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THE CALLIOPEAN



ENGRAVED BY F. C. LOWE

Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Friday, June 9, 1848.

Number 14.

The Ascension of Elijah.* For the Calliopean.
BY MRS. GRABAM.

By the brink of the river the Prophet had stood,
His mantle he waved o'er the boisterous flood;
Through the waves of the Jordan the Prophet has pass'd
Undrench'd by the waters—unscathed by the blast.

On the green shore of Gilead majestic he stood,
His steps were on earth—but his heart with his God;
Refined from earth's dross, he was pure of its leaven,
His eye beam'd the fire of all-glorious Heaven.

But see! from on High to the earth now is tending
The chariot of Heaven on the sunbeams descending;
Like the mist rising upward, the Prophet is borne
From Elisha who gazes, bewildered—forsorn.

No longer the chariot of Israel carried—
On the wings of the whirlwind, fast, fast was it carried,
And the wheels of its fleetness sound faint on the ear,
Where in glory resplendent the steeds disappear!

"My Father! my Father! the sight is enough,
The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"
He caught a faint glimpse of the Land of his rest,
And his mantle prophetic, he girds to his breast.

The mantle-smit waters divide at his bidding—
The dry bed of Jordan re-echoes his treading—
The God of Elijah his spirit inspires,
And Elisha the Prophet in wonder retires.

St. George, Dumfries.

Written and first published in 1846. Altered and corrected by the Author for the "Calliopean."

Read at the Annual Review.

Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Graham.

Thus eminently pious woman, in all her intercourse with the world, strictly adhered to, and carried out the precepts and injunctions of sacred writ.

But her character shone not so brightly when surrounded by worldly prosperity, smiled upon by fortune, and the object of af-

fectionate sympathy and love, as when providence seemed to frown, and all without seemed dark and void; while blest with parental solicitude and guidance, or leaning on the arm of a faithful and devoted husband, she felt not the coldness and emptiness of the world; her lamp burned dimly, and her heart was not wholly the Lord's.

But even then, the Shepherd of souls was nurturing her talents, that they might work out His own good pleasure. By experiencing the fluctuations of earthly scenes and enjoyments, she was induced to fly afresh for refuge to the hope set before her in the gospel, and clung more closely to Him, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. It was not until she had left her native soil, kindred and friends, for the privations and difficulties of the western world, that those traits, which afterwards distinguished her as a Christian, a wife, and a mother, at all exhibited themselves. Her religious privileges at this time, were but scanty. Her Sabbaths were spent in a grove perusing the sacred volume, and communing with her God; but even while laboring under these disadvantages, she was being fitted for a more extensive field of usefulness. The clouds which had gradually been gathering around her, at length burst, in fearful reality upon her heart.

Her only earthly friend in this land of strangers, he for whose sake she had forsaken home, with all its endearments, was marked out by the ruthless destroyer. This severe dispensation was met, not with murmuring or despondency, but with calm resignation to the will of heaven. Her prayer was not, "restere to me my protecter:" though by his removal she must be cast unprovided for upon the world, dependent solely upon the labor of her own hands for sustenance. The only anxiety which now seized upon the mind of this humble follower of Jesus was, that he whom she had loved on earth should be fitted for the skies. And even amidst the trying realities of the last sad interview, when the sobs of her orphan children burst upon her, she raised her voice in thanksgiving to God, as the emancipated spirit flew away from earth, triumphing in redeeming love. It was not until the last rites of affection and love had been paid to the remains of the departed, and the sympathising neighbors had retired, that the bereaved one felt the loneliness of her dejected situation, or gave expression to the emotions of her heart.

As soon as the first outbreak of grief had subsided, she arose, girt on her armor, and dedicated herself to the Lord as a widow indeed. She heeded not her own isolated situation. Her children, the destitute and suffering, now claimed her attention. A course was marked out for her by Him who seeth and ordaineth

all things, and she determined to press forward in the footsteps of her Divine Master. With cheerfulness she lent to the Lord of all that she possessed; but her circumstances being straitened, prevented her from exercising to its full extent the natural goodness of her heart. The promises of God, which declare that He will never forsake those who put their trust in Him, were verified to this pious widow—in this her time of need, friends were raised who willingly contributed to her wants out of their abundance.

Having now nothing to bind her to the scene of her affliction, she embarked for the land of her nativity. Here another test of her confidence in God was presented; but even amidst the fearful raging of the ocean, and all the terror of shipwreck and expected death, she lay becalmed upon the bosom of God, knowing that all things would work together for good to them that confide in His will. On arriving at her native land, the subject of our narrative was not met by a pompous retinue of servants to welcome her back to her parental estate. No, the home of her father was now occupied by another, and her only surviving parent, cast upon the world, had taken refuge in the humble cot of a peasant; where, emaciated by disease, he lay stretched upon a wretched pallet of straw. Thus bereft of friends, the worldling might, perhaps, ask, "Did not she who had dedicated herself to the service of God, experience a longing desire for the wealth and grandeur of which she had once been in possession?" No, she met with perfect security and composure all the difficulties that encompassed her. Her affections being wholly weaned from the world and centred on the Rock of Ages, she was bold in the faith, and feared nothing but the withdrawal of God's favor. She had drained the cup of affliction to the very dregs—she had also drank from the fountain of wisdom, and saw that the decrees of the Lord are just and righteous altogether. In alleviating the sorrows and smoothing the pillow of her departing parent, Mrs. Graham now found ample scope for the overflowing sympathy of her affectionate heart; and in the pleasing duty of training her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord, she experienced a heartfelt satisfaction, which no external circumstances could impart.

