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The Cherokee's Remonstrance. For the Callopean.

THE disgraceful history of the expatriation of the Cherokee Indians, is too recent not to be well known. Upon hearing that, notwithstanding the solemn treaties to the contrary, they were to be driven from their forest home, a deputation of twelve of their chiefs went to Washington to expostulate with the American Government on their injustice. Their cause was ably defended before the Supreme Court of the United States, by William Wirt, a barrister of great eloquence and integrity—but the voice of Georgia, who demanded the annexation of the Cherokee territory as a bribe for her vote for General Jackson's election to the presidency, was heard before the voice of justice and honor. The most solemn treaties were utterly disregarded, and the broken-hearted Cherokees were driven beyond the Mississippi.

In the following extract from an unpublished poem, I have endeavored to convey some idea of the feelings with which they must have regarded it—and if I succeed no farther than to draw the attention of some of your younger readers to this interesting subject, I shall feel myself amply rewarded—

"We come from the South, where the mountains wild,
By the hand of nature in heaps are piled;
Where the mighty rivers, towards the sea,
Flow onward as nature made them, free—
We come to remind thee once more
Of the treaty which thou to our father's swore.

Have justice and truth from thine altars fled?
In thy broad nation is honor dead?
Shall we calmly submit, like the cringing slave,
To be forced from the home our fathers gave?
Does not the sun, with his starry train,
Rise and set on thy wide domain?
And is there not room for us and thee
On this land thou mockest by name of "free!"

The woods were boundless and full of game,
When from the rising sun you came—
Homeless, friendless, hungry and poor,
You stood alone on that rugged shore—
You asked of the Indian—he gave thee food—
He built thy hut in the shady wood—
With skins from his wigwam he made thy bed,
And taught thee with noiseless steps to tread
The trackless forests before thee spread.

* See account of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

How easy, then, had he hurled thee
Back on the waves of the angry sea;
Or left thee unpitied there to die,
Of cold and famine, beneath his eye—
But no!—he gave thee a welcome free,
And thus thou repayest his courtesy.

Thou hast taken the land that his fathers gave—
Thou hast scattered the dust of his father's grave—
For thee hast thou caused him to bend his bow,
And raise his hatchet against thy foe—
Thou hast forced him far from his native home,
An exile, abroad on the world to roam—
And nought is left, if he will not fly,
But to bare his bosom, and, to die!

Go—ask the slave, in his fetters bound,
If the soil he treads on is freedom's ground?
Go—ask the banished Cherokee,
If all beneath thy sway are free!
He will tell thee, that when the rising gale
Comes from the East, he hears a wail—
And every sigh of the North-wind's moan*
Bears o'er the mountains slavery's groan.
Thy boasted freedom's but a name
That well might make thee blush for shame!

Thou know'st 'tis true—yet why appeal
To men who've ceased as men to feel—
Whose hands, which grasp from shore to shore,
Insatiable, thirst for more—
Till the dark forest pines shall wave—
Not o'er the Indian—but his grave."

A. J.

Toronto, February 26, 1848.

For the Callopean.
Intended Invasion of England by Napoleon.

ONE of the most masterly plans that ever originated in the profound mind of Napoleon, was that for the invasion of England in 1805. Having defeated the Russians and Austrians in every Campaign; placed Switzerland, Holland and Italy, under his control; and seated himself on the Imperial throne; he turned his attention to England, whose inexhaustible riches, world-en-

* In allusion to the Slave States lying to the North and East of the Cherokee country.

circling commerce and indomitable spirit, he saw too well, if not checked, would be the most formidable barriers to his ambitious designs. The disasters at Trafalgar and Waterloo from the hands of his rival, the first of which utterly demolished his naval authority, and the other his power on land, eventually proved the sagacity of his views. With his characteristic energy, he determined to bring the whole strength of his kingdom to bear upon its coasts, and accordingly made the most gigantic preparations on the shores of the channel. The French soldiers, animated by their hereditary hostility to the conquerors of Cressy and Agincourt, and an enthusiastic admiration of their victorious leader, flocked to their standards in numbers which had never been seen in Europe since the time of the far famed legions of Rome; and gained there, under such marshals as Ney and Murat, a degree of skill and discipline alike unprecedented. More than two thousand small vessels were built in the different harbors for transporting the soldiers, and then taken to Bologne the principal rendezvous. The powers of Napoleon's mind were never perhaps more astonishingly shown, than in the preparation and management of this formidable force. He caused the army to be disciplined in the most admirable order, commenced immense naval works in the harbors along the coast, especially at Antwerp, and took the most effective means to supply his numerous troops with provisions. Even amid the fetes and constant occupation which accompanied a journey into Italy, his despatches, containing the most minute directions, daily reached the minister of marine. Almost every harbor in Holland, France, Spain, and Italy, received a portion of his care; and so particular were his inquiries and so extensive his oversight, that any captain, who had a difficult task to perform, imagined that the attention of his general was fixed exclusively upon himself, instead of being occupied as it was with a hundred or perhaps a thousand in similar circumstances throughout the wide extent of his armies. The troops had been so skilfully appointed and practiced that, in some places, in the short space of *ten minutes*, they could all embark on board of their vessels.

