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# THE CALLOPEAN

Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, October 9, 1848.

Number 22.

The Dream of Death.

For the Callopean.

BY RUSTICUS.

"And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun!  
 And she forgot the blue above the trees;  
 And she forgot the dells where waters run,  
 And she forgot the lilly Autumn breeze!  
 She had no knowledge when the day was done,  
 And the next morn she saw not!"—Keats.

She a strain of music, low and sweet,  
 That stole softly on the ear—  
 As gentle as the falling dew  
 That trembles in the moonbeam clear.

She dreamed of castle, strong and high,  
 But built upon a viewless isle;  
 And ever from its turrets fell  
 Those notes that bound her soul the while.

And from its windows flowing, flowing,  
 Like the music of the sea,  
 Came again, still softer, softer,  
 That undying melody.

And still she dreamed—the music lingered  
 Round the isle she could not see,  
 And floated o'er the fairy waters  
 Like a cloud above the sea.

The angel guard that watched her sleep  
 Still fanned her with his downy wings—  
 And deeper still the vision grew,  
 And sweeter yet the music sings.

And underneath the castle wall  
 A mermaid combs her sea-green hair;  
 And like the music of the waters,  
 'Trills a sad and plaintive air.

And still the angel fanned her cheek,  
 'That burned so high with hectic red—  
 And still she dreamed the cooling breeze  
 The castle's airy music shed.

But lower, softer, grew the strain—  
 And slowly melts away the view—  
 A mist o'erspreads the closing eye—  
 Her cheeks grow pale—her lips grew blue.

The angel kissed her pale cold lips,  
 And warbled a celestial air;—  
 A smile was gathering on her cheeks;—  
 The breath is past—the smile is there!

The angel's song received her breath,  
 And melted in the airy leaven;—  
 'Twas the last note she heard on earth—  
 It was the first she heard in heaven!

THE SUMACH.

For the Callopean.

AMID the varied beauties which adorn the American forests, the Sumach stands forward in vivid coloring and graceful foliage. Its firm, yet pliant growth; its clustering leaves, changing their hues as the orb of day glances on their polished surfaces; and its bright scarlet berries looking forth so cheerfully upon the azure sky and verdant earth, have ever interested me deeply; and since I first gazed upon it on the banks of the wild Mohawk, I have deemed it no unsuitable emblem of a vigorous, warm-hearted young man, on whom fond hopes are laid, and of whom high expectations are cherished by admiring and affectionate relatives. If the opinion of my readers coincides with my own in this particular, I purpose to lay before them a slight sketch of a much-endearing friend, who bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the graceful tree I have selected as his type.

My first interview with Rollin D— took place in his native village, a lovely spot on the Western Reserve. I was then recently arrived from old England, and my spirits were somewhat depressed by the new, strange aspect of things around me; but his fervent greeting, and bright smile, when he heard me introduced as the daughter of his future pastor, assured me, that sincerity and affection possessed a dwelling place in western woodlands equally with the sylvan retirements of polished Europe, and I returned his salutation with a feeling of confidence which I never had reason, during the whole of our subsequent intimacy, to deem misplaced. And here I would remark a fact, which has often come beneath my observation, with regard to what are termed by professors of natural philosophy, "affinities" and "resistances;" and I believe that the idea may be carried out in moral philosophy also—for what human heart is there, which has not as it were leaped into an immediate and permanent friendship with some individual, even on a first introduction; whilst they have trod the dusty road of life for years, side by side with beings of different temperament, without the interchange of one sweet thought, or one heartfelt word? It is even so. Our Heavenly Father has formed us as He has the lovely flowers at our feet—each with some peculiar excellence, but none precisely alike in form or foliage—and as well may we expect the fragrant woodbine to twine its beauteous tendrils around the deadly opium, as endeavor to assimilate minds of a totally different cast. Yet are we still one family, though we differ "even as one star differeth from another star in glory." But to return to the Sumach, and him who forms its antitype.

Rollin was of a peculiarly cheerful and happy temper. Like

the bright berries which glisten on the pliant Sumach, the storms of disappointment, and the warm sunshine of prosperity found him and left him the same loving, warm-hearted, cheerful, sunny being. There was a principle of enjoyment in his nature, which physical suffering could not disturb, and mental anxiety and relative trials were alike powerless to destroy. I have seen him look very serious, nay, sometimes sad; but ere he left us the smile was again on his countenance, and some sweet encouragement drawn from Holy Writ on his tongue; and like the changing leaves of the Sumach, "the sun of righteousness" beamed on him, turning his very sorrows into sources of confidence and trust.

O, his was a true, warm heart—a rarity, young reader, let me inform you, in this cold world. If Providence has thrown such a disposition in your way, I implore you to value it as it deserves. It is a blessing which few know how to estimate aright, in the radiant morning of life; but ere we reach its noontide heat, we look around (sometimes alas in vain,) for the cool, bright shelter of the graceful Sumach.

In early life Rollin fell under the censure of the church. The proceedings against him were conducted in a most severe, I may say, unchristian manner. Every humiliating confession was exacted and retracted; and the remembrance of this painful trial always left a dark shade on his mind when it arose to memory. Doubtless, he was frail, and erred in the matter alluded to; though upon strict investigation it was clearly established to unprejudiced minds, that he was "more sinned against than sinning;" and his subsequent blameless life proved the sincerity and depth of his penitence far more eloquently than the most glowing and pathetic appeal could have done.