Not satisfied with imparting blessings to her own limited circle, she sought out the distressed, and aroused the efforts of the affluent in their behalf. Through her instrumentality, asylums were raised up for the protection of the widow and fatherless, and the blessing of salvation extended to many a benighted wanderer from the fold of Christ. Thus did she continue "to labor on at God's command and offer all her works to Him," until called from the church militant to the church triumphant above.

Her light, like that of the just, shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When the summons came, her work was accomplished; she had but to lay her armor down, and cease at once to work and live. Her character needs no comment; she has gone to her reward and her works do follow her.

"Of humble spirit, though of taste refin'd;
Her feelings tender, though her will resign'd;
Call'd by affliction, every grace to prove—
In patience perfect, and complete in love;
O'er death victorious, through her Savior's might,
She reigns triumphant with the saints in light."

EMBLEMS.

I ASK not of the golden sun, why, when at eventide,
His last red glance is cast abroad on the green upland side;
I ask not why his radiant glow stays not to bless my sight,
Or why his yellow beams should sink behind the pall of night:
Day, night and morn must come and go, along the changing sky,
With shadow and with grateful light, to cheer the waking eye;
It is the change which makes them best—all hold a tranquil power,
Whether 'tis morning's orient gleam, or evening's solemn hour.

Thus should the soul in silence gaze, lit by pale Memory's star,
O'er the heaving tide of life, whose wrecks but bubbles are;
And tho' the light of joy be dim—tho' Hope's warm dream hath fled,
Tho' the deep wind hath mournful tones along the slumbering dead,
Still let thy spirit look abroad, and onward to the rest,
Which comes as twilight shadows steal across earth's verdant breast;
And, chastened in the night of ill, amid its shadowed gloom,
Look to the holy morn which breaks the darkness of the tomb.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Monarchs of Europe—Territory and Population.

THE excitement in the old world, the revolution, the reforms, and the threatening aspect of affairs at our last accounts, have induced many inquiries as to the names and ages of the reigning sovereigns, the extent and population of their various governments. We have, therefore, turned to the latest authorities and gather the following:

Great Britain—Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, was born May 24th, 1819. Ascended the throne June 20, 1837, at the age of 18. Government, limited monarchy, with two Houses of Parliament. Population 26,831,105. Territory 116,700 square miles. Religion Protestant.

France—Louis Philippe, late King of France, now a Republic, was born October 6, 1773. He ascended the throne Aug. 9, 1830, aged 57. Government, late limited monarchy, now a Republic. Population 34,194,875. Territory 202,135 square miles. Religion Catholic.

Nicholas I. Emperor of Russia, was born July 6, 1796. He ascended the throne Dec. 1, 1825, aged 29. The Government is an absolute monarchy. The territory 2,041,809 square miles, and the population (including Poland) 62,500,000. Religion, Greek Church.

Frederic William IV. King of Prussia, was born Oct. 15th, 1795. He ascended the throne June 7, 1840, aged 45. The Government has heretofore been an absolute monarchy, with a population of 14,330,000. Territory 106,302 square miles. Religion, Evangelical.

Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, was born April 19, 1798, and ascended the throne March 2, 1835, aged 42. The government has heretofore been an absolute monarchy, except Hungary &c. with a population of 36,519,560. Square miles 255,256. Religion, Catholic.

Louis, the King of Bavaria, (now said to have abdicated) was born Aug. 25, 1780, ascended the throne October 13, 1825, aged 39. The kingdom is a limited monarchy, with two chambers. The population 4,315,430. Territory 28,435 square miles. Religion Catholic.

Oscar I. King of Sweden and Norway, was born in July, 1790. He ascended the throne March 8, 1844, aged 45. Government, limited monarchy, with a diet. Population 4,156,900.—Religion, Lutheran.

Christian VIII. King of Denmark, was born September 18, 1786. He ascended the throne December 3, 1839, aged 59.—Government, absolute monarchy. Population, 2,033,265! Territory 59,762 square miles.

William II. King of Holland or Netherlands, was born December 6, 1792. Ascended the throne October 7, 1840, aged 48. Government, limited monarchy, with two Chambers. Population 2,915,369. Territory 13,800 square miles. Religion, Reformed.

Leopold I. King of Belgium, was born Dec. 16, 1790. He ascended the throne July 31, 1831, aged 40. Limited monarchy, with two Chambers. Population 4,242,600. Territory, 12,569 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Frederick, King of Saxony, was born May 18, 1797. Ascended the throne June 6, 1836, aged 39. Government, limited monarchy, with two Chambers. Population, 1,652,114. Territory, 5,705 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, born June 5, 1771. Ascended the throne July 20, 1837, aged 66. Government, limited monarchy, with two Chambers. Population, 1,706,280. Territory, 14,600 square miles.

William, King of Wurttemberg, was born September 27, 1781. He ascended the throne October 30, 1816, aged 35. Government, limited monarchy, with two Chambers. Population, 1,634,654. Territory, 7,569 square miles.

There are, besides, 26 other German Principalities, Grand Duchies, Langravines, Electorates, &c., some in the form of absolute and others of limited monarchies. There are also in Germany, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Lubec, free cities, which are separate and republican.

Isabella II. Queen of Spain, was born Oct. 10, 1830. She

ascended the throne Sept. 29, 1833, aged 3 years. The government is a limited monarchy, with a Legislature (the Cortes.) The population is 12,286,941. Territory, 176,480 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Maria II. Queen of Portugal, was born April 4, 1819. Ascended the throne May 2, 1826, aged 7 years. Government, limited monarchy, with one Chamber. Population 3,550,000. Territory, 34,500 square miles. Religion, Catholic. Switzerland is a Republic, with a Diet. Population, 2,135,480. Territory, 17,208 square miles. Religion, Catholic and Protestant.

Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, born October 2, 1798. Ascended the throne April 27, 1831, aged 32. Government, absolute monarchy. Population, 4,168,000. Territory, 28,820 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Leopold II. Grand Duke of Tuscany, born October 3, 1797. Ascended the throne June 18, 1824, aged 26. Government, absolute monarchy. Population, 1,436,785. Territory, 8,302 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Pius IX. Pope of Rome, is the temporal Sovereign of the States of the Church. Born, Dec. 23, 1792. Was elected by the College of Cardinals, June 21, 1846, at the age of 54.—Elective Sovereignty. Population, 2,732,436. Territory, 17,048 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, born January 12, 1810. Ascended the throne Nov. 6, 1830, at the age of 20.—Government, limited monarchy, with a Council. Population, 7,975,850. Territory, 41,531 square miles. Religion, Catholic.

There are also Duchies in Italy—Parma, Modena and Massa; and the Principality of Monaco. Neither should we forget the small Republic of San Marino, in Italy, with 7,000 inhabitants, that of Andorre, in the Pyrenees, with 7,000—and that of the Ionian Islands, with 208,100 inhabitants, in the Mediterranean, under British protection.

Otho, King of Greece, was born June 1, 1815. He ascended the throne May 7, 1832, aged 27. The Government is a limited monarchy. Population, 928,000. Territory, 10,206 square miles. Religion, Greek Church.

Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of Turkey, was born April 20, 1823. He ascended the throne July 1, 1839, aged 16. Government, absolute monarchy. Population 9,545,000. Territory, 183,340 square miles. Religion, Mahometan.

The foregoing outline possesses unusual interest at the present time, and will be found useful as a matter of reference.

Sir Walter Scott and Wilberforce.

IN reading a few evenings since, the diary of the great and good Wilberforce, we were struck with the following passage in reference to the Waverly novels, (which were just then in course of publication):—

"I am always sorry that they should have so little of moral or religious object. They remind me of a giant spending his strength in cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my account at the last day, carrying up with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains,' than bearing the load of all those volumes, full as they are of genius."

Without entering here into the vexed question of the lawfulness of writing and reading romances, we must be permitted to express our earnest sympathy with this beautiful and truthful sentiment. For Walter Scott, the man so full of generosity, of hearty genial humor, and of hospitality, we have a warm admiration. To him we are indebted for many delightful hours. In the living tapestries of his unrivalled romances we have seen the shape and spirit of the stirring days of chivalry, "bodied forth" with a strange and picturesque beauty. We have laughed with Caleb Balderstone and Dugald Dalgetty, and mourned with old David Deans over that sad calamity for which "he wrestled in privacy on his knees; and followed that most perfect of his heroines, Jeanie Deans, up to London; and, listening to the sweetly eloquent appeal for her sister's life, have found ourselves ready "to gush out with tears." And yet after reading all his most celebrated productions, with a hearty admiration for the splendor of their conception, we are tempted to ask ourselves, Why all this vast expenditure of so much that was rich and precious, and

that, too, without even the outward show of devotion manifested by her, who had expended so much of her substance in order to anoint her Master's feet? Were there no great living truths for him to defend? Were there no contests waging with error that called for the aid of his powerful arm? Were there no burning wrongs for him to expose and labor to correct, that he should have squandered the treasures of his mighty intellect in devising cunning romances for a winter evening's entertainment?

Contrast his career with that lofty philanthropist whom we have just named, who, although his inferior in point of natural gifts, has yet rendered his own life sublime. Wilberforce, like Scott, was a man of great geniality of temper.—like Scott, he seemed to "touch life at a great many points." But he did not live merely for the amusement of his fellow-men. He lived for their higher good. He had a quick eye for all the wrongs and sufferings of his fellow-beings, and a warm heart for their relief. All day long his cottage at Clapham was thronged by men—not like those who crowded the doorway at Abbotsford, in order to pay homage to high intellect alone—but by those who came to ask of him alms for some of God's poor, or to devise some plan to enlighten the ignorant of London, or to supply the Bible in some destitute region, or to suppress the infamous traffic in the bodies and souls of men on the coast of Africa. For thirty-three long years, through sneers, and taunts, and discouragements—with a lofty moral heroism, unsurpassed, since the days of the Apostle of the Gentiles, he had waged a war upon this monstrous traffic—and when the triumph was at last gained, and Sir Samuel Romilly announced, amidst the cheers of the House, that William Wilberforce would that night lay his head upon his pillow a more honored man than the Emperor of France—what mere literary triumph was worthy to be mentioned in the comparison? Follow these two men to the bar of God; and in that awful hour, big with the fate of coming eternities, who among the myriad hosts that turn their eyes upon the Infinite Glory, and the "great white throne," would willingly step forth and prefer the place of Walter Scott to the place of William Wilberforce?

But we need no such supposition as this. The close of their lives had a portentous significance. Wilberforce's death was a calm and holy falling into sleep. The last hours of Walter Scott were but sorrowful records of pain, anxiety, and darkness. His dying words were, "Lockhart, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man—nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Mournfully expressive words, wrung from him by that great "detector of the heart," a dying bed. In the midst of those trying agonies there was a thought that might have buoyed them up—(but, alas! it was denied him)—the thought that amid all his splendid literary achievements, he had ever written a single page which had for its aim the highest, greatest interests of the immortal soul.—*Presbyterian*.

The Education of the Young.