Never before had such a formidable invasion threatened the liberties of Great Britain. The Spanish Armada was nothing in comparison. But England equipped herself, and boldly prepared for the contest. An universal enthusiasm, as well as dread, reigned throughout the kingdom; and thousands of every rank and condition volunteered into the service, so as almost to make a conscription unnecessary. But her main strength was on the sea. With Nelson at the head of a large navy, who had already defeated the French in the famous battle of the Nile, she had nothing to fear in that quarter. The British seamen were as brave and skilful on the sea as the French soldiers on the land, and their leaders were equally unrivaled on their own element. Napoleon well knew this, and laid a deep scheme to render their naval superiority useless. He armed with cannon the small vessels which he had in such numbers at Boulogne, without ever intending to fire a shot from them, but merely to deceive the English into the supposition that these were the only ships with which he meant to attack them. At the same time he caused large ships of the line to be built in the western and southern harbors of France and of Spain, which, at an appointed time, were to unite and proceed to the West Indies. After the English had started thither in search of them, they were to return rapidly to the British Channel. Having by this means undisputed control of the passage, Napoleon expected to transport his 150,000 men to the shores of Kent, reach London in five days, and then revolutionize the kingdom. Not a person in England had the least suspicion of this profound design, except Admiral Collingwood, and he not till the moment of its execution. The fleets from Toulon, in the south of France; Cadiz, in Spain; and Rochefort, on the Bay of Biscay; actually reached the West Indies, whither Nelson, who was on the look out in the Mediterranean, pursued them with far inferior forces. However, they anticipated him and gained nearly *three weeks* in advance of him on their return. Suspecting some ulterior design, Nelson sent a swift sailing vessel to Portsmouth to announce the enemy's movements. By good fortune and skill it outstripped the French fleet, and saved the liberties of Eng-

land. A squadron under Sir Robert Calder was immediately sent out to seek the returning fleet, which it met off Cape Finistere, and, in an indecisive engagement, forced to retire into a Spanish port. England was now on the alert, and Napoleon's profoundly conceived project unmasked and defeated. But like a fierce lion repulsed in one quarter, he dashed on to another; and the immense army, which was destined to overthrow England, rapidly marched into the dominions of Austria, and totally crushed that power in the battle of Austerlitz.

The French and Spanish fleets at length took refuge in the harbor of Cadiz; from which, having been decoyed by Nelson, they were routed in the memorable battle of Trafalgar, which "forever took Ships, Colonies, and Commerce from Napoleon, and spread them with the British Colonial Empire over half the globe." Thus at the very time that the French were treading down the power of Austria, the English gained a victory, dearly bought as it was by the death of their brave Admiral, which made them forever "secure in their seagirt isle," and the invincible rulers of the main.

A. B.

How to keep off Old Age.

A SUGGESTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

INTELLECTUAL culture is no doubt the best and the strongest barrier which the young can rear against the insidious advances of premature old age. Mental discipline is eminently healthful and life-sustaining. We speak not of excessive application, but of diligent and preserving culture and exercise of mind. The following remarks on the subject, by the Revd. Mr. Winslow, are commended to the consideration of all concerned, and especially to young ladies.

The premature old age observed in the appearances and infirmities of many young ladies in our country is not the result of too much study. We do not begin to study in this country as they do in Germany, nor as many do in England and France. It is a common thing among the educated ladies of Germany, to find those who can read and speak three or four different languages, and are extensively versed in mathematics and natural philosophy.

It is clearly proved that the high cultivation of the intellect is favourable to protracted usefulness and long life. Highly educated men and women on an average, live longer, and enjoy more even and purer health, than those of little or no culture. The mind is life—the very essence of life, and where there is most of mind, other things equal, there is most of that which imparts life and vigor to the body. It is believed that thousands in this country annually die some twenty years sooner than they would, had they bestowed a higher cultivation upon their intellect. We must be more intellectual and less sensual—more of that which dies not, and less of that which dies—if we would invigorate and prolong whatever of us is immortal. It is said to be better to wear out than rust out. The truth is, after all, very few in this country can claim the honor of wearing out, intellectually; but hundreds are dying daily through mental rust.

Why does the man of business languish and die so soon on retiring to enjoy in idleness his gains? Just because the life giving power, the mind, ceases to act. Rust, stagnation, disease, gloomy spirit, and death must inevitably come. The perpetual tug and excitement of business, as it is done in this country, frequently overtakes and breaks down the mind; not so much by the excitement attending it. Now, the study of languages, sciences, &c., and the putting forth of the mental energies in the form of written thoughts for the world, afford just that kind of mental effort which is most favourable to long and vigorous life. Accordingly literary and scientific men are, as a class, long lived. If our families would give up their dissipations, renounce their novels and their indolence, put away their inglorious rust, and their vain-glorious excitements together—and rise higher on the scale of intellectual, thinking, spiritual beings, they might secure to themselves and to their children a far more healthy, youthful, prolonged existence, than most of them now enjoy.

AFFECTATION.

For the Calliopean.

"There affectation with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of sixteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride:
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show."—POPE.

How true a picture of one of the most disgusting species of evil, and one which has insidiously crept into almost every vein of society. The rich and noble, the poor and mean pay their homage at the shrine of this subtle goddess; though it is but too true, that the female part of the community forms a large part of her willing votaries.

To change themselves, or at least to appear what they are not, seems to me to be the great aim of many of both sexes at the present day. One would imagine that a species of weakness, (for no truly great mind would descend sufficiently to practise it,) fit only for days of chivalry, when love formed almost the only motive for action, had seized unshaken hold of every mind. Sad is it for mankind, that affectation survived the fall of chivalry. They surely should rest in one common grave.

But one might ask, whence is affectation, and when did she commence her career? Affectation may be truly said to be the offspring of vanity. What but self-love could tempt one thus to practise hypocrisy in its meanest forms, but the hope of producing a favorable impression. See yonder child—beauty's impress is on her open brow and beams from her laughing eyes; but the seeds of vanity have been sown in her youthful heart, and the fruit is even now appearing. Instead of candor and childish simplicity, behold the graceful airs assumed, and even truth often sacrificed, to gain the praise she has so soon learned to love. Nor need we look to childhood alone for examples. Youth, and even middle age, exhibit many, who, endowed by their Creator with brilliant powers, offer even these on the altar of self-love; and, as if forgetful of their high destiny, endeavor to conceal their true character under a mask of their own construction.

