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THE CALLOPEAN

Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Wednesday, February 9, 1848.

Number 6.

For the Callopean.
The Child at the Teacher's Grave.

"They say she is gone to this silent spot,
Yet weeping I call, and she answers not—
I'm printing the snow with my little feet;
I wander, all lonely, the lost to meet.

I thought she looked strange in that snow-white dress;
So pale, and so still—and her eye beamed less—
Her icy-cold forehead I kissed again,
And strove to awaken her—but in vain.

They speak of a fond one, whose love was strong,
Though lost to her motherless child so long;
Yet, surely she was not more kind to me,
And I ever fancied her just like thee.

Like the bird, I murmur thy hymn, and rest
With thy withered rose on my throbbing breast;
I keep, as a treasure, thy book last given,
And kneel yet to whisper thy prayer to heaven.

O tell me *once* more of the song-bird bright;
And who made the shroud of the starry night—
Who waters from heaven the trees and flowers,
And watches his children through sleep's dark hours?

Didst thou, as thou saidst, seek a home on high,
To sing, where they weep not, and never die—
And dress in a robe as the sun-cloud fair,
And live with my mother?—O take me there!"

Brooklyn, N.Y., January, 1848.

J. W. C.

For the Callopean.
The Study of Botany.

"Earth hath a thousand tongues, that swell
In converse soft and low;
We hear them in the flowery dell,
And where the waters flow."

The study of nature, in any of her multitudinous forms, is highly interesting and instructive. We may soar in imagination to the vast orbs which compose the universe, and hold converse with the bright intelligences which inhabit them; but even imagination droops beneath the mighty conception of their distance and immensity.

The animal creation, though affording the most striking marks

of designing wisdom, cannot be dissected and examined without unpleasant sensations. But in the vegetable productions of our earth, we find a boundless field, which may be explored with the most pure and delightful emotions.

There the Almighty seems to manifest himself to us, in less of that overpowering sublimity, which it is almost painful for us to behold in his more magnificent creations; hence, it would appear, that in accommodating the vegetable world to our powers and means of observation, he designs it especially for our investigation and amusement, as well as comfort and sustenance.

The study of Botany is adapted to refine the taste and improve the heart, as well as please the eye. Perhaps no science more effectually combines pleasure with improvement. It calls the student forth to the garden, the field, the grove—along the banks of winding brooks, on the edge of precipices, the sides of mountains, and into the depths of forests—amidst the verdure of spring and the bloom of summer—to the charming retreats of nature, in her wild luxuriance; or where she smiles under the hand of cultivation. To the female, this science particularly recommends itself. Surely, no lady can investigate the perfect order of nature in the formation and growth of flowers, without receiving lessons in regularity and system, traits so essential in the female character. Then it affords such agreeable relaxation from the mental toil, and, too often, close confinement of the school-girl, supplying those motives and stimuli to physical exercise, the want of which is so painfully felt by the sedentary. How delightful, when the mind is fatigued with severe application in the study, to saunter forth among the fields and woods—the laughing streams and singing birds—in quest of specimens for the herbarium, until the heart bounds with glee, and sends its warm life-current back to the brain, muscles, and limbs, in healthful activity. But not least among the virtues of the study of flowers, is their acknowledged influence upon the affections of the heart. Who can look upon that loveliest gem of the floral year, the violet, partially concealing itself in its leafy bower from the garnish gaze of the sun, without feeling an instinctive yearning to imitate that beautiful symbol of retiring modesty?

Again—who, as they pass, can inhale the odor of mignonette, without staying to enquire whence such grateful fragrance? To his surprise, he finds it issues from yon perianth of plain and unassuming garb, neither touched with the hues, nor dressed in the ostentatious robe of the *hydrangea hortensis*; but so rich in precious odors, gentleness, and worth, that amid a world of gayer companions true wisdom would woo her first.

Again—we find some plants common in the tropical regions,

such as the mistletoe, which grow upon the trunks and branches of other species; and, penetrating their tissue, seem to derive sustenance from their juices. These are called parasites—the term being sometimes applied to individuals who are willing to live in dependence upon others—and so revolting does this characteristic appear, that we can scarcely divest ourselves of the impression, that it is mean, even for a plant, to live without elaborating its own food. Then, there is another family of plants, which, having no root, seem to have no definite object or end, but float about upon the water,

"Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

How strikingly analogous this poor weed, to many a human being, tossed about upon the ocean of life, by every breath of passion or caprice! Who would not rather, like the oak, meet the storms of life, firmly rooted in virtuous principles, than be wafted along, even by the breath of pleasure, without end or aim; forgetful of the past, and careless of the future. Afflictions but serve to strengthen the truly excellent, in virtuous principles—so

"Yonder oaks! superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven, do rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower;
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies."

The study of Botany presents in a lively and forcible manner, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, thus inspiring the mind already subjugated to spiritual influences, and heavenly impulses, with continually increasing ardor, love, and gratitude to him, whose "goodness crowns the circling year." Those who know nothing of this source of happiness, cannot appreciate its value.

Contemplate the bleak and dreary season of winter, yielding to the gentle influences of spring, and vegetation awakening to new life and beauty—watch the swelling of the buds until they burst their case, "russet and rude," unfolding to our delighted view the almost innumerable shades, which the foliage of our forests present. Cold and insensible, indeed, must be that heart, which, with brute, unconscious gaze, can behold the earth around, and heavens above, and not soar on contemplation's wing, to him from whom these wonders are. From the first appearance of vegetable life until winter has again stayed its course, nature presents an ever-varying scene—first the bud, then the leaf and blossom, followed by the fruit.