CHILDREN should be early taught to look up and find their standard of life far above the common throng. They should not be taught to rest contented in inactivity, or that Providence would have them satisfied with any small attainments so long as higher attainments are within the reach of their utmost efforts. Providence calls no child to sit down in the dust and amuse itself with such things as glow-worms and snail-shells. They are called to higher spheres—to soar among the stars, to roam o'er mountain tops, to penetrate the depths, and to commune with angels. They are called upon to rise higher and still higher, never resting satisfied until they have placed their feet far above all former foot-prints, and carved their names above all other names. "Excelsior" should ever be the motto. He who looks upon the children in our streets, fast growing, many of them, to be vagabonds and pests in society, and is satisfied, either is deaf to the voice of duty and of God, or he is guilty of basely disregarding that voice. He, only, who is willing to labor for the elevation of the rising race—to guide them into spheres of improvement and usefulness, and to foster with them a disposition to run the race for honorable and meritorious distinction, is a true patriot. He, only, is true to his nature, true to posterity, true to his country, true to his God.

Read at the Annual Review.

L O V E .

Oh, what is friendship pure and true, but the first strong links of Love ?
 And what is Love, but that bright chain which binds us, from above ?
 A beautiful and cloudless sky, with no horizon found ;
 A sea without a rocky shore ; a space without a bound.
 Man gives no limit to its power, nor stays it in its roll ;
 For its billows gush unceasingly in the caverns of the soul.
 To the bright regions of the heart, the radiant stream is given,
 O'er which bright beams of glory dart, whose fountain is in heaven.

Not only o'er the human heart, is the glowing radiance strewn,
 'Tis thrown round Nature's ample field, from the river to the moon.
 I saw the bright and gorgeous sun in crimson garments dress'd,
 As the weary monarch laid asleep on the bosom of the west ;
 And the summer breeze played tenderly over the quiet grave,
 And the glorious sweep of sunbeams then, encircled the blue wave :
 I asked of Nature in her joy, who, with such radiant bloom,
 Lit up her glowing features, banishing far all gloom ?
 And the wind that murmur'd through the grove, fanning the stately fir,
 With all the tones of melody, that sweetly mingled there,
 The voices of the singing birds—the soft tones of the dove—
 The rushing stream—the evening breeze—all softly whisper'd "Love."

The splendor of once glorious Rome, the might of classic Greece,
 The power of Chaldea's plain—are all in death-like peace—
 The ringing shouts of victory have long passed far away ;
 And the laurel wreaths of heroes lie mouldering with the clay.
 And gazing on the ruined walls, we mourn for those who were ;
 But we smile to see that *Love* has wove her wildflowers even there.

But *Love* is purest when it gives its power to the heart,
 And in that strange mysterious thing bears an unrival'd part.
 'Tis no light thing to know we claim a mother's earnest thought,
 And know a father's every prayer with our memory is fraught,
 And feel that from a sister's heart our names have never fled ;
 (Who knows a brother's love, but they who long have mourned one dead ?)
 With many another tender tie, that to our hearts is given
 To comfort us in earthly woo, with pleasing dreams of heaven.

Love lights the rude torch, whose bright gleam shines in the forest gloom ;
Love lights the shining lamps, that burn in many a quiet room,
 Where brethren meet but to renew "the covenant of love,"
 'Till the "God of Love" shall call them home, to a temple far above.
 How can we forget the charge given by our Elder Brother ?
 "A new command I give to you, that ye love one another."

Love for the dead will stay the smile that beams upon the brow ;
 As England's monarch smiled no more, when his darling was laid low—
Love will pace dreary mountains o'er, and dare dark ocean's rush ;
 Danger and doubt, each melt away at its all-powerful touch,
 Deeper than mortal thought can grasp where ends its mighty flow—
 "Higher than heaven"—"stronger than death"—what of it can we know ?
 Gentle as breath of balmy eve, 'twill soothe the troubled breast,
 And calm the wildest passions' powers, and call them to their rest—
 Enduring more than mighty rocks that guard the treacherous flood—
 More than the patriarchal woods, which ages long have stood.
 It watches by affliction's couch, night following dreary night,
 And asks not for the rest that comes with the vanishing of light ;
 And bearing still unnumber'd griefs, still beautiful and pure—
 'Tis *Love's* prerogative to weep and still endure, endure.

Love is the brightest, richest gem with which the world is stored—
 It welcomes in the lonely one to the kinsman's joyous board ;
 It cheers the widow's suffering heart, and quells the orphan's grief ;
 For *Love* is to the sorrowing one, what rain is to the leaf.
 To it we owe the blessings pure, of social gloe and mirth ;
 'Tis *Love* that gives the light of joy to each domestic hearth,
 Fresh as the bloom of coming spring, it fades not, grows not old ;
 'Tis heaven's own alchemy, that turns the flinty stone to gold.

What brought the world's Redeemer down from glittering thrones on high ?
 Why came He as a sojourner, and laid His honors by ?

No wreathing flowers of smiling peace came, round His head to twine ;
 None of the people staid by Him—lone "treacher of the vine."
 Not slackening Orion's bands ; not gilt with many a star ;
 But a stranger low and sorrowing, so came he from afar :
 One motive only, brought Him down from holy worlds above,
 And for the battle made Him strong—that principle was *Love*.
 Now, in the glorious land of heaven, the loving Son is there,
 And often, at His Father's throne, breathes forth this pleading prayer—
 "Father, I will that those I love, in glory soon may be,
 And one in our Unity, as I am One with Thee."
 Then do resounding shouts pour forth, from those celestial wardens,
 While heavenly harmony is heard through the eternal gardens.