No matter how bad the heart is, if a pleasing exterior may only be successfully assumed. Virtues, with no corresponding seat in the heart, are called into action; and even passion may rage within, if it may but be concealed from human observation. But there is One eye, which can pierce through those tinsel coverings, and penetrate to the deepest recesses of the soul.

When, however, began affectation its work of deception? It is not coeval with time, for our first parents, in their state of primeval innocence, needed no veil to hide depravity, for they were good and holy. No! it was not till that purity was lost, that this hellish influence, fresh from the bottomless pit, lent its aid to debase mankind even to a level with brutes.

Its influence cannot be more clearly shown, than by contrasting it with its opposite. In simplicity we behold an emanation from the bright world above. Lovely and pure in itself, it adds new lustre to, and heightens the charms of every other virtue. It seems indeed too pure for this depraved world, and all its beauties are seldom exhibited. But wherever its influences appear, love and confidence towards its possessor are at once excited. There is, in such an individual, no effort to cover her heart with an artificial garb—and when sin reigns not supreme, why need there be? No! like yon rippling stream, whose pebbly bottom is visible through the clear, transparent waters, that make sweet music above it, so that heart needs no false covering which has no miry depths underneath. We love to dwell upon the character of the unsophisticated child of nature, for we behold in it some faint delineations of the lovely and glorious Being by whom it was formed.

But oh, how different the influence of affectation. Instead of being holy, it is degrading and hellish—armed with barbed arrows forged in the fiery pit, it darts them unperceived into the very hearts of its victims. It leads its possessor to give utterance to mild and loving words, while fierce hate and anger are rankling within; and it is the more fearful in its effects, as, like the prince of darkness, it sometimes appears as an angel of

light. How needful then, to beware of its insinuating influence, to avoid it as we would the desolating miasma, for it will not only excite contempt for us in those around us, but bring destruction and everlasting death in its train. EVA.

To the Editors of The Calliopean.

MADAM.—If not incompatible with the rules of your excellent publication, have the goodness to give insertion to the following question in "The Calliopean."

Yours, very respectfully,

Glanford, Feb. 28, 1848.

ARITHMETICUS.

"A cylindrical tower, consisting of uniform materials, closely cemented together, is 20 feet high, and the diameter of its base is four feet—how far may it deviate from its perpendicular position, before it is in danger of falling?"

N.B.—Olmsted, in his Natural Philosophy, has given an erroneous solution to this question.

Origin of Genias.

- Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.
- Rabelias, son of an apothecary.
- Claude Loraine was bred of a pastry cook.
- Moler, son of a tapestry maker.
- Cervantes was a common soldier.
- Homer was the son of a small farmer.
- Demosthenes, son of a culler.
- Terance was a slave.
- Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.
- Howard, an apprentice to a grocer.
- Franklin, a journeyman printer; son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.
- Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper.
- Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and a son of a butcher.
- Whitfield, son of an Inn-keeper at Gloucester.
- Sir Cloudsley Snowal, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoe-maker, and afterwards a cabin boy.
- Bishop Prideau worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.
- Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher.
- Ferguson was a shepherd.
- Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.
- Edmund Hally was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch.
- Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer at Ashley de la Zouch.
- Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary.
- Virgil, son of a porter.
- Horace, of a shop-keeper.
- Shakspeare, of a wool-stapler.
- Milton, of a money-scrivener.
- Pope, the son of a merchant.
- Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.—The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within a space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhovel, and others equally eminent.

THE highest inhabited places in the known world are in Peru. The cottages, at the source of the Ancumarca, are at an elevation of 15,720 feet above the level of the sea. The village of Tacora is 14,275 feet high. Potosi, once containing a population of 150,000, is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A Paper on Corals.

From the *Illustrated Magazine*.

I saw the living pile ascend
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labors closed—
Slime the material, but the slime was turned
To adamant, by their petritic touch.
Fragile were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence,
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which, out of weaker brought forth the rock.
Aren't you aware, that the earthen grew,
Even like an infant in the womb, till Time
Delivered Oceana of that monstrous birth—
A Coral Island, stretching east and west.

THE observations made on corals, as seen in the beds where they grow, at the Sandwich islands, and recorded on the spot, as in previous correspondence, have induced me to compare the results thus obtained with what has been written on this subject by certain late authors.

To begin with Sir David Brewster. In a recent article, copied into the *Eclectic* from the *North British Review*, he says—“Our readers, no doubt, are aware that the coral rocks, which form islands and reefs hundreds of miles in extent, are built by small animals, called polypus, that secrete, from the lower portion of their body, a large quantity of carbonate of lime; which, when diffused around the body, and deposited between the folds of its abdominal coats, constitute a cell, or *polypidom*, or *polypary*, into the hollow of which the animal can retire. The solid thus formed is called a coral, which represents exactly the animal itself. These stony cells are sometimes single and cupped; sometimes ramifying, like a tree, and sometimes grouped, like a cauliflower, or imitating the human brain. * * * The calcareous cells which they build, remain fixed to the rock in which they began their labors after the animals themselves are dead. A new set of workmen take their places, and add another story to the rising edifice. The same process goes on from generation to generation, until the wall reaches the surface of the ocean, where it necessarily terminates.

“These industrious laborers act as scavengers of the lowest class; perpetually employed in cleansing the waters of the sea from impurities, which escape even the smallest crustacea; in the same manner as the insect tribes, in their various stages, are destined to find their food by devouring impurities caused by dead animals and vegetable matter in the land.”

“Were we to unite into one mass the immense coral reefs, three hundred miles long, and the numberless coral islands, some of which are forty and fifty miles in diameter; and if we add to all this all the coralline limestone, and the other formations, whether calcareous or silicious, that are the works of insect labor, we should have an accumulation of solid matter which would compose a planet or a satellite—at least one of the smaller planets, between Mars and Jupiter. And if such a planet could be so constructed, why we not conceive, that the solid materials of a whole system of worlds might have been formed by the tiny, but long-continued labors of beings that are invisible?” &c.

