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THE CALLIOPE



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Saturday, June 24, 1848. Number 15.

To an Aeolian Harp.

"Harp of the winds! oh, let the gale
Awake thy sadly pleasing wail;
Thy mingling chords so wild are flung,
So soft their fitful murmurs ring,
They thrill as if an angel sung,
Or Ariel's finger touched the strings!"

Harp of the winds! thy thrilling lay
Is floating pensively along,
Soft as the dying strain of day,
The gentle zephyr's evening song:
Whence are these notes so sweetly given,
That to the soul such music brings,
Soft as the chiming bells of heaven,
When gently touched by angels' wings.

Harp of the wind! thy fairy strain
Swells with the breeze, then faintly dies,
Like the soft echo on the main
That steals along in fitful sighs:
I love to hear it float along,
So faintly murmuring on its way;
It seems some spirit's blissful song,
Soaring in love to endless day.

Harp of the winds! withhold not yet
Thy gentle and soul-thrilling lay!
Thou breath'st of hours I'd not forget—
Of pleasures e'er pass'd away:
Oh, dost thou breathe a requiem sweet
O'er scenes of love for ever fled?
Or over hearts long ceased to beat,
A mournful anthem o'er the dead?

Harp of the winds! breath on, breathe on!
Oh, cease not yet thy pensive strain;
Though sad and mournful is the tone,
I'd hear it o'er and o'er again:
Thy thrilling sounds fall on my ear
Clear as the night-bird's song at even;
And soft as music that we hear
So exquisite in dreams of heaven!

Harp of the winds! a balm to care
Are tones that murmur 'mong thy strings;
They float along the charmed air
Like Music's bird on hallow'd wings.
But no—the strains that softer flow
Than those in Fancy's lovehest dream,
Must fade like flowers that sweetest blow—
Alas, like eyes that brightest beam!

LUDOLF.

The Empress Josephine.

With the dust of our ancestors would have been buried the memory of their virtues, but for the preserving hand of biography. It reveals to the world's eye those many good and great exemplars, which have long since passed to the tomb. In its treasures we may behold the purity of the human heart unfolded, and also its deformity. The beauty of the one, or the odiousness of the other, conduces equally to our improvement and happiness.

Among the names of her age and nation, which shine in the page of story, none shed a brighter lustre than Josephine's.—There is a magic in her name, that brings back the dreams of vanished years. It has a shrine in every heart that loves the sound of truth and virtue. Hers was one of those many choice spirits which have lived but to love—breathed but to throw around them an atmosphere of purity. In early youth, she appears to have exhibited those excellencies of character which form the basis of a noble mind—those buds of promise which bring forth flowers perennial. As a woman, she possessed not common-place attributes; but those of a superior stamp. She had combined, delicacy of taste and dignity of mind. All those finer qualities which beautify and set forth the character were natives of her soul. Truly might Napoleon say—"While he gained kingdoms, she won hearts;" for so affectionate and affable were her manners, that she secured the love and esteem of all with whom she associated. Her influence in her court won many a brave youth to the standard of Buonaparte. Her heart was wed to friendship, and susceptible of the warmest attachments. So blended were her affections with her friends, that her sympathies were in unison with all their ills, as well as their pleasures. Her friendships were not formed relative to rank or fortune, but to the needy and disconsolate. Her soul flowed out in love to all. Her friendship was something more than

"A name, a charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

When power to govern was her prerogative, she exercised it but to bless.

Hers was a forgiving spirit. She gloried in restoring a rebellious but repentant subject to the bosom of his family. Acts of charity and benevolence characterized her every day walk. Although it was one of her favorite delights to stroll with her

light guitar, and sing of him, who, far away, was revelling in the brightest career of his earthly glory—yet let but the suppliant voice of the weary traveller reach her ear, and all her enjoyments were forgotten—let but the opportunity offer of bestowing the gift of charity, and she was happier than we can imagine the receiver to have been.

She possessed all the accomplishments of which her day could boast. She sung and played with a sweetness that spell-bound even the heart of Napoleon. His own admission was, that "the first applause of the French people sounded to his ear sweet as the voice of Josephine."

She was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties and sublimities of nature. The cultivation of flowers, that emblem of purity of taste, was her dearest amusement. The voice of nature was music to her soul—whether in the whispering zephyr, or wild wind's rush—in the murmuring stream, or proud cataract's roar.

Is it a wonder, that when she visited Italy she should wish to carry its charms away to her own native land? This was a land whose beauties might feast a soul like hers—a land so profusely blest with nature's rarest gifts—a land where every breeze breathes music and poetry, from its rich and mellow sky to its majestic mountains and its sequestered dells. Josephine now realized that long and fondly cherished wish of visiting a land of lofty reminiscences and ruined grandeur. Though dear to the heart of Napoleon, as to that of Josephine, was the sight of these remains of fallen glory—yet dearer far to his aspiring soul would have been the work of resuscitating them in their former splendor.

Josephine's mental endowments were of a superior character. Reason and judgment actuated all her movements. In youth she stored her mind with the most useful knowledge, which prepared her for the elevated sphere in which she afterwards moved. Even over maternal love, that gift of nature least subservient to reason, judgment and a sense of right predominated.—The germs of virtue and truth which she planted in the hearts of her children, were the governing principles of all their actions in after life. She instilled into the heart of Eugene those feelings of honor and valor, which made him worthy of serving under the banner which Napoleon unfurled.