The artist can imitate, the poet expatiate upon, and the tourist talk with ecstasy of the sublime and beautiful objects which constitute the scene before him, but he only can be said to enjoy them, whose talents, tastes and affections are consecrated to the glory of him "by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made."

When the pencil that traces the rich and variegated landscape, of mountain streams and trees, is directed by a grateful heart, as well as by a skillful hand, then the picture becomes not only a source of refined and virtuous pleasure to the mind, but an acceptable offering to God. And when the poet, in harmonious numbers, makes hill and dale responsive to his song, it is well if his soul be in unison with the harp of David, who called on all created beings to join in one universal chorus of gratitude and praise.

The christian only, can fully enjoy such scenes. Alternately admiring, investigating and praising, the spirit is sweetly wafted, in anticipation, to that blissful Paradise, where the landscapes fade no more from the enraptured sight.

"Oh! for the expanded mind that soars on high,
Ranging afar, with meditation's eye!
That climbs the heights of yonder starry road,
Rising through nature up to nature's God.

Oh! for a soul to trace a Saviour's power,
In each sweet form that decks the blooming flower:
And as we wander such fair scenes among,
To make the 'Rose of Sharon' all our song."

CLARA.

IMMENSITY.—We are assured by astronomers, that the distance of the nearest fixed star is so great, that the utmost measure we can apply to it—the diameter of the earth's orbit—a space of no less than 192,000,000 of miles, is absolutely too little to measure it by—is, in fact, contained within it so many times that the number cannot be counted!

From the Ladies' Repository.
Chemistry for Girls.

This is properly styled an utilitarian age; for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has even entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent merely to learn how to dress tastefully, walk gracefully, play upon the piano, write French, and make waxen plums and silken spiders—all pretty, surely; but why not inquire, What profit? But I take my pen in hand, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will be thereby better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as the nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, enter a cabinet shop and find a saucer of *aqua-fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work-bench, and in his sport suddenly seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine-chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia,* which, if timely administered, would have surely saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy.—O, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband, returning home one summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she had procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk,† which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used by domestics to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is left upon the chamber floor in the teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs at play—the infant crawls to the teacup and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is, in the hen's nest,‡ an antidote for this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites, (albumen.) Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk not to her of novels. One little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician, in a hurry, leaves an over-dose of tartar emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever), and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the kitchen cup-

* This is the antidote for all the acids named. It forms with them innocent neutral salts. Calcined magnesia is better than the carbonate, because the carbonate might occasion an unpleasant distension of the stomach. If magnesia is not at hand, some other alkali will answer.

† Chalk is carbonate of lime. Oxalic acid will unite with the lime, and make oxalate of lime, an insoluble, and, therefore, inert compound.

‡ Corrosive sublimate is a duto chloride of mercury. Albumen attracts one portion of its chlorine, and reduces it to the proto chloride, which is calomel.

board, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from the threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into an innocuous compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes lined with a green substance—carbonate of peroxide of copper, a poisonous compound.

It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for want of this knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkroot that had been permitted to stand some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.* Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and may have died, in some instances, without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if, under such circumstances, she knows that pickles, rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that Orfila has proved albumen to be the proper antidote to them.

Lead, (often used for drinking vessels and conduits,) if, when in contact with water, it is exposed to the air, yields carbonate of lead (the white lead of the shops.) It is surprising that the neutral salts in water retard this process, and that some salts seem to prevent it entirely—hence the water of Edinburgh may be safely used, though kept in leaden cisterns; and the water of the Ohio is conveyed to the inhabitants of this city with impunity in leaden pipes. Nevertheless, salts of lead may be formed under circumstances not unlikely to occur. Moreover, the acetate of lead is often used to sweeten wine; and the lady acquainted with the affinities of the metal, and the properties and antidotes of its compounds, may have occasion for her information. She will be able by means of articles always at hand—such as epsom salts, or glauber salts—to render the poisonous salts of lead inert. For the soluble sulphates brought in contact with them, will always give rise to the formation of the sulphate of lead, which is insoluble, and without any pernicious properties.

Illustrations might be very readily multiplied, but our space forbids. We conclude by saying, that persons always produce secondary effects, which antidotes, however perfect, do not prevent. In all cases of poisoning, therefore, the administration of antidotes should not prevent the calling of a doctor.

Ultimate Dissolution of the Solar System.

THE idea of the ultimate dissolution of the solar system has usually been felt as painful, and forcibly resisted by philosophers. When Newton saw no end to the deranging effect of the common planetary perturbations, he called for a special interference of the Almighty to avert the catastrophe; and great was the rejoicing when that recent analyst described a memorable power of conservation in our system's constituent phenomena; but after all, why should it be painful? Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us; and the fact of change merely intimates that in the exhaustless womb of the future unevolved wonders are in store. The phenomena referred to would simply point to the close of one mighty cycle in the history of the solar orb—the passing away of arrangements which have fulfilled their objects, that they might be transformed into new. Thus is the periodic data of a plant perhaps the essential to its prolonged life; and when the individual dies, and disappears, fresh and vigorous forms spring from the elements which composed it. Mark the chrysalis! It is the grave of the worm, but the cradle of the unborn insect. The broken bowl will yet be healed and beautified by the potter, and a voice of joyful note will awaken one day even the silence of the urn! Nay, what though all should pass? What though the close of this epoch in the history of the solar orb should be accompanied, as some by a strange fondness have

* Acetic acid, with oxide of copper, constitutes verdigris.

imagined, by the dissolution & disappearing of all those shining spheres! Then would our universe not have failed in its functions, but only been gathered up and rolled away, these functions being complete. That gorgeous material framework wherewith the Eternal hath adorned and varied the abysses of space is only an instrument by which the myriads of spirits borne upon its orbs may be told of their origin, and educated for more exalted being; and a time may come when the veil can be drawn aside—when spirit shall converse directly with spirit, and the creature gaze without hindrance on the effulgent face of its Creator; but even then—no, not in that manhood or full maturity of being, will our fretted vault be forgotten, or its pure inhabitants permitted to drop. Their reality may have passed, but their remembrance will live for ever—the tenderer and the more hallowed, that the grave has enclosed and embalmed their objects; and no height of excellence, no extent of future greatness, will ever obscure the vividness of that frail but loved infancy in which, as now, we walked upon the benighted earth, and fondly gazed upon these far-off orbs, deeming that they whisper from their bright abodes the tidings of man's immortal destiny!—*Nicholl's Architecture of the Heavens.*

Ancient Carthage.