Now here is a mixture of fancy and fact, which a single personal inspection of a coral reef by the learned theorizer, would have very considerably modified. He would become satisfied, I think, that the great reef itself, as it appears at the Sandwich Islands, so far from being the work of insect labor alone, is the basis, which nature herself lays, (in the way before referred to, by the precipitation of carbonate of lime, through electrical agency, from sea-water,) for the coral insect to build upon, and garnish with his beautiful structures, and from time to time add to, it is true, by their decay, but never rear alone from the depths of the sea. To theorize in the study is one thing; carefully to examine and compare the processes of nature in the sea and on the land, is quite another; which, if more critically and oftener done, would preclude, or quite annihilate, and always modify, the learned labors of many a philosopher.

Coral was generally deemed a vegetable substance until the year 1720, when M. de Peyronnel, of Marsailles, commenced,

and continued for thirty years, a series of observations by which he ascertained the coral to be the production of a living animal of the polyp tribe. The general name of *zoophytes*, or plant-animals, has since been applied to these marine insects, though sometimes called lithophytes, or stone plants. They occur most frequently in the tropical seas, and decrease in number and variety as we approach the poles.

“The various species of these animals,” says Dr. Milner, *Gallery of Nature*, p. 381, “appear to be furnished with minute glands, secreting gluten, which, upon exudation, convert the carbonate of lime in the ocean, and other earthy matters, into a fixed and concrete substance, twisted and fashioned in every variety of shape. The formation of coral is one of those chemical processes in the great laboratory of nature, which the skill of man has not enabled him either to imitate or to comprehend; but the fact is clear, that large masses of solid rock are formed by those diminutive living agents, sea-workers, toiling and spinning to the music of the waves; whose constructions are capable of resisting the tremendous power of ocean, when most agitated by winds and tempests, and ultimately become a secure habitation for man himself. The coral substance appears to bear the same relation to the insect, as the shell of a snail or an oyster does to either of those animals, without which they cannot long exist; and it is upon the death of the animalcules that their separate structures become firmly knit together by some mysterious cement, and serve as the basis for the erections of fresh races, which, as they die off, increase the growth of the firm and solid fabric.”

Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With supplest skill, and toil unwearyable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Line laid on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy instruments,
By which a hand invisible was raising
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do,
Worms did.

Captain Flanders, while surveying the coasts of New Holland, examined the coral formations in process there; and his remarks seem to me to give the true theory of coral reefs, if there be added the fact of the natural precipitation of carbonate of lime from the sea-water in which it is held in solution, and the formation of the cement by electrical agency and heat. “It seems to me,” he writes, “that when the animalcules, which form the coral at the bottom of the ocean, cease to live, their structures adhere to each other by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some property in salt-water; and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral washed by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising bank, and die in their wonderful labors. The care taken to work perpendicularly in the early stages, would mark a surprising instinct in these discriminative creatures. Their wall of coral, for the most part, in situations where the winds are constant, being arrived at the surface, affords a shelter, to leeward of which their infant colonies may be safely sent forth; and to this, their instinctive foresight, it seems to be owing that the windward side of a reef, exposed to the open sea, is generally, if not always, the highest part, and rises almost perpendicular, sometimes from the depth of two hundred, and perhaps many more fathoms.”—H. T. C.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—This expression of Lord Bacon is usually supposed original with him. He found it, however, in the Bible, “a wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.”—*Prov.*, xxiv., 5.

* Commander Wilkes, of our Exploring Squadron, sounded only one hundred and fifty fathoms from the perpendicular coral cliff of Aurora Island, but found no bottom with a line of that length.

THE CORAL INSECT.

BY MRS. L. M. SIMONNET.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye build the deep, with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge is stoned;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool opens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee:
Hath earth no graves? that ye must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

For the Calliopean.

Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

MISS EDITRESS.—A short time since, an article appeared in "The Calliopean," discussing the comparative merits of Mary and Elizabeth, Queens of England; in which the writer expresses much surprise at "hearing it avowed that the character of Mary is more worthy of admiration than that of Elizabeth."

Having challenged an answer, I beg to remind our friend, that, in the conversational meeting referred to, the agitated question was not—which of those princesses was the better queen? but, which was the better woman? and my memory has no record of any avowal, but simply an expression of opinion on the subject. However, Corinne proposes to consider them, first in their private, and then in their public capacity; but seems to have forgotten the first part of said proposition, as nothing is advanced concerning them as women, except the vanity of Elizabeth. Cruelty, indeed, is attributed to Mary; yet, the specimen given is of a public, not a private nature.

Corinne says it is idle to talk of throwing the blame of the bloody deed, perpetrated during her reign upon her ministers, and asks "why did she choose such ministers?" Perhaps in the answer to this may be involved the reply to the primary question—which was the better woman? This leads to the point. The inference to be drawn from all historians, whether general or particular, with partiality on one side or the other, is, that Mary was, in body and mind, a weak woman—Elizabeth, an anomaly in nature—a being possessed of a woman's form, a politician's head, and the heart of a honess. It may be urged, that imbecility of mind cannot be pleaded in favor of Mary, as she was capable of receiving an extensive and learned education; especially in various languages, in which, both herself and sister, appear to have excelled;—but, be it remembered, that knowledge is one thing, and wisdom another—that the power to perceive and receive facts and sciences, is very different from the ability "to form a just judgment on a comprehensible survey of them." Strength,

and sagacity of judgment, she certainly lacked—therefore, had bad councillors, and allowed impolitic measures, which, once adopted, being of a warm temperament, she supported with more zeal than knowledge. Elizabeth, on the contrary, was gifted with a mind which not only drank in science, but also read men and measures with the same ease as others do a book. Her eagle glance pryed into futurity and saw the end from the beginning. Greedy of power, and fond of acclamation as any despot of the East; she seems, even from her childhood, to have studied the art of acquiring popularity; and is it wonderful that such energies, so intensely applied, should accomplish so much? Right well did she succeed! and the haughty virago, who inspired with terror the cringing minions of her court, was, in the presence of her people, the very personification of meekness, blandness, and amiability.