As a wife and companion, Josephine was all that life and human love could give. If depression of mind, or sickness, disquieted the breast of Bonaparte, she was ever an angel of mercy, administering a balm of consolation for every grief. Ever happy, and ever happyfying, she hallowed and etherealized all around. Like the rainbow's beautiful hues, each of her virtues shone, and was admired; but, when mingled, they fell upon the admiring's view, they shed a calm and mellow light, that wrapt the soul in love.

All was peace and happiness in the family of Bonaparte. But he resolved to sacrifice strong affection for still stronger ambition. From that time his star began to pale. When he thus, to gratify his insatiate thirst for glory, parted from that gentle being who had been the idol of the nation, he lost the "guiding star of his life." This was his hour of bitterest woe. Although conscious of his own ability and power, yet, so were his hopes interwoven with hers, that he undertook not his most daring projects without consulting her, and oftentimes relinquished them through her pleading. He might perchance have equalled Macedonia's mad son, had it not been for the kindly influence which she exerted over him. In this disunion of Napoleon and Josephine, we see displayed on her part, a genuine nobleness of character. If a separation would contribute to his happiness, she would rejoice to drink the bitter cup. Not according to the frailty of the human heart, did she allow jealousy or hatred to rise against the husband who had forsaken her, or against her successor, Maria Louisa; but, with a calmness and resignation that enkindled the sympathies of all, she submitted to her fate. She rejoiced in the young Napoleon, the son of another, because Bonaparte rejoiced. One would have thought that thus severing from a spirit which she had wound affection's tendrils around, would have crushed a generous heart—but otherwise, her friendship strengthened in the storm.

When Napoleon was banished from home, friends, and country, she wept in his woes. She was the first to offer to go and while away his hours, soothe his care, and "smooth down his

lonely pillow." She will ever be thought of with a fond regret, and more touching to the heart is the tear which embalms her memory, than all the laurel wreaths which deck a conqueror's brow.

The Unhappy School-girl.

For the Calliopean.

"Oh, how I hate this grammar!" exclaimed Eliza W—, as she raised her head, which, for the last ten minutes, had been bent over a book; not that she had been studying thus long, but, for that space of time, she had been vainly endeavoring to persuade her vacant eye-balls to learn the lesson; and now throwing herself languidly against the window-frame, she gazed listlessly through the shutters upon the passers by.

"Why do you study grammar, if you dislike it so much?" asked her room-mate.

"Because papa will have me; but I'm sure it's no use, for I never can understand it; besides it injures my health to study hard, and my spirits are getting so dreadfully low." And she burst into tears.

"Come, put away that grammar, and take some other book; you shall not punish yourself in that manner," said the kind-hearted friend. "Here, get your French; I'm just going to look over my lesson; we'll study together."

"French! don't mention it," replied Eliza; "I hate it even worse than grammar; I could not learn a line to-night, if I never knew a word of the language."

"Well, what lesson will you have? Which is your favorite study?"

"The truth is, I have no favorite study; they are all alike, and I dislike them all. I cannot study this night, I feel so heavy—I have no spirits—I'm really miserable."

"School life does not seem to agree with you; perhaps you need more air and exercise—the confinement is too great."

"Yes, I think the confinement is too much; though as to air and exercise, I get a great deal more than I would at home."

"Were your health and spirits better there?"

"Rather better; for there I had more to amuse me, and amusement is what I want more than exercise. I am too weak to exercise much."

"Well, surely, if you are not able to study, and too feeble to take exercise, you should not be at school, but under the care of a physician."

"Oh no! I am not ill, only I am not accustomed to such drudgery—and this studying and exercising are nothing else. More than all, I'm so sensitive, and this is such a cold-hearted place—these cold words and cold looks just kill me." And here she wept again.

Poor Eliza, she was, even as she affirmed, "really miserable." And why? Because she was one of many among the daughters of affluence, to whom existence is a burthen; who, pampered from earliest infancy, have never known a want, and therefore never felt gratitude for its supply—who have so far mistaken the end of their being, as to think self-gratification the only desideratum. This passion having attained in Eliza W—, tho' young in years, a monster's growth, claimed from all around that meed of attention, nay more, devotion, which had ever been rendered in the home of her childhood. Now, alas, two evils crossed her path. One was, that this ease and pleasure-seeking propensity had become so overweening and fastidious, as to find all objects within its reach insufficient, dull, and stale. Another was, that in her present situation she had made the astounding discovery that she was not the most important personage in the world, and that it did not so deeply afflict the whole household if she was out of spirits. This latter fact was mortifying in the extreme, was more than she could bear; and attributing all her agonized feelings to her own refined sensibility, and a want of due sympathy in others, she romantically declared, "she could endure any trouble but the absence of sympathy and affection." But she did not understand the meaning of the terms. She did not know that affection seeks some qualities, either fancied or real on which to rest, and always a return of good offices from the object beloved. That none but doating

parents would find their existence bound up in a whining, pining, helpless lump of selfishness. Call this bitter language, ascetic description, it is, nevertheless, strictly true; nor is the case of Eliza W——, isolated. The annals of history and every day observation concur in this, that even those parents who have themselves energetically and successfully combated the storms and ills of life, often fall into one error in the education of their children—particularly their daughters; from mistaken kindness they anticipate all their wishes, supply every embryo want, and thus deprive both body and mind of every healthy incentive to action; in lieu of which a morbid craving takes possession of the soul, a craving for something undefinable and irrational; rendering its victims displeased with self and all the world. Now the only remedy for this dire malady, for malady it is, is to restore the mind to health and vigour, by giving it employment and rousing its dormant energies to the accomplishment of some worthy object. Let the objectless, wretched daughter of luxury arise from her lethargy, and no longer relying upon wealth or friends to procure for her all she may desire, seek employment, fix an object, and determinately push forward to its accomplishment. Instead of insatiately expecting others to minister to her gratification, let her eagerly endeavour to do good; let her labor to promote the happiness and well-being of those by whom she is surrounded, until her heart warms and expands with the effort, and she will find her misery vanish—instead of finding life a hedge of thorns, she will discover it to be an easy and pleasant way, for the most part set with roses of such sweetness and fragrance, as fully to repay her little toil, and cheer her earthly pilgrimage to the land of perfect and unceasing bliss. IDA.