The dust from the highroad of this sinful world did indeed, in this instance, settle on the leaves of our Sumach; but the pure bright drops of Calvary removed every trace of stain, and He who loved Rollin and chose him for His own child, guarded him from every attack of the arch-enemy; whilst those very individuals, who gloried in the conviction of an erring brother, have fallen infinitely lower into the depths of sin themselves—and some there are, who were loudest in their anathemas against poor Rollin, have been proved by the unerring test of truth, to have held that truth in unrighteousness; and who, when the last grand tribunal is set, and inquisition is made, may be eager to exchange places even with the despised Sumach.

But these events took place some years before we visited the village, and Rollin was at the period of my acquaintance with him, a dutiful son; an affectionate husband; a devoted father, and a sincere and consistent christian. Let one who was his constant companion in toil and leisure, in business and recreation; who had opportunities of reading his character in the hurry of worldly avocations; and as they sat together by moonlight, numbering the hours of the night, and watching the completion of their daily toil, (for theirs was a business which required unremitting superintendance)—who marked his lively mirthful tones amid the joyous gathering, and mingled his tears around the open graves of mutual friends—let him, I say, bear testimony to the character of our Sumach:

"I never knew Rollin," said this individual, "flinch from a friend in misfortune; I never saw in him that intense, overheated desire for accumulation of property, so common with our countrymen; I never knew him swerve in the minutest particular from truth; I have ever found him sincerely religious; and devotedly attached to those he loved. In fact," continued he, "if we have a real christian in our community, Rollin is the individual."

Neither was this panegyric overdrawn; the truth alone was spoken; and he who spoke, and the individual of whom he spoke, have met in that solemn assembly, where the secrets of each bosom are unveiled.

There is one fact of interest connected with the Sumach, which I must entreat my reader not to overlook, namely—that it grows most luxuriantly on the banks of a living stream. Thus it was with Rollin. His roots were laved by the stream which proceedeth from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb. What marvel then, that his leaves of profession withered not; that his fruits of practical holiness failed not, when fed from so

pure a fountain? His was the religion of the heart—the religion of the closet—the religion of the Bible.

Ah, little did I deem, when I wrung his hand at our farewell meeting, that it would be my mournful task to sketch his character, and rescue his name from oblivion by any humble effort of mine. None who gazed upon his manly bearing, and marked his sinewy arm, and drank in the light of his bright blue eye, and listened to the cadences of his full and pleasant voice, could have anticipated how soon, how very soon that eye should close for ever on terrestrial objects; that voice be hushed on earth, and its strains vibrate no more on affection's ear, till at the resurrection morning—that glorious consummation of the believer's most rapturous hopes—we blend our voices around the mediatorial throne, and amid the anthems of triumph to the Crucified, the voice of him, whom I have here remembered as the Sumach, shall be distinguished; and the links of love, which death has rudely snapt, shall be reunited by our Father's own hand, who at the accents of Deity are heard, saying, "Be ye one as I am in my Father, and my Father in me."

Oh, these are blessed thoughts; reflections which brighten the dark and stormy path of time, and smooth the rough road of life. Reader, are you a real disciple of the despised Galilean? Reflect on all that is included in that term, and if on close investigation you can answer affirmatively, I congratulate you. For you is reserved a fadeless crown; a ceaseless song; a thornless palm. Yet a little while, and the harrassing turmoils of this changing state shall be exchanged for perfect, enduring, and stainless blessedness—the exile shall be welcome to his Father's house—the wanderer shall repose beneath his own roof-tree—the pilgrim shall unbind his sandals and disrobe himself of his pilgrim vestments, for from henceforth such garments shall be unsuitable to his condition—he is no more a stranger and a foreigner, but clad in the garb of heaven, he hath taken his place with the harpers, and is greeted by the members of that august assembly "as a brother beloved."

To that unbreathed, beatitude Rollin D—has ascended. Shall we mourn his early departure? True, his sun went down at noon, and the shade of the Sumach is no longer thrown over the young flowerets which sprung at his feet—his place is vacant—the domestic circle, and the community at large, mourn his absence; yet must we rejoice, for the Shumach, transplanted to a celestial Paradise, shall flourish in fadeless glory, eternally sheltered from every blighting influence.

And now, young reader, suffer me to entreat you to cultivate the bright, cheerful spirit of this estimable young man. A cheerful, happy temper is an invaluable blessing, and worth some effort to attain; and when guided by religious influences, and under the control of a well balanced mind, it forms an important part of a graceful and useful character. Moreover, it is a temper which must be formed in early life; for should your maturer years flow on serenely, you will find sufficient matter in the fretting wear of daily petty annoyances, to task your patience, and draw largely on your animal spirits; while overwhelming affliction will crush you, even as the awful avalanche crushes the hapless traveller beneath its tremendous weight, should it find you unsustained by Christian cheerfulness.

Think of my Sumach, then; and when you bind its bright berries to your bosom, forget not the moral I have endeavored to cull from its brilliant foliage, so shall we meet again, even in that "garden which is enclosed," or as the Hebrew beautifully reads, "barred;" barred from sin; from sorrow—for those who tread that amaranthine clime "are forgiven their iniquities."

Hamilton, September 18th, 1848.

MARY ELIZA.