Elizabeth was, undoubtedly, much her sister's superior in intellect and policy, and therefore her vices were more inexcusable. Had her passions and self-love been as well governed as her kingdom, she would have been a good, as well as a great woman. But, in her domestic relations what was she? Divest her of queenly glory, and what was her character as a woman? The most shameless and intriguing of coquettes, who scorned a female friend, unless, like lady Ashley, her dupe and assistant in intrigue. The most selfish and sensual of friends, all whose emotions were passions; who required of her favorites nothing less than adulation, for which she bartered most distinguishingly in court and state offices; who would forgive to her parasites any crime, rather than the least withdrawal of guilty homage from herself; and the rebel who dared to leave her shrine, might nerve himself for the tower or scaffold.

Let those who will, call this her weakness—her womanish vanity; but surely, it was no fable of an ignorant or feeble, but well-meaning individual. It was the vice of a strong mind! It was concentrated selfishness, which would endure no rival; brook no control—which, unrestrained by the barrier of popularity, would have swept every opposer of loved self from its pathway.

Mary's cruelty, though direful to the nation, was not the result of personal animosity; it was not instigated by personal jealousy and revenge. She was infatigably devoted to one man and one church, both of which were unworthy; yet, her fondness blinded her to their faults; and to serve them, she sacrificed the interest of her kingdom and her own popularity. To cut the matter short—neither of them will bear the scripture test, of "Do unto others as you would others should do unto you;" but taking them as history has left their memory, who will say that Mary, as an individual, is not worthy of at least as much admiration as Elizabeth?

THE MYRTLE.

I know not whether it has ever occurred to my fair readers, amidst their admiration of the floral treasures so richly strewn around our earth, to link each of these lovely blossoms with an endeared object of human affection, thus forming undying associations of natural and moral beauty. It has ever been a favorite employment of mine, and many and rich are the touching reminiscences called up by the sight of a simple wild-flower. Perhaps the idea was principally suggested by the perusal of "Chapters on Flowers," by the celebrated Charlotte Elizabeth,—be this as it may, I have thought for myself, and the subjects of each paper were personally known to, and deeply cherished by myself. Should the succeeding article meet with approbation, I purpose to make it the first of a series of papers on Floral Biography, with which, from time to time, I intend to burden the pages of "The Calliopean."

The myrtle has ever been a favorite flower of mine, and its presence never fails to recall the image of a venerable old gentleman, who loved me with an affection little short of parental, and bound me with the chain of love from my childhood. The almond tree had shed its petals on his brow when first I knew him, but his eye was yet bright, and his step vigorous, as when in days of manhood's prime he had mingled with the busy world. He had retired from active employment to a sweet little retreat,

near the city in which his earlier years had been passed. His wife and daughter shared this pleasant abode with him; and it was my privilege to be regarded almost in the light of an adopted child, by each member of this interesting family.

In front of the house was a very pretty garden, where my beloved Mr. W—, delighted to pass his leisure hours, and where I was ever a privileged intruder. Neatness and taste presided over every arrangement of this parterre; but the most attractive object to me, was a row of fragrant myrtles, which were ranged on a dwarf wall, extending the whole length of the garden. Many happy hours have I spent in that garden—hours which I trust I shall be permitted to review with pleasure in that land where an un fading bloom reigns forever. It was whilst sauntering up and down this pleasant spot that I received some of the most affectionate counsels prudence could suggest or love dictate. But to endeavor to trace the resemblance between my type and antitype. The first point of similarity I shall notice is, that the myrtle, though not so gaily clad as some of her sister shrubs, is evergreen, and retains her glossy verdure when many of her companions are rudely stripped of their leafy honors by the frost king's stinging breath. So was it with my venerable friend. He might not attract by the brilliant flashes of his wit, or astonish by the efforts of his genius; but it was impossible to converse with him for half an hour without being convinced that he "walked with God"—yes, verily walked; even as a child with its hand in that of a beloved father—held high, and sacred, and close communion with his God. Oh, I have seen him come from his morning retirement bearing the impress of communion with eternal realities—looking so cheerful, so happy, and yet so serious, that those who looked upon him doubted no more the agency of the promised comforter.

Mr. W— was emphatically a cheerful christian, and like the myrtle, while others were drooping and ready to die, his faith and joy remained unmoved. And the secret of his joy lay in this, that whilst others stooped to drink at the muddy streams of worldly mindedness and half-hearted profession, he had tasted of the perennial spring which gushes from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb. His life was a holy one—it was truly hidden with Christ in God. His daily petition was, "gather not my soul with sinners"—and it was granted. Yet, there was no bitterness, no sarcasm in his spirit. He was a happy, sunny character—one which refreshed the mental eye to gaze on; even as his antitype does the natural eye, amid the dreary sterility of winter. But the time drew nigh when this precious plant was to be transplanted to the genial clime of heaven.