Leaves of Antiquity:

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

[Translated from the German of Herder.]

Comed to be sung: "The Swan of Paradise."

From his youth, says sacred tradition, Enoch walked with God, and was a silent contemplator. Even while a child, his angel had led him into Paradise. He read in books sent to him from heaven, which were not written upon earthly leaves: he read in the book of the stars; and hence he was named Idris the Contemplator.

Once he sat alone under the cedars, and a silent inspiration was breathed into him. He beheld the approaching fate of this world, which was soon to be overwhelmed with a flood, and saw the day of avenging judgment. "Oh," sighed his soul, "that I could publish this to coming generations!"

Suddenly a shining swan descended from heaven. Three times it encircled the Contemplator's head, and then slowly returned to the clouds. Enoch knew it: it was a swan of Paradise, which, even in his childhood, he had seen and loved. A feather had fallen from its wing; he took the quill, and with it wrote his books of futurity.

And when he had long, but vainly, warned his brethren, and had prayed that the light which was in him might arise upon the world, he called his son to him, and thus spake: "The days of my life are at an end;—three hundred and sixty-five short days. Perhaps, my son, the All-Gracious may reckon the remainder of my years to thine."

He spake, and blessed him; when, behold! the swans of Paradise surrounded him, and softly raised him up. Upon their wings they bore him away, and Enoch was no more.

And when his son, Methuselah, amid the clouds of the holy mountain, had vainly sought him, a man in a radiant form stood before him: "I was thy father's angel," said he, "who instructed him, and led him, even while a child, to Paradise. There he is now. He had lived many years, for he soon became perfect; therefore he pleased God, and was dear to Him, and was taken from life."

He spake, and touched the earth with his staff, when an almond-tree arose—the early harbinger of spring. Yet ere its leaves appeared, its naked branches put forth blossoms, and pro-

claimed the joyful period. The angel vanished; and Methuselah, who enjoyed the years of his father, and attained the highest age of all the sons of earth, annually beheld, in the early blossoms of the almond-tree, the youth of his father.

The Raven of Noah.

Anxiously Noah looked around from his floating ark, and waited until the waters of the deluge should subside. Scarcely had the summits of the mountains looked forth, when he called all the feathered tribe around him. "Who," said he, "among you will be a messenger to discover whether our salvation is near?"

Instantly the raven pressed before all the others with a loud cry, for he scented his favorite food. Scarcely was the window opened, when he flew away, and returned not back. The ingrate forgot his saviour and his duties, and clung to the carrion.

But vengeance tarried not. The air was yet loaded with poisonous damps, and heavy vapors hung over the dead carcass, that beclouded his vision and blackened his feathers. His forgetfulness became his punishment, and his memory was as dull as his eyes. He knows not even his new-born young, and tastes not a father's joy. Terrified at their hideousness, he flies away and leaves them. The ingrate gave existence to an ungrateful race, and was left destitute of that dearest reward, the gratitude of his children.

Noah's Dove.

Eight days had the father of the new world awaited the return of the tardy raven, when he called his hosts around him, to choose another messenger. Timidly the dove flew upon his arm, and offered herself for the messenger.

"Daughter of fidelity!" said Noah, "thou wouldst indeed be to me a minister of good tidings; but how wilt thou perform thy journey, and accomplish thy task?—How, when thy wings are weary, and the storm seizes thee and hurls thee into the surge of death? Even thy foot avoids the mire, and thy tongue rejects the unclean food."

"Who," said the dove, "gives power to the weary and strength sufficient to the feeble? Suffer me; I will surely be to thee a minister of good tidings."

She flew away, and hovered here and there, but found no place whereon she could rest; when suddenly the mountain of Paradise, with its green summit, arose before her. Over it the waters of the deluge were not able to prevail; and to the dove, recourse to it was not forbidden. Joyfully she hastened forward and flew thither, descending humbly to the foot of the mountain. There a beautiful olive-tree bloomed; she broke a leaf of the tree, and, strengthened, hastened back, and laid the branch upon the breast of the slumbering Noah. He awoke, and perceived therein the perfume of Paradise. Then his heart revived; the green leaf of Peace reanimated his sons and daughters, until his deliverer himself appeared to him confirming the good tidings of the dove.

The dove, since then, has been the emblem of peace and love. 'Like silver shine her wings,' says the song;—a remaining gleam of that splendor of Paradise that refreshed her in her wanderings.

THE farmer should be placed in the front rank of the toiling millions of our land, because his employment gives life and support to the whole. The agricultural interest may be regarded as the corner stone upon which the whole fabric stands. We knew that artisans existed at an early age of the world, and that mechanism was an art both taught and practised. Cities were erected which required art, skill, and mechanical genius; but the foundation of the whole was the fruit of the earth and cultivation of the soil. It has been so since, and ever will be. That the farmer is dependent on the mechanic and manufacturer as co-workers in his labors no one will deny. The improvements in the arts and sciences tend to advance the farming interest and to lighten the burdens and labors of those who swing the scythe and hold the plough.

From the United States Magazine.
PALESTINE.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

BLAZED land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,
Where the pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit, I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Ta'or to see
The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valleys! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinam's son.

