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THE CALLOPEAN



Volume 1.

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

Number 7.

For the Callopean.

The Hour of Death.

Most solemn hour of man! Hour, on which hangs
Eternity, with all its untold scenes
Of happiness or woe. In doubt and gloom
Why clothest thou thy secrets from our ken?
Why shroudest in clouds thy fearful mysteries?
Reveal—unroll thy records—let be scan'd
The ~~records~~ ~~of the~~ ~~human~~ ~~breast~~
Entered upon thy dread realities,
That seeing, fully yet may wisdom learn.

'Tis God's decree; the darken'd labyrinths
Of future life, in time, much less beyond
The portals of the tomb, to penetrate,
To mortal man, on earth, cannot be given.
'Tis well! Enough we truly know; enough,
That soon beneath thy decaying shadows all
Earth's glories, though as heart-strings
Hitherto entwined, shall sink like meteors
Showing down athwart the sky. The palm
Of genius, and the flash of wit, the glare
Of beauty, and the conqueror's pride, shall
Dwindle at thy piercing gaze, and disappear.
Fame, riches, honors, all, are swept away
At thy approach, as driven sands before
The rushing whirlwind. And is there no safe
Refuge from thy gloomy forecast—no bright star
To cheer our track on life's uncertain tide?
A deep response comes from the mould'ring tomb,
"Lay treasures up in heaven. Then will'd shall be
The waves of life, no surge upon the calm
Unruffled surface of its sea, its hours
In dulcet sweetness flow. Fed from the pure
Exhaustless fountains of a God of love,
And shadowing forth His attributes in chaste
Unsuil'dness below, the soul glides gently to
The haven of its rest—the bosom of
The Deity."

EDITED.

For the Callopean.

Submission, or a Rainy Day.

"RAINING still!" exclaimed Eva, as she gazed impatiently from the window, at which she had been seated for the last hour, with

a book in her hand, which, however, scarce engaged half of her attention, the other half being bestowed on things without.

"Raining still! How I hate such gloomy, stupid weather—there is nothing on earth so gloomy as a rainy day."

"What is that, Eva?" said her grandmother, who was quietly occupied in the same apartment, "you employ strong expressions."

"Well grandma, I am entirely out of patience; these eternal rains will weary me to death; I wish the sun would always shine, the flowers always bloom, the birds always sing, and then I should always be happy."

"I am sorry to hear you speak just in that manner," said her grandma, seriously; "it seems to denote a mind but ill prepared to meet the vicissitudes of this world; alas! my child, you do not know how often your sky may be darkened; how many days of gloom, and nights of dreariness or storm, may be your portion; and you have yet to learn, that happiness may be maintained independently of external circumstances; and, also, that the heart may be sad even when all is bright and smiling around."

"You draw a dark picture of the future—that future which I always love to fancy as one continued scene of sunshine and enjoyment."

"Not too dark to be true, Eva. It is the common fault of the young to think of life as a bright summer-day, and thus neglect to prepare for the storms or darkness that may overtake them. There was a time, when I was young and thoughtless as you, with the same bright hopes and happy dreams with respect to coming years; but, since then, many a change has passed over me; many a cloud has darkened my horizon; and I too, have proved that life is indeed a chequered scene."

"Do tell me the history of your early life, dear grandma, and the secret of your present peace and enjoyment; for you always appear happy.—I promise to be an attentive listener."

"I will accede to your request with pleasure," was the reply; "for, though some recollections of the past may be painful and distressing, I would hope that it may be useful in impressing upon your mind some lessons which I have only learned by sad experience."

"'Tis long, my Eva," began the old lady, passing her hand affectionately through the flowing ringlets of the blooming girl, who had seated herself at her feet in an attitude of attention: "'tis long since my cheek glowed and my eye sparkled with the youthful animation which now warms and kindles yours; and yet, in retrospect, it appears but a short time since I returned from school to my father's house—the much loved home of

my childhood—with a light step and a joyous heart; pleasure smiled upon the present, and hope shed its halo round scenes of many days to come. I was, indeed, a favored child of fortune; yet, Eva, yours is a more enviable lot,—true, your parents are not rich in this world's goods; but, what is better far, they are rich in faith; heirs of the promises of God's holy word; and their prayers and instructions, with a blessing from on high, will prove a much better inheritance for you than silver or gold, or all that this earth can afford. My parents were wealthy and indulgent, and I was an only daughter. I had one brother, a noble minded and affectionate boy, two years older than myself—the companion and playmate of my childhood, and the fond associate of more mature years. It is not surprising that the warmest affections of my heart should have clustered around him—in fact, I almost idolized him. Lately we had been separated a great deal, as I had been attending a seminary at a distance, while he was pursuing his studies in our native town, and now he was the first to welcome my return; and as he pressed the fraternal kiss upon my cheek, he reminded me, that, my school days being ended, we should once more be united as the brother and sister of former days. Many were our pleasant remembrances the past, of and many the plans we formed for the future, as we wandered together through the favorite haunts of our beautiful home, and revisited the scenes of our infantile sports and childish glees. The sun of prosperity shone brightly upon us, and we thought we were happy; but as yet we knew nothing of those nobler motives for action, and those higher sources of enjoyment which are found in the love and worship of God.