My family had removed from the vicinity of Mr. W—'s residence to the village where my beloved father had first drawn the breath of life. Numerous entreaties were made by Mr. W— and his amiable family, that I might be permitted to visit them once more. In compliance with this request, I passed some weeks of the summer of 183— under their hospitable roof. Young as I was, I perceived a serious alteration in the health of my fondly cherished friend. He suffered from disease of the heart, and was subjected to alarming attacks. Time passed rapidly, and too soon the hour fixed for my return home arrived. I felt I was leaving my old friend for the last time—something whispered sternly "thou shalt see his face no more!" and his manner told me, that he too felt the same. The evening previous to my departure, he conversed with me relative to the success of a cause very near my heart, and his also. My beloved parents on their arrival at A—, had found religious profession at a very low ebb—with a large population, the means of public worship were extremely limited—they, relying on their heavenly father for support, had commenced a Chapel and Sabbath School, on their town responsibility and expense. It was with reference to this endeared subject Mr. W— and I conversed, on this, the last evening we were permitted to enjoy together. I carefully cherish to this moment the advice he gave me; and his last fervent prayer yet rings in my ears.

"Eliza," said he, "my days are numbered—I shall soon prove the reality of those truths in which I have so often instructed you; but you, my beloved child, have, in all human probability, many years to live. Never forget the words of a simple, but affectionate old man. Remember when I am dead, that I told

you, a life early dedicated to the Redeemer's service, is the best preparation for a dying hour—that true happiness is only found in the path of duty." He added much more, and concluded by commending me to His care, who had led him all the days of his pilgrimage.

The morning came, and with it the vehicle which was to convey me to my own sweet home; yet, it was with feelings of poignant regret that I suffered my friend to place me in the carriage. His fervent "God bless thee, my child," still vibrates on my ear. I saw him no more.

The friends of Mr. W— had felt much anxiety in anticipation of his sufferings immediately preceding his decease, fearing from the nature of his complaint, they would be very distressing. On the contrary, he appeared much better—had taken his tea as usual and was reclining on the sofa, when his daughter, who was standing by the window, thought she heard a slight noise, as of some one breathing hard; she instantly turned to her father—but alas the spirit had fled—the sorrows and vicissitudes of time were passed forever—the bright light of eternal glory had burst upon his freed spirit. Truly

"The angel of death stood before him
And pointed to Jordan—its cold wave passed o'er him—
One touch of his dart—one last beckon away—
One signal to quit his low prison of clay—
The summons he heald—the soul rose from its clod
To the rest which remains for the people of God."

The minister who improved the death of Mr. W—, founded his observations on those words of holy writ—"And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." And surely never was there a more appropriate designation.

Let us rejoice that another plant is gathered to the bowers of Paradise—that the beautiful myrtle is safely housed where storms can never come—where no invidious worm shall affect its beauty, but firmly planted on the borders of the river of life its roots are laved by its refreshing waters, and its meek blossoms rear their head amid angelic compeers. May it be ours to follow him, considering the end of his conversation—even Jesus our Saviour, the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

Do my readers deem my comparison far-fetched, or misplaced. I plead the example of the prophet Zechariah, who compares the people of God to myrtle trees; and the admonition "thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God hath led thee through the wilderness."

MARY ELIZA.
Hamilton, February 19, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

THE EYE.

AMONG all the works of God, the most curious as well as wonderful machine, is the human eye. The eyes of man, and of all the higher animals, are similar to each other. Those animals living by violence have their eyes constructed in such a manner, that they possess the power of seeing in the dark.

In dissecting the eye, we come first to the socket, in which the it rolls. This is quite large, so that the eye may have sufficient room to perform its motions without friction. At the back part of the socket, we find an orifice, through which the optic nerve passes on its way to the brain.

Next, in order, we find the globe, which is provided with various muscles to regulate its motions. These are six in number—two oblique and four straight. The straight muscles enclose the eye on every side, and prevent its motions being too active. The first, or superior oblique muscle, passes from the globe through a cartilaginous pulley back to the orifice through which the optic nerve issues. The oblique muscles also give expression to the eye, as they allow it to move upward and downward.

The coats of the eye are three in number; the first of which is called the-sclerotic. It is thick, firm, and elastic; giving great security to the eye. The second coat is called the choroid. It is soft and fleshy, like velvet, and consists of a complete set of nerves and blood vessels, which give it a deep red color. The retina, or third coat, resembles gum-arabic. It is that part of the eye which reflects light, being an expansion of the optic nerve.

The cornea, is a term applied to the anterior transparent portion of the ball. It consists of six pellucid plates, and is received into a groove in the sclerotic coat, in the same way that a watch-crystal is received into its case. These plates are held together by a spongy elastic substance. Under the first plate are the little glands, which secrete an oily substance that gives the eye its brilliant appearance. When death approaches, this deposit turns gray, which is a sure indication of immediate dissolution.

The iris, is that dark curtain found behind the cornea, around which is deposited the coloring matter of the eye—black, blue, or hazel, as the case may be. In the centre of the iris is situated the *pupil*, a small orifice through which the rays of light pass to the focus, which is expanded or contracted, according to the quantity of light that enters it. Parrots and cats have a peculiar control over the pupil of the eye, contracting and expanding it at pleasure.

Behind the pupil are placed seventy folds, which act as faithful sentinels to prevent too much light from entering the eye.

The humors of the eye are three in number. The aqueous is situated immediately back of the cornea. It is supplied by little ducts, and never permitted to get dry. This fluid is also continually being drawn off, which prevents its growing stagnant. The crystalline humor, more dense than the others, resembles a common lens, being convex on both sides. The vitreous humor, is so called from its resemblance to melted glass, and occupies a much larger space than the rest.

The optic nerve resembles a cotton cord, about three quarters of an inch in length, which, when it reaches the back of the eye, divides into numerous filaments passing into the brain.