Sir Grenville Temple, who lately arrived at Malta from Tunis, on board the Ottoman frigate *Surich*, has employed himself for the last six months in making excavations on the classic soil of Carthage—a city, the mere mention of whose name awakens in the bosom of every scholar a thousand recollections of glory which adorned the mistress of the African seas, and the immortal rival of the Roman republic. His labors have been well rewarded by the peculiarly interesting discoveries he has made. Among them we may notice that on the site of the temple of Ganath, or Juno Cœlestis, the great protecting divinity of Carthage, he found about 700 coins, and various objects of glass and earthenware. But the most remarkable, and perhaps the least expected, of his discoveries, is that of a villa, situated on the sea shore, and buried fifteen feet under ground. Eight rooms are completely cleared, and their size and decorations prove that the house belonged to a wealthy personage. The walls are painted, and the floors are beautifully paved in mosaic, in the same manner as those at Pompeii and Herculaneum, representing a variety of subjects, and as marine deities, both male and female, different species of sea fish, marine plants, a vessel with female figures dancing on deck and surrounded by admiring warriors; other portions represent lions, horses, leopards, tigers, deers, zebras, bears, gazelles, hares, herons, and the like. Ten human skeletons, apparently those slain during the assault of the city, were found in the different chambers.

Sir Grenville also discovered, in another house, other mosaics of great interest; these represent gladiators contending in the arena with wild beasts, and over each man is written his name. In another part are seen horse-races, and men breaking in young horses. Our limits oblige us to restrict these details; but we hope, indeed we understand, that Sir Grenville Temple will shortly publish a complete account of his important and extraordinary discoveries. We are aware that Sir Thomas Reade, from the early period of his residence, as his Majesty's Agent and Consul General in Tunis, drew many specimens of antiquity from the same spot, which we believe were sent to enrich some of our public institutions in England. But Sir Grenville Temple has had the good fortune to make connections, which assisted generally his own ardor for antiquarian research; and the objects he has been thus enabled to recover from their long obscurity, are of a nature to throw a minuter light upon the customs and state of the arts in that celebrated Roman colony. These discoveries may perhaps eventually prove equal in interest to those which have long commended general admiration in Southern Italy, and will no doubt render celebrated the name of the persevering discoverer, amongst other British archaeologists, particularly, if any of the curiosities found should be placed amongst the valuable remains of antiquity which Great Britain already possesses.—*Malta Paper.*

God Unchanging.

For the Calliopean.

From everlasting days,
Till ancient Time drew nigh,
And lay, an infant in its might,
Upon Eternity—
Whom first there shone the beams
Of noontide's glowing flame;
Down to the hours we call our own,
"Our God is still the same."

He laid the valleys low;
He built the azure dome—
"The morning stars together sang,"
Viewing their lofty home.
Pencilled alone by him,
The flowers smiling came—
Look up and trust, ye sons of men,
"Our God is still the same."

Upon the breaker wild;
Among the meadows fair;
Upon the mountains bleak and bold,
And tall cliffs rude and rare,
One speaks—the world obeys,
The angry winds are tame—
He rules—"the babe of Bethlehem"—
"Our God is still the same."

He, who scorned not to take
Our sins and all our pain,
"Endured the shame"—"despised the cross"—
That we with Him might roign—
He who could blast the world,
And banish nature's frame—
The Watcher in Gethsemane—
"Our God is still the same."

Though earth shall pass away
As chaff before the breeze,
And those whose mighty radiance gleams
Upon the tossing seas.
Throughout eternity,
He who Death overcame,
And robbed the grave—shall ever be—
"Our God is still the same."

Hamilton, January 19, 1848.

HARRIET ANNIE.

For the Calliopean.

The Characters of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth contrasted.

TO THE EDITRESS,—At one of our conversational meetings, the other evening, in the drawing-room, I was not a little astonished to hear it avowed that the character of Queen Mary, sometimes called "the bloody Queen," is more worthy of admiration than that of Queen Elizabeth.

One of the young ladies having read, during the week, the life of Queen Elizabeth, by Agnes Strickland, on that evening gave a synopsis of its contents; at the close of which there arose an animated discussion, concerning the comparative merits of Mary and Elizabeth. There is no doubt that Queen Mary has been defamed beyond her deserts, and that the splendor of her protestant sister's achievements has thrown a partial veil over Queen Elizabeth's faults, in the minds of the public; yet, I think the result of a calm examination will still be in favor of the latter. We will consider them, first in their private, and then in their public character,—