A year passed quickly and pleasantly away, and we were again called to part.—Henry had devoted himself to the study of the law, and it was now high time that he should attend the university in a distant city, in order fully to prepare himself for receiving the honors, and entering upon the duties of his profession. Sad, indeed, was the time of parting—a strange foreboding seemed to have come over the hearts of each; and even my brother was low-spirited. Never shall I forget the last walk we took together—though, then, I little imagined it might be indeed the last. We had been rambling along for some time in silence, and at length paused beside a small and silvery stream, which, but a short distance below, emptied its quiet waters into the noble river which swept past our dwelling—Henry gazed awhile upon its transparent waters, and then turning towards me with an expression of deep solemnity in his countenance, such as I never before observed—"Amanda!" said he, "see this sweet rivulet; how quietly it has meandered through our meadows, with scarce anything to oppose its course, or raise an angry ripple upon its surface—behold it now, mingling its waters with that mighty stream, which at length shall bear them on to the almost boundless ocean—thus, hitherto, have passed my days and years, as smoothly and peacefully as this silent brook; but now I am about to launch my bark upon the hurried stream of busy life, and who shall say how swiftly it may bear me on to the vast and fathomless ocean of eternity." I was so much struck by his words, but particularly by his manner, that I could make him no reply, but leaned my head upon his arm and wept. He then strove to cheer me by speaking of his bright hopes and brilliant anticipations, and of the path of fame, which, opening fair and wide, allured his youthful vision—and it was this alone—the hope of seeing him hereafter the pride and honor of his father's house, which consoled us all during his absence; for each fond parent also sadly missed their best, their oldest child.

After a lapse of some months he once more returned; but oh! how changed! The rosy hue of health had forsaken his cheek; the light of hope and pleasure no longer beamed from his eye—constant fatigues and a too close application to study, had strengthened the seeds of a fatal disease already implanted in his constitution, and consumption was fast gaining upon its victim. He did not long remain with us, but passed quickly to the tomb. But our loss was his gain—during his absence from his earthly home he had learned to prepare himself for a better, a brighter home above, and death presented nothing frightful to his imagination. Much did he strive, during his illness, to lead me also to embrace that religion which could make him willing

to resign life, even in its brightest, happiest moments—but our minds were dark, and it was long ere we could understand, and longer still ere we could accept the offers and claim the promises and consolations of the gospel. I was naturally of a light and cheerful disposition, but impatient, and having scarcely ever been crossed in any thing, sorrow and disappointment were almost strangers to me. This was my first real trial, and truly, it was a severe one. There, beside the death-bed of that darling brother, was learned my first lesson of submission—submission to the will of God—and as I stood beside his coffin, and gazed upon that much loved form, now cold and motionless in death, was breathed my first prayer—a prayer that we who had been so united on earth might at length be reunited in heaven.

The death of my brother was the beginning of a new life for me—a life of faith on the Son of God. Since then, varied and often trying, have been the scenes through which I have passed; but that grace which was my consolation then, has never forsaken me, but has proved a source of peace and happiness to me, even amid trial and disappointment, and light and joy have beamed upon my path in many a dark and stormy day."

Simcoe, December, 1848

LATONA.

Insect Architects.

THE ground spiders may be well ranked among the wonderful native architects of Australia; they are of various sizes, and differ in their color, form and markings. They hollow a circular hole in the earth, adapted to the size of their body, and more beautifully formed, and perfectly round, than any engineer with all his scientific instruments could have made it. Within it is nicely tapestried with the finest web, woven closely over the wall of this subterranean drawing room, the depth of which I never accurately ascertained, as at a certain distance they seem to curve, or perhaps lead into a side cell, where the feelers of fine grass I have introduced could not penetrate. Some of these tunnels terminate at the surface with merely a slight web spun over the grains of soil close to the aperture, as if to prevent them rolling into it; the holes being from one sixth of an inch to an inch in diameter. Some of them boast of the extraordinary luxury of a front-door; these I imagine to be rather first rate kind of spiders, and the doors are as beautiful instances of insect skill and artifice as any that our wonder-teeming world displays to us. When shut down over the hole, nothing but the very most accurate previous knowledge could perceive any difference in the surface of the soil, but perhaps if you remain very still for some minutes the clever inhabitant will come forth—when you perceive a circle of earth, perhaps the size of a wedding-ring or larger, lifted up from beneath, like a trap-door; it falls back gently on its hinge side, and a fine, hairy, beautifully pencilled, brown or grey spider pops out and most probably pops in again to sit just beneath the opening, and wait for his dinner of flies or other eatable intruders. Then we see that the under side and the rim of his earthen door are thickly and neatly webbed over, so that not a grain of soil can fall away from its thickness, which is usually about the eighth or tenth of an inch, and although so skilfully webbed below, the upper preserves exactly the same appearance as the surrounding soil. The hinge also consists of web, neatly attached to that of the lid, and box. I have the greatest respect and admiration for these clever mechanics, and though I very often with a bent of grass, or a soft green twig, try to persuade one to come up, and be looked at (which they generally do, nipping fast hold of the intrusive probe,) I never was guilty of hurting one. I have picked very large ones off the ground that the plough had just turned over, and have carried them to places unlikely to be disturbed; and I generally have two or three particular friends among them, whom I frequently take a peep at. They often travel some distance from home, probably in search of food, as I have overtaken and watched them returning, when they seldom turn aside from hand or foot placed in their way, but go steadily on at a good swift pace, and after dropping into their hole put forth a claw, and hook the door to after them, just as a man would close a trap-door above him when descending a ladder.—Mrs. Meredith's New South Wales