All animals destitute of hands, or any thing they can use instead of them, are provided with a third eye-lid, which slides from one angle of the eye to the other, having the office of clearing it from all obstructions. You may see the owl gazing at the sun all day; but he merely sees the light, for this eye-lid is drawn over the eyes to shelter them from the glare of the sun. Above the eye we find a row of glands, containing a fluid called tears, which is used for watering the ball of the eye. Without this wise provision the cornea would become dry and shrivelled. After the tears have watered the eye sufficiently, they pass through a bony tube into the nose, and thus perform the double office of watering the eye and preserving the sense of smell. There is also a row of glands at the edges of the eye-lids, containing oily matter, which is very useful when the eyes are inflamed; for at such a time the lids often adhere to each other, and it is by means of this oily deposit that they are separated. The reason why near-sighted persons cannot see distinctly is, that the cornea is too prominent. The image cannot be perfectly formed if it does not fall on the retina, and when the cornea is so, the image is formed before it reaches the retina, and thus produces near-sightedness. This can be remedied by the use of concave glasses. In old age the cornea flattens, and then the image is thrown behind the retina. On this account, those persons who have used glasses when young are enabled to dispense with them entirely in old age.

ALICE.

The Vision of Akiba.

In a remote country of the East, where continual summer ever smiles on fruitful fields, dwell the sage Taric l'Akiba. From infancy he had been nursed in the quiet vale where slept his fathers, and his maturer years knew no yearning to roam among foreign scenes. Skilled in the sacred mysteries of the Eastern Magi, and learned in all the philosophy of his time, his mind knew neither weariness nor void in its ignorance of the alternate song and wail that rose among the inhabitants of the distant valleys. The uncultured plains that stretched in amazing fertility around his humble home, amply supplied his wants; while the hills produced luscious fruit, sufficient to gratify the most pampered appetite. But amid all the beauties of which nature is so lavish in that voluptuous clime, the soul of Taric was discontented. The fountains of wisdom from which he had learned indif-

ference to his fellow men, had taught him contempt for their pursuits, and apathy to their pleasures—nothing remained on which he might bestow his affections. He had regarded the progress of the friends of his youth, those who commenced life's pilgrimage with himself. Various were the paths they chose. Some had sought wealth through toil and danger, and in its fruition found delight. Others had surrendered soul and sense to beautiful shapes of earth, vying with the radiant forms that flit through the bowers of paradise; and beguiled by their blandishments, the bright dream of life was passed without an awakening. But the wisdom of Akiba discovered to him that these were like the deceptive fruit that grew by the Dead Sea's basilisk waves. His days were spent in sighing for some object worthy the love of an exalted soul, and his nights in unavailing regrets that knowledge should make cheerless the lives of its votaries.

Thus were rapidly passing the years of Taric, when, at the close of a day, while reclining, as was his wont, in the door of his tent, he became absorbed in meditating upon his misfortune, that up-like threw its baneful shade over the sunlight of life. A repose, unlike that of mortal slumber, gradually stole over his senses, and the soul of the sage seemed invested with a new nature. Suddenly a form of more than earthly majesty burst upon his gaze. The locks of the stranger streamed in the air like the rays of the rising moon, and from his countenance beamed the light of all knowledge. A smile of ineffable sweetness played around the features of the visitor, as in tones which fell on the ear like the sound of running water to the desert traveller, he addressed the sage:

"Taric l'Akiba, thy prayers have been heard at the throne of Allah—the desire of thy life is granted. I am commissioned by him in whose hands are the keys of every truth, to reveal to thy dim gaze an object worthy a mortal's highest adoration. To him at whose nod I bow, are the workings of nature in earth's deepest recesses, and among the stars of heaven, of whose hidden and awful mysteries thy sages never dreamed. Follow, and thou shalt witness the consummation of thy wishes!"

Prompted by a resistless impulse, he obeyed. In a moment they stood on a lofty eminence, around whose base lay stretched in boundless space the wonders of the universe. "Behold!" said the guide. The eyes of the sage fell upon a Persian landscape, the high hills of which towered with many a feathery lit into the purple light of early day, while the shades of night yet hung over its vales. But the misty curtains quietly rose into upper space, and exposed to his gaze lake and vale, winding river and sinuous shore. The eye of Akiba had often looked on a scene like this, but by some mysterious sympathy he saw it in its true light. The broad lines of sparkling water swelled beneath the wings of the breeze, and the valley in many a mimic undulation glittered with the hues of innumerable flowers. From these waving censurs morning sent up its incense as pure and sweet after the lapse of storm and age, as it rose at the hour of creation. The myrtle bowers that hung round the mountain's brow like a golden cincture, were replete with the songs of birds, and their varied tints shone through the leafy shade like a gleam from paradise. Still higher, groves of palm life-like tossed their broad arms in the gale, while from the festooning vine descended showers of purple fruit.

The circling hours flew on. It was high noon. Perfume and song had ceased to rise, for bird and flower slept beneath the triple light of an orient sun, and the infectious repose seemed stealing over the senses of Akiba. Anon soft showers descended from a clouded sky, and the rain-god's spanning bow rose in mid-heaven. As the sage looked upon the glowing arch, he felt that art could never reach its dimmest tints—that nature's richest colors were incomparably beyond the most gorgeous dyes from the looms of Cashmere.

Rapidly, like the shifting pictures of a panorama, the scenes passed before the bewildered gaze of Taric. The last of those magic hours was before him. The monarch of that day of beauty had sunk to his western home, surrounded by the cloudy forms of air, like a crimson panoply. Then rose the firmament to trace her path through the blue sky, in lines of silver light, and the starry spheres wheeled through their vast orbits. The

soul of the gazer, was filled to faintness with unutterable perceptions of beauty.

"Behold, O Taric!" said the voice of the Genius, "in the Creator of these scenes, the Being whom thou hast sought. Thy cold philosophy has taught thee only to be thankful that the earth is abundant in pleasant fruit to nourish existence. Might not the comely grain bear its rich tribute without the flower? the summer showers descend without yon bow painted in living light on the walls of the sky? and the stars traverse their destined courses without making night glorious? Return! exhaust the fountains of thy love upon Him who has not only satisfied the wants of his children, but in his infinite kindness has spread out so much of his transcendent glory to delight and exalt their souls."