1st.—*Their private characters.*—The greatest stigma upon the character of Mary, is her cruelty; and this is a charge which may be palliated, but can never be removed. It is idle to attempt to transfer the blame from her shoulders to those of her cabinet. Gardiner and Bonner, the master-spirits of her bloody persecution against the Protestants, had exercised the same tor-

ments against the advocates of papal supremacy, for twenty years, under Henry VIII. They changed their religion with their Sovereigns, and became mere passive instruments in their hands. Again, why did she make choice of such ministers? It is an excellent remark of Hannah More, that "the best queens have been most remarkable for employing great men. Would, for instance, Mary di Medici have chosen a Walsingham; she who made it one of the first acts of her regency to banish Sully, and to employ Concini? Or, did it ever enter into the mind of the first Mary of England to take into her councils, that Cecil, who so much distinguished himself in the cabinet of her sister?" And even if the blame could be thrown upon her ministers, it was surely not conduct worthy of admiration, to remain passive, and see her country swimming in innocent blood. Vanity was the predominating fault of Elizabeth. But is there any comparison between the criminality of vanity and cruelty, when the former merely affects the feelings of the individual, while the latter takes away the lives of hundreds of human beings? Cicero, the illustrious orator, rhetorician, and philosopher, was notoriously vain; but who would think for a moment of comparing him with the blood-thirsty Verres, against whom he so eloquently declaimed? Elizabeth was likewise the subject of violent passions, but they never affected the interests of her kingdom, except in the solitary case of the Earl of Leicester, whom she appointed to the command of the fleet, though he was totally unfit for it. On the other hand, the urdent affection of Mary for Phillip of Spain, and her union with him, contrary to the wishes of the nation, were productive of innumerable evils to her country.

2nd.—*Their public characters.*—Queen Mary, except for evil, is a nonentity in the pages of English History. No discoveries, no acquisitions, no improvements, no literature marked the course of her reign—nothing but blood and the loss of Calais. Coming to a throne burdened with "heavy debts, empty magazines, a ruined navy, a debased coin, a decaying commerce, and an exhausted exchequer," the powerful mind of Elizabeth grappled with and surmounted them all with an ease and rapidity, which astonished the world. Appointed by Heaven to establish a Protestant Religion on the shores of Great Britain, and make it the bulwark of evangelical christianity, she fulfilled her high destinies with a zeal and a faithfulness becoming her mission. Whether encouraging the genius of Bacon and Shakspeare, patronising the University of Oxford, visiting the vessels of the discoverer Drake, intriguing with continental princes, or preparing against the Spanish Armada, she showed the same patriotic, energetic, and self-sacrificing devotion to the good of her people. Long live the memory of "Good Queen Bess!"

Hoping that the admirers of Queen Mary will not be backward in defending their favorite,

I remain yours, &c.,

CORINNE.

GASEOUS STATE OF THE EARTH.—Though the mind, accustomed to philosophical inquiries, may find it difficult to comprehend the idea that this planet once existed in a gaseous state, this difficulty will vanish upon considering the changes the materials of which it is composed must constantly undergo. Water offers a familiar example of a substance existing on the surface of the globe, in the separate states of rock, fluid and vapor, for water consolidated into ice is as much a rock as granite or the adamant; and as we shall hereafter have occasion to remark, has the power of preserving for ages the animals and vegetables that may be therein embedded. Yet, upon an increase of temperature, the glaciers of the Alps, and the icy pinnacles of the arctic circles, disappear; and, by a degree of heat still higher, might be dissolved into vapor; and by other agencies might be separated into two invisible gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Metals may, in like manner, be converted into gases; and in the laboratory of the chemist, all kinds of matter pass easily through every grade of transmutation, from the most dense and compact to an aeriform state. We cannot, therefore refuse our assent to the conclusion, that the entire of our globe might be resolved into a permanently gaseous form, merely by the dissolution of the existing combinations of matter.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 4.

For the Calliopean.

JANE TAYLOR.

JANE TAYLOR was born in London, Sept. 23, 1783; but her father, whose occupation as an artist permitted him to reside at a distance from the metropolis, removed to Lavenham, in Suffolk, about two years after this event. Amid the rural pleasures of a country residence, her naturally weak constitution became vigorous, and her buoyant spirits seemed to run wild amid the beauty and luxuriance of nature. Hand in hand with her sister, (who also became a poet) she would wander up and down the long walks of their garden, when not more than four years of age, chanting some ditty, which they had jointly composed. She thus formed, amid these scenes, those sensibilities of heart, and that taste for the beauties of nature, which fitted her for the deep feelings and lofty conceptions of poetry. Indeed most of our great poets have drawn their inspiration from the breathings of nature. Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Burns, and Thomson, were playmates of nature from their youth, and "held mysterious converse with her soul." Though an active and playful child, she would sometimes stand for hours, musing with her own thoughts, and then retire to her little room to arrange them in verse. Sometimes, mounted on the kneading board, at the baker's, or seated beside the fireplace of a neighboring farmer, she would astonish a listening group by her childish effusions. But this never filled her mind with pride, (for she was exceedingly diffident) though it may have stimulated her genius. How many young writers have buried their talents in oblivion for want of early encouragement!

Her education was conducted entirely at home. Her parents, being well educated themselves, instructed her in the most useful branches of knowledge. Thus brought up, in the midst of intellectual conversation and domestic duties, she never forgot, in the pursuits of the literary lady, the occupations belonging to her sex. It was this combination of the literary and domestic, which peculiarly fitted her for becoming *the poet of the nursery*.