#### The Laugh of a Child.

The following pretty thought is from the pen of ISABELLA ATHELWOOD:

"I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,  
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;  
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,  
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;  
Floating upon the trees like the tones of a bell,  
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,  
Oh! the laugh of a child, so bold and so free,  
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"

From Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.

Guzikow, the Polish Musician.—Mysterious Music in Pascagoula Bay.

'EVERY flower writes music on the air;' and every tree that grows enshrines a tone within its heart. Do you doubt it? Try the willow and the oak, the elm and the poplar, and see whether each has not its own peculiar sound, waiting only for the master's hand to make them discourse sweet music. One of the most remarkable instruments ever invented gives proof of this. M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was for ever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice; for music to him *was* life. His old familiarity with tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other; in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black, as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets *a la Guzikow* were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear-warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

There is something pleasant to my imagination in the fact that every tree has its own peculiar note, and is a performer in the great concert of the universe, which for ever rises before the throne of Jehovah. But when the idea is applied to *man*, it is painful in the extreme. The emperor of Russia is said to have an imperial band, in which each man is doomed all his life long to sound one note, that he may acquire the greatest possible perfection. The effect of the whole is said to be admirable; but nothing would tempt me to hear this human musical machine. A tree is a unit in creation; though, like everything else, it

stands in relation to all things. But every human soul represents the universe. There is horrible profanation in compelling a living spirit to utter but one note. Theological sects strive to do this continually; for they are sects because they magnify some one attribute of deity, or see but one aspect of the divine government. To me, their fragmentary echoes are most discordant; but doubtless the angels listen to them as a whole, and perhaps they hear a pleasant chorus.

Music, whether I listen to it, or try to analyse it, ever fills me with thoughts which I cannot express—because I cannot sing; for nothing but music can express the emotions to which it gives birth. Language, even the richest flow of metaphor, is too poor to do it. That the universe moves to music, I have no doubt; and could I but penetrate this mystery, where the finite passes into the infinite, I should surely know how the world was created. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies, in their motion, produced music inaudible to mortal ears. These motions he believed conformed to certain fixed laws, that could be stated in numbers, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. This 'music of the spheres' has been considered an idea altogether fanciful; but the immortal Kepler applied the Pythagorean theory of numbers, and musical intervals, to the distances of the planets; and a long time after, Newton discovered and acknowledged the importance of the application. Said I not that the universe moved to music? The planets dance before Jehovah; and music is the echo of their motions. Surely the ear of Beethoven had listened to it, when he wrote those misnamed 'waltzes' of his, which, as John S. Dwight says, 'remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly systems in their sublime career through space.'

Have you ever seen Retszel's illustration of Schiller's Song of the Bell? If you have, and know how to appreciate its speaking gracefulness, its earnest depth of life, you are richer than Rothchild or Astor; for a vision of beauty is an everlasting inheritance. Perhaps none but a German, would have thus entwined the sound of a bell with the whole of human life; for with them the bell mingles with all of mirth, sorrow, and worship. Almost all the German and Belgian towns are provided with chiming bells, which play at noon and evening. There was such a set of musical bells on the church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg. The bell-player was a gray-headed man, who had for many years rung forth the sonorous chimes, that told the hours to the busy throng below. When the church was on fire, either from infirmity, or want of thought, the old man remained at his post. In the terrible confusion of the blazing city, no one thought of him, till the high steeple was seen wreathed with flame. As the throng gazed upward, the firm walls of the old church, that had stood for ages, began to shake. At that moment the bells sounded the well-known German Choral, which usually concludes the Protestant service, 'Nun danket alle Gott'—'Now all thank God.' Another moment, and there was an awful crash! The bells, which had spoken into the hearts of so many generations, went silent for ever. They and the old musician sunk together into a fiery grave; but the echo of their chimes goes sounding on through the far eternity.

They have a beautiful custom at Hamburg. At ten o'clock in the morning, when men are hurrying hither and you in the great whirlpool of business, from the high church tower comes down the sound of sacred music, from a large and powerful horn appropriated to that service. It is as if an angel spake from the clouds, reminding them of immortality.

You have doubtless heard of the mysterious music that peals over the bay at West Pascagoula. It has for a long time been one of the greatest wonders of the South-west. Multitudes have heard it, rising as it were from the water, like the drone of a bagpipe, then floating away—away—away—in the distance—soft, plaintive, and fairy-like, as if Eolian harps sounded with richer melody through the liquid element; but none have been able to account for the beautiful phenomenon.

There are several legends touching these mysterious sounds. One of them relates to the extinction of the Pascagoula tribe of Indians; the remnant of which, many years ago, it is said, deliberately entered the waters of the bay and drowned themselves, to escape capture and torture, when attacked by a neighbouring

formidable tribe. There is another legend, as well authenticated as traditional history can well be, to the effect, that about one hundred years ago, three families of Spaniards, who had provoked the resentment of the Indians, were beset by the savages, and to avoid massacre and pollution, marched into the bay, and were drowned—men, women and children. Tradition adds, that the Spaniards went down to the waters following a drum and pipe, and singing, as enthusiasts are said to do, when about to do, when about to commit self-immolation. Slaves in the neighbourhood believe that the sounds, which sweep with mournful cadence over the bay, are uttered by the spirits of those hapless families; nor will any remonstrance against the superstition abate their terror, when the wailing is heard. Formerly, neither threats nor blows could induce them to venture out after night; and to this day, it is exceedingly difficult to induce one of them to go in a boat alone upon the quiet waters of Pascagoula Bay. One of them, being asked by a recent traveller what he thought occasioned that music, replied:

'Wall, I tinks it's dead folks come back agin; dat's what I does. White people say it's dis ting and dat ting; but it's no-ting, massa, but de ghosts ob peoplo what didn't die nat'rally ia dere beds, long time ago—Indians or Spaniards, I believes dey was.'