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful Prophetess sang,
When the Princess of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose, sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God!
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills he toiled over in grief and in shame;
The founts where he drank by the wayside sun flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
I could gaze, even now, on the presence of HIM!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice that breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread, where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross, which He bowed him to bear,
Nor my eyes press Gethsemane's garden of prayer;

Yet, Loved of the Father! thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow!

Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power,
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pontecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

THE youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients, and by anticipating its pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share, so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility and an age of pain.—GORDONITH.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 7.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

For the Calliopean.

THERE are many writers in the first periods of English literature, venerable for their learning and piety, but whose works are now seldom read, save by the deep-searching antiquarian. They gave a strong impulse to the progress of knowledge and religion in their own times, and thereby contributed much to render ours what they are; it is but just, therefore, that we should cherish their names as well as those whose writings are more immediately beneficial to ourselves. Of this class is Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Principally celebrated for her proficiency in the classics, she likewise possessed an extent of general information, a suavity of manners, and a correctness of deportment, which, being unusual among her own sex at that time, gave her a powerful influence over the age in which she lived.

She was born at Deal, in Kent, in 1717, and was the oldest daughter of Dr. Carter, the clergyman of that place. In early life, unlike her brothers and sisters, she was characterized by a seemingly unconquerable dullness, which even led her father to dissuade her from pursuing her studies. But energy and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and she became one of the first scholars in England. Knowledge was to her a rugged mine, which constantly required the pickaxe and shovel, rewarding the laborer, at first, with only now and then a precious stone, but finally pouring them forth upon him in rich & inexhaustible profusion. Possessed of but few talents, she polished them to the highest degree, and furnished a noble example of the enviable preëminence to which industry alone can elevate the human mind.

Her chief delight was in the learned languages, and of these she gained a most intimate knowledge. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of some eminent scholar, observed, that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known, excepting Mrs. Elizabeth Carter." She was likewise acquainted with Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic. It was reserved for our own times to produce, in Mrs. Somerville, a lady equally skilled in the austere department of Mathematics. Her translation of Epictetus, the stoic philosopher, is the work upon which her fame chiefly rests. She also published some translations from the French and Italian, as well as a volume of poems, now out of print.

She was early introduced, through her father's friend, Mr. Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, to the various literati of the day. Of these, Dr. Johnson was especially a cordial friend, and notwithstanding his occasional rudeness to others, ever treated her with kindness and respect. She was also on terms of the closest intimacy with Mrs. Montagu, and was one of the brightest stars in the brilliant literary circle, which that celebrated lady gathered around her.

Her friends, however, were ever chosen with regard to their moral character. A zealous, but somewhat formal piety characterized all her actions. She much resembled Mrs. Hannah More in her character and talents, and it has been well remarked, that her mantle descended upon the latter, who was just beginning to enter the literary world as she was about to retire from it. Elizabeth Carter was never married, but like Hannah More, assumed the appellation of Mrs., from a custom of that kind which was formerly prevalent among elderly ladies, who were unmarried.

Her life was one of untiring exertion. Rising between four and five o'clock in the morning, she read before breakfast two chapters in the Bible, a sermon, and some Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. She made a rule (and it proved to her the philosopher's stone) never to forget anything, which she had once learned, and hence she read every day a portion in the various languages with which she was acquainted.

Early rising was another secret of her success. A bell hanging by her bedside, with a string attached to it from the outside of the house, which was rung by a domestic at the time above

mentioned, was the contrivance by which she shook off the satiating dominion of repose, and arose to sit down to her lessons like a school-boy. Well may a late English writer exclaim, "it is not very probable, that we shall see in our days such women again."

It is a beautiful trait in her character, that after she had spent many pleasing years in the literary society of London, she cheerfully retired to her native place to take care of her aged father, who had been left alone by the marriage of his other children. To some one, who lamented the trouble it must give her, she made the following excellent reply: "It is proper I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends as when my sister supplied my place at home. As to anything of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head were of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true post of honor consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for our virtue and happiness."

She closed her happy and useful career at the advanced age of eighty-eight, surrounded by numerous friends, and uninterrupted in the use of all her faculties save that of hearing, showing how little the occupations of literature, if moderately pursued, are detrimental to health. May her noble example of industry and piety be deeply impressed upon our minds, and constantly carried out in our conduct?

JUNIA.

Evil Influence of Popular Literature.

By REV. ALFRED S. PATTON.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.—PAUL.

THE morals of men, like their manners, are, to a great extent, the result of association. By an almost insensible process we assimilate, in character, to the influences by which we are surrounded; and hence the numerous proverbs, which infer the character of men from their companions, and assign to vice an insidious power to contaminate, and to virtue, the elevating and ennobling influences of truth and holiness. And as the actions of men are oftener determined by their character than their interest,—as their conduct takes its color more from their acquired taste, inclinations and habits, than from a deliberate regard to their greatest good, it becomes us constantly and assiduously, to guard against every influence that would conspire with a natural disposition to subdue the feeble forces of purity, and to employ every means that will imbue the mind with right principles and affections; the elements of character, and the masters of action. External causes however, if tending to evil, obtain such a decided advantage over virtue, in the voluntary aid of a depraved heart, that it is only by a desperate and almost deadly conflict that they can be overcome.

One of the most silent, but powerful of the influences by which we are affected is received from the printed page. Here, through the gates of vision, the pure stream of truth is poured into the secret chambers of the soul;—here the feelings are stirred, and the sympathies moved by the potent power of silent thought;—here men speak to the heart when their voice, still in death, can no longer attract the ear.

