasure in any company, until somebody takes a seat at the instrument, and immediately lose all interest in any other topic when this is mentioned, then am I no fellow devotee, oh! ye enchanted sons and daughters of melody! Yet, think not because a spirit renders no homage to a duet on a piano, or song in a crowded saloon, that it hath never felt the soothing charm of harmony. There are times when a plaintive air or bold strain, moves me irresistably: but there is music of more subduing power, which comes into my heart—sweeps over its strings and vibrates on its chords, until my soul is lost, wrapped, mingled in its influence. It came in the wind that whispered through the opening leaves of Spring—it comes in the mournful, fitful breeze of Autumn, as it shakes my casement now, and I heard it when a lone school girl I stood by the side of rushing waters, rejoicing in their strength, and heeding not the vanity or pomp of man.—Yea, ten thousand times have I heard its voice, and passion was hushed to repose, while my spirit drank in "the mystic tone"—knew well the notes, and sent out from its inmost recesses a deep responsive chorus. Aye, and amid the stillness of the night, when the glorious heavens above seemed to exclaim, "Behold the workmanship of the great Jehovah!" and earth, smiling in beauty, to repeat, "Behold!" have I in breathless silence fancied that I heard the music of the spheres.

Oh! yes! there will be music in heaven! yet not the paltry sounds of which panegyrists rave; but music in which the lofty soul-expanding feelings of sublimity, love and adoration, shall, commingled, pour out themselves in one overwhelming burst of "Glory, honor, praise and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever." IDA.

The Origin of Modern Lawyers. For the Calliopean.

It was not till after the darkness of the Middle Ages had commenced to disappear from the face of Europe, that the practice of Law began to be established. During the whole of this period, the Military profession was the only one to which the talented and great could resort for distinction and fame; and the genius of the age being thus turned into one channel, it is no wonder it should have been a time of unwonted chivalry and daring. Even the dignified ecclesiastics, unmindful of their high calling, burned only to distinguish themselves in the field of battle, and, despising the peaceful science of theology, thought only of studying the martial accomplishments of war. The circumstances which gave a different direction to the exercise of talent, were seemingly of little importance at first, and afford a singular example of the revolutions which are often effected by trifles. The profession of law, in modern times, seems to have taken its origin from the discovery of a single manuscript in Italy. It was in the year 1137, that a copy of Justinian's Pandects, or Code of Laws, was accidentally discovered in the

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

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

A. B.

For the Calliopean.
Horrors of Composition Writing.

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

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

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

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

Manvers, he started back involuntarily, and exclaimed, "What! these elegantly expressed sentiments, the production of Caroline Manvers' pen! Impossible! Why, a year ago, I never saw a more miserable composer." "Indeed! Well, now I do remember hearing it rumored, that, after her uncle returned home, he found her education had been very much neglected, and gave her a severe reprimand; but that subsequently, like a good girl, she set about making amends for her lost opportunity; and with the assistance of her uncle, improved very fast. However, as I have been acquainted with her but a few months, I could not judge of its truth. As she was leaving the village for a short time, I requested her to write—she has complied, and this, you see, is the letter." On her return home, William Jamieson solicited a renewal of their acquaintance, which soon resulted in a happy forgetfulness of the painful circumstances which caused their former separation."

"Leonora, you have related a sad example, sure enough, of the evil of negligence and procrastination; and all the lectures I ever heard, never so fully showed me the necessity of being able to compose. There's no time now, but you'll see next week I'll have a composition of my own, though it should be the most horrible scrawl ever written. Do you think I shall ever be able to compose even tolerably, Leonora? I fear it's a hopeless case." "Not at all, Maria—why, what's to prevent? You have as good abilities as the rest of us. I think the reason why you don't succeed is, that you try so many subjects, and read so many books, you become bewildered and fatigued. Now, if you would fix upon a subject, and not allow yourself to think on any other, I'm sure you'd soon succeed.—But there goes the bell, so now you must tell the teacher your good resolutions, and I am sure she will be satisfied. EDITH.