Her father having become minister of a dissenting congregation in Colchester, she removed with him to that place, when she was thirteen years of age. In her nineteenth year she made her first visit to London, where she formed those friendships and connections, which introduced her into the world of letters. Her first contribution for the press, entitled "The Beggar Boy," was inserted in the Minor's Pocket Book for 1804. In connection with her sister, she next published a volume of "Original Poems, for Infant Minds;" and afterwards another, of "Rhymes for the Nursery," which soon attained an extensive circulation, and established her literary reputation. She thus entered into a field, which, though the humblest in the whole province of literature, eventually proved to be one of incalculable importance. The excellent Dr. Watts was the only one who had hitherto written especially for the young; and when her poems appeared, characterized by a pleasing versification, a pious spirit, and a playful humor, almost every mother in England hastened to place them in the hands of her children. Would that every child in Canada was likewise possessed of these, instead of those silly and frightful stories, which tend to render it timid and superstitious through life. Cruelty, quarrelling, and idleness, are placed in such a light, as to create an almost irresistible dislike for them in the minds of the young. Children have generally a fondness for pleasing rhyme, and if such pieces as those of Jane Taylor were always placed in their hands, a correct and elevated taste might thus be formed in their minds, at a very early age.

In consequence of ill-health, she made a lengthy tour with her brother, along the coast of Somerset and Cornwall; during which she wrote a tale, called "Display;" which, together with many other able writings, of a miscellaneous character, made her favorite with the older as well as the younger portion of community. The shortness of her life, which terminated at Ougar, in 1824, in happiness and peace, prevented the world from receiving a more voluminous legacy from her pen; but it

will not willingly cast into oblivion that with which it has been blessed.

A striking contrast to Madame De Stael, was Jane Taylor. Retiring and unobtrusive in her disposition, she delighted more in the affectionate intercourse of the family circle and the retirement of the closet, than in the highest plaudits of the world. Her writings also, were mostly confined to an humbler sphere. She wrote for children in the nursery; Madame De Stael for the philosopher in his study. Each attained the highest excellence in her department, but the former undoubtedly did the most good. The one was guided through life by an enlightened piety, and spent all her energies in infusing the same spirit into the pliant and vigorous minds of the young. The other accomplished a great deal in a literary point of view; but in a moral one, was the author of much evil. The one lived and wrote for eternity, the other for earth. The one deserves to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of mankind, the other among its greatest writers. No wonder Jane Taylor, after reading the "Corinne, or Italy," of Madame de Stael, should address her with the following apostrophe—

"O woman, greatly gifted! why
Wert thou not gifted from on high?
What had that noble genius done—
That knew all hearts—all things, but one—
Had that been known?"

"Love or Religion;" yes, she knew,
Life has no choice but 'twixt the two:
But when she sought that balm to find,
She guessed and groped; but still was blind.
Aloft she flew, yet failed to see
Aught but an earthly deity.
The humble christian's holy love,
O how it calmly soars above
These storms of passion!—Yes, too much
I've felt her talent's magic touch.
Return, my soul, to that retreat
From sin and wo—thy Saviour's feet!
There learn an art she never knew,
The heart's own empire to subdue."

JUNIA.

KINDNESS.

For the Calliopean.

"I AM resolved never to say anything intentionally, which will wound the feelings of another, for kind words and cheerful acts cost me nothing." Upon reflection, what a world of happiness presents itself to our view, through the medium of kindness towards our parents, our brothers, our sisters, and all others, with whom our different avocations may bring us in contact. We are all more or less gratified with the thought of having done right. Repentance does not disturb the equanimity of a mind, conscious of having performed a good act. Happiness which is the object of every person, (for we are not willing to believe that any individual courts misery,) is most effectually promoted by cultivating and cherishing towards all, those kindly feelings, which are the springs of kindly actions.

In speaking of kindness, I mean that which is not prompted by base motives, but springs from a heart well disposed towards its object—for alas! too often do we find under this garb of Paradise, the most abhorred ingratitude, ambition, envy, pride, and even hatred. To such a depth of degradation do the human passions descend, that even love, charity, and mercy, ("that droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven down on the earth beneath") have not been left free from the use of foul purposes. But the truly good man, who makes happiness the object of his pursuit, never uses such unholy perversions, but always acts from pure motives. Such is woman's kindness, when old age requires the help of gentle hands and soothing words to make less burdensome the waning moments of mortality.

Thus, I have seen the daughter of a blind old man, whose palsied limbs were fast sinking to the dust, cheerfully administering to his wants, till his spirit fled from its tenement of woe. This was kindness.

W. M.

Hamilton, January 18, 1848.

The Pious Mother.

For the Calliopean.

In whatever rank or situation in life woman may be placed, religion is the crowning grace of her character. It adds fervor and stability to a sister's love—warms and enlivens the daughter's affection, and casts a sacred halo around the domestic circle. But it is in the daily walk and conversation of a mother, that religion is exhibited in its noblest, purest aspect. What scene on earth more lovely, in the sight of men or angels, than that of a faithful and devoted mother, surrounded by her infant band, who, with childish earnestness and simplicity, inhale the sacred precepts she imparts. Such a scene as this, it was my privilege not long since to witness. One fine autumnal day, during a late recess of our school, I set out to visit an old and esteemed friend, whose devotedness to the cause of God, and zeal for the salvation of souls, had long rendered her an acceptable member of the Church of Christ.

The spot where she resided was one of rural simplicity and wildness. Though not far removed from the busy mart, it still retained all the characteristics of a back-woods' home. The newly cleared fallow-ground, which surrounded the dwelling, plainly indicated that the woodman's axe had not long been laid aside, and the dense forest which skirted the little enclosure on every side, showed that his labors were not yet to cease. In this retreat of nature dwelt one whose labors, though unseen and unappreciated by the eye of man, were nevertheless registered in heaven. What I beheld in this rude spot during the short period of a few hours, demonstrated emphatically, that this was the residence of a pious mother.

