

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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


- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

THE CALLOPEAN



Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hami'ton, C. W., Monday, July 10, 1848.

Number 16.

For the Calliopean.

SAUL'S CONVERSION.

SENT to thy gates, thou beauteous light,
Death dims the scene thou wouldst unfold;
His banner waves o'er yonder height,
And flings its shadow on the wold.

Proud Saul is there!—his warlike bands—
Ah knowest thou whither they are bent?
Those swords which gleam in wrathful hands,
Bespeak at once, his dark intent.

And Pharpar stream in sorrow flows,
All troubled 'neath his vengeful ire;
Her crystal waters fed the rose,
That withers in his glance of fire.

Frail flowret, take thy ruddy hue,
He lifts not now the foot of pride:
Struck to the earth, yon lightnings blue
Burn round, the foe on Hermon's side.

Saw ye that glory beaming down,
That swift-winged flash of liquid light:
Hid in its haze, the rising sun
Shut his dim eye, and failed the sight.

Heaven drops the veil—the Son of God
Bonds o'er his throne with open face—
A mortal's eye hath pierced the cloud!
A mortal's ear hath heard his voice!

With eagle glance, the muse ascends—
Breathless she seeks the dizzy track—
Rend, rend the veil, ye angel hands,
But no, still hold the vision back!

Again the sun, with milder ray,
Glow round the chief, but wrapt in night,
In vain he opens his viewless eye,
Veil'd with "the glory of that light."

Lo! there he sheathes his blood-stained sword,
And trembling, hastens to conceal;
For ah, that burning glance pursu'd—
That tender voice upraised still.

The tear is in his darkon'd eye,
Gently his faded cheek it bathes;
Silent, confused, he passes by,
Nor threatening now, nor slaughter breathes.

Scattered no more—no more afraid—
The tender flocks, like tender fow'rs,
Shall flourish 'neath the olive shade,
In pasturo green, and soft with showers.

R. E.

Dundas, June, 1848.

Read at the Annual Review.

PERSISTENCE.

PERSISTENCE may be defined a fixedness of purpose in whatever we undertake. It is necessary to the successful performance of every duty in life. Among the various lessons of wisdom, imparted by the works of nature, that of perseverance is not the least impressive. We see an acorn thrown upon the ground. In a short time there springs up a tender shoot which, though it encounters tempests that threaten to tear it from its resting place, still remains, and becomes firmer and firmer after each succeeding storm, until, by and by, it assumes the form of a majestic oak. See the insect Ant toiling from morning until night, to erect an abode to shelter it from the winter's blast, with no other means of assistance than its mouth, in which it carries but a single grain of sand; still it perseveres, and, in a few months forms mounds of considerable size. By persevering application the little coral forms large Islands in the Ocean. But for perseverance many who have acquired high reputation in life, would have remained in obscurity. Many, by persevering minds, have risen from the deepest penury, to wealth and honour. What was it that led Columbus to persist in his application to the Queen of Spain, for means to assist him in the pursuit he had determined to undertake? Had he not persevered, the country we now inhabit would still be in possession of the red man of the forest; and in place of castles, churches, and pleasure grounds, there would be Indian wigwams and war fields; instead of villages and cultivated farms, boundless forests would still remain.

What raised Dr. Herschel from a poor cottager's son, to be one of the most celebrated astronomers? It was persevering application. What was it that elevated Captain Cook from an humble peasant to become celebrated as the most scientific navigator ever known? It was his perseverance in the various pur-

suits in which he engaged. Who can peruse the life of Dr. Murray, without being struck with his persevering spirit. See him a poor shepherd boy, watching his flock on the hill, with his book open before him, drinking in its contents. Not satisfied with the English branches alone, he procured works in Greek, Latin, French and Hebrew. Although deprived of the privilege of school instruction, he still persevered until he became master of these various branches, and was finally elected professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. He raised for himself many trophies, and extended the bounds of human learning. Upon persevering efforts the student must rely for all her improvement. Although she may be assisted by intelligent friends, and be endowed with high mental powers, without perseverance, she will make very little progress in her studies. We may take, for example, two young persons, the one possesses a talented mind and makes very rapid progress; rapidly ascending the hill of science she looks back with contempt upon her more tardy companion, who, notwithstanding her mental inferiority, toils patiently to obtain an education, striving to overcome every difficulty as she advances. Her progress, at first scarcely discernible, is ridiculed by her boasting friend; still she moves slowly onward, with her eye fixed on the pinnacle of the hill of science; her course is upward, until, by and by, she sees her gifted companion far below in the valley.

Though now obliged to toil while others enjoy relaxation; though difficulties continually arise to obstruct her progress; yet encouraged by the assurance that "Perseverance conquers all things," she applies herself still more diligently, and, at last, gains the desired point.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, who was raised from the situation of a poor soldier's daughter to that of Teacher, in nine different languages, with no other instructor but her books, and no time but what she could snatch between the marches of the regiment, affords an illustrious example of the success attending persevering effort. Examples of the wonders accomplished by persevering effort and industry might be multiplied; but a sufficient number has been presented. Genius may intoxicate, and excite to fitful efforts; but perseverance gains the battle and wins the prize.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY S. O. GOODRICH.