The English Language.

By Glendower.

Of all the monuments of human ingenuity and labor, I can think of none greater than the English Language. It is the language of a people peculiarly favored of Heaven, both in respect to the gifts of intellect and the period in which it has been their lot to flourish. Great were the natural powers of the Anglo-Saxon race, and greatly have they been developed. We see evidence of this in the rude yet sterling qualities of their early heroes, and their heroic struggles for national existence; we see it in their subsequent achievements in arms, in commerce, and in high philosophy; we see it in their foreign settlements, giving rise in one instance to a second independent, extensive, and liberally-conducted Saxon Empire, and that too by a revolution so singularly great and happy, that one might well consent to bear the disgrace of its origin for the sake of sharing the glory of its result—to be an *Englishman* with George the Third, that he might be a *Saxon* with Washington. And lastly, we see it in that complicate and most wondrous engine of civil power—the British Constitution:—a strange medley of antagonistic elements, resulting in a most compact and durable structure,—resisting all shocks from abroad, and by an inherent restorative power, overcoming every symptom of rottenness and decay within—holding together, and even yet advancing an Empire whose convulsive forces would send any other constitution into broken and dishonored fragments.

If from these high exploits, evincing the superiority of the race, we turn to their language, we need not wonder that we find an object of unrivalled admiration. For here the spirit of the people has embodied itself. Here are laid up in an indestructible store-house the fruits of their national toil; here the results of that proud ambition which acknowledges no superior; of that depth of intellect which searches the hidden things of Nature; and of that vigorous imagination which sends forth conjectures into the regions of possibility, throws new beauty over the sensible world, and peoples, with forms of divinest excellence, the infinite and invisible.

The stranger, of another tongue, passing over the borders of English literature, finds himself ascending from the dreary plain below into a paradise of all things pleasant to the sight, and good for intellectual food. There are trees dropping delicious fruit; flowers that ever bloom; birds of choicest song; and streams, now gently gliding, now leaping and sparkling in the sun-beams. Or we may liken the language to a vast reservoir, into which have been flowing for centuries the noblest truths of science, history, and song—original truths, from the minds of her own Shakspeares and Bacons, and borrowed truths, from every kindred and every age. At this golden fountain the learned of all lands now fill their little urns, and carry thence to the thirsty multitudes around them.

And if, as the sanguine lovers of human progress would believe, the time is at length at hand, when the healthful influence of a pure religion, and the more general spread of knowledge, shall give stability to political institutions, and secure a uniform improvement of the social fabric; and when also the increased and most wonderful facilities for internal and foreign communications shall diminish national jealousies; beget a greater community of interests; restrain the inclination to war; enlarge and deepen the stream of popular sympathy; and finally, make of one blood all the nations of the earth: Then, it is a pleasing, and by no means fanciful, view of the future, to consider the English nation as the leader and prince of this great national brotherhood, and her language as becoming more and more enriched with thought; more and more enlarged in its vocabulary; more and more adapted to the infinite complexities of human emotion; more and more sufficient for the native, and more and more necessary for the foreigner; until, by the silent, yet iron law of usage, its subtle, colonizing sway, has superseded all the minor dialects of earth; restored again the breach of Babel, and enclosed all literature, from the Ganges to the St. Lawrence, in an universal Saxondom. But if any person deem us too confident as to the future perpetuity of empires, and prefer the gloomy dogma of those determined analogists who argue,