'But does the music never frighten you?'

'Wall, it does. Sometimes wen I'se out alone on de bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds myself in a perspiration: and de way I works my way home, is of de fastest kind. I declare, de way I'se frightened sometimes, is so bad. I doesn't know myself.'

But in these days, few things are allowed to remain mysterious. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican thus explains the music of the water-spirits:

'During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of Paraguay, and San Juan de Nicaragua, from the nature of the coast, we were compelled to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dark to late night, our ears were delighted with *Æolian* music, that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first, I thought it was the sea-breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin, (the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing;) but after examination, I found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet, mellow, and aerial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by fingers of the deep sea-nymphs, at an immense distance.

Although I have considerable music 'in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing; I had half filled my bucket with the finest white cat-fish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water, and took fish and all into my cabin for the night.

I had not yet fallen asleep; when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear; and getting up, what was my surpriso to find my 'cat fish' discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket.

I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created, similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jew's harp.'

So you see the Naiads have a hand to dance by. I should like to hear the mocking-bird try his skill at imitating this submarine melody. You know the Bob-o'-link with his inimitable strain of 'linked sweetness, long drawn out?' At a farm-house occupied by my father-in-law, one of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window, (and began to sing. A cat-bird, (our New England mocking-bird) perched near, and began to imitate the notes. The short, quick, 'bob-o'-link,' 'bob-o'-link,' he could master very well; but when it came to the prolonged trill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain—the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the bob-o'-link poured forth his soul in song; the mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened most intently. Again he tried; but it was all in vain. The bob-o'-link, as if conscious that none could imitate

his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, stronger, richer strain than ever. The mocking-bird evidently felt that his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kinds of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded by robins, sparrows, whippowills, black-birds, and linnets. Having shown off his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the altogether inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious; but it was more talent trying to copy genius. He couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping, in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away abruptly, in evident vexation.

Music, like every thing else, is now passing from the few to the many. The art of printing has laid before the multitude the written wisdom of ages, once locked up in the elaborate manuscripts of the cloister. Engraving and daguerreotype spread the productions of the pencil before the whole people. Music is taught in our common schools, and the cheap accordion brings its delights to the humblest class of citizens. All these things are full of prophecy. Slowly, slowly, to the measured sound of the spirit's music, there goes round the world the golden band of brotherhood; slowly, slowly, the earth comes to its place, and makes a chord with heaven.

Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute, or other instrument of music be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without wakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say. In the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo, to be carried on for ever through the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the waters; soon it will become a world concert;—and thou above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased wilt hear thy early song, in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven.

#### THE ORPHAN.

I have no mother!—for she died  
When I was very young,  
But her memory still, around my heart,  
Like morning mists was hung.

They tell me of an angel form  
That watched me while I slept,  
And of a soft and gentle hand  
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own  
When I began to walk,  
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes  
When first I tried to talk;—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased  
When infant charms expand—  
I wonder if she thinks of me  
In that bright happy land:

For I know she is in heaven now—  
That holy place of rest—  
For she was always good to me,  
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,  
She kissed my burning brow;  
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—  
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books  
She learned me how to spell;  
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,  
I still remember well

And then she used to kneel with me,  
And teach me how to pray,  
And raise my little hands to heaven,  
And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother! mother! in my heart  
Thy imago still shall be,  
And I will hope in heaven at last  
That I may meet with thee.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

From Mrs. Sigourney's Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.  
Joanna Baillie and others.

It was both a pleasure and a privilege to see Miss Joanna Baillie, at her residence in Hampstead. She is above the common height, erect and dignified in her person, and of truly cordial manners. On my arrival, she had just returned from a long walk to visit the poor, and though past the age of seventy-six, and the day chill and windy, she seemed unfatigued, and even invigorated by the exercise. She resides with a beloved elator, several years older than herself, who still retains a beaming and lovely countenance, and to whom she has recently addressed a sweet poetical birth-day tribute.

With them was Rogers, the veteran poet, who has numbered his eightieth winter, but still keeps a perpetual smile of spring in his heart. His polished manners make him a favorite in the higher circles, while the true kindness of his nature is attractive to all. Many from my own land can bear witness to his polite attentions, and to the exquisite collection of the fine arts, which his house in London exhibits; and among the masters of the lyre in foreign realms, there is none of whom I think with more regret, that I shall see their faces no more on earth.

The sublimity of Miss Baillie's poetry is felt on both sides of the Atlantic. She is a native of Scotland, and sister of the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nation, that touched the chords of sympathy, I know not; but it was painful to bid her farewell.