Mrs. ——— had, in early life, been deprived of the guidance of an affectionate mother, and though still a child, was left to soothe the anguish of a father's bereavement, and supply to the younger members of the family the loss they had sustained. Here affliction, severe as it was, was borne with meek submission to the will of heaven. In her new sphere she found many and arduous duties devolving upon her. In addition to the cares of a young and numerous family, her spirits were often weighed down by the impiety of an elder brother, who, regardless himself, of the divine injunction "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," sought to draw aside his sister from the path of piety. Still, with humble reliance on the strength of Him, who has promised to be the orphan's protector, she continued to adorn the doctrines of our holy religion, until the hitherto obdurate and impenitent brother, struck with the beauty and excellence of that heaven-born principle, which could render its youthful possessor gentle and forbearing amidst scoffs and frowns, and even willing to suffer persecution for the cause of Christ, bowed before the cross, and arose, transformed by the soul-renewing influence of redeeming love. With this fresh stimulus to duty, the christian sister continued to cleave closer to the Rock of Ages.

Her affections now entwined themselves still more closely around the family circle. Each passing scene, as it floated by, seemed illumined with sacred peace, and blissful serenity, while earth itself appeared but as a prelude to the skies. The house of God was to her the gate of heaven; His people her chosen companions, and His worship her delightful exercise. In the retirement of the closet, as well as in the public sanctuary, she enjoyed sweet communion with the King of kings. Many and strong were the ties which bound her to the scenes of her childhood's happiness and youthful enjoyment; but duty called, and she prepared to quit forever the parental roof. Her aged father gazed in silent sadness on his departing daughter; while the remembrance of by-gone days rushed back upon his mind. That countenance which had beamed with delight to welcome him to a cheerful home, after the duties of the day were closed, was soon to vanish from his sight. That voice, whose tones had often brought gladness to his dejected spirit in the hour of trial and affliction, must soon be heard by him no more. Those hands which had ministered to his wants in health, and soothed his pillow in sickness, he must soon grasp in a long, a final farewell.

The parting came, and like the venerable patriarch, when called upon to send forth his beloved Benjamin, the heart-strick-

en father felt to exclaim "If I am bereaved of my child, I am bereaved." With aching eyes he watched the stately vessel which bore away his richest earthly treasure, until it disappeared in the horizon. Then, with faltering steps, he turned to seek his lonely dwelling. Never but once before had he approached it with feelings such as now occupied his mind—and that was after listening to the cold clods, as they fell heavily upon the coffin of her, to whom he had plighted his vows. Now, he felt that he was indeed alone; that a stranger's hand must close his eyes in death, and lay him in his last resting place. As he thus reflected, tears coursed down his time-worn cheeks, while she who had been wont to wipe them away, was now far distant. Yet, from the volume of sacred writ, a ray of heavenly light shone upon the old man's pathway, and pointed to brighter scenes above.

Meanwhile, the travellers reached the distant port. A short and pleasant voyage brought them to the coast of America; and in the peaceful retreat of a Canadian village, they found a quiet home. The affectionate daughter and devoted sister had now assumed another character and sphere. The filial and sisterly virtues, for which she had hitherto been distinguished, were superseded by conjugal ties; and a faithful discharge of the duties connected with these relations, pre-eminently qualified her for the more responsible situation of a wife and mother. It was in the latter capacity that I first became acquainted with her; and never before had I been so deeply impressed with the efficiency of maternal piety, in moulding the youthful character. Certain portions of each day were set apart for the moral and intellectual improvement of her two little daughters. These seasons of instruction were, by a mother's kind and gentle bearing, rendered even more attractive than the sports of childhood. Her genuine and unaffected piety, developing itself in every department of life, and overflowing towards them in all the rich effusions of a mother's love, caused the little ones to greet with joy the return of that hour, when, shut in from the world, they bowed with their beloved parent at the throne of grace, and listened to her soul-emanating petitions, as she sought the Divine guidance in her humble efforts, and implored the blessing of heaven on her tender charge. Then, with a simplicity suited to their infantile views, she explained their relations to God, and man; their high and holy destination and the wondrous story of a Saviour's love.

This delightful appropriation of the interims of duty, rendered the domestic circle one of happiness and mutual enjoyment. In the daily development of these youthful minds, were perceptible the rewards of virtuous precept and example. In their self-sacrificing, and untiring acts of kindness towards each other, might be traced the elements of that ennobling principle, which, in mature years, would widen in its sphere until it embraced in the arms of sympathy and love, the whole human race.

At the time in which our narrative commences, the pious mother had exchanged the privileges of Divine worship, attendant upon a village life, for the less advantageous modes of a back-wood's settlement. Here, for several months, she had been deprived of meeting with the people of God. On enquiring in what light she viewed her religious privations, she replied with soul-felt earnestness, "Never before was the power and willingness of God to keep his believing children under every variety of circumstances, so clearly demonstrated to me, as in my present situation. Though deprived of worshipping in the public sanctuary, I can bow more frequently in the closet. Though seldom visited by the ministers of Christ, I have innumerable witnesses of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator—I gaze upon the ascending sun, and it reminds me of the rising of the Sun of righteousness—I listen to the music of the birds, as they chant their happy notes, and it calls to mind the songs of the redeemed above—I look upon the stately trees of the forest, and they seem to speak of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations—I listen to the murmur of the brook, as it glides along in its pebbly bed, and am referred to that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God. Thus does nature lead me up to its great Architect. Each little blossom, as it unfolds its delicate organs to the light, tells of Him who gave it fragrance

and beauty—every plant that vegetates, from the lowliest moss, up to the sturdy oak, proclaims "God is here."—and where He is, there I delight to be.