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none, in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none, to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.—There is no such thing, as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection, for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof, for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fire-side. She is his morning sun-light, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, comes to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then, what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh! how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps: that they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as unutilful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness, do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.—*J. G. Palfret.*

Study of Nature.

For the Calliopean.

WHAT a noble Architect is He, who planned and framed this universe! Cold and contracted must be the mind that can look abroad and survey the works and wonders of creation—beholding the order and beauty of the earth and heavens, and say, "There is no God." "Alike in the painted pebble and the painted flower; in the volcano and in the corn field; in the wild winter storm and in the soft summer moonlight," we trace the existence of a great First Cause, and discover everywhere the marks of a Supreme intelligence.

With what order all the heavenly bodies revolve, always completing their orbital course at the very second prescribed: the two great forces under whose influence they move exactly balancing each other; and notwithstanding their number, and the variety of their movements, they have never been known to interrupt or obstruct one another.

What perfect order characterises the succession of day and night, and the return of the seasons. All the heavenly bodies have observed, until the present, the order and motions assigned them at the beginning.

In the form of our Earth we read benevolent design. What other shape would so well have subserved the happiness and wants of its inhabitants?

Light and heat, the most important elements of life and comfort, are, in consequence of the Earth's rotundity, distributed with uniformity. It also ensures the alternation of the seasons, the succession of day and night, and the regular return of seed time and harvest.

The degrees of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, are, by the spherical form of the Earth, rendered constant and regular. In the most minute works of creation, as well as in the most majestic, we discover marks of divine intelligence and love.—Myriads of living beings, too small to be seen with the naked eye, exist in the earth and water, which exhibit to microscopic view the most perfect organization, all their functions and movements being regulated by fixed and unvariable laws. "The structure of a fly is as curious as that of an elephant—that of a single blade of grass, as that of the largest oak—the formation of a grain of sand is as wonderful as that of a mountain."

If we direct our attention to the laws of the inorganic world, we see the same wisdom and benevolent design. The same power that retains the earth and planets in their orbits, keeps bodies on the surface of the earth. What endlessly diversified plants and flowers exist, in all the variety of odor, color, taste, and medicinal properties—owing to the different proportions in which a few simple elements are combined. Thus, at every step, we see multiplied evidences of a Great Author—reason contests the palm with fancy, and science follows to unravel the mysteries of creation. Mind must be united with sense—for it is not the eye alone that takes in the beauties of nature—not the ear that drinks her sweet harmonies—but the soul's conception which inspires the enthusiastic admiration; and the more elevated and enlarged the faculties of the soul, the more refined will be its enjoyments. That vagueness of interest—that undefined satisfaction with which the admirer of the merely material beauties, looks on the sublime and picturesque, is to him who regards their spiritual emanation, increased to an inexpressible felicity—he revels in a rapture of delight. The dewy morn, the silent eve, the glowing mid-day—

"The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
And all that echoes to the song of even—
All that the mountain's shel'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven".—

include not only his pleasure, but his awe and wonder.

"Look round the world! behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above—
See plastic nature working to this end—
Atoms to atoms, dust to crystals tend.
See dying vegetables life sustain—
See life dissolving, vegetate again.
All served, all serving, nothing stands alone—
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown." BERTHA.

Autumnal Musings.

For the Callopean.

"We are as clouds, that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Stroaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever."—

And the harp-strings of him, who thus sung, long since broken by the fierce storm-spirit, amid the waves of Lerici, have ceased for ever to vibrate! and the hand, that swept them, yes, the hand of Shelly,—and the heart, that beat in bold defiance of all that is sacred, pure, and holy, reduced by cremation to their native dust, lie mingled with the Italian clod.

What thoughts rush upon the mind, strange and mysterious thoughts! as in imagination we wander up the stream of time, and mark the scattered wrecks of ages gone. In contemplating the revolutions of the mighty past,—the rise and spread, the waning glory and the fall of empires and kingdoms,—the kings, heroes, statesmen, orators, poets, and philosophers, who, in different ages have figured largely on life's stage, but who now lie mouldering in the dust, the mind is bewildered, and we involuntarily exclaim with him, who shone in all the conceivable splendor of this world's greatness, and who drank most deeply from all the fountains of this world's happiness,—“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.”