We shall not always gather here, as we are gather'd now,
 All in one bond of amity—one in affection's vow.
 The day of separation comes—the night of death draws nigh—
 Hush'd must be every beating pulse, closed every beaming eye ;
 And solemn though the thought may be ; yet who among his train
 Shall reassemble here ? O God, when shall we meet again ?
 If we greet each other not on earth ; yet, in a world above,
 May all who are with us this night, meet in that land of *Love*.

We speak of glorious worlds of light, and blissful regions fair,
 And bright winged worshippers, that now are chanting music there ;
 But, 'twixt us and that better land, a dreary sea doth gleam—
 What shall support us, when our feet touch its dark rolling stream ?
 Fame starts away from those strange shapes, that by those waves have stood,
 And Science and her classic sons, shrink from that brotherhood ;
 "His rod and staff shall comfort us," who came from worlds above
 To save us in His pity, and redeem us in His *Love*."

"*Love* never faileth"—Are there tongues ? Yet shall their language cease,
 And every strange discordant sound be changed to notes of peace—
 Music shall reach its blissful height, in thrilling joyous strains ;
 Hope, sure and steadfast, shall rejoice, when a calm rest she gains.
 Faith, clear and beautiful, shall then "be lost in perfect sight ;"
 The moon and stars shall shine no more, "there shall be no more night."
 But *Love* will still continue bright, aye brighter than before,
 For we shall not know how to love until we reach that shore.
 When we have seen the broad earth shake, the high cliff bow his head,
 And felt the ocean's last told pulse, and "seen him give his dead,"
 When the deep blue firmament of heaven, shall far away be roll'd,
 And the morning stars grow pale and dim, amid their curtain fold—
 Where shall we be ?—let us live, so that we may meet again,
 Beneath the cloudless sky of bliss, where all is *Love*.—Amen.

Habits of Reading.

CHARACTER is formed more as the result of habits of daily reading, than we are accustomed to think. Scarcely less depends on this, than on the character of the book read. One man will glance over a dozen books, gaining some conception of their contents, but without mastering a single thought, and making it his own, while another, in the perusal of a single work, will gather materials for thought and conversation for a life-time. Grimke of South Carolina, an eminent scholar and orator, attributes his distinction to the influence of the thorough reading and study of a single book—Butler's Analogy—while thousands, if they would confess the truth, might ascribe their mental dissipation and imbecility to the indiscriminate and cursory reading of whatever comes in their way. There is an evil in this direction that lies back of the character of the popular literature, and that could not but work immense mischief, even if what is so universally read were a great deal better than it is. We allude to the habit of reading for amusement or excitement. There are multitudes who have no other or higher object in reading. If the book is only "interesting," it suffices. No matter whether it contains a single valuable thought, fact, or principle ; no matter if it is true or false. It is enough that a morbid love of what is wonderful or amusing is gratified. It helps to "kill time," and satisfies an appetite that is about as craving and about as healthful as that of the drunkard for his cups.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

For the Galloper.

No. 6.

Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

L. E. L. in the poetical, like Junius in the political world, has become a name of itself, which shall last to the end of time. How thrilling must have been the interest excited by these three simple letters, as pieces of the most touching beauty regularly appeared, for several years, in the "Literary Gazette," with this signature, and found an eager welcome in almost every household in England. She was but eighteen years of age, (she was born in 1802,) when her productions were shown to Mr. Jerdan, the editor of this paper, and the friend and neighbor of her father, who immediately perceived their ability and placed them before the public. About two years afterwards her father died, and henceforth, like Mrs. Hemans after her separation from her husband, she devoted every energy of her mind, with the most unceasing industry, to the support of her surviving relatives.

The Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, the Golden Violet, the Venetian Bracelet, and the Vow of the Peacock, appeared in succession, and in consequence of her previous fame met with the most encouraging success. These works are all characterized by an enthusiastic fondness for the heroes of chivalry and romance, which seem to have taken a strong hold upon her imagination, and form the theme of most of her poetical writings. The scenes and events which she brings before the reader, are described with a gorgeousness of coloring, a vividness of thought, and, at the same time, a beauty of language, which makes them irresistibly fascinating, especially to the young. As she grew older, however, she acquired greater depth and correctness of thought; though her own peculiar "rhythm, feeling, style, and phraseology," which are so easily distinguishable from those of all other poets, are the same in all her writings. In the words of one of her own characters: "I am far cleverer than I was. I have felt, have thought so much. Talk of the mind exhausting itself!—never! Think of the mass of materials, which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm, clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility, and our greater power."

But when she had already gained a lofty niche in the temple of Poetry, she suddenly, like Sir Walter Scott, entered the lists for prose composition. Francesca Carrara, and Ethel Churchill, if fictions are to be approved at all, are among the finest in our language. The Traits and Trials of Early Life, founded upon reality, and somewhat upon events in her own life, is powerfully as well as affectingly written. Well do we remember weeping bitterly over the misfortunes and cruel treatment of two orphan children, portrayed in one of these sketches, entitled the Twin Sisters. Her prose productions possess nearly the same characteristics as her poetry, affording, perhaps, a greater scope for her benevolent and searching views of society; though it is a remarkable fact, but one probably true of most real poets, that she found much greater facility in expressing herself in verse, than in prose.

In 1831 she became editress of Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book, which continued under her able direction till her marriage, in 1838.

From her childhood, Africa had been a place of intense interest to her imaginative mind; arising, in part, perhaps, from the fact, that, when very young, she had read a book of travels in that country, and in part, from the circumstance of her father and cousin having visited it. This was, perhaps, one of the reasons which induced her to be united to Mr. Maclean, and go out to Cape Coast Castle, of which he was governor. She was in the full bloom of her age, and her fame, when she thus resigned the enjoyments of English society, to reside in a solitary castle on the shores of the African continent. She had been there, however, but a short time, when a dose of poison, unfortunately taken by mistake, put an end to the existence of this "highly-gifted songstress."

