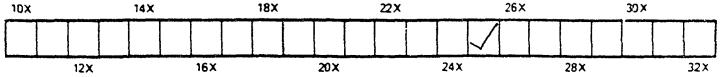
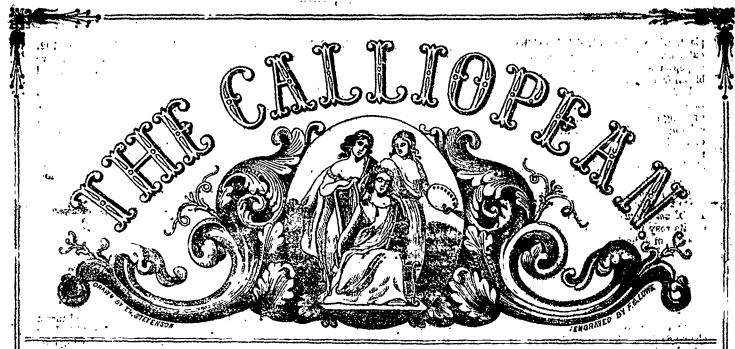
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below. L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/	Coloured pages/
Couverture de couleur	Pages de couleur
Covers damaged/	Pages damaged/
Couverture endommagée	Pages endommagées
Covers restored and/or laminated/	Pages restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée	Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Cover title missing/	Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
Le titre de couverture manque	Pages decolorees, lachetees ou piquees
	Pages detached/
Coloured maps/	Pages détachées
Cartes géographiques en couleur	
Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/	Showthrough/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)	Transparence
Encre de coulear (i.e. autre que biede ou noncr	
Coloured plates and/or illustrations/	Quality of print varies/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur	Qualité inégale de l'impression
Bound with other material/	Continuous pagination/
Relié avec d'autres documents	Pagination continue
Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion	Includes index(es)/
along interior margin/	Comprend un (des) index
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la	
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure	Title on header taken from: /
	Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
Blank leaves added during restoration may appear	
within the text. Whenever possible, these have	Title page of issue/
been omitted from filming/	Page de titre de la livraison
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées	
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,	Caption of issue/
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont	Titre de départ de la livraison
pas été filmées.	
	Masthead/
	Générique (périodiques) de la livraison
There are some	creases in the middle of pages.
	163 - 166 are missing.
Commentaires supplémentaires: Parts of pages	100 koo uko mitobing.
• · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/	
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.	





Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, September 25, 1848.

Number 21.

Mottoes for Albums.

BY JANES MONTOOMERY. MIND is invisible, but you may find A method here to let me see your mind.

r. Behold my album unbog«n, Which whon 'tis finish'd will be none.

Faint lines, on britile glass and clear, A diamond pon may trace with art: But what the foelleat hand writes here, Is graven on the owner's heart.

May all the names recorded here In the Lamb's book of life appear.

Here friends assemble, hand and heart; Whom life may sever, death must part; Sweet be their deaths, their lives well spent, And this their friendship's monument.

. 14.

My album is a barren tree, Where leaves and only leaves you see But touch it—flowers and fruits will spring, And birds emong the foliogo sing.

VII. Fairies were kind to country jennics, And m their shoes dropp'd silver pennics; Here the bright tokens which you leave, As fairy favors I receive.

¥Ш.

My Album's open; come and see; What, won't you waste a thought on me? Write but a word, a word or two, And make me love to think on you.

For the Calliopcan.

No. 3. Ecmbles in Canadian Botany.

Tibi illia plenis Ecco ferant nymphae calathis.

JULY is the season when our fields are waving with golden grain —when our wilds are covered with flowers of varied hue, and when the air that we breathe is perfume. Among all the native flowers which bloom in this month, there is none that surpasses the lily. In every age the lily has been a favorited with the prince and the peasant, with the poet and the sage. If has borne a prominent place in the garden of the cottagor and on the escutcheons of royalty; and is deeply interesting to avery Christian, as the flower which our Divine. Master selected to teach a lesson of humble dependance upon the providental case of our heavenly F ther. The East is the "land of the divided to the sebut it does not monopolise these, the fact of the fly she roes;" but it does not monopolise these, the fact of the day. If our woods the sweet scentret roses abound, and off our prime the life we cannot bonst of the Lilium candidum, yet we have the Lilium Philadelphicium, than which no flower more morits the appellation of Milton—" simple in neatness." It is the carliest, the smallest, and the most elegant of our native blies; bearing only a simple flower, on a slender stem. After the L. Philadelphicum, the common L. Canadense and the splendid L. Superbum come into bloom. The last is a majestic plant—a single stem, supporting a number of large, pendent and reflected flowers.

When the sun has set, and nearly all the lovely train have folded up, to guard their little bosoms from the evening dews, the *Enothera Viennis* (Tree-Primrose) suddenly expands its pale yellow flowers and blooms in modest beauty through the night, but when the sun rises with splendor in the East it soon withers away. In some countries this plant is cultivated for its roots, which are either used as olives, or they are boiled and eaten at table. They are said to make wine more agreeable.

By our roadsides the milky Asclepias Syriaca (wild cotton) hangs out its branches of sweet-scented flowers. This cruel plant has the property of detaining small insects; the feet of which get entangled in the anthers of the flowers, and there they remain till they die. The Musca domestica, or common house fly often fails a victim to its treacherous charms. In our sandy fields and on our gravelly hills the splendid As. tuberosa blooms, through the months of July and August. It grows to the height of two and three feet, bearing flat, terminal bunches of bright orange flowers. The roots of this plant are reckourd a valuable medicine for pleurisy and disenses of the lungs. They abound in the stony fields near the Falls of Niagara. The genus As. clepias was named after Æsculapius, the famed physician who lived about the time of the siege of Troy. The Apocynum androsanufoluum (Indiun hemp) now puts forth

The Apocynum androsanufahum (Indian hemp) now puts farth its bell-shaped and pink-colored flowers. These too are flytraps. The smell of honey tempts flies and other insects to enter the bells, but their probose gets fast in their search after nectar, and they in their sweet prison expire. The milky juice of this he Calliopean.

plant, when sufficiently dried, exhibits all the properties of Caoutchouc, or India rubber; and its roots are used as a cure for dispepsia and dropsy. The Apocynum is common, and is in bloom from June to September.