from the natural growth and decay of plants and animals, a corresponding growth and decay in every social compact; and from the fall of admired Greece and Rome, infer the fall of all succeeding nations: we, nevertheless, cannot forget, whatever changes or dissolution may befall particular organizations of society, there is still one fabric of national skill—one relic of a kingdom's greatness—which does not always vanish with the "little brief authority" of its builders. Before this imperishable Coliseum of Language, the mourner of departed dynasties, and most of all, the friend of social advancement, may be allowed to pause ere he embrace the disheartening doctrine, that man is doomed, by the condition of his nature, to run, alternately, the career of improvement and degeneracy, and to realise the beautiful but melancholy fable of Sisyphus, by an eternal renovation of hope and disappointment. No nation can ever wholly perish that has a literature of her own. And if the rhapsodies of one blind bard, wandering from door to door, and singing for his bread, have been able to eternalise the achievements of Troy, then, surely, a most cheering prospect is opened up for the Isle of Albion. If, as some too boldly predict, the time at last must arrive when Britannia's royalty shall be laid low; when her renowned universities shall shelter but the owl and the serpent; when her "cloud-capt towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," shall moulder into dust; when the poet of other lands shall come to draw inspiration from the gloomy grandeur of her ruins; and the Queen-Isle of Ocean, having passed from nothingness to glory, from glory to oblivion, shall hear the song of her revelry and triumph fast dying away into the mournful echoes of the Atlantic billows, as they dash upon the dreary cliff of Dover, it is some consolation to know, that even then, her language will still survive, in all the freshness and force of a living tongue, among a great Anglo-American people, where her Miltons and her Burkes will continue to be read and admired as patriarchal laborers of the same great Saxon family. To this language of their fathers the British descendants of the New World will ever fondly turn as the common treasury of human lore, and will seek supplies for the wants of their own nature, and the exigencies of their own land, from a volume of history holding forth the most varied and extensive political experience, enriched by the first productions of original genius, and made universal by spoils gathered from all languages and all times. And when the now young America herself, having lived "three score years and ten," shall go, in a good old age, to sleep with her fathers; when the ever-varying, yet still onward, stream of human progress, has swept back again to the long-deserted shores of Italy and Greece; when the Seven-hilled City shall once more give laws to the nations, and the Acropolis of Minerva become a temple of Christianity; even then the school-boy shall acquire his mental discipline; the statesman, his precepts of wisdom; the philosopher, his principles of speculation; the poet, his highest models of art; and the divine, his best discourses on morality and religion, from the venerable language of the Saxon.—*Literary Garland.*

BENEFITS OF WALKING.—"Were I a gentleman" said Dr. Abernethy, "I would never get into my carriage."

"Dr Unwin in his book on Mental Diseases says: "Last week I conversed with a veteran in literature and years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the soundness of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often depressing circumstances, by a steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. He has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited much public attention; almost all of them have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of his equanimity has, I verily believe, been ensured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued."

To Death.—A Transplantation.

For the Calliopean.

Ou! why hast thou taken to blooming a flower,
From this garden so fair, where it grew,
And borne it away to a heavenly bower,
From where thou wouldst glad be'er have seen the end here
That us spirit escaped from their view?

On its native soil; here it flourish'd a time,
Where the cold and the fierce winds blow;
But, ah! when transplanted to yon southern clime—
Like the lily so bright, and the sweet scented thyme—
When parched, it refused to grow.

The bright tints of beauty that play'd on its brow,
Too quickly began to depart;
And the pure morning zephyrs that o'er it would blow,
Could never refresh it, so withered now;
No! consumption had seized on its heart.

It linger'd—it died—in the morning of life,
And rest in a land far away;
Nor affection, nor friendship, close joined in a strife
Together, could stay thy up lifted knife
From cutting it down as thy prey.

The old thou hast pass'd, with their frost-bitten look,
That are drooping and ready to fall,
That gladly had welcomed thy cold icy shock,
And sunk 'neath the grasp they no longer could brook,
And left this fair garden and all.

And the young infant bud, as beginning to peep,
Which autumn nor winter had known;
As thy gentler touch o'er us heart-strings would sweep,
Would have rested as though it were nought but a sleep,
And forever from blast would have flown.

But Melvin—dear Melvin! thou wast the flower,
So blooming, so radiant, that fell,
I have oft lov'd to greet thee in friendship's sweet bower,
And tarry, as flow by the magical hour
That threw o'er our manings a spell.

Thou art sleeping in death and in holy repose,
Far, far above proud Eric's wave;
But ere on this earth, that with life brightly glows,
These eyes, like thine own, too, forever shall close,
I'd bear me to weep o'er thy grave.

Hamilton, January, 1848.

DURLINGTON

Vigils with the Sick.—A Sister's Love.

For the Calliopean.

I was watching by the bedside of a young friend, a fellow-student, who had met with a sad accident, from which there was no hope of recovery. The sufferer was in constant pain. Acute spasms would low and then dart through his frame, when his moaning was wretched relief to the monotonous strokes of the time-piece upon the mantel.

There are few who have not experienced the peculiar solemnity, and even awfulness of solitary vigils beside a sick couch. The reflections that are apt to creep over one, in such a situation, however profitable, I was not disposed to invite, and therefore had been reading upon subjects of a contrary tendency. But by midnight, I had become tired and shivering, (for it was winter, and the feverish patient could endure no fire) drew the wrapper around me, and sank into an easy chair; when fancy almost embodied the melancholy musings, that may be supposed to haunt such a scene, as they rushed upon me. My last thoughts, previous to dropping away amidst uneasy dreams, were—contemplating the once athletic and sprightly form of my young friend, now attenuated to a mere skeleton and distorted with pain—how effectually disease divests death of its terror, or rather life of its charm—the joy of its gaiety, the pomp of its pride, the promise of its hopes, and the purpose of its ambition, how do they vanish away at the beckoning of pain!