In the midst of events which seem to bespeak predestination, man still feels that he is free. The planets wheel through the heavens; the earth revolves on its axis, and performs its vast annual circuit; the seasons come and go; the clouds rise and vanish; the rain, the hail, and the snow descend; and in all this man has no voice. There is a system of government above, beyond and around him, declaring a sovereignty which takes no counsel of him. But still, in the midst of all this, man possesses a consciousness of freedom. The metaphysician may be confounded with the seeming inconsistency of an omnipotence, ruling over all things, yet granting free agency to the subjects of its power. But common sense does not puzzle itself with an attempt to discover the precise point at which these seeming principles of opposition may clash or coalesce. It contents itself with the obvious fact that God is a sovereign, who has yet created beings, and given them their freedom, prescribing boundaries to their powers and capacities indeed, but within these limits permitting them to act by their own volition.

Man then is free; he has the power to seek happiness in his own way. He enters upon existence and sets forward in the path of life. But as he passes along, a thousand tempters beset him—Pleasure comes to beckon him away, offering him present flowers, and unfolding beautiful prospects in the distance. Wealth seeks to make him her votary, by disclosing her magic power over men and things. Ambition woos him with dreams of glory. Indolence essays to soften and seduce him to her influence. Love, envy, malice, revenge, jealousy, and other busy spirits, assail him with their various arts. And man is free to yield to these temptations if he will; or he has the power to resist them if he will. God has surrendered him to his own dis-

cretion, making him responsible, however, for the use and the abuse of the liberty bestowed upon him.

If a person mounts a high-spirited horse, it is important that he should be able to control him, otherwise he may be dashed to pieces. If an engineer undertakes to conduct a locomotive, it is necessary that he should be able to guide or check the panting engine at his pleasure, else his own life, and the lives of others, may be sacrificed.—But it is still more indispensable that an individual, who is entrusted with the care of himself, should be able to govern himself.

This might seem a very easy task; but it is one of the most difficult that we are called upon to perform. History shows us that some of the greatest men have failed in it. Alexander could conquer the legions of Persia, but he could not conquer his passions. Cæsar triumphed in a hundred battles, but he fell a victim to the desire of being a king. Buonaparte vanquished nearly the whole of Europe, but he could not vanquish his own ambition. And in humbler life, nearer home, in our own everyday affairs most of us are often drawn aside from the path of duty and discretion, because we cannot resist some temptation or overcome some prejudice.

If we consider that self-government requires two things; first, whenever we are tempted to deviate from the path of rectitude or to act imprudently, or whenever we are tempted to neglect any duty, that we should possess and exercise the power to check ourselves in the one case, and to compel ourselves to the required action in the other, we shall see that it is the great regulator of conduct, the very balance-wheel of life. Without it, a person is almost sure to miss happiness, however great may be his gifts, however high his fortune; with it, the humblest individual may command not merely the world's wealth, but the world's respect; and, what is better, peace of mind and the consciousness of Heaven's approbation.

If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without bit or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even-onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them feel that they can overcome temptation. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practiced horse-man, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

Music in the Family.

Its beneficial effects may not be doubted. No family should fail to encourage the largest possible amount of musical talent. Independent of its happy influence on the mind it should be fostered on account of its physical advantages. The late Dr. Rush said "the Germans rarely die of consumption, because they are always singing." If this beautiful accomplishment tends in any degree to mitigate a malady so terrible, for the world's sake let us have a world of it. But there are other reasons—it induces amiability and banishes bad passions. We have somewhere read the testimony of an excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, who instructed a large family of daughters in the ordinary practice of music. These were observed to be amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in this mode of education; to which he replied—"When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, sing; and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call on them to sing for me; and they sing away all discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might seem to fit a family for the company of angels; young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

THE CRY OF MY SOUL.

From the French of Lamartine.

WHEN the breath divine is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going;
And, as touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest:
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round his moving wings;

When my gaze is upward turning,
Where the stars of heaven are burning,
Through the deep and dark abyss,
Flowers of Midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Brightly in their Maker's path!

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through th' horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its pencilled rays,
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with Life and Love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom;

When sweet sounds of life are ringing,
Warbling, murmuring, sighing, singing;
When each bird and insect seems
Feeding on the living beams,
And so pure and bright a day
Seems too fair to pass away;

When the spirit's wing ascendeth,
And my soul its flight extendeth
Upward, onward, till its strength
Faieth with its journey's length—
To the farthest verge of thought,
Deep, and dim, and fearful brought—
And in doubt and dizziness,
Pausing o'er the vague abyss;

When my wakeful fancy over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
And upon my heart I press
More than mortal loveliness—
Holy as the seraphs are
Which by Shiloh's fountains wear
On their foreheads white and broad,
Holiness unto the Lord?

When in vain I seek to give
Dream and shadow power to live,
And, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh,
Could a world of love create—
That my life could have no date,
And my eager thoughts might fill
Heaven and earth o'erflowing still!

GOD—*ЖЕЛОВА!*—Thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast,
And its rapture, answerest!
All its thoughts which, upward winging,
Bathe where thy own light is springing—
All its yearnings to be free,
Are as echoes answering 'Thee!

Oh, seldom on my lips is heard
Thy awful name's mysterious word;
Deeply in my inmost breast:
Doth its dread idea rest;
Shrined and holy, dwells it there,
Kindling the breath of secret prayer,
Yet by each strong emotion caught
From Nature in my inmost thought.

By a thousand nameless raptures thrilling
With a strange delight the chords of feeling,
I know and feel within my breast
Thou Holy Spirit, lingerest;
And THE CRY OF MY SOUL from its dark abode
Is to thee, oh Father, my Guide and God!

J. C.

RETROSPECTION.