In July the celebrated Frasera Walteri (Columboo root) comes into flower. It is one of the noblest of our Canadian plants, growing from six to eight feet in height. The stem looks like a column of polished ebony, with circles of leaves and green flowers, rising at regular intervals from the bottom, till they terminate in point at the top. The roots of the Frasera are extensively used in medicine, and they are said to be a tonic no way inferior to the Gentiana lutea. The genus of this interesting plant is peculiar to the United States and to Canada.

On the backs of our rivers, and on our rocky wilds the hardy Epilobium Augustipolium (French, or rose hay willow) spreads out its rosy blossoms to the breezes of summer. The genus of this common herb extends from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope, and in no country does the *E. Augustifolium* flourish more than in Lapland. Dr. Clarke says that it there attains a magnificence, compared with which, in other lands it seems but a stunted plant. The same traveller remarks, that it may be called the garland of Lapland. The Kamschatdales are very fond of an intexacting inquor, which is made from some species of it; they also prepare vinegar from it, and eat the young shoots as food. The silky down of its long pods is sometimes mixed with fur or cotton, and made into articles of wearing apparel.

From July to September two remarkable weeds are in flower, -the stately Verbascum thapsus, (Mullein,) and the deadly Datura stramonium, (thorn apple). The Verbascum was famed in the days of superstition as a safeguard against the power of witches, and of the light-footed beings "that rode on the beams of the moon." Its velvety leaves are now used to rub the rheumatic limbs of the aged, and its soft yellow blossoms, when made into tea, are said to ease cramps and coughs, and to induce "balmy sleep." The people of Kent, Eugland, call the Mullein "flannel-flower." and its down has been recommended by some writers for purposes of manufacture. The D. stramonium is re. markable, as the plant which poisoned so many immigrants at Brantford, in the beginning of this summer. It is a large, common and branching plant, emitting a foul, lurid odor, almost as disagreeable as that of the Pothos poetida, or skunk cabbage. The smell of it often produces sickness at the stomach and headache. The flowers are of a white or blueish color, and open about sunset. The fruit is a large, fleshy pericarp, thickly covered with spines. It has four cells filled with seeds, which are extremely poisonous. The whole plant is narcotic, and the roots, when dried and smoked as tobacco, are said to afford relief in cases of spasmodic asthma. The extract of the Datura acts specifically upon the optic nerve, causing a remarkable dilation of the pupil of the eye. It is used by surgeons before operating for cataracts.

In August many plants of the genus Lobeliz are in bloom. The first is the slender L. gracilis, and after it comes the farfamed L. inflata, (wild tobacco) about which so much has been said in the Materia Medicas. Doses of this plant were formerly used by the Indian orators, to clear their heads before engaging in the great councils of their nation. From its effects upon horses, the farmers give it the name of Blobber-weed. The splendid Lobelia cardinalis (cardinal flower) is now abundant by the sides of stagaant creeks and in low swampy ground. Its flowers of bright scarlet, are said to have reminded Lobel, the originator of its name, of the scarlet cloth of Rome, and to have been named from its fanciful resemblance to a cardinal's cap. In similar localities the beautiful L. siphilitica shorts up its long spike of blue blossoms. Nearly the whole species are regarded as poisonous.

Many of the Rudbecknas, which have so long braved the heat of the noonday sun, and adorned our sandy pine forests and plains with their yellow rays and brown discs, are now beginning to fade. They were named in honor of Ohaus Rudbec, an enthusiastic botanist of Sweden, who did of grief, on account of the destruction by fire of a favorite work. called "The Elysian Fields," which he had just finished. During his last days, his son

labored diligently to rewrite it, and it was published in 1702. It was he whe was so well pleased with the flowers of his native land, that he discovered that at least one part of Sweden had certainly been the scene of the original Paradise.

In our gardens the Indian and Chinese Balsamines are now greatly admired, while our Canadian one, Impatians nolitangere, (touch me not) with its bright yellow flowers, and almost translucent stems, is passed by unheeded. In spite of all neglect, it will flourish without the aid of man, till it is cut down by the frosts of September.

Ayr, August, 1848.

PHILANTHOS.

From Dr. Corson's "Loiterings in Luidee." The Collseam by Moonlight.

ONE night or morning I was suddenly awakened by a furious rain, and as it died away, I saw by the light in my window, that there was a small moon. It wis a joyful discovery. I had been repining at my not having made the famous trip to the Coliscum by moonlight some time previously, and I could not remain another month. I sprang eagerly out of bed, and thrust my head out of the window. It was a singular, wild-looking night, presenting the aspect of black clouds fringed with parrow strips of moonshine, and the glimmer of a few stars through the crevices contrasting with the gloom like the light in a picture of Rembrandt; the sort of nocturnal weather in fact that makes one think of child-stories of conjurors and evil spirits-such as one would fancy should have succeeded the storm in which the hero of Burns escaped from the witches. My watch was paralytic; the Roman clocks, with dial plates of twenty four hours, commencing and changing with Ave Maria or twilight, are a complete puzzle to a stranger; and in blissful ignorance of the hour, I hastily equipped, and succeeded in waking the poster. He rubbed his eyes, then stared at me as if to detect insanity, muttered some very significant words about robbers;" as n'io give fair warning, and seeing me resolute, at length unbarred the street-door. Assassinations, though much diminished, are not even yet so rare as they might be in Italy. By our joint calculations it was somewhere between midnight and daylight, and though I knew that since the poet's famous description this moon excursion had become quite fashionable, yet the adventure all alone, at so very late an hour, when I came to reflect upon it, in the cool street, seemed to have about it something of danger as well as romance, and I comforted myself with the companionship of a respectable stick, my tried friend in the Alps. I turned for a moment for one carnest gaze at the Column of Trajan, then by a winding way escaped from the houses of the modern city into a kind of common, surrounded with ruins-the site of the ancient Roman Forum, and passing beneath the Arch of Titus along the edge of the Palatine Hill and the Palace of the Cassars, I presently reached the Arch of Constantine, when just before me, like some immense towering fortress, more impressive in the stillness and gloom of night, was the Coliseum.