It was my privilege repeatedly to meet Miss Edgeworth, who was passing the winter in London. To listen to her, seated familiarly by the fireside, might seem to her admirers in America full payment for the hazards of crossing the Atlantic. Her conversation, like her writings, is vivacious, and delightful. Her kind feelings towards our country are well known, and forgetfulness of self and happiness, in making others happy, are marked traits in her character. Her person is small, and delicately proportioned, and her movements full of animation. She was at the house of a lovely sister, much younger than herself, whose ill health called forth such deep anxiety and untiring attention, and for every favorable symptom, such fervent gratitude, as seemed to blend features of maternal tenderness, with sisterly affection. It is always gratifying to know that those, by whose superior intellect we are charmed or enlightened, have their hearts in the right place. Many such illustrations delighted me while abroad, in the varied and beautiful forms of domestic love and duty.

The example of filial devotion, so long exhibited by Miss Mitford, adds luster and grace to the rich imagery of her pages. An aged father, of whom she is the only child, was the object of her constant, cherishing care. For years, she left his side scarcely for an evening, and received calls only during those hours in the afternoon, when he regularly took rest upon his bed. She was ever in attendance upon him, reading to him, cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own, and doubtless finding in these holy duties their own "exceeding great reward." Not long after my return to my native land, she was called to shed the mourner's tear over that excellent and venerable parent, to whom she had been as a ministering angel.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, well known in our country, as the authors of "Sketches of Irish Character," and other works that powerfully portray the scenery and customs of that "warm-hearted and weeping Isle," of which she is a native, reside at a lovely spot in Old Brompton, near London, bearing the name of "the Rosary." Mrs. Hall is the writer of many spirited tales, and Mr. Hall is the Editor of several elegant volumes of selections from the ancient and modern poets of Great Britain, with concise biographies and criticisms, and splendidly illustrated by the most distinguished artists. The Rosary, when I saw it, was perfumed with the breath of violets, and ringing with the melody of birds, a truly congenial retreat for spirits united in the

pursuits of literature and the bonds of love. The mother of the Authoress, a lady of amiable manners and countenance, finds a pleasant home with these her only children, and in their dutious care, and affectionate attentions, it would seem that time passed over her, unmarked by those changes which it is wont to bring to life's decline.

Viewing those who have attained distinction in the fields of intellect, as objects of higher interest to the traveller, than any modification of natural scenery, I considered myself fortunate in being enabled to see so many, who through the medium of our common language have delighted both countries. Among these were the Countess of Blessington, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Rardoc, and Lady Valsimachi, formerly the consort of the excellent Bishop Heber. Some disappointments I had to regret, particularly my inability to accept the kind invitations of Mrs. Opie, to visit her in Norfolk, and the absence in Germany of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, whom I had exceedingly desired to meet.

F. E. A. R. S.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

It was my misfortune once to visit a family of people, very excellent, and very amiable, and for any thing I desire to say to the contrary, very wise in things of moment. Besides the mother, there were several young people of different ages, reaching from infancy almost to womanhood, all happy, and all obliging—except when they happened to be assailed with what they were pleased to call fear: but as fear has always respect to danger, fancied, real, or possible, I should prefer to find some other name for it, because I can prove that it existed where danger was not possible, nor even by themselves apprehended. What influence these attacks had upon their own happiness it is hard to judge, because some people seem to find their enjoyment in the miseries they create for themselves: but they made woful inroads on the enjoyments of others; and for compliance, good humour, and good breeding, poor chance, indeed, had they to stand against the influence of these vehement emotions.

Though the hour was late, I had scarcely laid myself down to rest on the night of my arrival, ere I was roused by the buzzing of voices, and the sound of soft, stolen footsteps in the adjoining gallery. The young ladies had been disturbed by extraordinary sounds, or such at least as would have been extraordinary, had not the hearing of them recurred every other night. One was afraid to go to bed, and another was afraid to get up; one could not come into her room, and another could not come out of it. Some thought they heard, and others were sure they heard—but nobody knew what. Nor was it easy to perceive the purport and end of the commotion; for no one made any attempt to ascertain the real ground of alarm: probably because they knew not where to look for it—or more likely because they were too much used to their own fears to expect to find any ground for them. And so, after much listening, and starting, and whispering, they were pleased at last to go to rest, and generously allowed me to do the same.

I ventured in the morning to suggest, that the indulgence of unreasonnable fears was not the evidence of a strong mind, and did in itself tend much to weaken it: that in the presence of real danger it unfits us for exertion, and in the absence of it, costs us as much suffering, as the evil itself might do. I was answered by stories manifold and various, of things that had been, and things that might be; and the absolute certainty they still retained of having heard noises, though not one in their morning senses really supposed there had been any thing to make the noise.

Willing to close a conversation, I thought so little improving, I proposed to two of the younger girls to walk with me in the adjoining grounds. It was agreed to with pleasure. They were polite, cheerful and obliging, till we had walked—must I own it? not more than two hundred yards;—when a small frog jumped out from the grass before us, and passed to the side of

the path. A scream that might have startled even the insensible frog, broke from one of the young ladies, and they both protested they would go no farther on that path. It was in vain that I represented to them that a frog is the most harmless of living things, having neither bite nor sting with which to wound: and that, moreover, whether it were harmless or harmful, it had taken itself willingly away from us. They replied only, that it was a hideous, shocking creature, and frightened them to death. Eagerly in vain I urged my wish to reach the place to which that path would lead us; my wishes had no weight against their fears: they would not go, and excused themselves by saying they were dreadfully afraid of *live things*. We turned aside and took another path. But alas! not far had we pursued it, when I saw upon the green turf, where it had untimely fallen, a sweet little bird already dead and cold, its pretty eye unclosed, and not a feather ruffled. I picked it up to admire it, when suddenly both my companions let go my arm and stepped some paces back, protesting loudly that they were dreadfully afraid of *dead things*, and should never like to walk that path again. Methought their path of life would scarce be easy, to whom the living and the dead were thus alike terrific.