Is there one who has attained the age of maturity who can look back without a melancholy pleasure upon the hours and years that have fled? When we find the romantic and visionary dreams of youth disappointed by the cold realities of advanced years, there are moments when our minds, relaxed from the toils of business or the gaiety of pleasure, sink into meditation, like a beautiful calm after a storm of the warring elements. Although we may be surrounded by all the luxuries wealth can bestow, and all the blandishments of life, memory will still sigh for those youthful hours we can never realize in manhood's changing and perplexing cares. It is the past reminds us of the present, and compares it with those days spent under our paternal roof, endeared by the tender caresses and watchful eyes of doating parents and the disinterested love of brothers and sisters: the fond exchange of hearts beating high with youthful anticipations, uncorrupted by intercourse with the guilty and heartless world. It is the present that recalls the past, as we look round upon the beautiful expanse of nature, and ask, where are those who once gazed on these delightful scenes with us? But go to yon church-yard—there where you behold the sculptured pile and the lowly grave without a stone to mark the sleeper's rest—there are our early friends. Go and gaze on thy resting-place; for there thou too must soon dwell, with the rich and proud, the poor and humble. As we have looked forward to the morrow with the ardent assurances of auspicious hope, alas! how often has the morrow brought disappointment. It is thus that the delusive hopes of life hurry us down the rapid stream till death stops our career. Let us be mindful of our life, that when we shall stand on its verge our retrospection may give us courage on entering the unknown world.—*William Marsh.*

Early Education.

You cannot too highly estimate the nature on which you operate. You cannot too highly appreciate its future destinies. That little boy may yet occupy the pulpit, or thunder in the capital. That little girl may wield an influence that shall travel down to the conflagration.

Mind is unsearchable. You know not what hidden energies your pupils may possess. There may lie concealed within them the intellect of a Luther, a Milton, a Franklin, a Washington; and on you devolves the responsibility of its development. Perhaps you are training the fathers of future reformation, the heroes of future discoveries and inventions, the orators whose voices will hereafter shake the nation. The infant has faculties which an angel cannot comprehend, and which eternity alone can unfold. Here is your encouragement. You are engaged in no trifling employment. You are laying the foundation of imperishable excellence and felicity. Your work, if you succeed, will outlive empires and states.

SORROW AND SYMPATHY.—Like a cooling draught to a weary traveller in the scorching waste, so is the sympathy of friends in trouble. We feel thankful when we meet with those who can forget their own ills, while they administer others.

We need not expect a life of continued sunshine—it would be unnatural. We must have clouds, rains, and even desolating storms. These are as necessary, mentally and morally as physically, to the production of a healthy existence. But evils, though necessary, are seldom so great as at first they seem to be; our interests are so conflicting as they may sometimes appear, and often, through misapprehension, we are grieved by that which, if seen in its true light, would be the cause of mirth, or a fit subject for ridicule.

Evils anticipated are often the cause of more pain than the realization of them. In this way they are doubled, and we are made far more miserable than we need be. Gloomy thoughts are almost always unproductive of good, so that it is better to indulge in those that make a light heart and a bright countenance.

For the Calliopean.

GRIEVE NOT.

BY RUSTICUS.

GRIEVE not in sorrow's day,
Joys yet shall find thee;
Fino not thy soul away,
Earth may not bind thee!
Never yet gloomy night
Staid till the morrow;
Never the morning light
Tarried for sorrow.

Grieve not for pleasures past;
Hopes now are dearer—
Hast thou thine anchor cast?
Heav'n then is nearer!
Float down the stream of time—
Waves shall not whelm—
Steer for the land sublime—
Who's at thy helm?

Grieve not when love is laid
Low in the dust—
Mark ye yon grassy blade;
Heav'n is its trust!
Meekly it looks above—
Drinks in the dew—
Basks in the rays of love—
Why may not you?

Grieve not, because thy heart
Torn is, and dreary—
Drink where the streams impart
Balm to the weary.
Grieve not, where grief is vain—
Dwell not with sorrow—
Make fast thine anchor chain!
Wait for the morrow!

St. George, Dumfries.

For the Calliopean.

SYMPATHY.

"A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own."

BEAUTIFUL, and true! How wise and benevolent the Being who has thus constituted us. From this innate capability of sympathizing with his fellow-creatures, man derives his most refined and soul-purifying sources of happiness. Its tendency is to enlarge and free the heart from selfishness—that bane of earthly joys—and to institute in its place, heaven's own gem—a noble generosity.

How important that this power of participating in the feelings of others should be cultivated. Without it, all is misery. Man's spirit withers and dies, when assailed by Sorrow's blighting hand, unless supported by the kindness and love of some sympathizing friend; nay, even his very joys are as nothing, unless some kindred spirit share them. So intuitively is this feeling interwoven with man's nature, that, from the first dawning of infancy, he seeks, like the clinging ivy, for some object around which to entwine his affections.

But these generous overflowings of the heart are not confined here in their influences; not only do they tend to soften the asperities of this life, but they are the incentives of a higher hope, and in them may be traced those inward longings of the soul, which lead men to seek a friend in God—to aspire after the Deity.

ADELINE.

For the Calliopean.

Rambles in Canadian Botany.

MAN is a creature fond of change, and God has so arranged the material world, that he has no reason to complain of monotony. The seasons are continually changing, yet their order is always the same. Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn succeed each other in regular rotation, and each brings a change for the pleasure of man. When Winter has whistled around us, and has braced the husbandman for the toils of the field; then comes gentle Spring with her flowery train, and after her Summer with her balmy breezes.