A slight movement assu'd me. A form, that appeared not unlike the fairest and loveliest of this world, was bending over the sleeping sufferer. There was a gentleness in her mien, a tenderness in her gaze, and a depth of affection in her whole manner, that was deeply impressive, to me, as she seemed to be, by excessive watching and sorrow. It was the youth's sister. She seated herself by the foot of his couch, and gaz'd upon her brother's features as they with'd with age, in which the deep-er was then happily immensable. She gaz'd with that same intent expression of mingled grief and love—then clasped her hands, and raised her dark and tearful eyes towards heaven. I saw her lips move; but heard no sound, although not the less sensibly did I seem to know the supplication of that pious sister's heart. She rose at length, and kiss'd the death-stricken brow, and glancing where I was supposed to be slumbering, hastily withdrew.

A sister's deep and fervid sympathy is of familiar experience, and a theme, which every heart testifies, worthy of more than angelic eloquence. This was not so much a rare instance of its exercise, as a rare occasion for it upon a case of lingering misery. The unfortunate had been thoughtless, in the confidence of youth. Beside the couch of his affliction there was a ministering angel, whose prayers and instructions enabled him, with affecting resignation, almost to welcome pain and death, over which he triumph'd, in the prospect of immortality. Her hand was the gentlest and the most soothing. In her voice there were evidences of pleasure, and in her aspect delight, when pain and debility had stripped all creation of beauty beside, and hush'd all other melody. She seemed to stand alone in singleness of love and loveliness.

The young man did. I have often thought the surviving sister, as she remembers his full assurance of hope—glorious with the infinite blessedness of eternity, must experience that fulness of pleasure, which, like a spirit of happiness, will always guard the avenues of her heart from disquietude. It is she who she must feel, of having alleviated so greatly his earthly suffering, and contributed to secure his heavenly joys.

This tender affection, the subject that elevates whatever would celebrate it, song, or pictures, or eloquence—embracing all the intensity of any other attachment without the selfishness—spontaneous and irrepressible—evinces equally the wisdom and benignity of heaven. It becomes the sister to consider well how potent an influence is hers—fit only to be associated with virtue and piety. Never can her tenderness forsake the bedside of sickness—never may it neglect to reclaim the erring feet of wickedness. Licentiousness cannot withstand her presence of purity—to the blasphemer it is the holiest of all. If her assiduities would tire, let her think of the interposition of the weeping Saviour at the prevailing invocation of the sisters of Bethany.

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1848.

S.

GOOD IN EVERY BODY.—Would you judge of a tree by a single decayed limb? Then why judge of a man's character by a single bad act in his life? To counterbalance that one failing, there are scores of good traits in his composition. The most precious metal is mixed with dross; even diamonds have specks. Who could stand before his fellow-creatures, if he were to be condemned for one fault? There is no man living who has not some redeeming trait about him, who if weigh'd in the balance of strict justice, would not show some bright spot—some agreeable qualities.—We often look at men through a wrong medium, when our prejudices lean to their failings. We see this to a great extent, in high political times; when persons are prominent before the public. How highly predominant are these faults; and a score of virtues are hid beneath the shadow of a trifling sin. Such should not be our estimate of character. Where a man is really deserving praise, and thus conceal a fault, which in an unguarded moment he may have committed, and of which he has repented in dust and ashes. The mantle of charity which we would have thrown around ourselves, let us throw around others, and thus fulfil one of the loveliest commands of the Bible.

For the Callipoon.

One quiet road *Byron* without being filled with admiration, mingled with pity. The breathings of a powerful and gifted mind appear in every line. Yes! those wild effusions glow with the fire of "conquering genius."

Yet, the thoughtful reader *Byron* and soon compelled to pause and lament, that one endowed by his Creator with such lofty powers should so dishonour them. "Holiness to the Lord" was not written on his heart; its affections were unmanifested; its passions, raging tumultuously within, bowed not to the sceptre of the meek and lowly Jesus. Religion had no charms to him. Ambition was his God. Hence, what would have been one of the greatest of blessings, turned to be a curse, and sunk him to be the lowest slave of passion.

From the study of *Byron* one may learn many important lessons. At first unknown—rushed in the midst of poverty and sorrow—by the aid of his lofty genius, he rapidly ascended the hill of fame, till crowned and nitred heads beheld and wonder-ed. Yet, earthly greatness brought not with it happiness. Peace and contentment all were strangers to *Byron's* heart. Lonely and unloved, he's journeyed here. Deeply drunk he from dissipation's cup; yet, misery was ever mingled with the draught. Remorse could not slumber long in such a heart; and keener must have been the pang, by it inflated, as he farther launched upon the treacherous sea of sensual pleasures.

"Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good.
Wise wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond amission full,—
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank—drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—thou died
Of what, because there was no more to drink."

Eva.

"The Council of Four"—The title of a new game, lately published in England. To those who are fond of games, we would recommend "The Council of Four," as a pleasing and profitable recreation, and affording ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and mental acumen. It consists of definitions to be given by each of the company, to certain words agreed upon, and which, written upon slips of paper provided for the purpose, are to be read aloud by any one of the number. We subjoin the following as a specimen of definitions:—

Child. The ever-renewed hope of the world—the future in the present—God's problem, wanting man's solution.