We now pursued our walk, but soon in utter hopelessness, on my part, of any thing like comfort or enjoyment. If we were to cross a meadow there was a cow, or at least a horse in it. Whichever way we turned my companions saw a man or a dog; and when there was neither man nor dog, nor any thing else, alive or dead, the way was so lonely they were afraid to go forward. They could not sit in the shade, lest the inhabitants of the bushes should descend on their heads—they could not sit in the sun, lest the winged insects should settle on their clothes. If I presented them with a flower, they let it fall because they mistook the green leaf for a caterpillar. I wished them most heartily at home, and made what haste I could to rid myself of such troublesome companions.

But scarcely had we reached the house, when, for the promoting of the day's amusement, a ride was proposed to view some neighbouring ruins. It will be believed, I was comforted to find my walking companions were to be exchanged for some a little older, to whom I hoped the live things and dead things might be less alarming. But alas! we had now no need of either. When the carriage went up hill, they were afraid it would run back: when it went down hill, they were afraid it would run forward. If the horses moved slowly, they were sure they would never go on: if they went fast, they were sure they would never stop. The ride was romantic and beautiful in the extreme, but the ladies saw nothing except ruts in the road. I attempted conversation, but was interrupted by a scream every time the carriage lost its exact perpendicular. And at last, when the excitement of their fears could not be borne no longer, they insisted on stopping the carriage to inquire if the road was not very bad, and whether it was safe to go forward. The former was too obvious to need the asking, the latter they were determined not to believe. When the carriage could not stop, they insisted upon getting out to walk, and then, having made the driver go slower and slower, till the fleet hours of day were nearly spent, they discovered that they should surely be benighted before their return, and of course be murdered; over and above having their necks broken by the badness of the road. These were certainly no pleasing anticipations; and if I did not partake the imaginary ills, I was sufficiently tired of real ones, not to oppose returning without the accomplishment of our purpose; and listened all dinner-time to assertions, proved and explained, of the absolute impossibility of reaching the place to which we had set out.

All dinner-time, did I say! It might have been so, had not an unhappy wasp presented itself with the sweets of the second table course. There was other company besides myself at table, but that could not signify when a wasp was in the case. The servants were all put in requisition with tongs, poker, and shovel: the children started and jumped, and upset every thing in their way; and the dinner remained to cool till the murder of the foe almost restored peace to the society—but not quite—for one was still here it would crawl. Having a little girl next me, of whose good sense I had on some occasions form-

ed a favourable opinion, I ventured to ask her why she was so much afraid of a wasp! She replied, as I expected, because it might sting her. I asked her if she had ever been stung by one? She assured me she had, in endeavouring to drive it from the table; when, had she left it alone, it would probably have gone away of itself quite harmlessly. I asked her of the pain, and how long it lasted, and whether it was difficult to bear? Her answer implied, that though the pain was sharp yet it was short, and that the remainder of my question seemed to her ridiculous. I then submitted it to her candour, whether, in the worst issue of the case, which, considering the number of wasps that fly, and the number of people who will not let them fly in peace, occurs but seldom, the amount of pain was really equal to the fear she had betrayed; and whether, in the certain anticipation of just so much pain by any other cause, she should have felt any fear at all? She confessed that she should not; because, as she sensibly remarked, a slight pain, to be felt for a few moments, was not worth thinking of or dreading before it was felt. But all this did not seem to her a reason why she should not scream at the sight of a wasp. Nor indeed was it, as she gave me occasion to learn before the lapse of many hours: for the entrance of a moth, that never yet, in the memory of man, was known to sting, created to the full, as much commotion later in the evening: so much, indeed, that most of the party retreated out of the room in the midst of our musical festivities, and left me to play to myself.

Well I know, that ladies who have grown up in the indulgence of such fears, and have come at last to persuade themselves there is a degree of delicacy and refinement in them, must go on to the end under the penalty due to their folly; that of tormenting themselves, and annoying others. But as my whispers are for the ears of those with whom nothing is yet too late; I would represent to them the absolute inconsistency of such fears with good sense and a rational mind. All extravagance is folly; because sound sense only consists in giving to things their due degree of importance, and proportioning the sentiment to the occasion, that calls it forth. Fear, therefore, beyond the occasion, must be folly, even when some degree of danger exists: and though as a passion inherent in our nature, we cannot but be subject to it, we believe it will generally be found greater or less in proportion as the mind is strong or weak.

For the Calliopean.

#### AN ENIGMA.

—  
SIXES.