Let us take a glance at some of the flowers that adorn the train of the Seasons, as they appear in our Canadian wilds. The first that raises its head from the lap of its mother, is the *Hevatica tribola*, or noble Liverwort, with its flower of white, pink, and blue. After it comes a host of *Erythroniums*, *Sanguinarias*, and *Trilliums*, with the delicate carrot-leaved *Fumaria*, and the pink flowers of the little *Claytonia*, the roots of which have been mentioned in some European papers as a substitute for potatoes. They are little bulbs, not larger than peas, and I fear that they would hardly supply the wants of the sons of the Emerald Isle. The first shrub that puts forth its flowers is the *Dirca palustris*, or Leather-wood, well known by the tenaciousness of its bark, which was used by the Indians for thread. These can be seen by any one who walks in our Maple woods about the end of April or the beginning of May. The *Jeffersonia diphylla*, and *Epigaea repens*, or Trailing Arbutus, flower about the same time as the former, but are not so easily found.

In May, the Pine forests are carpeted with the red flowers of the *Polygala paucifolia*, a little plant of rare beauty, the white tufted *Convallaria borealis*, or Lily of the Valley, the *Gaultheria procumbens*, and the creeping *Linnaea borealis*—a plant named by Gronovius after the far-famed Linnaeus, who discovered it in the wilds of Lapland. It is now found in Scotland, Germany, and in our continent extending to the arctic regions. Unchanged by the vicissitudes of climate, it presents the same characteristics, whether in the wilds of Europe, or in the dark forest shades of America. "In every system of Botany it stands alone, not being allied to any other genus."

Towards the end of May and the beginning of June, our plains are ornamented with the orange flowers of the *Batschia* and the scarlet tufts of the *Bartsia coccinea*. The meek yellow flowers of the grassy *Hypoxis*, and the *Polygala senega*, far-famed for the bite of the rattlesnake, also abound. Our ponds are covered with the floating leaves of the *Nuphar lutea*, and the large white flowers of the *Nymphaea alba*, each a species of the Water-lily. Their margins are hedged round with the *Andromeda polyfolia*, a shrub named by Linnaeus, who found a lonely plant of it growing on a rock in Lapland, and called it after Andromeda. In the same locality as the former, the *Kalmia angustifolia*, or American Laurel, and the *Ledum palustre*, or Labrador tea, a shrub that stands the icy winters of Greenland, may also be found. The most wonderful of all our Canadian plants is the *Sarracenia purpurea*, or Side-saddle-flower, named thus in memory of its discoverer, Dr. Sarrazen of Quebec, and blooming in June. Its leaf, filled with water and supported by spagnum, a soft kind of moss, proves a grave to all insects that have the misfortune to enter its tube. Near it, the *Calopogon pulchellus*, and its sister *Arcthusa*, shoot up and flower. The *Calopogon* is a plant of remarkable beauty, not surpassed by any flowers of the garden.

These are a few, and but a few of the beauties which a benevolent Creator has scattered around, that man may enjoy some of those innocent pleasures, which he had, when he was a guileless being and conversed with his Maker amid the myrtle groves and flowery walks of the Garden of Eden. Every thing that comes from God deserves the attention of man. I hope, then, that those, who are sometimes called "the stars of creation," will not think it beneath their dignity to attend to the sister luminaries that twinkle at their feet. He, who made the universe, said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow," &c. It is the same Being who opens "the eyelids of the morning and the corolla of a flower." From these considerations, I hope that many of our

fair friends will be induced to devote a few of their leisure hours to the study of the loveliest of terrestrial things. If they do so, I have no doubt but that they will find many pleasing specimens in all their rural walks; and if Botany is one of the employments of a future state, we may take delight then in examining the productions of other worlds, and in beholding the surpassing beauty of Him, who is called "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

PHILANTHOS.

Woodstock, June 26, 1848.

OLD SONGS.

From Tait's Magazine.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

In ancient times, the Muses were said to be only three, Mneme, or "Memory;" Metale, or "Meditation;" and Aoide, or "Song." According to the poet Aleman, they were the daughters of Uranus and Gæa, dwelling in Mount Helicon, but nevertheless children of Earth. It is of the last mentioned of these gentle sisters that we are about to write, claiming her as one of the sweetest of our household deities to this day.

Music has been called "an artistic union of inarticulate sounds and rhythm, exciting agreeable sensations, and raising mental images and emotions directly or indirectly pleasing. As an adjunct, it is a beautiful illustration of language; combined with the sister art, it becomes a highly ornamental kind of eloquence." It is a tuneful link between the present and the past—a sweet and mysterious voice, whispering of by-gone days—and friends—and scenes—and bright, fairy hopes that may never come again. "Musical floods of tears!" to quote the words of one of its most enthusiastic votaries—"gushes of pure joyfulness! exquisite embodiments of fugitive thoughts!" A thing of dreams, and memories, and beauty! Melodious outpourings of genius, that slid into the heart, as dear old Christopher North says, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment.

Madame De Staël advocates the infinite superiority of instrumental over vocal music, on account of the vagueness of the former leaving so much to the imagination; while Metastasio describes it as possessing that advantage over poetry, which a universal language has over a particular one. But this is a subject upon which we have no intention of entering, the present paper being devoted to the thoughts and reminiscences indissolubly connected with Old Song—and who has not some such?

We are told by Lucretius, that "the birds taught man to sing." "And did God teach the birds?" asked one who was too bright and pure for this world, and is now, we trust, among the angels in heaven. The expression of that childish face, with the clear earnest eyes, and thoughtful brow, is hunting us yet. "Did God teach the birds?" or did they burst out singing all at once, when they opened their eyes upon so beautiful a world? I do not think I should have required teaching, it seems so natural to sing when we are happy!" Like that young child, many of our ancient philosophers believe song and speech to have been coeval.