In imagination we wander through Babylon, the mighty Babylon! we stand upon the banks of the gently gliding Euphrates;—we gaze upon her lofty walls, her temples rising to the clouds, her gorgeous palaces, and aerial gardens; and while we are still admiring and wondering, the proud, the majestic Persian comes;—and “Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, is as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.” And now, where all was magnificence, revelry, conscious security and joy, the wild beasts of the desert prowl; there dismal solitude and silence reign unbroken, save by the tiger's growl, the serpent's hiss, or the night-bird's hideous scream. Where now is Athens, with her temples and palaces? Where now is that pyramid of empires, the brightest name on the page of glory,—colossal Rome, in all her splendor, with her eternal hills? Gone!—levelled in the dust of things that were. Oh time! time! thy changes are as rapid as they are appalling. We weep with bitterness o'er the ruins of the past, the mighty past! We see kings hurled from their tottering thrones; nations plunged into disorder and wild commotion; proud empires struggling to retain their falling state, till overcome, they sink; again they rise and flourish, and again they sink to rise no more.

There is something awfully impressive in the rapid and perpetual flow of time, a something that fills us with an indefinite and mysterious dread; that awakens feelings sad and mournful,—a something that excites a superstitious fear and gloomy presentiment of the future, as “viewless music from a harp, with none to wake its strings.” We feel the darkness, before a single cloud denotes its presence. The wild winds sigh through the light foliage, like the low moanings of an infant, and then are heard no more. The lonely heart grows lonelier still, when it recalls happy days that are past, like the memory of soft, rich, and plaintive music. To eternity the stream is ever tending, like a river to the ocean. Individuals, families, and nations float upon its surface, and are borne away and lost in that absorbing gulf, whose dimensions no eye can measure, and upon whose misty surface no wreck is seen. Nothing here is stable, nothing permanent! Every moment is fraught with changes. Society continues only by succession. Myriads every moment are leaving the theatre to make room for others. The relation of parent and child, of brother and sister, of pupil and teacher, are, with reference to individuals, constantly broken. In imagination we hear farewell! farewell! as it comes faltering from a hundred quivering lips. Farewell! farewell! is echoed from vale to vale, and wasted from pole to pole. Now, a thousand hands are firmly grasped—the wave dashes on—they are unclasped—a billow intervenes—and all are gone. Methinks I feel communicated to the elastic air, the strong impulsions of innumerable throbbing hearts. I see individuals and families to-day, revelling in all the joyousness of unclouded prosperity; reckless of the future; without one thought of care;—to-morrow

a sad, a fearful “change comes o'er the spirit of their dreams;” I see them in poverty and wretchedness—their spirits broken and subdued. “Oh earth! thy wings are ever spread, thy flattered votaries to clude and foil!” yes, thy own perpetual changes are but the heraldic bearings of thy own dissolution. Thy fading foliage, thy withered flowers, thy barren trees, the crashing sound of thy fallen leaves beneath our feet, thy transitory gleams of sunshine, thy equinoctial blasts levelling the proudest monuments of the forest, all remind us, that we ourselves are but the fleeting beings of an hour, and warn us to prepare for the coming winter of death. How fruitless then, our wild yearnings, our unreasonable wishes. Let us calm ourselves—let us abandon our wild tumultuous passions, our eager longings after unreal and treacherous pleasures; let us prepare for that eternity to which we are hastening. For us a shroud is weaving; for us the bed of death is spread; all things are ready, all impatient for our departure; the yearning grave waits to receive us—opens its friendly bosom as a resting place for the weary, and the measured chime of the solemn church bell will soon have tolled our funeral knell.

MARTHA.

For the Callopean.

Fanny Ellsler, or Modern Idolatry.