Lance. The leaden sword with which the mass of mankind are compelled to fight the social battle—the barrier country of which all are natives, and from which all are emigrants.

Paper. Baiting-ground for genius. A poor fat much put upon.

Napoleon. The European grave-digger. A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

Candle. A martyr to the darkness existing around him. One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

Sleep. Easy lessons in death to the living—the swift vehicle in which we visit distant friends.

Isle. The black sea upon which thought rides at anchor.

War. Changeling warship of the devil. Death doing a roving trade. Murder to music.

Track. The pillar of fire which leads on man to the promised land. The world's hair apparent.

Superstition. The high priest of the temple of ignorance. The de-throned pretender to the crown of reason.

Luxury. The labor of the wealthy. The hectic flush of a consuming nation.

Revenge. The recoil of a poisoned arrow.

Imagination. Thought on its travels. The most eminent carve, and gilder.

Book. The raft on which untying genius floats down the stream of time.

The Seasons. From the Christian Citizen.

"Observe the circling year: how unperceiv'd
The seasons change! Behold by slow degrees
Sera Winter mould into a ruder Spring;
The ripened Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer sheds Planet's star,
And aged Autumn brews the Winter's storm."

ANASTASIO.

How rapid, yet beautiful and instructive, the varied revolutions of the seasons! Whether we inhale the fragrance of Spring, or pant beneath the fires of Summer, or rejoice amid the fruitfulness of Autumn, or sit secure against the ravages of Winter, around the cheerful fireside, we still behold the beauty and wisdom; the beneficence and power of the Creator. How good and great is He who refreshes in the vernal breeze, pours in flaming grandeur from the solstice, fills our hands with plenty from the exuberant stores of Autumn, or protects and revives us amid the desolations of Winter! 'Tis God who rules on high, who brings the seasons round, and causes everything to contribute to the pleasure and happiness of men.

"Mark the mighty hand,
That ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And on the earth the grateful change revolves!"

The seasons are not only rapid in their flight, and give evidence of supernatural power and goodness, but they afford to mortals, such as we, volumes of instructive wisdom. For spring flowers soon fade, summer comes rushing by, and transmits us to pallid autumn, when all things decay, and then we are introduced to stern winter, which shuts the scene with a mantle of hoary whiteness. Thus is it with the progressive stages of human life! We fade as a flower, pass rapidly down the stream of life, till hoary-headed age brings us to mingle with the dust of the grave.

"Behold fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years
Thy blooming spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn, fading into age,
And pale including winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene!"

But, Christian traveller to the mansions of the grave, what need'st thou fear? Day shall again dawn upon the night of the grave. Life and immortality shall soon burst upon thy raptur'd vision, and thou shalt behold a day without night, sprung without change, and flowers that shall never fade. Be of good comfort, therefore, for

"The snows of wintry time will quickly pass
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

Watch ye well by Day-light.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Oh! watch you well by day-light,
By day-light you may fear;
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near;
For heaven's the scene bestow'd,
Our waking life to keep;
Its tender mercy shew'd,
To guard us in our sleep.
The watch you well by day-light,
By day-light you may fear;
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch in sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays;
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To heaven entrust the morrow,
For angels then are near.
Oh! watch you well by day-light,
By day-light you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

WOMAN.

The following just and beautiful tribute to the character of woman, is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine* :—
 GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman ; who can elevate its dignity ? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprizes ; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies are led, and empires are governed ; to guard against the slightest want of bodily infirmity, the frail yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her ; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless ; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement ; to exalt generosity into virtue, by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind ; by her tenderness to disarm passion ; by her purity to triumph over sense ; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil ; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people ; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny ; to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected ; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged ; and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

GOD EVERYWHERE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the plague was raging there. His house was in that part of the town since called (from the circumstance of its being situated there,) Craven buildings. On the plague growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as postilion,) saying to another servant, "I suppose by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand!" He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.—*Toplady's Anecdotes.*

EXPECTING A LETTER.—I do not think that life has a suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is the one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long the time seems till it comes ! With how many devices do we seek to pass it a little quicker. How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting ? The post comes in, and there is no letter for us. How bitter is the disappointment ! and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immeasurable the time seems till the post comes in again ! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures ; illness, even death, grow terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear ! We dread we know not what ; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have forbidden, appears a relief.—*Miss London.*

From Wright's Casket.

Domestic Happiness.

As I what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home.

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle ! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home ; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promises which cause him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." O ! the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smoothes his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not 'tush that hath a father's heart,
 To take, in childish play, a childish part ;
 But bende his sturdy neck to play the toy,
 That youth takes pleasure in, to please the boy."

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toils of business ? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers ? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement ? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive ; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease ; and in their welfare and recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the labor and heat of the day ; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his humble repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness ! his hardships are forgotten ; fatigue vanishes ; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden, enters again, and retires to rest ; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling ! who can be indifferent to thy comfort ? Peace be to this house !

SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN.—This singularly beautiful sight is most happily and faithfully described in the following paragraph extracted from Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean* :

"The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature ; sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness ; at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty, but in dazzling splendor. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at even, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill ; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise, the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—At Engntekia in Lapland, during the space of three weeks in every year, the minister informed Dr. Clark that he is able to light his pipe at midnight with a common burning glass ; and when the clouds do not intervene he may continue this practice for a longer time, but the atmosphere becomes cloudy as the season advances. From the church near his house it is visible at midnight, during seven weeks in each year ; but the pleasure of this long day is dearly purchased by an almost uninterrupted night for the rest of the year ; a continual winter, during which it is difficult to dispense with the use of candles during the space of three hours in each day.

FRIENDSHIP.

For the Calliopean.

"Oh, Friendship! flower of fairest hue,
To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other climes renew,
Thy native soil is heaven."

If aught on earth can give joy or gladness to the mind of man, it is the interchange of friendly feeling—the sympathies of a kindred heart. In the exercise of friendship, we realize those finer emotions which adorn the heart. True friendship is the silver chain which binds "heart to heart and mind to mind."

How rich the feast, to live in the enjoyment of fond, abiding friendship, and to participate in its pure and elevating joys. In social intercourse with congenial spirits, there is something cordial and consolatory. When beauty, fame, and power are overshadowed by oblivion, and it is our lot to struggle with the tide of misfortune, we have a hope in the true smile of friendship—the friendship of one to whom we can unfold our joys and griefs, and who is ready to apply the balm of sympathy, and wipe away the latest tear.

How cold and odious must be that heart which does not appreciate the sympathies of a dear friend. Where this is not one of the ruling motives in the heart, its characteristic must be selfishness; and thus mankind, created to comfort and bless each other, overthrow the designs of their benevolent Benefactor. Acting under the influence of such principles, mankind lay the foundation of their own ruin. In their train follow covetousness, envy, revenge, and all the unholy passions that can possess the human heart.

What can afford us a more pleasing theme for meditation, in after years, than the remembrance of youthful friends? There is a sweet and peaceful melancholy attending their memory.

Those were hours of merry greeting, when, as yet, the chilling blasts of care had but lightly stamped their impress on our brow, and ere the death-damp of vice had soiled the purity of youthful joys. Every spot over which we rambled in youthful days brings up associations that awaken the tenderest emotions of the soul, and with their holy memories there comes a thrill of pleasure—a reverie of fond regret, that they have passed away.

"Oh, how painfully sweet are the echoes which start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

How prone is the mind, when lonely, to fly away, in imagination, to loved ones absent, and in the wild wanderings of fancy, "to live o'er years of bliss again."

True friendship is no fragile flower.—Its blossoms are fairest in the storm. It is not an alloy of earth; but an amaranth of heaven—an emblem of that eternal friendship that lives in a purer world—of that christian friendship, whose Author is an Eternal Friend. In that blest clime there will be no reserve to "enslave the sweetest feelings of the soul." Then, secure from coldness and distrust, pure and sanctified friendship shall indissolubly join, and satisfy, as with the fruits of paradise, the happy souls redeemed from earth. ANGELINE.

FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self-destruction, is beautiful and touching.

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as some have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look was irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt; 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheap.

From the Mother's Magazine.

They are my Father's Stars.

"They are my father's stars," said a little girl, as I stood at the door of her father's dwelling, gazing at those bright specimens of God's handiwork. The little girl was scarce five years of age, and by no means of a talkative disposition. All attempts to induce her to make further remarks, or to explain her meaning in respect to the one above repeated, were in vain.

Words of wisdom are often uttered by children. Their remarks often lead us back to Nature, from which so many influences cause us to wander.

It is true, that the stars were her Father's, though not, probably, in the sense in which she used the expression. They belong to her Father and our Father, to her God and our God.

It is most desirable to form the habit of looking upon everything as belonging to our Father who is in heaven. It will add greatly to our happiness, and promote our spiritual progress. We are so hurried by the affairs of this earth, that we rush on, forgetting that there are such things as stars and streamlets, unless when we have need of the one to guide our vessels, or of the other to turn our water-wheels; and then we look not beyond the maternal object.

God has created objects of beauty, and we refuse to acknowledge them as his. The painter or sculptor regards it as an insult when you admire the beauty of his work, and refuse to credit it to the author. When we admire the stars, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the storm-cloud, and have no thought of their Creator, do we not refuse to acknowledge them as His? Do we not treat Him with insult?

Let us follow the example of holy men of old. Isaac went forth at eventide to meditate. Doubtless he went forth to contemplate the works of God. Doubtless he saw in the bright shining stars, the reflection of the glory of his Father, and heard in the low sounds which broke the silence of the evening landscape, the hymnings of that Father's praise.

David, as we should naturally expect from the poetic structure of his mind, was accustomed to "consider the heavens," but not in their natural beauty and glory alone. He was accustomed to consider the heavens which *thou hast made*, and the moon and the stars which *thou hast ordained*. Thus in contemplating nature, God was near to him, and was in all his thoughts.