Music among the Greeks is a comprehensive term, signifying poetry sung with some sort of accompaniment. According to tradition, Cadmus with his Phœnicians originally introduced music into Greece. But Plutarch, in his "Dialogue on Music," first makes Lycias a professor of the art, repeats the statement of Heraclides, that Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, taught the Greeks to compose and sing lyric poetry; then by a second interlocutor, Soterichus contradicts the first, assigning to Apollo the merit of having converted Greece into a musical nation—Apollo, the singer, as he is termed by Horace.

"By what is called Greek music, therefore," writes the able author of that article in Knight's Cyclopædia, "we understand the union of poetry and music, the former of the two exercising the greatest sway over the mind, because expressing noble sentiments—gracefully inculcating religion and morality—teaching

obedience to the laws—exciting generous feelings—and inspiring patriotism and courage. It is thus only that we can account for the effects said to be wrought by ancient music." And again, he repeats his belief that it is the blending of harmony and song, which undeniably operated with such amazing force on all classes of the people—music being but the ally of verse. According to Plato and Aristotle, the Greeks, too, had their old songs, some of which have descended to the present day, full of classical and traditional associations.

Homer is said to have sung his own epics. What is so delightful as to hear a poet sing his own compositions? The expression, the soul of the poetry, coming from his lips just as it welled up from the deep fountain of inspiration, the mysteries of which are so little understood by the uninitiated. What is so delightful as to set some favorite rhyme to a tune of our own, and sing it to weariness—if that were possible? It is pleasant enough for an author to find his works translated into a foreign language; but to hear his own songs unexpectedly, in a far land—ah! that is fame indeed!

Rousseau describes Song (*chanson*) "as a very brief, lyrical poem, founded commonly on agreeable subjects, to which a melody is added for the purpose of singing it on familiar occasions, either at table among friends, or to a beloved object; and even when alone, to dissipate the ennui of the rich, and to lighten the care and labors of the poor"—but their principal charm must ever rest in association. It is scarcely needed that they should possess any peculiar merit of their own, but will be quite sufficient if they serve to call up a faint remembrance of the last time we heard them; and of the dear ones who might have been with us then. If they bring back the past, even though it be in sorrow—the melody remaining when the voice that warbled it so sweetly is hushed in death!

"A well known tune
Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear—
Remember'd now in sadness!"

"We would liken music," says L. E. L., "to Aladdin's lamp worthless in itself—not so for the spirits which obey its call. We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon with a touch."

"As children," writes a celebrated authoress, "and before the sister-band was broken and divided by death and change, we had, I well remember, a pleasant custom of singing in turns, either at our needle-work, or after we retired to rest. And I have many a time, when I happened to lie awake at night, heard my little sister still singing on in her sleep. The memory of my gladsome and innocent childhood comes back like a spell, whenever I hear those old songs!"

How truly has the Poet said—

"There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer!"

It is so natural to sing when one is happy. On a bright sunny day for instance—or as we sit alone—or go about our household tasks—ay, and even at our desk, when the mood is on us, the invisible Aoide, and the heart's music will have vent! How an old song, or sometimes only a few lines of one, heard long since, comes back all of a sudden, like a flash of lightning, haunting us for days and weeks, ever in our thoughts and on our lips, breaking forth half-involuntarily into words—and, then, as strangely it fades away, and returns not again, for years: just as if its memory had gone to gladden some one else. How often, when sorrow has stricken us into silence, has a few notes of some old familiar song broken the spell, and compelled us irresistibly, as it were, to join in that well-loved melody, so that we have wept to find ourselves singing, and yet sang on until we forgot our weeping!

We can remember, years ago, going on a visit to one who, although personally unknown to us at the time, we had been accustomed to regard with no little respect and reverence, and feeling, as the young are apt to feel in a strange house, and amongst strangers, until on opening the window the following morning, we chanced to hear our hostess singing in the garden beneath,

as she tended her flowers. That old song acted like a charm in removing the barrier between us, and dissipating those causeless fears, which never returned again during that happy and memorable visit.

What a large population of people, even in the most elevated and intellectual society, there are who prefer hearing a simple old ballad before anything else; although very many want the courage to confess it. Look round you, for instance, at the source or concert-room—first, perhaps, comes an instrumental performance by a brilliant and popular musician, whose spirit, as Bellini says of Beethoven, "actually seems to create the inconceivable, while his fingers perform the impossible!" A few enter into the beauty of the conception, others admire and marvel at the rapidity, and at the same time the exquisite finish of his execution. Some, lulled by those sweet sounds, suffer their thoughts to wander away in a pleasant, dreamy, idleness, the spell of which is only broken at last by their cessation. And not a few wonder when it is to end, and the singing begin.

And now follows an Italian air from the last new Opera. Half the people present, in all probability, do not understand the language, and are trying to look as if they did: but in spite of that splendid voice, it is a dull affair for them. And even when the talent of the singer rises, as we have known it to do, superior to all language, electrifying, and taking the admiration of her hearers, as it were by storm, with her charming cadences, and bird-like notes, and drawing down one unanimous burst of applause—it is still but a poor triumph compared to that achieved by old songs.

"Now, Fanny, dear," whispered an elderly gentleman nearest to his companion, "they are going to sing *your song!*"

We turned involuntarily: but one glance was sufficient to assure us that the simple little woman who looked up to him with her sweet, loving smile, was no authoress or song-writer, but his wife; and the air, one which in all probability she had sung to him years ago—before they were married perhaps.