This celebrated *danseuse*, who has electrified the minds, and loosed the purse-strings of the *élite* of two worlds, may not improperly be styled the Salome of the present age. Voluptuous in gesture and clothed with fascinating graces, she has infused into her crowded assemblies the same sensual intoxication, which reigned in the halls of the Tetrarch of Galilee, when the daughter of Herodias danced in his presence.

We look with detestation and horror on the king, who could sacrifice the man of God to a promise unbinding, because its fulfilment was unlawful; but who would venture to assert, that our modern votaries of pleasure would not, at the bidding of the enchantress, in the moment of excitement, give the fatal word for the same crime. if it lay in their power? True, Fanny has not robbed her followers of half their possessions; but is it nothing, that she has borne away her millions from the shores of America itself, and that too, from a people who subsist by their industry alone? Is it nothing, that the press is everywhere teeming with a “new Herodias' inspiration,” that society is corrupted by a licentiousness, as concealed as it is deadly?

Methinks a stronger argument against the evils of dancing can scarcely be found, than in the plain, unvarnished history of the banquet of Herod, and the dreadful catastrophe, which followed. It may indeed be said, that it may not be carried so far; that it need only be used as a graceful exercise, or an innocent amusement. Ulysses did not reason thus, when, passing the island of the Syrens, he had himself bound to the mast of his vessel, that he might not have even the power of yielding to the melody of the charmers. Let but one step be taken in the path to the ball-room; let the spirit of Terpsichore and Venus but once seize hold on its victim, and the presumption is strong, that she will ever after be nothing but the conceited and frivolous idol of the drawing-room abroad, and the fretful and discontented housewife at home. And does not the unparalleled popularity of Fanny Ellsler alone afford a convincing evidence of the wide-spread diffusion of this spirit? Yes! dark is the inscription, which must be placed on the foremost page of the history of our times, “that such individuals as Fanny Ellsler and Jenny Lind, formed the central point, around which revolved both the enlightened and the unenlightened world.” The pages of invention and literature may shine with surpassing lustre, but they will serve only by contrast to fix deeper the stain, stuck, by the fact referred to, upon the present age.

The Ancients, and the Pagans of modern times worshipped idols, the work of their own hands, but only as representations of beings invisible. Even when the infuriated rabble, amid the horrors of the French Revolution, did reverence to a being in human form, it was only to personate the Goddess of Reason. But in our times, idolatry is actually committed with the full adoration of the heart, if not with the homage of the knee.

JUNIA.

The Study of Poetry.

For the Calliopean.

THE present age is distinguished by the eminently "practical" character of its business and studies. In this respect, it claims, and deserves superiority over other times; notwithstanding that the spirit of modern enterprise is open to the charge of having a grovelling tendency. Indeed this is too obvious to be denied. It is evinced in the utilitarian standard to which every employment and action is referred, and the depreciation of pursuits of an opposite kind.

Chiefly, with a view to human wants and gratification, Inductive Philosophy continues to trace the limits beyond which scientific investigation may not advance. Things visible and comprehensible engage attention, whilst unseen and graspless influences are comparatively rejected as equally unsearchable and unimportant.

This practical tendency might be expected to produce a very manifest effect upon the estimate of such sentiments as Religion and Poetry, the sources of which cannot be traced nor investigated; but lie profoundly concealed in a region of mystery far beyond the reach of human intelligence, and to be dimly perceived only by the eye of faith or inspiration.

In our times, Ethics are becoming substituted for one of these, and criticism for the other. Admiration for piety and genius may not have abated apparently; but the proper spirit to appreciate them, no longer prevails. Casting a glance at the study and nature of poetry, we esteem it a consideration of great importance, that we trace, at least, an analogy between its subject and Religion, and consequently between the emotions they excite.

It is true that all are not poets, who assert the claim to be so called. Without attempting to decide what constitutes poetic genius, it may be assumed that every individual of mankind possess some trace of this high endowment.