Born, and living the greater part of her life in London, she

became linked to its tastes and habits. Reveling in its brightest and most intellectual circles, her brilliant thoughts gained her the admiration, as much as did her goodness of heart, the love of all with whom she associated. The spirit of indwelling joyousness, which seemed to fill her, when but a child, with "a little world of happiness within," and which prompted the answer, when rambling at that age through the garden, "oh don't speak to me, I have such a delightful thought in my head," continued the same through every period of her life. As happy among the gloomy rocks, and ignorant inhabitants of the Gold Coast, as amid the gaiety of the British metropolis, she wrote homo a letter, the morning before she took the fatal draught, breathing the same cheerfulness and vivacity as ever.

"Your first impressions of her," says William Howitt, "were—what a light, simple, merry-looking girl. If you had not been aware of her being a popular poetess, you would have suspected her of being nothing more than an agreeable, bright, and joyous young lady. This feeling in her own house, or among a few congenial people, was quickly followed by a feeling of the kind-heartedness and goodness about her. You felt that you could not be long with her without loving her. There was a frankness and generosity about her that won extremely upon you."

It was, probably, this lightness and independence of spirit, which gave rise to many calumnies, which were totally untrue, but which often destroyed her peace of mind. It was, doubtless, one of these calumnies which spread abroad the supposition that her death was intentional. She certainly was wanting (and it is the greatest defect in her character), in that heavenly-mindedness, and that piety, which Mrs. Hemans learnt from so many lessons of suffering.

The character of her writings is, in one respect, strikingly different from the general cast of her mind. A dreary melancholy seems to pervade them all. Love is the subject of most of them, but it is a love, which always ends in disappointment and wretchedness. The words of her first heroine are applicable to them all, and seem singularly characteristic of her own destiny:—

"Sad were my shades; methinks they had
Almost a tone of prophecy—
I over had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be."

JUNIA.

Results of Astronomy.

ACCORDING to a conjecture first made by the great Herschel, and afterwards further developed and rendered intelligible by Madler, the entire system of fixed stars forms, if we may use the expression, a single less-shaped canopy. That is, we, with our sun are situated nearly in the middle of a space, having the form of two watch glasses, placed with the concave surfaces towards each other. The surfaces of this canopy are studded tolerably equally with fixed stars. But as we are a thousand times nearer those situated above and below than those at the edges of this hollow lens, so the distances between the stars immediately above us seem greater, whilst the legions of those distributed at the edge are seen in densely crowded masses. We may consider the Milky Way as the edge and furthest limit of this set of fixed stars, where the infinitely distant crowds of stars are collected in such masses, that their light grows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us to isolate one star from another.

Beyond this our lens, Herschel and the most recent astronomers imagine that the spots of clouds which appear like oval flakes in the sky, are other entirely distinct and independent systems, which float at such an immeasurable distance from us that the light has to wander millions of years in reaching us.

It is, however, as we before remarked, sufficient for our purpose to take into consideration only the stars of the twelfth magnitude, from which the light can travel to us in four thousand years. From what we have already said, viz., that the ray of light meeting our eye is not sent forth from the star at the same moment, but arrives here according to the corresponding and requisite number of seconds, minutes, or years, it follows that we do not see the star as it is, but it was at the time when the ray of light was emitted.

Thus we see the star in Centaur as it was three years ago, Vega as it was twelve years and one month ago, and so on to the star of the twelfth magnitude, which we look upon as it shone four thousand years ago. Hence follows the conclusion which has frequently been made by astronomers, and which in its result has become popular, viz., that a star of the twelfth magnitude may have been extinguished, or set four thousand years ago, whilst we, nevertheless, continue to see its light shining.

This conclusion, when applied to each of the former positions, gives the following results :

We do not see the moon as it is, but as it was a second and a quarter before ; i. e., the moon may already have been dispersed into atoms for more than a second, and we should still see it entire and perfect.

We do not see the sun as it now is, but as it was eight minutes before ; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes ; Uranus as it was more than two hours before ; the star in Centaur as it was three years before ; Vega as it was nine and a quarter years ; and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago.

These propositions are well known, and have already been published in popular works upon astronomy.

It is really marvellous that nobody has thought of reversing them, and of drawing the very remarkable and astonishing conclusions which pour upon us in a full stream from the converse ; and it is our intention there to examine the converse and the inferences which may thence be drawn.

The following is the relative view of the matter ; as we have before remarked, we see the disc of the moon not in the form in which it now is, but as it was five quarters of a second before the time of observation.

In exactly the same way an imaginary observer in the moon would not see the earth, as it was at the moment of observation but as it was five quarters of a second before. An observer from the sun sees the earth as it was eight minutes before.—From Uranus the time between the reality and the perception by the eye being two hours and a half apart ; if for example, the summit of the Alps on a certain morning, was illuminated by the first ray of the sun at six o'clock, an observer in this planet, who was provided either with the requisite power of vision, or a sufficiently good telescope would see this indication of the rising of the sun at half-past eight of our time.

An observer in Centaur can of course never see the Northern hemisphere of the earth, because this constellation never rises above our horizon. But supposing it possible, and that an observer were standing in this star with such powerful vision as to be able to distinguish all particulars on our little earth, shining but feebly luminous in its borrowed light, he would see in the year 1843, the public illuminations which in the year 1840, made the cities of our native country shine with the brightness of day during the darkness of night. An observer in Vega would see what happened with us twelve years ago, and so on, until an inhabitant of a star of the twelfth magnitude, if we imagine him with unlimited power of vision contemplating the earth, sees it as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the Patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface.