The song was touching and plaintive. Old enough to have its memories—no slight recommendation in these days of "new music"—all could understand—many felt it. Tears rushed unbidden into eyes, albeit unused to weeping. Those who smiled then, and there were not a few glad young hearts to whom sorrow and sadness were but names, will weep perchance when they hear it again, at the recollection of that happy evening, and those who made its happiness for them. There were less apparent manifestations of applause, and more deep and silent gratification. The elderly gentleman was the only one who did not look quite satisfied—nothing could equal the remembrance of Fanny's singing for him; and yet as he said, "it was pleasant enough to listen, and think of old times."

A venerable-looking woman, with the tears still glistening on her pale cheeks, and mourning in her dress, but still more in her face, turned to whisper something to her companion:—

"That was our poor Mary's song—bless her!"

We thought of "she—the silver-tongued," so exquisitely described by Christopher North, in his paper on Christmas Dreams, "as about to sing an old ballad, words and air alike, hundreds of years old—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below. And ere another Christmas shall have come with its falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth, but to be hymning in Heaven."

But, after all, the Mary referred to might have been married only, and gone away from the home of her youth, or unhappy. The word "poor" has a thousand significations, and is used in endearment as well as commiseration.

Why is it that we are "never merry when we hear sweet music?" That, according to Shelley,—

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Can there be aught of truth in the wild and poetical creed of the Hindoos, regarding musical effect, which they strictly connect with past events, believing that it arises from our recalling to memory the airs of Paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence mistaking the inspirations of genius for the dreams of immortality? The Egyptians believe that men were spirits fallen from a

brighter world, and that a genius stands at the entrance of mortal life with a Lethean cup in his hand, from which every soul before it wanders out, is forced to take a deep oblivious draught, awakening with only a confused and indistinct recollection of the past. Among these glimpses of the "better-land," harmony is supposed to be one of the most frequent occurrences. Plato has a similar faith, and looks upon the human soul as an exile from its radiant home, followed by infinite aspirations, and haunting recollections of the Beautiful in sight and sound. How exquisitely has this idea been shadowed forth by one of the sweetest of our living poetesses: *—

"A yearning to the Beautiful denied you,
Shall strain your powers;
Ideal sweetness shall over-glide you,
Resumed from ours!
In all your music our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all fair sighs shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss!"

How often do we hear of some sweet air which seems strangely familiar, and yet, if we ever heard it before, it must have been thus—or in our dreams!—a wild creed which Fancy revels in, at the same time that Reason rejects. But we willingly quit the mysteries of philosophy, for the realities of truth and experience.

A few years since, at a large *soirée*, where half the company were unknown to us, we chanced to sit opposite a lady, who, but for subsequent events, would in all probability have been passed over unnoticed in our eager search after the principal stars in the literary hemisphere—those wandering lights which had ever a strange charm for us. She was below the middle size, with nothing striking either in dress or manner—one of those every-day faces which Professor Longfellow happily compares to "a book, where no line is written, save perhaps a date!"

On a sudden the hum of eager voices was hushed into silence, or only heard in suppressed whispers; and some one commenced singing an old Scotch ballad, simple and characteristic, but not remarkable for any depth of sentiment. The heart creates its own pathos. The lady before mentioned shuddered, and changed color as she listened. Her bosom heaved with some hidden and painful emotion. She struggled evidently and vainly against it, becoming at length so fearfully pale, that we could not help asking if she were ill. She looked up half-unconsciously—the look was no longer a fair unwritten scroll, but deeply indented with the traces of sorrow and anguish.

"Take me away!" exclaimed she wildly, and imploringly. "I cannot bear this!"

We went into the ante-room. Fortunately there was no one there; and sitting down, she covered her face with her hands, and wept and sobbed like a child, evidently forgetting that she was not alone. And then recovering herself by a strong effort, and with a convulsive laugh, that was sadder far than tears, began to apologise for the trouble she had given, and to murmur something about the heat and the crowd, as she carelessly arranged her dark hair, so that it fell like a shadow over her pale face. Just then, one of her party, who were all strangers to us, came in search of her, and we re-entered the room together.

We saw her once again in the course of the evening, laughing and talking with much animation, and apparent *gaieté de cœur*; but failed in all our endeavors to learn her name. Nor could our kind hostess, among her two hundred guests, be brought to recollect and identify that particular one who had so much interested us. And having no means of ascertaining her real history, we were forced to content ourselves with imagining a dozen different ones, all more or less connected with Old Songs.

"Shew me a heart," writes L. E. L., "without its hidden wound!" And we verily believe, that however outwardly calm and self-possessed, each have their secret sorrow, unguessed, unputed, unrevealed, but for those lightning touches of association, which, unlocking the barriers of a cold, but necessary reserve, give us transient glimpses of a sad and sorrowful romance, oftentimes when least expected.

* Miss E. B. Barrett.

Song-love, if we may so express it, is a home feeling—Aoidé, a household deity. The maiden sings among her flowers, or at her daily tasks. The mother sings to the infant on her breast; and again, the little children, as they grow up around her, sing at their merry play. But by-and-bye, all of a sudden perhaps, one young voice is hushed! and the mother weeps to hear the same song warbled by other lips; and then smiles again in the trusting faith of her meek heart, to think that that little one, through the merits of the Redeemer, may be singing still—in heaven. The young wife sings to her husband, and he is a lover once again. The daughter sings to her father and mother when the toils of the day are over, and they gather round the hearth, some ancient ditty for the hundredth time, to which the old people listen with tears in their eyes; she thinking the while of other things; for that song has no charm for her, save that they love to listen to it. They calling to mind the scenes and hopes of the Past, and hearing in imagination the voices of those who had been resting in the quiet grave years ago, the mother remembers how she used to sing it when a girl, gathering wild flowers in her native wood, and the father that memorable day when he heard it for the first time. It was a bright epoch in both their lives.