The soul is conscious of a mysterious communion with the objects of external nature—its beauty and sublimity stir emotions deep and unutterable—the associations of certain places and scenes come home to our feelings with a strange intensity—the conviction can scarcely be resisted of the presence of a spirit kindred to ours, and holding intercourse with it. It is the spirit of poetry that produces these inexplicable impressions, which the bard perceives and embodies, and which nourish and sustain our tenderest affections and sublimest emotions. Patriotism itself, belongs rather to the combinations of art and nature, than to the mind—it is engendered by the poetry of one's native land, that murmurs in its woods and waters, and clings around its grave stones and altars. The poetry of every land is peculiar; for it is the spirit of its scenery and the genius of its people. The bard, by a high intuition, has a far deeper insight of the nature of things than ordinary men; he feels the elements a part of his being; he invokes the secret influence, whose all pervading presence makes man and nature kindred. No matter where or in what eye, his soul is the concentration of what was in and around him—the works of Homer and Virgil are truly their *remains*. These are all that is imperishable of the heroism of their respective ages, and the sublimity of their genius, with the grandeur of scenery unutterably glorious and the splendor of skies forever effulgent.

It is probable that the holy seers of prophecy, were endowed with a high degree of the same inspiration that has prompted poets of all ages. The sublime revelations of sacred writ afford the grandest subjects, alike for faith and poetry. No doubt, if the noble author of *Manfred* had participated in that divine principle, which "is the substance of things not seen," and had experienced its glorious hopes, his strains would have emulated the holy psalmody of Scripture.

We incline to question the propriety of language often employed, when "the creations of the poet's fancy" are spoken of, as if the poetry were *made* the mere elaboration of genius, like the baseless fabric of a vision; instead of the voice of Nature speaking through her interpreter, and the very essence of truth itself. As well might it be said, that the man of science constitutes the system which he perceives. The poet has a far higher office than the philosopher—for, looking through forms and phenomena, he perceives and embodies the *impressions* of

the universe—the high prerogative of man alone, of mortal creatures, to perceive—the still, small voice of God.

So grand is poetry, and such its effects, that it is especially calculated to correct the irreligious cupidity of a practical age. But is it not greatly neglected? How many are there, prepared to dispute the palm for elegant accomplishments, to whom the pages of Milton present no sublimity, and Nature is *voiceless* and charmless? How many are there, skilled in the wisdom that ministers to selfish and sensual desires—frivolous and dissipated—who have lost all appreciation, if they had even been taught it, for even Scripture itself—the hallowed inspirations of *Silva* and *Sion*—to whom the paltry scenes of thoughtless mirth on earth, where folly and flattery attend upon vanity, have more attractions than all that can be said or sung of the pleasures of *Paradiso*?

SIMEON.

Toronto, October, 1847.

For the Calliopean.

Rest for the Weary.

YEs! there is rest for the weary soul,
Worn with the toils of life;

Rest, where no floods of anguish roll
O'er bosoms, wreck'd in strife.

Rest,—where the voice of the Syron's song,
Luring to vain pursuit,
Beguileth not an unwary throng,
Who follow her flying feet.

Rest,—from the load of cank'ring care,
Bowling the spirit down;
And the breath of affection meets not there
With a cold, a blighting frown.

Rest,—from that dark deceit and guile,
Betraying the fondest trust,
Which teacheth the brow to wear a smile,
While the spirit writhes in dust.

And more,—a rest from the war within,
From ambition's goading hand,
From wounded pride,—from the guilt of sin,
A perfect rest,—in that better land.

IDA.

The Mother—a Guardian Angel.

THE following touching remarks are from an Italian work:—

"A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are incited to good, and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his infant mind with the invocation she taught him to his 'Father who is in heaven.' When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his 'Father who is in heaven,' will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind, and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty; when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coldness of interested friendship, he may, indeed, be tempted to despise his fellow-men; but he will remember his 'Father who is in heaven.'

"Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seeds of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to pray to his 'Father who is in heaven.' But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation than the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to his 'Father who is in heaven.'"

The Philanthropist.

The following article, from the pen of one of the pupils in the Burlington Academy, was suggested by a visit from the Rev. Thaddeus Osgood to that Institution, and appeared in the *Montreal Witness*, in August last.