While thus pouring forth the emotions of a soul overflowing with heavenly love, I marked with deep interest the earnestness with which the little ones seemed to catch each sentiment as it fell from her lips. They saw their mother happy, and their artless mien and simple expressions showed, that they too, loved Him who was the source of her enjoyment.

The hour of prayer arrived, and the little family assembled around the domestic altar. The word of God was carefully perused, and after the mother had offered up a short but fervent supplication, the children repeated their daily petitions, unitedly besought a blessing on their beloved parents, and prayed for the happiness and prosperity of an esteemed missionary, who, on the eve of his departure, to labor among the aboriginal inhabitants of our country, had desired to be remembered by them at the throne of grace.

I left this hallowed spot reluctantly, and while pursuing the solitary footpath, which communicated with the public road, was led to reflect on the superior value of maternal influence in determining the destiny of individuals. Kings may rule with equity, and statesmen legislate with wisdom; but it remains for the mothers of our land to say whether their country shall be prosperous and happy. If they withhold their aid, every other means must prove abortive. If they refuse to put a shoulder to the wheel, the great machinery of human improvement must operate in vain. It was the maternal influence of Greece that caused her sons to rush fearlessly to the field of battle; and it was the same wonder-working power that led the youths of France to sign over their minority, and pant for manhood, that they might follow in the conqueror's train. If we would have a nation of patriots—then an ardent love for her country must glow in the mother's bosom. If we would have a christian nation—then love to God must be the predominating principle of the mother's life. Had the mothers of Alexander and Bonaparte been influenced by holy and heaven-directed motives—instead of a world deluged with blood, the peaceful reign of Messiah might have been established. Had the mothers of Shakspeare and Byron been imbued with virtuous and exalted principles—instead of a corrupting moral influence being diffused throughout society the moral and intellectual uplifting of our race might have been effected. It was the sanctifying influence of a mother's piety that raised up Wesley to be a successful champion in the cause of his Divine Master. It was the meek and gentle spirit of a christian mother, operating through the influence of heavenly grace, that rendered the youthful Timothy a zealous and devoted minister of Christ. And in virtue of that richest of heaven's gifts, a pious mother, the inspired psalmist claimed an heirship to the skies, while he tuned his grateful harp in the praises of redeeming love. Think then, mothers of Canada, of the exalted and responsible position which you occupy. You are the arbiters of your children's destiny—the educators of candidates for eternity. Upon the manner in which you discharge the duties devolving upon you, depends the everlasting destiny of those committed to your trust. Your every word, look, and action, is fraught with interests of the most momentous character. Every impression made upon the mind of your offspring, must send its undying echo throughout the countless ages of the future. You are now, either preparing gems to shine forever in the crown of your rejoicing above; or else filling vessels for the wrath of a sin-avengeing God. Think then, christian mothers, of the duty you owe to yourselves, to your children, to your country, and to your God.

MARY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.—Mr. Montgomery won his laurels amidst a crowd of competitors; the Muses were holding their carnival. Campbell had delighted all, in whose ears the melody of our Augustan age still lingered, with the masculine music of the "Pleasure of Hope." Rogers won the heart with a tenderer tune, a more plaintive note, and a more polished versification—the very luxury of sound. Southey entered us

with the gardens of eastern fiction. Wordsworth recalled our steps to the sylvan haunts, the glimmering lanes, the rustic springs, the by-way flowers, and all the thousand fountains of sensibility and nature. Coleridge, too, had called the children from their play, and the old men from the chimney corner, to listen to the mysterious adventures of "The Ancient Mariner;" and the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek at the gentle tale of the affectionate Genevieve. Crabbe held up the mirror to the harsh features of the most biting penury, and unlocked the sympathies of the bosom with his simple "Annals of the Poor." At such a season as this, and when the sky was on fire with the glare of Byron's reputation, Mr. Montgomery solicited the suffrages of the public and obtained them slowly but certainly. His was a species of poetry which steals gradually over the heart with a sober and soothing influence. He tempted the painter with no story of Arcadian valley, illumined by antique pagantry; nor seduced the enthusiast with a legend of vengeance or of passion; he brought nothing but what Purity might have written, nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse. What may become of his name or his writings," is the remark of the poet in the preface to his collected works, "it is not for him to anticipate here; he has honestly endeavoured to serve his own generation; and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it."

Never will it be known, said Cowper, till the day of judgment, what he has done who has written a book. That amiable writer felt that the author was treasuring up a life within a life, condensing and distilling his intellectual spirit for the benefit or the destruction of future ages. Mr. Montgomery has directed his compositions mainly to the delight and the improvement of the young, employing the golden chains of a graceful and cultivated fancy to draw up their contemplations above the cloud of sense. He has met with his reward even here, in the admiration and esteem of the wise and the good. It is not, therefore, to adopt the imagery of his beautiful tribute to Burns, upon his literary talents alone that we love to dwell, whether we compare him to the humming-bird gliding over flowers—the eagle, with thunder in his train—the wood-lark, filling the heavens with music—or the nightingale, melting our hearts with love; for none of these faculties in particular do we dwell upon his character; it is rather for his noble advocacy of virtue and detestation of vice; that devotion delights to hail her 'Bird of Paradise.'

Snow.—When drops of water are congealed into spiculæ in the air, they collect, in falling, into flakes of snow. Above the region of the glaciers the snow sometimes falls in separate spiculæ. When examined with a microscope, snow reveals a beautiful structure, consisting of needles which are regular six-sided prisms, formed from a rhomboid, which is the primitive shape. It falls more abundantly in temperate than in arctic regions, and is found to be beneficial rather than otherwise; for, being a bad conductor of heat, it preserves the plants beneath from too great a degree of cold. On one occasion in Germany, snow fell on the corn which was in flower, and preserved it from a hard frost that followed, so that ultimately the corn ripened. Underneath ice, snow is often found to be not lower in temperature than 32° (just the freezing point;) and hence people buried under the snow, if permitted a free access of air, may live a long while, because warmer there than if on the surface.