"The wise,
Minstrel or sage, out of their books, are clay;
But in their books, as from their graves, they rise,
Angels—that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warm us!"

Such, however, are not the characters, nor are such the offices of the favorite and popular authors of the present day. They are, with but few exceptions, men of weak heads, and wicked hearts; intellectual dwarfs, and licentious giants; men, whose talent is only discovered in their fearful revelations of a corrupt imagination, and whose power is only felt in arousing the worst passions of the human soul.

"Hark while we muse, without the walls is heard
The various murmur of the laboring crowd.
How still, within those archive-cells interr'd,
The calm Ones reign;—and yet they rouse the loud
Passions and tumults of the circling world!"

Oh! they do exert a vast and most baneful influence, and the slightest familiarity with such books is one of those "evil communications" which tend inevitably to "corrupt good manners."

"Aliment," says a distinguished divine, "taken into the mind operates like aliment taken into the body, by assimilation. It is converted, as it were, into the very substance of the soul, and imparts to it, of course, its own character. We hear of the champagne, which takes the hue of whatever it looks upon. It is so, in a measure, with our minds. It is not more impossible to associate as boon companions with the profligate, and yet escape contamination, than it is to peruse habitually works of a low moral cast, and yet retain high moral purity." Many, however, profess to hold a different opinion. Dr. Johnson, in alluding to this subject has said: "Men will not become highwaymen, because Macbeth is acquitted on the stage." And yet, forgetting, apparently, this previously expressed opinion in the fourth number of his Rambler, he frankly acknowledges the corrupting tendency of familiarity with the impure. "Many writers," says he, "so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favor; we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps regard them with some kindness, for being united with so much merit."

Nor are these evils imaginary. The convictions of personal experience, and the testimony of many painful facts concur in supporting the truthfulness of our position. Said a dying statesman, "If what I read in youth gave my mind a wrong bias, I suppose I must abide the consequence, for I cannot investigate now." This bias, which so gradually and insensibly effects a change in a man's principles, this generous prejudice which first tolerates, then admires, and finally embraces the most immoral and irreligious sentiments, is a tendency of which we are about to speak, and against which we would warn men.

I. THE SCEPTICAL character of our popular literature is one of its most revolting features. The history of infidelity is curious and instructive. At first, modest, it did not attempt to impugn the pure doctrine and lofty morality of the Scriptures, but simply suggested the light of nature as a valuable auxiliary. Emboldened by the success of this subtle device, the skeptics of a later day, advanced much further, and rushing into the widest extravagances, were defeated by their own weapons, and mortified in witnessing the self-destroying tendency of their mischievous principles. Learning wisdom from past misfortunes, the infidels of the present day have given a new direction to their efforts, by investing their impious notions in a more pleasing and attractive garb. Instead of the naked, shrivelled, skeleton features of atheism, we are now invited to look upon a more lovely form. Instead of bold and open assault, we are now called upon to encounter that "sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Having discovered that their nostrum is too bitter when taken alone, they now administer it with what is sweet, and agreeable to the most fastidious taste. In other words—the opponents of religion, by a most dexterous sophistry, endeavour to give a sprinkling of infidelity to all their literary productions, and thus aim to revolutionize the morals, and engross the formation of the public mind.

This was the cunning device of Hume and Gibbon, who contrived, most artfully, to blend their false philosophy with historical facts; and thus, by the basest insinuations, assail the religious belief of the unguarded reader; or by sneers and slight misrepresentations, mislead, and fatally delude the honest, but superficial student of history.

The lighter effusions of Pope, Shelly, and Byron, were prompted by the same desire, and consecrated to the same unholy purpose. Their splendid talents, and rich intellectual en-

Alonzo Potter, D. D.

dowments were prostituted to the one ardent desire of their own corrupt hearts—a paricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of Duty. Well might Hall exclaim, with such examples before him,—‘Miserable men’ proud of being the offspring of chance, in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness of their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!’

But there has sprung up with the present generation, a host of ephemeral writers, whose individual efforts, like the component parts of the fourth plague, are trifling, but whose aggregate power is fearfully corrupting; for, like the flies, their works are found throughout the whole land, in the hovels of the poor, as well as in the abodes of power. ‘They are greeted at your doors, in their occasional, or periodical visits, with a hearty welcome. They disgrace your centre tables, and by their fascinating character hold you, as by a magical spell, and charm you even while they prey upon your peace, and destroy your hopes.’

The impressions received through these channels, are not only contrary to sound morals, but opposed to true religion; and fostering a sentimental and speculative theology, tend inevitably to *skepticism*.

II. IMMORALITY, is another alarming tendency of our modern literature.

‘To deaden and destroy any of the kind or tender feelings of the soul, can be no light offence against a pure and holy God. Nor can he be a friend to his race, who, under the potent dominion of selfishness, would scatter the withering blight of impurity over the virtuous principles and moral sentiments of our nature. Yet there are those who, coveting reputation rather than truth, and fearless of Heaven’s threatened wo, “call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter!” and then enjoy, with a high, though malicious relish, the alarm excited by their gross and wicked perversions.’

This open hostility, however, is confined to the few, who have resigned themselves to the wasting desolation which has passed over all their nobler principles and affections; while other authors, by their efforts to enlist our sympathies in behalf of depraved and vicious characters, exhibit a more secret, but not less inveterate hatred for some of the settled principles of morality. In this connection, we might again allude to the works of Lord Byron, whose vulgar Don Juan has, perhaps, done more to corrupt the mind, and weaken the restraints of virtue than any other book of the past century; and whose Childe Harold, by its cheerless, but sublime misanthropy, has contributed to the most serious social ruptures, and taught thousands to regard every exhibition of generosity and friendship as heartless hypocrisy.