WHAT character so noble, so elevated, so worthy of the admiration of men and angels, as the philanthropist? Who that gazed upon the venerable form, that, last evening, stood before us, vindicating the cause of virtue and piety, but must have been struck with the moral beauty and sublimity of that heaven-implanted principle, which first induced that aged man of God to forego the pleasures of earth,—to renounce the prospective aggrandisements of wealth and station,—and to banish forever the hope of domestic quietude and happiness, that he might wander a stranger through this vale of tears—gathering in the outcast, reclaiming the vicious, and bringing again the prodigal to his father's house! Here is a heroism worthy of the name; more to be admired than all the boasted bravery of chivalry's brightest house. His laurels, though brighter than monarchs ever claimed, are not bathed in Orphan's tears. His victories call not forth the widow's sighs. The banner that floats over his head, the hands of angels wave. The music that stimulates his zeal, comes sweetly through the portals of the sky.—Like his divine master, the philanthropist goes forth, dispensing blessings to all around. No contracted spirit of partyism finds a lodgment in his expansive breast.—No undue preference of country or sect prohibits the distressed from sharing in the benefits he confers. Through the trackless forests of his native land, this benefactor of his country first pursued his weary journey, administering to the early settler and weary emigrant the promises of a Saviour's love. Now the sudden burst of war stays, for a time, his wandering feet. But does he wait, in silent inactivity, the stilling of the tempest? No! you rapidly ascending fabric proclaims, that, though restricted to a narrower sphere, the philanthropist's labours are not yet to cease. Collected within these walls, the destitute find sustenance, the orphan a protector, and the stranger a friend and guide. Again peace is restored; and tearing himself away from the endearments of his newly formed community, he resumes his benevolent journeyings;—the tempestuous ocean is crossed; and now, in other climes, he recognises the object of his mission. Britannia hails him as a messenger of peace, and Ireland welcomes him to her afflicted shores. His voice now breaks the silence of the prisoner's cell, and points the condemned criminal to Calvary's rugged hill. His gentle hand softens the asperities of poverty's accumulated woes, and smooths the pillow of the dying saint. His benignant smile illumines the peasant's cheerless hut, and gladdens many a disconsolate heart. Thus he wanders from shore to shore, "Forever blessing and forever blest."

But let us contemplate him, as he now draws near his eternal reward. Multitudes who, through his instrumentality, were reclaimed from the dominion of satan, have already ascended the heavenly hill. As ministering spirits they have hovered over him, while pursuing his labours of love; and now they wait as in mid air, on poised wings, to escort him to their glorious King. Now the courts of heaven resound with thrilling anthems. The mandate has gone forth. The aged veteran may now lay down his armour; the mansion is prepared; the crown is ready; angelic hosts are sent to conduct him through the valley, and to stay him in the last stern conflict:—he hears his master's well known voice, welcoming him home; his work is done;—the world, which he had worn as a loose garment, is thrown aside, and eternal glory bursts upon his view. At the precincts of the celestial city, he meets the little band led thither by his pious, well directed zeal.

"I" exclaims the foremost, "was that condemned criminal, who, in that gloomy cell, you pointed to the bleeding lamb, and conducting to the scaffold; committed to the mercy of a forgiving God." Another reminds him of the dying couch he once attended, regardless of the hospital's pestilential breath, and of contagion's fatal fang. A third points him to the Irish peasant's hut, where once he left a little tract, which proved the means of rescuing an immortal spirit from the errors of Popish superstition, and conducting it to the seat among the blessed. Thus, are his ravished ears delighted with the sound of grateful voices, until the toils of earth are forgotten amidst the incipient glories of his

long sought home. But now another form approaches—in glowing accents, she reminds him of his visit to the Burlington Academy. "I," says she, "was that thoughtless girl, who, attracted by your mysterious missions, entered the room with my companions, and listened, while you enforced the necessity of early piety. Prior to that evening, the admonitions of pious ministers had been unheeded; the counsels of teachers disregarded; and even a mother's prayers had seemed to ascend in vain; but then the spirit, whose kindly influences I had so often resisted, applied so powerfully the truth to my mind, that I was led to seek, with all my heart, redemption in the Saviour's blood—thus my youthful spirit then received a heaven-directed impulse, which has at length brought me to this happy place."