My 6 13 8 11 10 6 is a town in Denmark,  
My 4 1 9 11 is a town in Turkey,  
My 1 6 8 6 7 9 6 is in my 3 6 12 13 14 4,  
My 12 9 4 6 is a town in Tuscany,  
My 4 12 6 9 7 is a Kingdom in Europe,  
My 14 8 10 6 is a mountain in Europe,  
My 6 13 14 12 12 2 is a town in Asia,  
My 1 6 10 8 2 10 is a city in China,  
My 4 6 7 6 is a city in Driba,  
My 13 5 4 4 6 is a city in Thibet,  
My 6 8 13 6 4 is a mountain in Africa,  
My 1 3 14 2 7 is a town in Guatimalia,  
My 12 2 8 11 4 9 is in my 13 6 12 13 6 8 6,  
My 0 13 8 14 6 is a town in Spain,  
My 6 13 5 is a river in Great Britain,  
My 13 14 7 6 is a river in Asia,  
My 8 6 9 3 is a town in France,  
My 1 6 14 10 is a town in Normandy,  
My 13 6 2 4 is a Kingdom in India,  
My whole is a city in Europe.

Answer to the Enigma in No. 19.—RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE.

Brantford, Aug. 29, 1848.

From Mrs. Sigourney's Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.

## LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

LITERARY reputation as well as scientific attainment are highly appreciated in Paris. Intellect, and the labors of intellect, are here passports to the temple of honor, which in most countries must be entered with a key of gold. It is pleasing to see with what enthusiasm Lamartine and Arago are pointed out in their seats, amid the five hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies. The poet De la Vigue, notwithstanding his retiring modesty, is shown exultingly to strangers, and the pen of Guizot has won him more admirers than his political fame. It was gratifying to perceive that our talented countryman, Robert Walsh, Esq., was as highly and truly respected in the capital of France, as in the land of his birth. One of the most imposing audiences, that I remember to have seen while there, was convened in the Palace of the Institute, formerly the Mazarine College, to witness the admission of a new member, the Count Mole, into the Institute of France. The assembled academicians, in their becoming uniform, listened intently to his animated inaugural oration, and to the reply of the President Dupin, while, from their niches in the spacious hall, the marble brows of Massillon, Fenelon, and Bossuet, Sully, Descartes, and others, looked down with imperturbable dignity.

Taste for the fine arts forms an integral part of the character of the French. From the saloon of the noble to the shop of the petty marchand des modes, it is seen in every variety of adornment, from the costly painting or chiseled group of the ancient master, to the simple vase of artificial flowers under its glass shade, or the little fancy-clock, that hastens the movements of the needle. The very street-beggar feels a property and a pride in the decorations of *la belle Paris*. To rifle a plant, or wound a tree, or deface a statue in the public squares or gardens, is held by the rudest boy an indelible disgrace. Would that it were so everywhere!

In the Louvre, amid that astonishing collection of 1500 arranged pictures, and probably as many more for which the walls of its sumptuous gallery have no space, were groups of artists, of both sexes, diligently employed in copying *ad libitum*. The department of statuary, notwithstanding the spoils of Italy have been abstracted and restored, is still very extensive. Our party often found themselves attracted towards a lovely, pensive Polhymnia, and a fine infant Mercury, and imagined among the effigies of the Emperors of Rome some resemblance to their real character; especially in the philosophic features of Marcus Aurelius, the thoughtful brow of Antoninus Pius, and the varied lineaments of Trajan, Severus, and Nerva, Domitian, Nero, and Caracalla; though a youthful Commodus in his gentleness and grace displayed none of those latent evils, which gave the sharpest pang to the death-bed of his father.

Like the Louvre, the Bibliotheque du Roi is fitted up with every accommodation of light, warmth, and silent recess for those who are desirous of profiting by its immense accumulation of 900,000 volumes, and 80,000 manuscripts. The books are in cases, protected by wire grating, and librarians are always in attendance, to reach such as are desired. Tables, with ink-stands, are in readiness for those who desire to make extracts, and no conversation is allowed to disturb such as may be engaged in profound researches. It was pleasant to see so many of my own sex seated silently at these tables, and absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The magnificence of the churches in Paris, and the multitude of their paintings, statues, and bas-relievs, are noticed by all. At Notre Dame and St Roch, we saw the pompous service of the Romish ritual, and the appearance of deep devotion among the worshippers, especially those whose garb announced their poverty. But without the doors, and in all the streets, went on the accustomed movements of toil and of pleasure, the building of houses, the digging of trenches, the traffic of market-people and tradesmen, the review of troops, the rush of throngs intent on amusement, as if the Almighty had not from the beginning set apart for himself a day of sacred rest. To one inured to the

quietness and hallowed observance of a New-England Sabbath, this desecration is peculiarly painful.

The pulpit eloquence of France is with much more gesticulation than in England, or our own country. Indeed, the vehement style marks most of the public speaking that we heard there; at the Bourse, where the merchants negotiate sales of stock, and transact other business, at the very top of their voices; in the tribunals, where the advocates plead with their whole bodily force; and in the Chamber of Deputies, where the exciting question of war with England was one morning discussed with such violence, as to excite apprehensions that it might end in actual combat.

## Splendid Tribute to the Talents of Chatham.

TALENTS, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancor of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernable obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

When the great earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the house of commons, and began to astonish and transport the British parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire, and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world.—Poor and powerless attempt!—The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary-headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? What they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade.

The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop or repine at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort to quench the stars.—Wirt.



## Planets between Mars and Jupiter.

This name of the new planet discovered in April, by Mr. Graham, at Mr. Cooper's observatory, Ireland, is *Motus*, a goddess, who in the ancient mythology was considered the wisest of them all. As the new planet is the ninth known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and the fifth that has been discovered within the last four or five years, we subjoin a list of nine for the benefit of our young astronomical readers.—*Traveller*.