But if from our standard literature, we turn to the floating and fictitious effusions of less noted authors, we shall discover in them the same alarming tendency. Their prominent characters are invested with peculiar interest, and lauded, though identified with the most base designs. We read of the contrivance of some clever sharper to elude justice; some intriguing politician to accomplish his purpose, some needy impostor to succeed in passing as an honest man; or of an accomplished villain, whose life and talents are devoted to the subversion of female virtue; and while we openly detest their wickedness, we fear their detection or secretly, applaud their success. Now, when it is considered how often our worldly interests place us in circumstances in which the desire of the natural heart is to secure a present pleasure, it cannot be made a question, but that our weak principles are in imminent peril from the polluting recollection of instances in which truth and virtue have been violated, without exposure, or visible retribution.

Or, to view the subject in another light, if it be dangerous to associate with low characters in real life, can it be safe to hold converse with them in the secret “chambers of imagery?” If the perfect portraiture be admired, how can the original be despised? If “evil communications,” when orally presented, “corrupt good manners,” what reason have we to anticipate a different result when wicked sentiments are thrown before us in a more tangible and permanent form?

III. MENTAL IMBECILITY is another obvious consequence of our popular literature. We have before intimated that the mind receives its character from the objects which engross its thoughts. If they be manly and virtuous, they elevate and ennoble; if puerile and mean, their tendency is to weakness and decay. The capacities of the soul are vast, its desires boundless, and its destiny eternal progression. But if its powers be sacrificed to trifles, and its desires fed on fancies, its progress will be interrupted, and its destiny turned.

In reference to the subject now under consideration, we may with great propriety repeat the question proposed by our holy Redeemer in illustrating the infallible test of Christian character—“Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?” In other words—can we reasonably anticipate pleasing and refreshing fruits from barren and obnoxious weeds? Now such is the character of fictitious and wild romance, that while it may please it cannot profit; while it may gratify the imagination, it cannot enlarge the heart, and mature the judgment—The wise man has said—“The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge; but *“the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.”* How abundant then must be the supply of this last class, in the uncounted issues of a corrupt press. But, with all their stores, they perish with a mental famine.

One of our own gifted poets thus describes, in a most imitable and accurate strain of imagery, the feverish and sickening tendency of such reading upon one of the sex most prone, perhaps, to its indulgence.

“Look now directed by yon candle’s blaze,
Where the false shutter half its trust betrays—
Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
Its curtains round her polished shoulders spread,
Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power,
What keeps her waiting at the midnight hour?
See where the volume on her pillow lies—
Claims Radcliffe, or Chaponc, her frequent sighs?
‘Tis some wild legend, now her kind eye fills,
And now cold terror every fibre chills;
Still she reads on,—in fiction’s labyrinth lost—
Of tyrant fathers, or of true love cross’d,
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-erusted daggers, and uncoffined bones,
Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon’s door.
Still she reads on—even though to read she fears,
And in each key-hole moan, strange voices hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her look,
Glares in her face—the goblin of the book.
Still on the leaves her craving eye is cast;
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last,
Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip o’er,
At length the bad are killed, the good are pleased,
Her thirsting curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book that made her weep,
Puts out the light, and turns away to sleep.”

SPENCER.

But these sad effects are not confined to the gentler sex. What works are occupying the attention and engrossing the time of our young men? Where are the students of Locke and Reid? Where the admirers of Milton and Cowper? Where, among all the rising generation, shall we find worthy representatives for the strong-minded and masculine men of past ages? The places of these have been usurped by Dumas and Sue, by Bulwer and James, and the earliest development of mind is now suppressed, and the first kindlings of genius extinguished by the grovelling and desolating influence of a licentious literature.

Our last remark is directed more particularly to professors of religion.

IV. SUCH READING IS FATAL TO VITAL GODLINESS. The Christian warfare contemplates the complete subjugation of every evil thought, every wicked desire, and every wandering imagination. The noble aim of every pious heart is, to bring “into captivity every thought unto the obedience of Christ.” But how numerous, and powerful are the devices of the great adversary to defeat us in this protracted and painful contest! To accomplish his hellish purpose every channel of influence is corrupted, and every discovery in science, with every progression in art, is made subservient to the interests of his fallen empire. A cheap and promiscuous literature, however,

where truth and error, and virtue and vice, are so strangely blended, as to baffie the most acute and powerful discrimination, is one of his most fearful and efficient auxiliaries. Of this character are the moral romances and religious tales, so eagerly sought after, and so widely circulated; but in perusing these writings, how often does the professed sentiment escape our notice, and the tale only presents us with the trials of a monastic recluse, or the adventures of some shameless hypocrite.

Who can doubt that such authors are included among the "deceitful workers," against whom the apostle warns us; and who, after the example of Satan, are clad in the shining attire of angels, and transformed as the ministers of righteousness?

With such adversaries, it becomes us, to be constantly on our guard, and promptly to resist the first, the slightest encroachment. In the language of caution, addressed to the archangel—

"—— I forwarn thee, shun
Their deadly arrows; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that fatal dint,
Save him who reigns above, none can resist."

O, let us look to it well, dear Christian friends!—Let us look to it well, that we be not beguiled by these subtle influences, and overcome by these artful and deadly devices!