What language can convey even a faint impression of "the weight of glory" that must fill and ravish all the powers of the heaven-ascended philanthropist, as thus escorted, he walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and, approaching the throne, hears his Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." MARY.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

For the Calliopean.

If to know the only true God, be the perfection of true wisdom—why should I seek a wisdom that knoweth not God? If the wisdom of this world be foolishness, it were a folly in me to strive after it. If, then, I be unlearned, I will endeavor to learn to do well—if I be wise, what will it profit me, if it be not unto salvation?

Knowledge may exalt me, and get me a name amongst men; but I must be humbled by wisdom, ere my name be written in heaven. I had rather shine as a star for ever, than blaze like a meteor for a moment. Æ.

HOME.

"O! how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other the more worthy. Where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard. Where the live-long day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with home-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; there heart meets heart in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below."

Give no Pain.

BREATHE not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that can offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions and expressions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on the happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

THE constant habit of perusing devout books, is so indispensable, that it has been termed, with great propriety, the oil of the lamp of prayer. Too much reading, however, and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted; which is extinguished by the very excess of that aliment whose property is to feed it.

THE virtue of mankind, and the knowledge which invigorates that virtue and renders it more surely useful, are the great objects which benevolence can have in view.—Dr. Brown.

If children are useful in after life, it will be because they obtained the power to be so while young.

HISTORY.

History is a moralist, which follows close upon the footsteps of the great and all powerful teacher, the mysterious agent of Omnipotence, death. It presses close upon his dark shadow, and with a diamond point blazes forth in the face of day, the virtues or the vices of a buried race. It rends the mystic veil that floats between the present and the past, and inexorably just, shows us the virtues which beautified, or the vices which blackened. Historic fame is nearly always posthumous, for rarely does the historian guide the pen, until the lordling and the dependant have alike paid the universal debt of nature. Then, when the pampered satellite, the flattering courtier, the poet, and the orator, who prostitute their divine calling at the shrine of sensuality, and who sought by reflecting their own genius upon their patron, to raise up for him an ephemeral fame, a mushroom popularity, a petty distinction, which his own virtues or talents never would have accorded him, (for if he possessed them, the key of circumstances never unlocked them,) does this stern monitor, this keen scrutiner, divest the motive from the act, and unfold to our view, all the mazes and subterfuges of which the human soul is capable. They are no longer dazzled by the bold daring, the martial prowess, and the high fame of the great man, he who would have snatched the wreath from Fame's high brow, who grasped at glory's fleeting phantom, who rode foremost on ambition's car, whose gifts were thrones, whose vassals kings, where is he now, and what his end—let history tell! the colored medium in which his actions once appeared, has been removed, and now stripped of his glorious appendages,—posterity arraigning him before her inexorable tribunal, and he answers to the charge. This was a meteoric brightness, that dazzled the living world by its refulgence, but soon faded into utter night; too often indeed are the laurels of the warrior dyed in the life-blood of the widow's and the orphan's all, and while fame exalts in victories won, humanity weeps over her children slain. It is a great privilege, that of calling up the illustrious dead from their vaulted chambers, and rendering them now the due, which jealousy, pride, or prejudice prevented them before from receiving; we may sit in our easy chairs, surrounded by our friends and companions, and yet as if by the waving of a magician's wand, our will alone can untomb them. Death hath no power over those whom history claims, theirs is the true elixir, which gives an immortality of life a perency of youth. Nature and time are instruments in the hands of history, the ministers of her will; through every age her deeds are sent, they are the heir-looms of humanity on nature's boundless field. History is like a vast storehouse, it gathers up the collective knowledge of the past, and from it, gives mankind the results of experience, the science of political legislation, the causes of the rise and fall of nations, the characters and the passions of men, and their influence on man. In short, it is a mirror in which we may gaze, catching the living manners as they rise. Centuries may have rolled by, in their swift and circling march, but the historian's pen is supreme over time, he awakes the sleep of the dead and presents them before us, untouched by the besom of change. What a profound view is thus given us of the human heart, its motives, its acts, its incentives, its springs of action, in fine, its entire mechanism; how widely does the mind's horizon extend, as she wanders with the historic muse o'er centuries flown, an illimitable field is before her. No Lethe flows, where history dwells, her stamp is memory, she shakes the dust from old antiquity, and familiarizes us with the past. We may sit beneath the sacred shades of Academus, listening as did the disciples of Socrates and Pythagoras to the golden maxims that fell from those almost sacred lips. We may gaze upon Greece and Rome in their proud supremacy and pristine magnificence, or we may meditate upon the mutability of man's handiwork, amid the fallen fanes and classic ruins. Philip of Macedon rejoiced more that his son was born in the time of Aristotle, than that an heir was given him to his titles and his kingdoms; but we, through the medium of history, may enjoy, not only the wisdom of Aristotle, but that of all the host who have appeared since his day, all the investigations of science, all the developments of philosophy, all the wisdom of antiquity, flow through the streams of this perennial fount, to irrigate and fertilize the mind of those countries, which centuries ago, stood the wonder of the world, but of which little now is left.