In the immeasurably great number of fixed stars which are scattered about in the universe, floating either at a distance of between fifteen and twenty billions of miles from us, reckoning backwards any given number of years, doubtless a star could be found which sees the past epochs of our earth as if existing now, or so nearly corresponding to the time, that the observer need wait no long time to see its condition at the required moment.

—*North British Review.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Eloquence of the Camp.

THE sayings of soldiers, and those related to them, have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedæmonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa ! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the first Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon-ball at the moment he received the order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers ! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers ! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle ?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved on them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot ! I have suffered my guns to be taken."—"Young man," said he, "be consoled ! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes ! me reconnais-tu ?—c'est Bonaparte ! c'est ton ami !"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers ! Russia is impelled by Fate ! Let its destiny be accomplished !"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendor in an unclouded firmament—"Behold !" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendor.

At Montebello the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon-balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Frejus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments of Grenoble hesitated before declaring for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would wish to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."

MORAL EDUCATION.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin? or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, who have been accustomed to do evil"
 "Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it."

We have already had occasion to notice and lament the want of moral education in our primary schools; a deficiency which some have attempted to justify, from the great variety of religious faiths and modes of worship existing in the community, and the danger of converting the schools into an engine of religious proselytism. But surely this is a reason which will not stand the test of examination. Because one branch of moral duty, (that which relates to religious doctrine,) is properly rejected, on account of this peculiarity in the state of society, does it follow that every species of moral training must be excluded? Does not this circumstance rather enhance the necessity of a peculiar attention to that part of moral instruction to which no such objection can apply? Is there not an extensive field, which may be regarded as common ground, in respect to which every portion of society, whatever be their religious belief, are perfectly agreed? Is there any parent, who does not desire his child to be trained to the practice of virtue, and to the avoidance of every vicious habit? that he should be inspired with veneration, gratitude, and love, to God? that he should be honest, faithful, humane, and gentle; obedient to his parents, true to his word? that he should possess moral courage and self-control? industry, perseverance, economy, and temperance; patience, fortitude, magnanimity, and cheerfulness? Surely not. On these, and such like points, we shall meet with perfect unanimity.

The force of these considerations is much increased by the reflection, that moral training, to be effectual, must be commenced in *early youth*. And here we have once more to lament the same fundamental error, so repeatedly noticed in our review of intellectual education, the adoption of a wrong course in the *first steps*. Thus, while some would frighten children into goodness, or place morality on an equally false foundation, others would leave you almost without instruction, in the delusive hope that *experience* will teach wisdom, that they will *know better* as they advance in life. But, alas! what then availeth knowledge? In a state of innocence, knowledge is all in all. But when the mind has become accustomed to guilt, which makes its approaches perhaps in the guise of pardonable frailties, rising by slow degrees, into the blacker and blacker shades of vice; at first attacking only occasionally, and finally becoming settled, by habit, into a part of *man's very nature*; when the passions, hitherto dormant, are gradually awakened, and, from the total want of resistance, are enabled to fix their roots deep in the soul; then mere knowledge is powerless. In this state of mind hardly anything short of miraculous power will restore man to the state of child-like innocence from which he had departed.

If, then, we would renovate society, we must not wait for the maturity of reason, and then expect to root out evil habits that have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It is from the *beginnings* of vice that we must be saved, if we would be saved from vice itself. The conscience must be developed on the first dawning of reason; it must be cultivated and strengthened by constant appeals to its jurisdiction; and a *habitu* must be acquired of listening to, and following its monitions.

From Wright's Casket.

Thoughts on the Management of Classes.

WHAT is the first object to be secured, as the upturned faces of a class flash with expectation on beholding their teacher in the act of presenting them with a dish of mental food? The answer comes up involuntarily without labored research. It is attention. How then can we secure an adequate amount of attention? Why, evidently, from the manner in which the faithful teacher has dressed up the subject about to be presented to the impressive minds before him. If he has handled his subject, with a master hand he shows it in all of its beneficial enticements before the intellectual gaze of the wondering scholar. Let the food offered in this instance be Geography. How shall these

infant minds partake of the mental nourishment? Shall they receive it by whole *Continents* and submerge it with *Oceans*, thereby satiating and destroying their mental stomachs? or shall they partake of it particle by particle, expanding and strengthening the net-works of the mind, giving unto it power and efficiency, as it stretches over more and more of Geographical space? From this suggestion, according to my view, I furnish the following manner of serving up this department of science to a class of young learners. Familiarise them, first, with the idea of *Geography*. Bring the subject home to their fleeting thoughts; the home geography of the play ground of their childhood. As they grow in mental strength they will be able to take in their range, district after district, town after town, and soon the mental grasp will fasten in imagination upon counties and states; and be able to describe them with ease, clearness, and correctness. Thus disciplined, the pupil is prepared to traverse a Continent with all of its diversity of Geographical arrangements. The vista of space is open, the pupil passes from Continent to Continent, rolling up before his mental mirror *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, together with the *Islands of the Sea*. And from this mode of treatment, we are convinced that, geographically, the scholar stands up a man; no superficial prodigy; but a real mental giant, compelling a world to pass in review before his light-toned and powerfully expanded intellect.

Geo. H. STOWITS.

Stark-Ville, Her Co., N.Y.

THE SPRING.