By this time the moor shone out, and there remained but a few flitting clouds, that seemed determined to rain, and floating in mid air, like spirits, filled the earth beneath with changing lights and shudows. It seemed more impressive, and less like day than the glare of a full moon in a cloudless sky. I appeal to all poets, and tender people too, if moonlight is not improved by being a little damp? The face of nature, like the human face, is, doubtless, more interesting after weeping.

The world is already familiar with the ordinary daylight description of this wonderful structure, and most are likely aware that it is a slightly oval amplitheatre, more than a hundred and fifty feet high, and estimated to have originally covered about six acres of ground, and to have been furnished with seats to accommodate more than eighty thousand spectators—that it was commenced by Vespasian and finished by Titus, in the latter part of the first century, by the labor of Jewish captives; and that for four succeeding centuries it was the scene of gladiatorial combats, and other bloody spectacles indicative of the taste of a warlike and cruel people. To the modern visitor, one of Ale Calliopedie

its most touching associations arises from the circumstance that it was the spot where Ignatius of Antioch and multitudea of the carly Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts. Majestic as its ruins now are, it is said but about two thirds of the original pile remain. It endured the devistating changes of a fortress in the middle ages, and served as a quarry for several palaces, till about a century since, with a view to its preservation, it was solemnly consecrated by Benedict XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished there. The area is now ornamented with rude representations of the Savior's passion, a pulpit in which a monk occasionally preaches, and a cross in the centre, for each kiss of which an indulgence is promised for two hundred days.

I never felt more vividly the fitness of the midnight hour for lone contemplation. Above, were but the moonlit sky and the silent stars; and around, frowning more grimly in the gloom of midnight, like descried piles in the city of the dead, were some of earth's proudest monuments. How eloquent was that stillness! The watch-dog had forgotten to bay "beyond the Tiber." Not an echo died upon the breeze that whispered plaintively amid the leaves of the ivy and the ilex, and the crumbling arches on the Palatine Hill. The owl had ceased her wai in the buried mansions of Augustus, and the damp vaults of the "golden house" in which Nero had once reveled. Where cohor.s in shining armor had gathered, with their engles proudly waving, and music, and the shouts of assembled nations had rent the air at the elevation of the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, was now not a human voice nor a habitable dwelling.

If with the waving of a hand the spirits of the mighty dead could have been sammoned from their graves to gaze upon the little that remained of what had been once their pride, what a lesson would it have been upon the vanity of human ambition ! Yet who can estimate the sum of mortal agony which these few relics had cost !

The busy fancy conjured up strange phantoms. It needed little effort to fill again the empty seats of the desorted Coliseum with a multitude, rising like a forest on a mountain-side-to picture the tyrant emperor, the Roman guards, the vestal virgins, and the senators in the sumptuous seats, nearest the arena, and the various ranks in their costumes, receding away to the slaves far above-the hush of suspense-the advance of a bearded, tottering old man, just torn from the parting embrace of a venerable matron, and a trembling maiden, and toward whom every eye is directed-the glaring eyes and roar of the hungry heast-the moving of the lips, and the upward look of that meek face, as if in faith he saw the martyr's crown-the terrific bound-the victim guivering beneath the jaws of the furious beast on the sand-the spouting gore, staming the white locks-the demon gaze of the multitude mingled here and there with a compassionate face, in tears, and the cruel, drowning shouts of thousands of heathen voices. It was but an idle dreum. The dimness of night and the silence of desolation were again around me. I heard but my breath and the beating of my own excited heart.

Both my imagination and my feet had traveled a good distance for so late or early an hour, and I naturally began to think of returning. Walking round to the side of the Coliscum, toward the Arch of Constantine, and casually looking homeward, I perceived a real human being, that was no optical illusion, making directly toward me, in the shape of a tall figure that, with a little feeding, would have done for the English horse-guards. He wore a cloak and slouched hat, fit for a representation of Guy Fawkes, or the picture of an assassin, and was dressed inferiorly in white (a discovery for painters), which with advancing steps, by moonlight, was particularly effective. I then recollected the porter's warning, and determined to sound his intentions by taking a little circuit. He closely followed. Just as I began to think seriously of showing my defenses, and demanding explanations, unexpectedly I stumbled upon one of the pope's sentrics, whom I succeeded in puzzling with bad Italian till my interesting, and possibly harmless, follower had passed. Presently day began to oreak, and I returned to my hotel.

Let us retrace the route by day, and notice some of the objects a iittle more leisurely. The Column of Trajan stands in an excavated square, amid the bases of the broken columns of t Forum of Trajan; and in the series of delicately-sculpture figures, winding spirally from the bottom to the top, and, in ger eral appearance, somewhat resembles the bronze imitation honor of Napoleon in the place Vendôme. Originally it su tained a colossal statue of Trajan, bearing his ashes in a ball, e the height of about one hundred and thirty feet. It was built b the celebrated Appollodorus, of white marble, at the commence ment of the second century. Perhaps, on the whole, no monu ment of the kind in the world is more interesting or beautiful In exquisite and wonderfully-preserved bas-relief, it exhibit more than two thousand figures of persons, the custume of va rious conditions, houses, armor, fortifications, and other devices illustrative of ancient manners and customs, and embodying an epitame of the life of the hero. First is the crossing of the Danube upon a bride of boats, then follow the battles, storming of fortresses, the emperor addressing his troops, the reception of supplicating ambassadors, and leading incidents of the Davian

Then, as you advance toward the Coliscum, partially weiged in between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, is the site of the Roman Forum, with three solitary upright Corinthian pillars, relics of the Temple of Saturn, the adjacent Arch of Septimus Severus, and the eight granile columns romaining of the Temple of Vespasian. Presently you are abreast of the Palatine, covered with irregular mounds, with here and there, broken archies an I masses of brickwork peering through the turf and vines, in the excavations beneath which the visitor is still shown damp vaults, and dark mouldering chambers, the remains of the Iuxurious baths and sumptious halls of the Palace of the Casars.

Hard by is the finest of the triumphal arches—that created in honor of Titus, and commemorative of the conquest of Jerusa lem. As directly corroborating Holy Writ, it is deeply interest ing. Beneath the arch, on one side, is still seen a procession in bas-relief, bearing the seven branched candlestick, the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the spoils of the Tomple, corresponding exactly with the description of Josephus, and farm ing the only authentic representation of these sacred utensity now remaining.