We close with one remark—*prize above every other book, the volume of inspiration.* Independent of its unquestionable claim to the highest authority, it stands forth acknowledged by the strongest intellects, and revered by the holiest hearts, as the Book of books. For all that is venerable in antiquity, and beautiful in morals, and sublime in truth, it remains unrivalled. Its lessons are taught in the purest language, and its instructions suited to every circumstance of life. It is, at once, the foundation of history, the standard of morals, a book of biography, a volume of poetry, and the basis of all true philosophy. In it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and "In comparison, Byron loses his fire, Milton his soarings, Gray his beauties, and Homer his grandeur and figures. No eye like rapt Isaiah's ever pierced the veil of the future; no tongue ever reasoned like sainted Job's; no poet ever sung like Israel's shepherd King, and God never made a wiser man than Solomon. The words of the Bible are pictures of immortality; dew from the tree of Knowledge; pearls from the river of Life; and gems of celestial thought. As the moaning shell whispers of the sea, so the Bible breathes of love in Heaven, the Home of angels and joys too pure to die." It is our guide to virtue and happiness; and by its holy teachings we may be made "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." It is, in a word—

"—— the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day—our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is *TUE TO-COME*;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the *FUTURE* as the *PAST* is given—
E'en in our death ye bid us hail our birth;—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth!"

• "The souls of Books."

AN ACCOMPLISHED SOMNAMBULIST.—A curious circumstance has been related by a highly-beneficed member of the Roman Catholic Church. In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep; and while in a state of somnambulism, used to sit down to his desk and compose the most eloquent sermons; scrupulously erasing, effacing, or interlining, whenever an incorrect expression had fallen from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions; for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of the paper. Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was

observed that he instantly discerned the change, and sought an other sheet of paper, as nearly as possible resembling the former one. At other times a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing; in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the corrections, suggested by the porusal, at precisely the same intervals they would have occupied in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician; and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words, in vocal pieces. On one occasion the somnambulist dreamed that he sprang into a river to save a drowning child; and, on his bed, he was seen to imitate the movement of swimming. Seizing the pillow, he appeared to snatch it from the waves and lay it on the shore. The night was intensely cold; and so severely did he appear affected by the imaginary chill of the river, as to tremble in every limb; and his state of cold and exhaustion, when roused, was so alarming, that it was judged necessary to administer wine and other restoratives.—*Poyntz's World of Wonders.*

Pleasing Others.

BY D. C. COLLESWORTHY.

We should study to please—to please everybody, rich and poor, the agreeable and the repulsive, the saint and the sinner, the elevated and the humble. No matter how disagreeable a person may appear at first sight, we should not turn him away with a short word or an indifferent air. He may possess rare jewels in his bosom. Looks are often deceptive. An intimate acquaintance with persons who, at first sight, struck us with disgust, has changed the whole feelings of our souls. Hatred has been turned into love. Scores of such instances appear in the lives of those who study to please. They have learned this fact—that the outward appearance is not a true index to the heart—and so they may make themselves agreeable to all. They will be as pleasant to the servant as to the master—to the black as to the white—and be as anxious to accommodate the one as the other.

There is no disposition that needs more cultivation than a pleasant and agreeable one. Study to please, we advise you. Be not cross and crabbed; give no mopish answer to an inquiry, and never hesitate to go a few steps out of your way, if so be you can please and accommodate another. Who will not labor to please?—*Wright's Paper.*

Crushed Affections.

How many suffer unrequited affection? They are attached strongly to those who return them cold words, indifferent looks and even avoid their presence. A word that might not otherwise be noticed, often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose whole life is bound up in another. Where an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude, and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush those warm affections gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul—fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shadow over every bright and glorious prospect. Draw near to the heart that loves you, return the favors received, and if you cannot love in return, be careful not to bruise or break it by a careless word—an unkind expression or an air of indifference. Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, he mends it again. Make up a mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles do not stop forever,
The darkest day will pass away.—*Wright's Paper.*

Our Library.

No. 7.

"The Modern British Plutarch; or Lives of men distinguished in the recent History of England for their talents, virtues, or achievements. By W. C. Taylor, L. L. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, Author of 'A Manual of Ancient and Modern History.'"

A more useful and, at the same time, entertaining work could scarcely be placed upon the shelf of a library, than this excellent compend of the lives of thirty-eight statesmen, poets, philosophers, generals, etc., whose names are familiar to us as "household words," yet whose histories are seldom as well treasured up in the memory. We select the following—

"DR. ADAM CLARKE, the most learned of modern commentators on the Holy Scriptures, was the son of the parish schoolmaster of the village of Moybeg, in the north of Ireland, where he was born about the year 1760. His parents brought him up very hardily, accustoming him from infancy to bear exposure to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and to take abundant exercise in the open air. His constitution was thus gradually strengthened, and his powers of endurance became fitted for the labors of his future life. At school, his early progress was very slow; his first attempts to master any difficulty were repeatedly unsuccessful; but he had the determination to persevere, and whatever he acquired he afterward retained. He was passionately fond of reading, and devoted all the time he could spare from school, or the labors of the farm, to devouring every book of amusement or instruction on which he could lay his hand. When he was about the age of sixteen, the preaching of Mr. Barber, a zealous and intelligent member of the Methodist connection, produced such an effect on his mind, that he embraced the doctrines of that body, and abandoned the ordinary indulgences of youth to cultivate religious knowledge. His intellectual studies were not neglected; he believed that religion was intimately connected with learning and science; indeed, his own experience taught him, every advance in piety was accompanied by an increased capacity for acquiring general information.

It was the intention of his parents to put him into business; but a friend having written an account of his character and pursuits to the Rev. John Wesley, that excellent man offered to receive him into Kingswood School, that he might qualify him for the office of a Methodist preacher.