Where once the loud Pean was sung, in honor of the brave, and the triumphal arch was raised to perpetuate the heroes' glory, the wild beast now seeks his sustenance, and makes his lair, the traveller vainly looks amid the fallen relics which desolate the scene, for some faint memento of the past, a drop of ink conveys to posterity, that which the graven monument and lofty obelisk have vainly attempted to preserve.

Editorial Department.

To our Patrons.

In presenting our friends with the first number of our little periodical, we neither make professions nor give pledges, beyond those of a sincere desire to contribute our mite toward the intellectual and social improvement of our sex, and a determination to do all we can to render "THE CALLIOPEAN" worthy the patronage of the patriotic and good. We cannot better express our sentiments and motives, than in the following paragraph from our Prospectus:—"In this undertaking, the conductors aim simply at their own improvement, and that of their Canadian sisters. In pursuance of this design, it shall be the special object of "THE CALLIOPEAN" to elevate the standard of female education in Canada, and thus to promote domestic happiness and social virtue. They hope also, that, through their humble exertions, a taste for sound and valuable literature may be fostered in this highly favored portion of the British dominions; and that their sex throughout Canada, may be induced to spend some of the hours of leisure from family duties and the important cares of life, to assist in a task, which will afford pleasure to themselves, and instruction to those with whom they may thus be associated."

Leaving the answering of objections, and the satisfying of conjectures to the developments of time, in simple and prayerful reliance upon the Divine Author of mind and virtue, we make this, our humble salutation.

Owing to the delay experienced in obtaining the Heading for our Paper, we were not able to issue this number of "THE CALLIOPEAN" quite as early as was our intention. We have also to state, that the Engraving of the Burlington Ladies' Academy, with which we intended to present our readers in to-day's paper, not being completed, we are obliged to defer it to a subsequent number.

Burlington Ladies' Academy.

THE SECOND WINTER TERM of this Institution will commence on TUESDAY, the 4th day of JANUARY, 1848. This will be a favorable time for pupils to enter, as new classes in the several branches will then be formed. The Principal spent the summer vacation in visiting the most popular Female Schools in New York and Massachusetts, with a view of improving the facilities of the Burlington Academy.

A large and valuable addition has been made to the Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus; also to the Historical and Geographical Maps and Charts; and in other respects, valuable improvements have been made.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments. In addition to Lectures, given formally and informally, on subjects connected with the health, manners, and appropriate duties of young ladies, courses of Lectures, with experiments and illustrations are given, on Chemistry and Astronomy. The Library connected with the Institution contains over six hundred well selected volumes.

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.,

Principal.

Hamilton, November 20, 1847.

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