Nearer the Coliseum, and more imposing in size than the others, is the Arch of Constantine, exhibiting evidences of the plunder of a monument to Trajan, and the greatly-degenerated sculpture of two centuries later.

Happening to be exploring in this direction one morning just after sunrise, I went on past the Coliseum to see the Santa Scalaor Holy Stairs. They consist of a flight of some twenty-eight marble steps, the same, according to the Catholic tradition, upon which the Savior descended from the judgment seat of Pilate. So reverently are they regarded, that they are preserved with great caro in a fine porch close to the Church of St. John Lutheran, and none are allowed to ascend them but penitents on their knees. To protect the stone from being worn away by the multitudes who seek to undergo this penance it has been necessary, it is said, to cover the steps some three times with consecrated wood.

Three or four devotees made the ascent during the few minutes of my early visit. I shall never forget the appearance of one of their number, a pale, sickly-looking monk. More earn! estly than the rest he seemed to linger with his lips in the dust; and kiss fervently, one by one, every step till he slowly crawled to the top. His face had a haggard, wild expression of entities siasm, such as one might almost fancy in a pilgrim of the Ganges and his frame appeared wasted to a skeleton, as if by night watching and self-imposed suffering. I looked on, with the na-tural incredulousness of one of another faith; but I felt no disposition to ridicule. There seemed more cause to nity than to ridicule. The Searcher of hearts only knows how many of the misguided are sincere. I frankly confess there is to me some. thing solemn and touching in every seeming attempt of erring humanity to propitinte its God that compels me to treat it with decent respect. The pains which the distracted spirit may even blindly inflict upon its fleshy tellement, in its yearnings for a happier world, are at least signs of the instinct of its own immortality.

For the Calliopean. The Ferewell of the Zephyr.

BRETAREN, 't is time that we hurry away, For the winter king cometh in pearly array; The green leaves are falling from forest and bough ; The streamlet I love must be manacled now ; Yot, ore I go ye shall list to my plea-I've traversed the mountain, the land, the sea; And loved ones are sorrowing-sadness reigns here, Let us go to a clime where falleth no tear.

One dewy morning I left my cool cave To roam where the branch of the tall trees wave, I found out a spot, where the prospect was fair, But the sadness of sorrow was reigning there-The loveliest that walked with the daughters of men, The last prop of the household was dying then I told her when winter should blow o'er the main, In a land that was fairer, we'd incet again.

I have lifted the mane of the warrior's steed ; I looked on the scene, when the bright day was freed ; 'Twas the night ere the battle-a tall form bowed On the turf, which at day.dawn might be his shroud. Thus, softly and slowly up rose his prayer, As I presed through the locks of his raven hair-"God, be this night with my beautiful bride,

And the bright oyed boy that kneels by her side !

God, keep them safe from the tempest's power, As choicest plants in a sheltered bower." I passed away-I was there again, When the sun was bright on the battle plain : The sabres were broke as the gossamer's thread ; The stillness that reigned spake but of the dead ; Life's streams mingled freely with locks so fair ; The stricken in battle, the warrior lay there.

I have breathed with joy on the filling sail, As I went with the breath of the flowery vale-The sailor hath blessed me, as onward I bore The fregrance which came from a distant shore-I've carried the song of the fresh May flowers On my fairy wings from their sylvan bowers-I've been a sweet hope to the men of the sea; The tears of the sailor are hallowed by me.

1 have tarried long in the groves of spice ; I have made my home with ungathered rice; I have smiled when the ruses their tendrils raise ; I've cherished the hues of the ripened maize : But I'm weary of earth ; let us go for awhile To a land where the summer doth ever smile. Children of men, I shall leave each dell Where we've wandered so often-one last farewell-Shall I weep for the day that was once so blue 7 I am going to a fairer one-carih adieu!

Hamilton, September 18, 1848.

HARRISTT ANNIE.

For the Callionean. EMILY MORTON;

Or a Tasts for Embroidery. "Emity dear, do put aside that embroidery ; I am sure you are

injuring yourself by sitting so constantly; put it aside, and get your bonnet und gloves for a walk." " Oh, dear papa, do not esk me ; you know it would give me

great pleasure to oblige you; but really I cannot leave this work just now-the pattern is hired, and is very expensive; besides, Mrs. Barton wished it returned as soon as possible, because there is a lady waiting for it."

At that moment the servant came to say, that Mrs. Hall and hor niece waited to see her in the drawing room. Emily threw down her wools. flosses, etc., and half rose from the frame, but suddenly recollecting herself, she said, "tall them to walk in this way; I am sure they will excuse me when they know my hurry.

"Dear Mrs. Hall, I am so glad to see you, and Susan also; but I begyou will pardon me for bringing you into the breakfast parlor, and introducing you to my work; I knew your kindness or 1 should not have presumed."

Mrs. Hall assured her she was very pardonable, &c.; saying that she would prefer coming into the family room, as she had a little business which she could thus transact without trespassing upon her young friend's time and patience, both which were probably in good requisition, if she could judge from the character of her employment.

"Oh, Aunt !" exclaimed Susan, "do examine this screen; is it not beautiful ? Miss Morton, you must be the most industrious creature in the world; I never saw any person accomplish half as much embroidery, and with such exquisite taste. When you have completed this your drawing-room will be superb."

" Pray, young lady, do not compliment her," said Mr. Morton, half laughing, "or she, like a silk-worm, will work herself up into a ball of embroidery, and die.'

"Well. Mr. Morton, jesting aside, Emily is looking very pale and meagre; is not her health exceedingly delicate?

' Oh yes, she was obliged to leave school on account of feeble health, and I fear she is not improving much. She is afflicted with a constant pain in her side and shoulder, frequently attend. ed with a head iche."

"Has she had medical advice ?"

"She had while at school, and her adviser ordered her immediate removal, saying that the confinement was too great, and would lead to serious results if continued."

"This reminds me-the business on which I came is to enquire concerning that school, as I had thoughts of placing Susan there.'

"Mrs. Hall, do not I beseech you, if you value her life and health; it came near ruining me, and indeed I fear I shall never entiroly recover my strongth and spirits," interrupted Emily, for one moment raising her eyes and bowed shoulders from the frame of her screen-

"I am very sorry to hear this statement," returned Mrs. Hall; "but shall I impose too irksome a task, by requesting a short detail of the regulations and routine of the academy ?"