If we were thus to associate God with all His works, and especially with the beautiful in His works, the influence on our minds would be most salutary. It would add to the delight which those objects are adapted to occasion. It would give additional lustre to every star which shines in the heavens, and a warmer colouring to every object of beauty, which is seen on earth. It would save us from forgetfulness of God.

TEACHING seems to have been conducive to old age. Zenophilus, the Pythagorean, taught a numerous train of students till he was 104. Leonocaurus read his lectures at 98, and Fuseli, at about the same age. 'All the world,' says Hermippus Redivivus, hath heard of Mr. Colverly, who kept a boarding school for young ladies in Queen Square. He maintained his health, his vigor, his cheerfulness, his sense, and his good humor to upward of a hundred, and could say merrily, when he heard men forty years younger than himself, coughing, groaning and complaining, 'what a troublesome thing it is to be troubled with old folks?' After he parted with his school he did not survive long, and it was his opinion that he might have enjoyed life several years longer had he not given up business.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD 'LADY.'—Formerly when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, once a week, or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *leff day*, that is, in the saxon, the *bread-giver*. These two words were, in time, corrupted and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM LEGGEE.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasure fades away;
They melt in Time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay!
But joys that from Religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe
Shine forth with sweetest light.
Religion's ray no clouds obscure;
But o'er the Christian's soul
It blends a rathence calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll;
His heart may break beneath sorrow's stroke,
But to be loved, thank,
Like diamonds shining when they're broken,
Religion lights it still!

DEATH.

For what is death to him who dies
With God's own blessings on his head?
A charter— not a sacrifice—
A life immortal to the dead.
And life itself is only great,
When man devotes himself to be,
By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate,
Of God's own children and the free

Editorial Department.

"The Pictorial History of England, being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred wood-cuts. Harper and Brothers, New York."

We have just received the first volume of this highly finished work. It is full of excellent illustrations, which materially enhance the interest of the narrative. It is delightful to find delineated in a manner so life-like, many interesting scenes, such as Boudicca haranguing her troops, and Prince William sacrificing his life for his sister Maud, with which we have been familiar, in our "mind's eye," from childhood. The present volume, extending to Richard II, contains four books, and each book, seven chapters; of which, the first is the History of the Civil and Military Transactions; the second, of Religion; the third, of the Constitution, Government and Laws; the fourth, of the National Industry; the fifth, of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts; the sixth, of Manners and Customs; and the seventh, of the Condition of the People. Each of these departments is treated at great length, and, we believe, with accuracy, which renders it invaluable as a book of reference.

History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E. Advocate

Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson hold the first rank among modern historians. The vivid descriptions which characterize "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" the pleasing narrative and profound remarks contained in the "History of England;" and the clear, logical and philosophic views displayed in the "History of Charles V., America and Scotland," render them the master-pieces of history. Sismondi, Voltaire, Michelet, Guizot, D'Aubigné, Ferguson, Tytler, and Hallam, are likewise illustrious historians; but still occupy a secondary rank. Another has now appeared, whom the universal voice seems to place among the highest. Already distinguished as a critic and essayist, Alison has now rendered himself still more so as a historian. There is no period in the history of the world more fraught with scenes of thrilling interest and lasting importance, than that between 1789 and 1815, including the French Revolution, the splendid careers of Napoleon and Wellington, and the last American war. To us, also, it has a deeper interest, as describing events still fresh in the memory of all; it is not unusual, even here, to meet with aged veterans, who have taken

part in many of its hard fought battles. The great questions which then agitated and still continue to agitate the world, are treated by Alison with his usual philosophical acumen. A clear, eloquent, and graphic style renders his narrative attractive; while a constant regard for the overruling Providence of heaven, relieves it from the taint of infidelity, so unbecomingly introduced into the histories of Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire. We consider the study of it next, in importance, to that of the History of England.

Napoleon and his Marshals. By J. T. Headley.

HEADLEY is, deservedly, one of the most popular writers of the present day. There is an airiness and sublimity in his descriptions of battle-scenes, which fill the mind of the reader with awe, and a vivid feeling of reality, as he sees pictured before him the terrific conflict. Headley's work, although written on the same period, is quite different from that of Alison. The former, besides giving sketches of the lives of the Marshals, has merely described the most interesting battles, and hence, to the ordinary reader it would probably be more entertaining, but less useful than the latter. Guizot and Montesquieu have given us the philosophy of history, Voltaire and Headley its romance, Alison and Hume the union of both. They also differ in their political sentiments. Alison, a staunch Tory, is the unflinching opponent of democracy, and, in a measure, of Napoleon, while Headley, a republican by birth and by feeling, is the defender of both.

Messrs. N. M. Harris, William F. Welding, Solomon Chatterton, and John Ramson, are authorized Agents for The Calliopean.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Reticus" is too late for our present number.

Burlington Ladies' Academy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.

Hamilton, November 20, 1847.

Principal.

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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.