Mrs. Ellis imagines a sweet scene, which may not be altogether ideal—of a brother, a prodigal—an alien from the paths of peace—a dweller in distant lands, still haunted by this fireside music, telling him, as it were, to return, until he exclaims at length, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "I will arise, and go to my father!" How readily—how joyfully is he received and forgiven. Nevertheless, a feeling of estrangement steals over them almost imperceptibly—the inevitable result of a long absence. Presently the sister sits down to the instrument; she touches a few chords, and begins to sing. It is the evening hymn. How often have they sang it together years ago, and now once again their voices blend; but his has grown manly since then, and yet, when he first began, it trembled like that of a little child. The whole family join in the sacred melody—heart and voice united, as of old. That hymn has broken down the barriers of time and change, and made them all one again.

We have known the memory of a hymn, under the blessing of God, to be more powerful even than this in recalling the wanderer back to penitence and peace, and realizing the cry of the returning prodigal, in its true and Scriptural sense;—a sweet and touching reminiscence, but scarcely suited to the character of our present paper.

How exquisitely simple and natural is Burns' description of "Bonnie Jean:"—

"And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."

We knew just such a one, years ago. Her real name was Margaret, but we have called her Jean, ever since we read it. Thus would she go about the house, always busy, and always merry; working and singing, so that it did one's heart good to hear her. She was not rich or accomplished—having been brought up at home, under the eye of a kind and judicious parent, who took care not to sacrifice the useful to the ornamental. Jean possessed no instrument, and we are not sure that she could have played above half-a-dozen tunes on it if she had; but her ear was quick, and her voice sweet and expressive. The old father thought that no one in the world sang like his Margaret, and was never tired of asking her for "My ain Fireside," "John Anderson my Jo," "The Banks o'Doon," and many others of the same kind—all of which she sang without music, generally as she sat at work, in a soft, plaintive voice, that was irresistibly touching. We can remember hearing her sing "Auld Robin gray" once, and weeping like a child. The recollection of "Bonnie Jean" is inseparably connected with these old songs.

Lucy Grey had a voice like a bird—not powerful but full of sweetness and expression. Whether it was that sweet voice, or

her fair, gentle face, we know not, but wherever she went she won all hearts, and dearer than all to her—that of her brave cousin, Walter Graham. Scarcely an evening passed but he was sure to find some excuse for making his appearance at her mother's house, where Lucy never wearied of playing his favorite songs, which became hers also from the moment he admired them. Singing did not, however, hinder more serious matters; and when Walter Graham was forced at length to rejoin his regiment, it was as the betrothed husband of his cousin Lucy. But he never returned again!

Years passed away, and the sorrow-stricken girl arose up at length from her sick couch, to mingle in that world which seemed a dreary wilderness to her without him. We can fancy her sitting alone, and singing once more those well-remembered songs, pausing between each, as though the low, praiseful whisper of her dead lover could ever come again, save in memory. Poor Lucy! And yet there are others more to be pitied—when old songs bring back the *changed*! Thy grief is sweet compared to the agony—the bitterness—the wounded pride, and blighted affection, connected with such reminiscences.

The poet bows down his lofty head to listen to the simple melodies of his childhood, and hold communion with the household spirits that come back at their call, as though it were but yesterday. What changes have passed over him since then! From a song-lover, he has become, by the most natural transition in the world, a song writer. All true poets must needs be, more or less, admirers of old ballads; it is a part of their sweet creed, as worshippers of the Beautiful! Hope whispers—what those songs are to him now, his may be to others years hence; while the heart of the poet burns within him at the thought.

"Of all my compositions," said a veteran author, as he sat tranquil and gray-headed, beneath the shade of his well-earned laurels, "nothing perhaps has ever afforded me more real happiness than a song written years ago, at the commencement of my literary career, and before I became so completely absorbed in more abstruse studies. The world has claimed all else, but the song still makes music in my heart and home. My children sing it to me every night; and sometimes in the day as well I hear them humming it; and they little think how it pleases me to listen. And they will sing it still, with tears may be," added the old man, "when I am dead and gone!"

Two sisters sat together in their humble apartment; one wore a widow's cap; both were pale and sorrow-stricken. They worked on in silence, until a woman's clear voice arose up all of a sudden from the narrow street beneath, and commenced singing an old ballad, while the widow's tears fell fast.

"Do you remember, Anne, where we last heard that song?" asked she. But her sister had forgotten. There were many tearful reminiscences, and a few sun-bright links in the chain of association, but this was not one of them for her. She had been sewing placidly on, the song and the singer alike unheeded, except once, when it just crossed her mind that it was a bitter day to be abroad in, and so thinly clad as that poor ballad-singer—somehow ballad-singers always do come out on wet days.

"It was at the Isle of Wight," continued the young widow, following out the train of her own tangled thoughts. "Surely you must recollect, dear Anne, how you and I and Frank set out to visit the new light-house, leaving the rest of our party comfortably established at the little cottage adjoining the Sand-rock Hotel, and how we grew tired when little more than half-way, and sat down to rest. It was a still, moonlight evening, and Frank sang that very song to us. I have never heard it since, save in my dreams, until now. What a happy night that was! We never got as far as the light-house after all, but remained talking, and planning out a long future that was not to be. Ah! I little thought then of losing him so soon!"