On arriving at Liverpool, he very narrowly escaped from impressment, and his remembrance of the danger he had escaped from impressment, and his remembrance of the danger he had escaped made him a firm opponent of this system of recruiting the navy. Kingswood School was at this time kept by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who were harsh, uncharitable, and severe, and who, consequently, were not disposed to give a kindly welcome to a new lad from the north of Ireland, who presented himself at their door, soiled by travel, and having only three half-pence in his pocket. The harsh treatment he received would have driven a person of weaker mind to despair; but he endured it patiently until the arrival of Mr. Wesley, who expressing a favorable opinion of his acquirements, led to some improvement. It was at Kingswood that Clarke first commenced his oriental studies; a half-guinea, which he picked up in the garden, and for which no owner could be found, enabled him to purchase a Hebrew grammar; and it is no wonder that, when he subsequently viewed the great results of his studies, he was led to regard the finding of the half-guinea as a special interposition of Providence.

In September, 1782, being only in his eighteenth year, and looking still younger, Adam Clarke commenced his career as an itinerant preacher, at Bradford, in Wils. Though his boyish appearance was at first rather unfavorable to the efficacy of his instructions, when his acquirements began to be better appreciated, curiosity was excited to hear the youthful preacher, and many "who came to scoff remained to pray." The few moments that could be spared from the laborious duties of his circuit were devoted to study, until an injudicious associate blamed him for bestowing attention upon human learning. The scruple thus suggested withdrew the young man for some time from the study of the classics; but Mr. Wesley having recommended him to preserve whatever knowledge he had acquired, he resumed his studies with fresh ardor.

The hardships which itinerant preachers had to endure at this period were of the most painful nature; the salary from which they had to provide books and clothes was only twelve pounds per annum; most of the congregations were poor, and many members who could afford contributions were very slow in rendering aid. Besides, the Methodists were unpopular, and the lives of the preachers were frequently exposed to the fury of angry multitudes. Adam Clarke had a full share of danger and distress, but his labors as a preacher were not interrupted, neither was his study of biblical literature discontinued. Being sent as a missionary to the Channel Islands, he obtained a little more leisure than he had enjoyed on circuit; he devoted himself to oriental studies, and his progress was truly astonishing. A little before this he had been married to Miss Cooke, whose gentle, affectionate disposition cheered him in his studies, and comforted him when he was weary.

In August, 1790, Mr. Clarke visited Dublin as a delegate to the Irish from the English Conference. While in the metropolis of his native country he founded the Strangers' Friend Society, a benevolent and highly useful institution, the rules and plan of which have been adopted in almost all of the great cities of the empire. At the same time he became eager to acquire

the elements of medical science, and having entered himself as a student in Trinity College, he attended the usual courses of lectures. His proficiency in these studies was probably not great; but some of the notes in his Commentary display considerable knowledge of chemistry.

In the year 1796, Mr. Clarke, having been appointed to the London Circuit, which afforded him large literary opportunities, began to make collections for his Commentary. He continued this labor as opportunities offered at the different places whither he was sent, and did not relax during the years 1798 and 1799, when England was afflicted with scarcity, and he and his young family had to endure a full share of the general distress. His erudition began to be generally known, and on the formation of the Bible Society he became a member of the committee. His extensive knowledge of the oriental languages was now called into active exercise, and his services in revising translations were deemed so important, that an official request was made to the Conference that he should be permitted to remain in London, instead of being transferred from a metropolitan to a provincial circuit, according to the general rule. This request was of course granted, and his labors of translation were resumed with fresh energy; offers of remuneration were made him by the Bible Society, but he refused to receive any reward. The Senate of the University of Aberdeen, however, conferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Laws, without solicitation and without fees.

It is not our purpose to enter into any details of Dr. Clarke's exertions as a Methodist preacher; these would only be interesting to the members of that connection, and in some cases might involve points of controversy. We need only mention, that he was indefatigable in the discharge of the duties he had undertaken, and particularly zealous in promoting missionary exertions, both by influence and example. He made several tours in Ireland, and always showed himself anxious for the spiritual welfare of his native land; he twice visited the remote Shetland Isles, and exerted himself to procure spiritual instruction for this remote and to some extent neglected portion of the British population.

Having been appointed by the Commissioners of Public Records to superintend the publication of the state papers designed to continue Rymers's *Fœdera*, Dr. Clarke exhibited his critical sagacity in detecting the falsifications of historical documents; he completely exposed the forgery of the letter pretended to have been sent from the Chief of the Assassins, or, as he was usually called in the middle ages, the Old Man of the Mountain, to Richard Cœur de Lion, which many able writers had accepted as authentic. His friends soon observed that his labors had become too great for his health, and honorably urged in a subscription to purchase for him the estate of Millbrook, near Liverpool, whither he retired in 1815. Here his biblical researches were continued with such zeal and success, that several learned bodies, including the Royal Hibernian Academy and the Royal Asiatic Society, enrolled him among their members. In 1824 he sold Millbrook and returned to London, where the last years of his life were spent in tranquil study, only interrupted when his labors abroad were likely to advance charity or promote piety. He died in September, 1832, regretted by a wide circle of acquaintance, and by all who felt an interest in biblical criticism and oriental literature.

Dr. Clarke's great work is his Commentary on the Bible, and it is a rare example of sagacity and erudition, uniformly maintained through a work that was the labor of years. No difficulty is ever evaded; where difficulties arose, the investigations of the commentator were unwearied, and the results honestly stated. It cannot be supposed that all his conclusions will be implicitly received; but those who differ from them most must confess, that his opinions were the result of profound thought, tested by the most extensive and laborious inquiry."

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

Hamilton, March 9, 1848.

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