"O, not at ali," said Emily.

"In the first place, they of course keep regular hours-at what time do they rise and retire ?"

"They rise at five and retiro between nine and ten."

"Very good hours, I should think ; did you not find them so?" "Quite the contrary, I assure ; as sometimes I found the time for sleep not sufficient, and at others, too long; I like to do as I please in such matters."

"Most natural !" said Mrs. Hall smiling; "undoubtedly you would, and in so doing would have made strange proficiency in your studies. Your meals?"

"We breakfusted at seven, dined at twelve, and took tea at six."

" Very rational hours, with just a proper length of time between. How many hours were devoted to study and recitations each day ?"

" Nine."

" And had you stated times for exercise ?"

"Oh yes, we had to walk in the morning, and play in the yard for an hour in the afternoon."

"Why that is perhaps as much exercise as you take at home."

"It is more, and I could not take so much there. I used often to get excused when I had the Leadache, which was indeed nearly all the time."

"I I' uk you did wrong, and should imagine you found your recess hours very dull, while the rest were all out at play."

"By no means; that was almost the only time I found to work at my embroidery; and I would then have to lock my door. lest some one should see me and tell a teacher."

" They were then opposed to your incessant needle plying ?" " I think they were very tyrannical about it-they would not allow us to work in study hours, or during exercise hours, and there was no other time, as we could not sit up at night."

"I can fancy your distress, Emily, being so well acquainted with your mania for wools, beads, flosses, &c., and do not wonder that under the circumstances you became homesick; but can you tell me how it was that the confinement affected your health so prejudicially? Had you many studies?"

"No; I had only two bosides music, reading and writing they would not allow mo to take any more. But the rostrictions depressed my spirits so much, that I was uninappy, and that injured my heatth."

Mrs. Hall gazed for a moment at the wan visage and shrunken form before her, then turning to her futher, she said, "suffer me, sir, to expostulate a moment with you on the course your daughter is pursuing. She is ont among many of the daughters of our land, who are sacrificing intellect, domestic usefulness, and above all, health, to a passion for embroidery. I would not object to ladics employing their needles in making small fancy articles; indeed I prize no memento more highly than a tastefu bit of needlework ; but when it is carried to such an extent as in the present case, it cannot fall much short of being sin. From your daughter's mouth, in your presence, I have convicted her of being her own destroyer; and in regard to the school, which bears the odium of having injured her health, I am so well satisfied of its merits, that I shall send Susan there so soon as she can be prepared. Had Emily obeyed those rules of which she complains, and continued in the practice of them, she would not have that pain in her side, or that distressing headache; and she should not murmur at the confinement, while she constantly refused to embrace the opportunities provided for fresh air and exercise--it is hard thus to censure regulations which were never observed. I beg you will not take offence at my plain. ness, as my only motive for speaking thus warmly is my interest in your motherless daughter, and a dislike to hear good blamed as evil, and evil represented as good."

"I see it, Mrs. Hall, I see it now," exclaimed Mr. Morton; "while you, lawyer-like, were drawing the evidence for her own condemnation from Emily's lips, the truth was breaking in upon me. Why, what have I been thinking of, to allow her to sit for weeks, yes, months, over a frame, like some poor factory girl, until she has really assumed the appearance and spirits of one. She has embroidered a whole set of chairs for the drawingroom, a large arm chair to match them, besides ottomans, satin pieces, lamp mats, screens, &c. Oh! it is wretched; but I hope it is not too late to open my eyes, and she shall immediately change her course."

"I am very happy to hear this assurance, and, as I have already outstayed my time. I must wish you good morning."

When Mrs. Hall was gone Mr. Morton turned to Emily, saying, "Are you not convinced that you are destroying your health and pleasure by this foolish predilection ?"

"Not at all, papa : Mrs. Hall is such a whimsical person— I wish she would let me alone."

"I dare say she will, my dear, and you shall let fancy work alone; if you will not listen to reason, you *must* to authority; and I desire you to put on your bonnet, and come with me for a walk, with this understanding, that you shall not work on that piece more than two hours a day, and when it is completed it shall never be succeeded by another, while you are under my charge."

Emily rose, as she was bidden, and went out of the room with tears in her eyes. The moment she was beyond the door, bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, she exclaimed, "What shall I do. I know papa with be as he has said; what shall I do! that hateful Mrs. Hall."

THE NUTMEG TREE AND FRUIT.—The nutmeg tree is very beautiful, and grows abundantly in the East Indies. The leaves have a very fragrant smell, as well as the fruit, which is about the size of a nectarine, and consists of three coat.—the first a fleshy pulp; the second, a colored membrane, which is the spice colled mace; and the third, a shell, containing within it the nutmeg, which is the seed of the plant. In India the nutmeg.fruit, preserved entire, is introduced with tea, but the pulp and mace only are eaten.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

VISIT TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY WILLIAM NOWITT.

[As materials for a regular sketch of the lives of ominent literary ladies, at present living, cannot be obtained, we shall henceforth give such notices of them as we may meet with in the Reviews, &c.-ED.]

I FOUND the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Lovell Edgeworth; Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Edgeworth, and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the wife of the Frank of Miss Edgeworth's take.

Mrs. Edgeworth, a very agreeable and intelligent woman, surprised me by her comparative youth as the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father. She appeared not much more than forty, while Miss Edgeworth must be nearly twice that age. So far as age goes, it would have appeared quite in order, if that had been reversed, and Miss Edgeworth had stood as mother, and Mrs. Edgeworth as the daughter-m-law. Till that moment, I was not aware that Miss Edgeworth resided with her mother. in-law, but imagined her the occupant of the family mansion. I soon found, however, that Mrs Edgeworth was the head of the establishment, and that Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Francis Edgeworth a Spanish lady, lively, intelligent, and frank in her manners, surrounded by a troop of charming children, appeared as thoroughly familiar with English literature as if she had spent all her life in Great Britain.