The sage awoke. He was yet reclining at the door of his tent, and no trace of his vision could be seen. But Taric Al'Aliba no longer sighed over sealed fountains of human affection.—L. S. M., jr.

Editorial Department.

The following extracts, from a lecture by Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, present in a clear and forcible manner the tremendous responsibility of parents and teachers, in connection with the early training of youth. The cause of the soul-destroying apathy, on the subject of education, so lamentably prevalent, is referred to the fact, that, in the moral and intellectual culture of children, effects are separated from their causes by long intervals of time:—

"If," says the writer, "you show me a handful of perfect seeds, I know, that, with appropriate culture, those seeds will produce a growth after their kind; whether it be of pulse, which is ripened for use in a month, or of oaks, whose lifetime is centuries. So, in some of the actions of men, consequences follow conduct with a lock-step; in others, the consequences of youthful actions first burst forth as from a subterranean current, in advanced life. Now it is in this class of cases, where there are long intervals lying between our conduct and its consequences; where one generation sows and another generation reaps;—it is in this class of cases, that the greatest and most sorrowful of human errors originate. Yet, even for these, a benevolent Creator has supplied us with an antidote. He has given us the faculty of reason, whose especial office and function it is, to discover the connection between causes and effects; and thereby to enable us so to regulate the causes of to-day, as to predetermine the effects of to-morrow. In the eye of reason, causes and effects exist in proximity. They lie side by side, whatever length of time or distance of space comes in between them. If I am guilty of an act or a neglect, to-day, which will certainly cause the infliction of a wrong, it matters not whether that wrong happens on the other side of the globe, or in the next century. Wherever, or whenever it happens, it is mine; it belongs to me; my conscience owns it, and no sophistry can give me absolution. Who would think of acquitting an incendiary, because the train which he had laid and lighted, first circled the globe, before it reached and consumed his neighbor's dwelling? From the nature of the case, in education, the effects are widely separated from their causes. They happen so long afterwards, that the reason of the community loses sight of the connection between them. It does not bring the cause and effect together, and look at them side by side. If, instead of twenty years, the course of nature allowed but twenty days, to rear an infant to the full stature of manhood, and to sow in his bosom the seeds of unbounded happiness, or of unspeakable misery,—I suppose, in that case, the merchant would abandon his bargains, and the farmer would leave the ingathering of his harvest, and that twenty days would be spent without much sleep, and with many prayers. And yet, it cannot be denied, that the consequences of a vicious education, inflicted upon a child, are how precisely the same as they would be, if, at the end of twenty days after an infant's birth, his tongue were already roughened with oaths and blasphemy; or if, though he were already expiating his offences in the bondage and infamy of a prison. And the consequences of a virtuous education, at the end of twenty years, are now, precisely the same as they would be, at the end of twenty days after his birth, the infant had risen from his cradle into the majestic form of manhood, and were possessed of all those qualities and attributes, which a being created in the image of God ought to have,—with nerves of sympathy reaching out from his own heart and twining around the heart of society, so that the great social wants of man should be a part of his consciousness.

It ought to be understood, that none of these consequences become any the less certain because they are more remote."

The influence of early training and associations upon the individual character and habits, as developed during every subsequent period of life, even at an advanced age, cannot be exaggerated.

The foregoing extract contains the elements of so much important reflection

and meditation, that we hope the attention of our readers, especially those who are parents, may be arrested by it.

From childhood, we have been wont to repeat, and hear repeated,— "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." We recognize the truth figuratively presented in this line; we know and acknowledge, that, as the bent and twisted sapling will, in the gnarled and crooked oak, tell of early violence for centuries to come; so influences brought to bear upon the mind in childhood, "work out more and more broadly into beauty or deformity, in after life;" yet, how little care and anxiety does the acknowledgment of this momentous truth produce in the minds of those to whom is entrusted the education of youth.

"It ought to be universally understood and intimately felt," says Horace Mann, "that, in regard to children, all precept and example, all kindness and harshness; all rebuke and commendation; all forms, indeed, of direct and indirect education affect mental growth, just as dew, and sun, and shower, or untimely frost, affect vegetable growth. Their influences are intermingled and made one with the soul. They enter into spiritual combination with it, never afterwards to be wholly decomposed. They are like the daily food eaten by wild game—so pungent and asporific in its nature, that it flavors every fibre of their flesh, and colors every bone in their body. Indeed, so pervading and enduring is the effect of education upon the youthful soul, that it may well be compared to a certain species of writing, whose color, at first, is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper, and grows blacker by age, until, if you consume the scroll over a coal fire, the characters will still be legible in the cinders."

We have heard parents speak of sending their children from home, "not to be educated," but to learn a particular branch, for the acquisition of which some schools afford peculiar facilities; as if they could at pleasure stop the education of their children, or so completely isolate their minds for a definite period, that, of all surrounding influences, only one should be permitted to act upon them. The fallacy of such a position is clearly exposed in the above extract, which indeed is a faithful delineation of universal experience. If a "sentence has formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom;" if "a picture has ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies," how vastly important that all the circumstances and influences, and associations which surround, and come in contact with, the youthful germ of immortality, and which, of necessity, carry forward its education, infusing upon it their own indelible impressions, should be of an invigorating and life-giving character. Let the instructors of youth remember, that "trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character." Let the tender mind be imbued with the sacred influences of virtue, and they will forever constitute a part of its moral being; they will abide with it, and tend to uphold and purify, wherever it may be cast by fortune in the arena of life. A spirit so softened and penetrated, will be

"Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

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D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.

Hamilton, March 9, 1848.

Principal.

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