<i>Vesta,</i>	} Discovered early in the century, or about 1800.
<i>Juno,</i>	
<i>Pallas,</i>	
<i>Ceres,</i>	
<i>Astræa,</i>	} Discovered by Mr. Heincke, in Germany, 1844 & '45.
<i>Hebe,</i>	
<i>Iris,</i>	} Discovered by Mr. Hind, in London, in 1846.
<i>Flora,</i>	
<i>Metis,</i>	} Discovered by Mr. Graham, in Ireland, in 1848.

## Our Library.

No. 20.

"Kings and Queens; or, Life in the Palace." By John S. C. Abbott."

The works of this author on subjects connected with religion, as the "Way to do Good," "Fireside Piety," &c., are deservedly celebrated, both in Great Britain and America, but those of a miscellaneous character, such as the "War in China," the "Teacher," and the present work, though not so well known, are likewise interesting and well written. The volume before us has but just been published, and contains the latest and most correct information with regard to the principal reigning Sovereigns in Europe. The sketches of Victoria and Louis Philippe are particularly interesting. He gives the following account of the early education of Queen Victoria:—

"The Duchess of Kent was a very intelligent and superior woman. She did not seclude the royal infant from the observation of the public, but accustomed her to walks and rides where she could be seen, and where she would see the common people. Much attention was paid to her physical culture, that, with a vigorous constitution, she might be prepared to encounter the trials to which all, whatever may be their lot, must be subjected. She was, in her early years, a frail and delicate child, but extremely active in her habits, of a joyous temperament, fond of all sports and games, and of an inquiring mind. She was not educated as a potted favorite, but was inured to hard study, exposed to fatigue, and habituated to constant industry.

She early evinced a taste for the beauties and sublimities of nature, a taste which she still cherishes and cultivates. On one occasion, when too young to express her ideas in words, she called her uncle Clarence to the window to share with her the exuberant joy she felt in witnessing a beautiful sunset scene.

The Duchess of Northumberland was appointed governess to Victoria when she was twelve years of age, and her education was then prosecuted with renewed zeal. It was deemed essential for her welfare that she should be withdrawn from society, and her whole time devoted to intellectual and physical culture. Some dissatisfaction was expressed that Victoria was no longer seen in the brilliant drawing rooms of the palace; but the judicious plan was persevered in. Victoria was thoroughly instructed in the history of her own country—its laws, its literature, its science. There is not a nation upon the globe which has a literature more rich in all the treasures of poetry, eloquence and science, than the English; and there is no fashionable folly of the present time more glaring than that which consigns so many ladies of our own country to entire ignorance of the treasures of their own mother-tongue, in order that they may acquire a few common-place phrases of French. Victoria was to be Queen of England, and, first of all, she was to be educated as an English woman: to be able to converse gracefully in the English language, to write in her own vernacular tongue with ease and elegance, and to become familiar with the works of the poets and philosophers who have been the brightest ornaments of humanity. An English education is the most important accomplishment of an English mind.

Victoria's education, however, did not stop here. From infancy, she spoke and wrote the German language with equal facility with the English. She also became familiar with the French, and was introduced to several other of the languages of modern Europe. In Latin she also made such proficiency as to be able to read Horace with considerable fluency. She was enthusiastically fond of music, and became, upon several instruments, quite an accomplished performer. Much attention was devoted to drawing, and in daily excursions she was taught to sketch from nature. There was hardly a romantic rock, or tree, or water-fall, a moss-covered tower, or an embowered cottage in the vicinity of Kensington, her childhood's happy home, which Victoria had not transferred to paper. And this pleasure-giving accomplishment still continues to be one of the prominent sources of enjoyment to the queen.

Her physical education was an object of very special attention. She was accustomed to much exercise in the open air, took long walks and rides, and, under the tuition of a very celebrated riding-master, became an accomplished and even a daring equestrian. Her graceful manners, her royal air and demeanor, and the unaffected simplicity of her dress and habits, attracted the attention of all who were permitted to approach her. In fact, every thing was done which the wisdom and the wealth of the nineteenth century could contribute, to adorn this maiden with every excellence of which human nature. She was regarded with favorable eyes by the whole nation. It was fashionable to speak of our *lovely princess*; to regard her with a sort of chivalrous homage; and often was she met by fairy-footed maidens, who scattered flowers in her path, while gathering thousands greeted her with their acclamations.

While engaged in these delightful avocations in the old palace of Kensington, and sporting with childish mirthfulness in the lovely gardens surrounding it, the little princess had, at times, for a companion and a play-fellow, a young cousin Albert from Germany. Little Albert gathered flowers for his fair cousin; with her trundled the hoop, and played at "tag" among the shrubbery of the graveled walks. He was a handsome and noble-hearted boy. The playmates loved each other as cousins, and soon far better. Happy Victoria! to find in a *court a heart!* These were the sunny hours of a morning whose day has not yet been clouded. And when the hour came for Victoria to leave the old palace gate of the dear home she had loved so well, and to enter upon the more stately and ostentatious splendors of Buckingham House, and St. James Palace, and Windsor Castle, tears of regret flooded her eyes; and sobbing almost convulsively, she was unmindful of the brilliant future in the retrospect of joys that had departed forever.

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

D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,  
Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

Principal.

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