My first impession of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age. We read books and imagine their authors always young; but time is never so forgetful. He bears along with him authors as well as other people. They may put their works but not themselves into new editions in this world. Miss Edgeworth must, in fact, stand now nearly, if not quite, af the head of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve; but this in a few minutes quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score year in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidnss and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humor, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversa. When I entered, the two other ladies were writing at the tion. library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire. The room was a large room, supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons; and Miss Edgeworth handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author; requesting me to place a written translution under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

She then volunteered to show me the gardens and grounds : and this remarkable woman speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. Mrs. Francis soon joined us, and we went the whole circuit of the park, which as I have already said, is a mile. Not far from the house near the foot path, and beneath the trees I observed an urn placed upon a pedestal, and inscribed,

" To Honora, 1780."

Honora Sneyd, the lady affanced to the unfortunate Mayor Andre, but afterwards married to Mr Lovel Edgeworth.

We then went into the gardens. The ladies appear to dig and delve a good deal in them themselves. Muss Edgeworth said she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. The bog-plants appeared wonderfully flourishing, and yet no wonder, when we consider that the whole country is a bog, and that they can supply their beds at no expense. The Calliopean.

In onr round we came to a little secluded garden, which Irs. Francis told the they had laid out for her, and her chilfiren, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath. It was very retired and pretty. Miss Edgeworth made some inquiries after a gentleman not far from London, and asked mo if I know him, to which I replied, that my only intercourse with him had been a correspondence about a gardener who offered himself to me, and referred to this gentleman as his for-That on asking the man why he had left, he mor employer. said that it was onlirely because this gentleman and himself could not agree on the true manner of cultivating a certain rose. That both master and himself were great rose fanciers, and each thought he knew best how to grow them. That in most cases he acknowledged his master's shull and knowledge, but that in this instance he could not. He believed himself right, and his master wrong; and that they grew so warm respecting it, that he gave his master notice to quit, rather than be compelled to murder, as he called it, a fine and unique rose, by an impropor mode of treatment. That on referring to the gentleman, he confirmed the account in all its particulars, giving the man a most excellent character, both as a man and a gardener, but so obstinate about this one rose, that he threw up his place, a martyr to his system of science, the master having become as obstinate from opposition to a favorito whim, as to let him do it !

This story infinitely diverted Miss Edgeworth, and seeing Mrs. Edgeworth at a distance she called her to hear it.

On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. Mr. Edgeworth seemed particularly to admire Wordsworth, Southey, Colendge, Shelley, and Keats, and thought Keats had never yet had justice done him. In this we agreed, and indeed in most of the sentiments expressed; Mr. Edgeworth, being liberal in politics as well as in poetry. The ladies as well as Mr. Edgeworth, expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had failen into the error which has been very common. especially in America, of supposing William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife.

We do not intend line to enter into any remarks on the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which are sufficiently well known to all readers, but there is one characteristic of them which has naturally excited much wonder, and that is, that in none of them does she introduce the subject of religion, but confines herself to morals and their influence. We have been told, and we believe on good authority, the origin of this. Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise to him never to write in favor of religion if he would never write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact. and the fact of its existence may explain what to so many has been a source of surprise. Whilst she may thus have rendered a service to religion, in her opinion, by guarding it from what she might deem a formidable attack, she has rendered preeminent service to her country by portraying its wants and characteristic failings, and rousing a spirit of patriotism in the breasts of her countrymen. Long before any other writers of her country she made domestic fictions the vehicle of great and necessary truths, and at the present moment, after so many have followed in her steps, she again agreeably surprises us by her new volume for the young, displaying in her Orlandino a vigor that seems to bid.defianco to years.

In conversing with Miss Edgeworth on the condition and prospects of Ireland, I was somewhat surprised to hear her advocate the *laissez faire* system. She contended that Ireland was steadily progressing, and would do very well if people would not force their political nostrums upon her. She described the advance in the condition of the country and the people in her time, as most striking. What must it have been then ? Of course, she would have an equality of legislation for the whole kingdom, and that in fact includes almost everything. Ireland herself would rise from her present misery and degradation with that advantagn; yet it would be slowly, for length of time for recovery must be in some proportion to the length and force of the infliction. With present justice, there requires a grand compensation for the past, by a kindly but fair application of evory means that can employ the people, especially in the cultivation of the land.

How it Strikes a Stranger.

BY JANE LATLOR.

In a remote period of antiquity, when the marvollous obtained a readier credence than now, it was fabled that a stranger of extraordinary appearance was observed pacing the streets of one of the magnificent cities of the East, remarking with an eye of intelligent curiosity, every surrounding object Several indivi. duals gathering round him, questioned him concerning his country and his business ; but they presently perceived that he was unacquainted with their language, and he soon discovered him. self to be equally ignorant of the most common usages of society. At the same time the dignity and intelligence of his air and demeanour forbade the idea of his being either a barbarian or a When at length he understood by their signs they wish. lunatic. ed to be informed whence he came, he pointed with great significance to the sky ; upon which the crowd, concluding him to be one of their deities, were proceeding to pay him divine honour; but he no sooner comprehended their design, than he rejected it with horror; and bending his knees in the attitude of prayer, gave them to understand that he also was a worshipper of the powers above.

After a time, it is said that the mysterious stranger accepted the hospitalities of one of the nobles of the city; under whose rcof he applied himself with great diligence to the acquirement of the language, in which he made such surprising proficiency, that in a few days he was able to hold intelligent intercourse with those around him. The noble host now resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying his curiosity respecting the country and quality of his guest; and, upon his expressing this desire, the stranger assured him that he would answer his inquiri. es that evening after sunset. Accordingly, as night approached, he led him forth upon the balconies of the palace which overlooked the wealthy and populous city. Innumerable lights from its busy streets and splendid palaces were now reflected in the dark bosom of its noble river, where stately vessels laden with rich merchandise from all parts of the known world, lay anchored in the port. This was a city in which the voice of the harp and of the viol, and the sound of the millstone, were continually heard; and craftsmen of all kinds of craft were there; and the light of a candle was seen in every dwelling; and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride were heard there. The stranger mused a while upon the glittering scene, and listened to the confused murmur of mingling sounds. Then suddenly raising his eyes to the starry firmament, he fixed them with an expressive gaze upon the beautiful evening star. " Marvel not," said he to his Lost, "that I gaze with fond affection on yonder silvery star. That was my home; yes. I was lately an inhabitant of that tranquil planet; from whence a vain curiosity has tempted me to wander; often had I beheld with admiration this brilliant world of yours, ever one of the brightest gems of our firmament ; and the ardent desire I had long felt to knew something of its condition was at length unexpectedly gratified. I received permission and power from above to traverse the mighty void, and to direct my course to this distant sphere. To that permission, however, one condition was annexed, to which my cagerness for the enterprise induced me hastily to consent; namely, that I must thenceforth remain an inhabitant of this strange earth, and undergo all the vicissitudes to which its natives are subject. Tell me, therefore, I pray you, what is the lot of man; and explain to me more fully than I yet understand, all that I hear and see ound me."