"God's will be done!" said Anne gently. "He sendeth sorrow in love, lest our hearts should cling over-much to earth."

The ballad-singer passed on, and the sisters were left alone again, with the memory of the past.

[To be concluded in our next.]

From the *Trenton Emancipator*.

The Vision of Heaven.

(Painting by Suet.)

BEAUTIFUL vision!—There she kneels—
The scene, the hour, to worship given—
While sweetly o'er her spirit steals
The light, the song, the bliss of heaven!
No clouds of earth is on her brow,
No earthly hopes are flitting by;
The dream that wraps her spirit now
Is borrowed from yon radiant sky.

'Tis not that her young heart is free,
As mountain air or music wild—
'Tis not the glow of ecstasy
Joy flings o'er Fortune's favoured child;
'Tis not that Nature there breathes out
Her worship in the water-fall,
And all is beautiful about,
And she most beautiful of all!

Oh, no! there's something in the thrill
Of this world's spirit-surring mirth,
That, though all sweet and joyous, still
Is mingled with the shades of earth;
As in the rainbow's radiant form,
That spans the sky's cerulean sheet,
Abides the memory of the storm
That broke and vanished at its feet.

Oh, no! the leaping spirit there
(Forgot its prison-house of clay)
Far, far beyond this world of care,
Wings now its blissful flight away:
That sunny smile, serenely bright,
Is but the mantle that it flings
Back from its heavenward path of light,
Whither each hope exulting springs.

Sweet vision of embodied thought,
To earth's low scenes in beauty given!
How is thine angel-image fraught
With all we know or dream of heaven!
Still to our sphere the luster give
Of that sweet smile and heaven-lit eye,
And thou shalt teach us how to live,
And learn us how to die.

Our Library.

No. 8.

REMAINS of the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A. To which is prefixed a view of his character. By Josiah Pratt, B.D.F.A.S.

The ministerial character is here vividly portrayed in the living example of one of the most excellent and able divines, which the church of England has produced. The *Remains* are a collection of wise and valuable remarks on Christian character, &c., which his comprehensive mind, extensive experience, and varied learning, peculiarly fitted him to understand. The following will serve as a good specimen of these:—

“There is a great diversity of character among real Christians. Education, constitution, and circumstances will fully explain this diversity.

He has seen a but little of life, who does not discern every where the effects of EDUCATION on men's opinions and habits of thinking. Two children bring out of the nursery that, which displays itself throughout their lives. And who is the man that can rise above his dispensation, and can say, “You have been teaching me nonsense!”

As to CONSTITUTION—look at Martin Luther: we may see the man every day: his eyes, and nose, and mouth attest his character. Look at Melancthon: he is like a snail with his couple of horns: he puts out his horns and feels—and feels—and feels. No education could have rendered these two men alike. Their difference began in the womb. Luther dashes in saying his things: Melancthon must go round about—he must consider what the Greek says, and what the Syriac says. Some men are born minute men—lexicographers—of a Gorman character: they will hunt through libraries to rectify a syllable. Other men are born keen as a razor: they have a sharp, severe,

strong acumen: they cut every thing to pieces: their minds are like a case of instruments; touch which you will, it wounds: they crucify a modest man. Such men should aim at a right knowledge of character. If they attained this, they would find out the sin that easily besets them. The greater the capacity of such men, the greater their cruelty. They ought to blunt their instruments. They ought to keep them in a case. Other men are ambitious—fond of power; pride and power give a velocity to their motions. Others are born with a quiet, retiring mind. Some are naturally fierce, and others naturally mild and placable. Men often take to themselves great credit for what they owe entirely to nature. If we would judge rightly, we should see that narrowness or expansion of mind, niggardliness or generosity, delicacy or boldness, have less of merit or demerit than we commonly assign to them.

CIRCUMSTANCES, also, are not sufficiently taken into the account, when we estimate character. For example—we generally censure the Reformers and Puritans as dogmatical, morose, systematic men. But it is easier to walk on a road, than to form that road. *Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors.* In a fine day, I can walk abroad; but, in a rough and stormy day, I should find it another thing to turn coachman and dare all weathers. These men had to bear the burden and heat of the day: they had to stand up against learning and power. Their times were not like ours: a man may now think what he will, and nobody cares what he thinks. A man of that school was, of course, stiff, rigid, unyielding. Tuckney was such a man: Winchcot was for smoothing things, and walking abroad. We see circumstances operating in many other ways. A minister unmarried, and the same man married, are very different men. A minister in a small parish, and the same man in a large sphere where his sides are spurred and goaded, are very different men. A minister on tenter hooks—harassed—school-ed, and the same man nursed—cherished—put into a hot-house, are very different men. Some of us are hot house plants. We grow tall: not better—not stronger. Talents are among the circumstances which form the diversity of character. A man of talents feels his own powers, and throws himself into that line which he can pursue with most success. Saurin felt that he could flourish—lighten—thunder—enchant, like a magician. Every one should seriously consider, how far his talents and turn of mind and circumstances drive him out of the right road. It is an easy thing for a man of vigor to bring a quiet one before his bar: and it is easy for this quiet man to condemn the other: yet both may be really pious men—serving God with their best powers. *Every man has his peculiar gift of God; one after this manner, and the other after that.*

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hamilton, March 9, 1848.

Principal.

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

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

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

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