THE following poetry should be treasured as an unparalleled literary curiosity; it was written by a little blind girl, (Miss Abby Water, 47 Missouri street, Boston,) only ten years of age. She was born without hands and wrote with her mouth, having acquired an extraordinary facility in that mode of recording thought. The mental no less than the mechanical origin of this poem is remarkable enough, and as an exhibition of poetical precocity it surpasses, I think, the first born offerings of Pope and Cowley. — *Boston Post*.

Now the wintry signs are going
 Fast, from stream, and sod, and tree;
 Warmer airs are mildly blowing,
 Spring is here with face of glee.
 Snows are low and suns are high
 Where her rosy footsteps fly,
 Wide abroad her mantle flinging,
 As an angel maid advances—
 Flowers are blooming, birds are singing
 In the sunshine of her glances.
 Soul of verdure, youth and beauty,
 Genius of the road of roses,
 Who delays to pay the duty,
 Who but in thy lap reposes.
 Earliest born! thy blush supernal,
 Gave their tints to *Edon's flowers*,
 Clap the globe with glories vernal,
 Fitted scenes for heavenly hours.
 Changeless, though that globe is changing,
 Youthful, though our forms grow old;
 As of yore, thy feet come ranging,
 Bringing beauty in the mould.
 Balm to breezes, light to skies,
 Life and freedom to the fountains,
 To the woodlands emerald dyes;
 Moss and garlands to the mountains,
 Order to uncultured land,
 Music to retiring birds,
 Labor to the farmer's hand;
 Hope to hearts, and cheer to words.
 Glorious, gentle, genial Spring,
 Could we ever to thee cling,
 Never more a sigh for summer
 Should a human bosom heave;
 He should be a noteless comer,
 Nor a look of ice receive.
 For thy ways are ways of grace,
 Freshness, peace and purity;
 Paradise adorns thy face,
 And though summer's robes imposing,
 Ampler ecom and bolder dyed,
 Thine are evermore disclosing
 More of peace and less of pride.
 Only in thy walks I'd wander,
 Other seasons sacrifice,
 Leave thee only for the skies.

Shelley and Byron.

"The eternal child!" This beautiful expression so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfillan, and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance. In the forehead and head of Byron, there was a more passive power and breadth. Shelley's had a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkles there seemed none on his brow; it was as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seemed the focus of pride and lust. Shelley's was mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing through the mist of its own idealism. Defiance curled Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeped his full, large lips; the lower portions of Shelley's face were frail, feminine, and flexible. Byron's head was turned upwards, as if, having proudly risen above his contemporaries, he were daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest with a superior order of beings. *Shelley's was half bent in reverence and humility before some vast vision seen by his eye alone.* In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the immature age of premature passion. His hair is grey, his dress is youthful, but his face is old. In Shelley you see the eternal child, none the less because the hair is grey, and that "sorrow seems half his immortality."—*Capt. Medwin.*

Editorial Department.

OUR Summer Term having now fairly commenced, and the greater number of our Contributors having returned, we hope, in future, to furnish our readers with a greater amount and variety of original matter.

The historical and unusual abstract of the reigning monarchs of Europe, given in our present number, we believe, will be interesting and instructive to many of our readers.

The Calliopean Library.

THE members of our Association abroad, will be pleased to learn, that our Library now numbers six hundred and sixty-six volumes. This certainly, while it is cause of encouragement and mental congratulation, should stimulate the zeal of our beloved sisterhood, and incite to still more vigorous exertions in behalf of the noble object in which our efforts have already been crowned with such abundant success. If the following sentiments, which we copy from the "Journal of Education," for May, are correct, what importance and value attach to the work in which we are engaged.—

"Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war—cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during the three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at leisure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Afghans, from the woven mathematics of La Placo to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Butus. A young reader pause steadily, and look at this fact till it blaze before you, look till your imagination summon up over the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the shepherd Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the sight of a mountain, resolve to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil."

We are contemplating a special effort to increase the number of our volumes to a thousand, by the opening of the Winter Session. Will the members of "The Calliopean Association" abroad, give us a helping hand. All in this regard shall be duly acknowledged in the Series of papers.

It is our intention, from time to time, under the head of "Our Library," to give notices of the principal works which it contains. As four volumes have already been alluded to, this number commences with the fifth.

We beg attention to the following notice of a publication, from the perusal of which, since its first issue, we have derived great benefit, and which we most cordially recommend as a "Family Newspaper" of superior excellence—free from sectarian or party bias, and the bold and uncompromising advocate of the great principles of truth and righteousness:—

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- 5th " News, Commercial Circulars, Prices Current, Births, Marriages, and Deaths, &c.
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JOHN DOUGALL, Proprietor.

Our Library.

No. 5.

Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life. By T. C. Upham.

THIS celebrated author, who has proved himself one of the ablest metaphysicians of the day in his Mental Philosophy and Dissertation on the Will, has shown the same discriminating powers in his analysis of the feelings and motives of the heart. Proceeding on the great principle, that man "ought to be, and may be holy," he has displayed, in the most lucid and conclusive manner, the nature and effects of heartfelt religion, besides giving at the same time, many valuable directions, which would aid in securing it. The work cannot be carefully perused without benefiting both the heart and the intellect.

No. 6.

History of the late War between the United States, 1812—1814. By H. M. Brackenridge.

THIS History, describing transactions, many of which took place on our own shores, and our own lakes, cannot fail to be interesting to every Canadian reader. Being written by an American, it cannot be considered as entirely imparcial, though on the whole, it is an able and generally a correct narrative of the events which it relates. The other side of the question may be seen, though in a more compressed form, in Alison's History of Europe, in which he devotes a chapter to the narrative of this war.

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THE SUMMER SESSION, consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of MAY, 1848.

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Hamilton, March 9, 1848. D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,
Principal.

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