"Truly, sir," replied the astonished noble, "although I am altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs, products and privileges of your country, yet, methinks I cannot but congratulate you on your arrival in our world, especially since it has been your good fortune to alight on a part of it affording such various sources of enjoyment as this our opulent and luxurious city; and be assured, it will be my pride and pleasure to introduce you to all that is most worthy the attention of such a distinguished foreigner."

Our adventurer, accordingly, was presently initiated in those arts of luxury and pleasure which were there well understood. He was introduced, by his obliging host, to their public games and festivals, to their theatrical diversions and convivial assemblies; and he was just beginning to be in some measure reconciled to the manners and customs of our planet, strangely as they differed from those of his own, when an incident occurred which gave an entirley new direction to his energies.

It was but a few weeks after his arrival on our earth, when walking in the cool of the day with his friend in the outskirts of the city, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a spacious onclosure near which they passed. He inquired the use to which it was appropriated.

"It is," replied the nobleman, " a place of public interment."

"I do not understand you," said the stranger. "It is the place," repeated his friend, "where we bury our dead."

" Excuse me, sir," replied his companion with some embarrussment, "I must trouble you to expain yourself yet further."

The nobleman repeated the information in still plainer terms. "I am still at a loss to comprehend you perfectly," said the stranger, turning deadly pale. "This must relate to something of which I was not only totally ignorant in my own world, but of which I have as yet had no intimation in yonrs. I pray you, therefore, to satisfy my curiosity; for, if I have any clue to your meaning, this surely is a matter of more mighty concerment than any to which you have hitherto directed me.

"My good friend," replied the nobleman, "you must be indeed a novice amongst us, if you have yet to learn, that we must all, sooner or later, submit to take our place in these dismal abodes; nor will I deny that it is one of the least desirable of the circumstances which appertain to our condition; for which reason it is a matter rarely referred to in polished society; and this accounts for your being hitherto uninformed on the subject. But truly, sir, if the inhabitants of the place whence you came are not liable to any similar misfortune, I advise you to betake yourself back again with all speed ; for be assured there is no escape here; nor could I guarrantee your safety for a single hour."

"Alas!" replied the adventurer, "I must submit to the conditions of my enterprise, of which, till now, I little understood the import. But explain to me, I beseech you, something of the nature and consequences of this wondrous metamorphosis, and tell me at what period it most commonly happens to man."

While he thus spoke his voice faltered, and his whole frame shook violently; his countenance was pale as death, and a cold dew stood in large drops upon his forehead.

His companion finding the discourse becoming more serious than was agreeable, declared that he must refer him to the priests for further information, this subject being very much out of his province.

"How !" exclaimed the stranger, " then I cannot have understood you :---do the priests only die ?--are you not to die also ?"

His friend, evading these questions, hastily conducted his importunate companion to one of their magnificent temples, where he gladly consigned him to the instructions of the priesthood.

The emotion which the stranger had betrayed, when he received the first idea of death, was yet slight, in comparison with that which he experienced as soon as he gathered from the discourses of the priests, some notion of immortality and of the alternative of happiness or misery, in a future state. But this agony of mind was exchanged for transport, when he learned that, by the performance of certain conditions before death, the state of happiness might be secured. His cagerness to learn the nature of these terms excited the surprise and even the con-tempt of his sacred teachers. They advised him to remain satisfied for the present with the instructions he had received,

and to defer the remainder of the discussion till the morrow. "How !" exclaimed the novice, "say you not death may come at any hour ?---may it not then come this hour?---and what If it should come before I have performed these conditions! Oh ! withhold not this excellent knowledge from me a single mo. ment !"

The priests then proceeded to explain their Theology to their attentive auditor; but who shall describe the ecstacy of his happiness, when he was given to understand that the required conditions were, generally, of easy and pleasant performance; and that the occasional difficulties or inconveniences which might attend them, would entirely cease with the short term of his earthly existence 1

From that period, continues the legend, the stranger devoted himself to the performance of those conditions, on which, he was told, his future welfare depended. If over he was tempted for a moment to violate any of the conditions of his future hap-piness, he bewailed his own madness with agonising emotions; and to all the invitations he received from others to do any thing inconsistent with his real interests, he had but one answer,--" Oh !" he would say, " I am to die !--I am to die !"

The Gray Forest Bagle.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

TIME whirls round his circle, his years roll away, But the Gray Forest Eagle minds attle his sway The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom, Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds ago and a tomb; But the engle's eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd, Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud ! The green tiny pine shrub points up from the moss, The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across; The beechnut down dropping would crush it beneath, But 'tis warm'd with heaven's sunshine and fann'd by its breath; The seasons fly past it, its head is on high, Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky; On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates, And the deer from his antlers the volvet down grates : Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare, Till it rocks in the soft breezo, and crashes to earth, Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth. The cagle has seen it up strugging to sight, He has econ it defying the storm in its might, Then prostrate, soil blended, with plants sprouting o'er, But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore. His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd, Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud ! He has seen from his cyrie the forest below, In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow, The thickets, deep welf-lairs, the high crag his throne, And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own. He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades, And the smoke of his wigwams curl'd thick in the glades; He has seen the proud forest melt breath like away, And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day: He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair, And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air; And his shrick is now answer'd, while sweeping along, By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song; He has seen the wild red man swept off by his foes, And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose; But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd, Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud ! An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high, Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky ! It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth-By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth; There, rock'd by the whirlwind, haptized in the foam, It's guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home !