Red snow has been observed at Baffin's Bay and the neighboring regions. Its color was found to be owing to minute red mushrooms, or fungi, growing in the snow. In an account of Sir John Ross's last voyage, this phenomena is noticed as follows:—

"On the 17th of August, it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained, or covered with some substance which gave it a deep crimson color. Many conjectures were formed concerning the cause of this appearance, and a party was dispatched from the ship, to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated, in many places, to the depth of ten or twelve feet by the coloring matter, and it had

the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined with a microscope, magnifying a hundred times; and the red substance appeared to consist of particles resembling a very minute round seed—all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red color. On their being dissolved in water, the latter assumed the appearance of muddy port wine; and, in a few hours, it deposited a sediment, which was again examined with the microscope. It was found to be composed entirely of red matter, which, when applied to paper, produced a color resembling that of Indian red. It was the opinion of Doctor Wollaston, that this was not a marine production, but a vegetable substance produced in the mountain immediately above."

Among the glaciers, yellow snow is sometimes found. Capt. Scoresby observed snow of an orange color, owing to the presence of minute animals.

What is called 'the snow-line,' is the region where congelation commences. As heated air ascends, how is it that the cold increases as we go up a mountain? The reason is, that the density of the air diminishes as we ascend; and, consequently, its heat is absorbed (becoming latent, as it is called,) so that the temperature falls. Within the tropics the snow-line is generally stationary, because the temperature there does not vary much; but as we recede from the equator the height of the snow-line is more variable, becoming again stationary at the poles. Under the equator this line is many thousand feet above the level of the sea. At forty degrees north latitude, its height is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea in summer, but in winter it falls lower. At sixty degrees north latitude, the height of the summer snow-line is about three thousand seven hundred feet, but in winter it falls to the level of the sea. At the poles, it is supposed that the snow lies all the year round, the weather changing but little. There are some modifying circumstances which influence the snow-line. Suppose a range of mountains, in the same latitude, with one end reaching the sea. At this end the snow-line will be lower than at any other part; because this portion of the range, being near the sea, is invested, during a large portion of the year, with mists and fogs, which keep down the temperature; while, in the interior, the valleys become heated, and thus force up the snow-line to a greater height. This is the case with the Scandinavian mountains. In the range of the Pyrenees, the two ends are kept cool by the means just stated, and the snow-line is therefore higher in the middle—so that it assumes a convex form. In a range of mountains in Switzerland, the snow-line on their *south* side (exposed to the sun) is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, but on the *north* side it is only three thousand six hundred feet.

Editorial Department.

The Journal of Education.

We have received the first number of this important publication. Its leading objects, as stated in the Prospectus, are, "The exposition of every part of our School System—the publication of official papers on the subject of Schools—the discussion of the various means of promoting the efficiency of Schools, and the duties of all classes of persons in respect to them—furnishing accounts of systems of public instruction in other countries—and the diffusion of information on the great work of popular education generally."

That a publication for the promotion of such objects is a "desideratum in Canada," no one can doubt. If the position assumed by the Editor, in his introductory remarks, that, "The Moral and Intellectual development of the Country is the well-spring of its Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, Mineral, and Civil development," is a correct one, (and who can controvert it,) how important it is that an undertaking, involving interests so momentous, should be encouraged and sustained.

Catalano gave evidence of a lively recognition of the fact, that the strength and safety of a community are constituted by the virtue and intelligence of its youth, when, attempting to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by insinuating false principles in the minds of the young.

There is a story of an ancient people from whom fifty children were at one time required, in the settlement of a difficulty with a neighboring province.

Instead of these fifty children, they proposed to give as a substitute a hundred men. So highly did they estimate the importance of educating the youth of their community, and so dangerous did they think it to entrust them to the neglect or abuse of the stranger.

Deeply impressed with the truth of the principle expressed in the above quoted paragraph from the Journal of Education, we cannot, as lovers of our country, but feel deeply interested in every movement and influence connected with her educational advancement.

We regard the Journal of Education, in its objects and prospective influences, as being a publication whose importance to the welfare of our country, cannot be exaggerated.

The first number contains much important information, and many valuable suggestions, on the subject of Common Schools, &c.

"The Canadian Gem and Family Visitor."

This first of this valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada is before us; and from its general appearance, and the character of its articles, we predict for it a favorable reception with the public. It is published monthly by Rev. Joseph H. Leonard, Cobourg; each number containing 38 pages.

We have also received "The Literary Visitor," a Monthly Magazine, devoted to literature; edited by A. N. Murch, Cornwall, C. W. Terms, One Dollar per annum. It is got up in a neat style, each No. containing 16 pages of interesting matter, mostly *original*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Visits with the Sick," came too late for this No. It shall appear in our next. "Submission," by Latona, has been inadvertently mislaid, and shall also have a place in our next.

"Filial Affection" should have a place in our columns, had we not published an article in a previous No. on this subject.

We shall be happy to hear from our excellent friend, Adora, on some other topic.

The kind letter from J. B., of Beachville, enclosing 10s, gave us great pleasure. That the great importance of the work in which we are engaged, and the difficulties with which we have to contend, are appreciated by even a few intelligent friends, is comforting. As Mrs. C.'s subscription had been paid, we have taken the liberty of sending to her address two copies. Anything from the pen of our friend J. B. shall receive a cordial welcome.

Burlington Ladies' Academy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hamilton, November 20, 1847.

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

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

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

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