WHEN the interesting bird, named from its cry the corncrake, is alarmed, it has the instinct, in common with other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought him by his dog; it was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground he turned it over with his foot; he was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, some time in silence, he suddenly saw it open one eye. He then took it up, its head fell, its legs hung down, it appeared again totally dead. He then put it into his pocket, and before very long, he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape; he took it out, it was lifeless as before. He then laid it on the ground, and retired to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed.-E. G. Ballard.

The Calliovean.

Our Library.

Nos. 18 & 19.

"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson."

The nerrative of a residence in Canada, by so celebrated a writer on Mrs-Jamoson, cannot iail to be full of interest to every Canadian reader, especially as it took place ten or fifteen years ago, when travelers found a strong bad roads, stronge customs, and raw but with emigranis, that they had acaree need of anything else to fill up their volumes with romatic alventures. The changes which have taken place, even in the short time, are indeed very striking, and it gives a new interest to the work to mark the contrast between Canada as it was when she described it, and as it is at present. Her descriptions are lively, with here and there the history of sime hardy settler, or amusing adventures incidental to travelling in an almost unculturated country. As she was connected with the government (being the lady of the Vice Chancelor) she had the best opportunities of gaining information with regard to the country, and her remarks upon political measures and the condition of Canada display much discernment.

Much of the work is also taken up with thoughts on various literary subjects, which happened to engage her attention at the time; especially on German literature, which scens to have been her chief study at this period.

A long and romantic tour on the Upper Lakes, with few companions beside the wild Indians, concerning whom she gives a good deal of information, occupies the principal part of the second volume.

The following is her description of Hamilton-

"Hamilton is the capital of the Gore District, and one of the most flourishing places in Upper Canada. It is situated at the extreme point of Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario, with a population, annually increasing, of about three thousand. The town is about a mile from the lake shore, a space which, in the course of time, will probably be covered with buildings. I understand that seventeen thousand bushels of wheat were ship. ped here in one month. There is a bank here, a court-house and jail looking unfinished, and the commencement of a public reading-room and literary society, of which I cannot speak from my knowledge, and which appears as yet in embryo. Some of the linen-drapers' shops, called hore clothing stores, and the grocery stores, or shops for all the descriptions of imported morchandise, made a very good appearance; and there was an air of business, and bustle, and animation about the place which pleased me. I saw no bookseller's shop, but a few books on the shelves of a grocery store, of the most common and coarse de. scription.'

Her remarks on the Railroad between Hamilton and Lake Huron, which was oven then proposed, are as follows---

"They have projected a railroad from Hamilton westward turough the London and Western Districts—certainly one of the grandest and most useful undertakings in the world—in this world, I mean. The want of a line of road, of an accessible market for agricultural produce, keeps this magnificant country poor and ignorant in the midst of unequal capabilities. If the formation of the Rideau Canal, in the eastern districts (connecting Lake Ontario with the Ottawa river.) has, in spite of many disadvantages in the soil and locality, brought that part of the province so far in advance of the rest, in population, wealth, and intelligence—what would not a railroad do for them here, where the need is at least as great—the resources, natural and accidental, much superior—and the prospect of advantage, in every point of view, infinitely more promising?

Under all disadvantages, this part of the province has been the usual route for emigrants to the Western States of the Union; for, as you will perceive by a glance at the map, it is the shortest road, to Michigan and the Illinois by some hundreds of miles. If there were but a rathroad, opening a direct communication through the principal settlements between Hamilton on Lake O dario and Sandwich at the head of Lake Erie, there is no calculating the advantages that must arise from it—even immediate advantage; but "want of capital." as I hear all around me—and they might add want of energy, want of every thing needful, besides money—the one thing most needful—are likely to defer the completion of this magnificent plan for many years. I wonder some of our great speculators and monied man in England de not speculate here, instead of send, ing their money to the United States ;—or rather I do not wonder, seeing what I see. But I wish that the government would do something to remove the almost universal impression that this province is regarded by the powers at home with distrust and indifference—something to produce mor confidence in public measures, without which there can be no erterprise, no prosperity, no radioads. What that semething is, being no politician nor political economist like Harriet Martinea, I cannot point out, nor even conjecture. I have just sonse enough to see, to feel, that something must be done—that the necessity speaks in every form all around me.

She speaks trequently and elequently on two conditions and rights of her own sex. She looks for their elevation to the right source—a better education, which will train their minds, and fit them for all the emergencies of hfs. On this subject she remarks—

"Coloridge, who has said and written the most beautiful, the most tender, the most reverential things of women-who understands better than any man, any poet, what I will call the metaphysics of love-Coloridge, as you will remember, has assorted that the perfection of a woman's character is to be characterless. "Every man," said he, " would like to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife." No doubt; the sentiment is truly a masculine one ?" and what was their fate ? What would now be the fate of such unresisting and confiding angels ? Is this the age of Arcadia ? Do we live among Paladins and Sir Charles Grandisons, and are our weakness, an our innocence, and our ignorance, safeguards-or suarcs? Do we indeed find our account in being

" Fino by defect, and beautifully weak ?"

No, no; women need-in these times character beyond overy thing zise; the qualities which will enable them to endure and to resist evil; the self-governed, the cultivated, active mind, to protect and to maintain ourselves. How many wrotelved women marry for a maintenance! How many unmarried women hv. in heart-wearing dependence; if poor, in solitary penury, loveless, joyless, unendeared; if rich, in aimless, pitiful trifting ! How many, strange to say, marry for the independence they dare not otherwise claim ! But the more paths opened to us, the less fear that we should go astray.

Surely it is dangerous, it is wicked, in these days, to follow the old saw, to bring up women to be "happy wives and mothers;" that is to say, let all her accomplishments, her sentiments, her views of hile, take one direction, as if for women there existed only one destiny—one hope, one blessing, one object, one passion in existence, some people say it ought to be so, but we know that it is not so; we know that hundreds, that thousands of women are not happy wives and mothers—are never either wives or mothers at all. The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness."

BURLINGTON LADIES, AGADEMY.

THE WINTERSESSION, will commence on THURSDAY, the FIFTH day of OCTOBER, 1848.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments. For full information, attention is invited to the Academy Circular, which

may be obtained on application to the Principal. The Academy Building is situated in a pleasant part of the cuy, 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 Gontlemen from abrad, at their convenience, to visit the Institution.

Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

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

168