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# THE CALLIOPEAN

Volume I.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Wednesday, May 24, 1848.

Number 13.

## THE SOUL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,  
 Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;  
 Though darkened in this poor life by a veil  
 Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play  
 In truth's eternal sunbeams: on the way  
 To heaven's high capital our car shall roll;  
 The temple of power whom all obey,  
 That is the mark we tend to, for the soul  
 Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel  
 The spirit has its energies untamed  
 By all its fatal wanderings; Time may heal  
 The wounds which it has suffered; Folly claimed  
 Too large a portion of our youth; ashamed  
 Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,  
 And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed  
 Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,  
 Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky!

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,  
 Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled  
 The spirit, whose strong influence can free  
 The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,  
 Cold night of moral darkness; from the bed  
 Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,  
 And kindling in the blaze around him shed,  
 Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall,  
 And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, his all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep  
 And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then  
 Th' awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap  
 To life, and energy, and light again:  
 We cannot slumber always in the den  
 Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,  
 Ere we forever leave the haunts of men:  
 Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,  
 Nor like a senseless brute its unknown journey take.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

Read at the Annual Review.

## CANADA.

"Hail to the land whereon we tread,  
 Our fondest boast!"

COULD the ancient lords of the forest look upon the land, where once they roamed, free as the winds, they could not recognise in our cultivated fields, populous towns, and crowded streets, the hunting grounds of their fathers. Where once rang their war-whoop, and where were scattered their wigwams, they could hardly be convinced the red man's foot had ever trod.

Canada was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, an Italian, who sailed under Henry VII. The English monarch did not think proper to make any use of this discovery. The French, however, availing themselves of the information afforded by Cabot's voyage, after various unsuccessful endeavors, finally established a colony in 1608. The country was conquered by the British in 1759, and in 1763 was ceded, by the treaty of Paris, to that nation, under whose sway, notwithstanding the repeated attempts to wrest it from the crown, it has since continued. Till 1841 it existed as two distinct provinces. The united province contains 340,000 square miles—nearly three times the area of Great Britain—a fact, which in itself considered, redeems our country from insignificance; yea more—inspires a glow of high-toned patriotic feeling.

From "its watery boundary on the south and east, to the utmost verge of its immense forests on the north and west," it abounds in charming and romantic scenery; "amidst the variety and grandeur of which the imagination wanders and loses itself." Indeed, in no part of the universe has nature more abundantly spread her charms. Its lakes and rivers, while they must ever excite the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful, supply facilities for the promotion of commerce; thus causing a more intimate union between the various parts. In speaking of the magnitude of her lakes and rivers, a certain writer has remarked, "it looks as if the great Pacific had burst the bounds prescribed for it; forced a channel across this great continent, and was emptying itself into the Atlantic—converting every valley in its uncontrollable course into an inland sea; for some of the lakes are equal, whilst others are superior, in superficial contents, to the whole of the island of Great Britain; and fancying now, such to be their source, the wonder would yet be, that they still flow on unexhausted and inexhaustible."

Nor are her towering forests wanting in charms of attraction. They are remarkable for the purity and richness of their foliage; the rich hues of green being changed in autumn, to the most brilliant colors; and to use the language of another, "giving our autumnal forest scenery a gaiety, variety, and splendor of coloring, which the wildest fancy could scarcely surpass." The forest trees, as if impelled by some motive of emulation, tower aloft, almost to the clouds, and with their branches intertwined overhead, form, as it were, a mighty temple.

Flowers of rich tints and delicate shades are plentifully scattered over this highly favored portion of the globe, diffusing their fragrance alike upon the slumbering air of the forest wild, the mountain breeze, and valley zephyr.

Fruits too, of various kinds and delicious flavors, are produced in this smiling country, so that her inhabitants need not sigh for the vineyards and orange groves of southern climes.

Birds of rare plumage and sweet song, flit among her groves; and let us wander where we will, we are enraptured by some new and charming landscape. There we behold some magnificent work, fashioned by the all-forming hand of God, which expands and fills the mind with awe, and, rising above the things of earth,

"We climb the heights of yonder starry road,  
Rising through nature up to nature's God."

Here we are delighted by the contemplation of some softer scene, blending beauty with harmony, and tending to soothe and tranquilize the mind.

As the climax of this world's sublimities, Canada presents her stupendous cataract, "a mass of wonders tossed from the hand of the Almighty, to mock the folly and vanity of man." "The light showers of ever continued spring—wetting the rocks, the grass, bushes, and trees—the green fresh foliage crowning and clustering about the rocky cliffs; and the gently eddying waters below, but slightly removed from the boiling foaming surge; laving playfully, the rocky edges of the shore, and murmuring softly, as they ever again kiss the foot of the bank, and the tips of long grass hanging over, as if to woo the greeting—all this to the observant eye, makes Niagara not more a scene of striking grandeur, than of calm, softest beauty." And what a world-famed wonder, when the opposite shores of the vast gorge below are bound together by the iron bridge! "In full sight of the cataract, the surge of angry waters far beneath the mighty whirlpool, and the sullen, storm-beaten rocks all around, it will be an iron link of civilization between the ruling powers of the world."

The falls of Montmorency, though less grand, are nevertheless noted for their beauty. To describe appropriately, the ever-varied sublime and beautiful scenery of our fondly cherished country, must be the work of her future bards—her Scotts, her Byrons, and her Southseys.

While nature has lavished the ornamental, she has not forgotten to scatter with it the useful. Canada is rich in mineral products, which must, at no very distant day, become a source of immense revenue; rendering her, to a greater extent, an exporting than an importing country.

When, in connection with her mineral and forest wealth, her superior adaptation to agricultural pursuits is considered, who can doubt that Canada is destined to become a rich and populous country? On this subject it has been remarked, by a writer, that it is chiefly with her agriculturists to raise her to an elevated position and extend her influence in Europe, and cause her to be beloved and respected as a highly favored country of wealth, prosperity, and merchandize. And she is constantly advancing in improvements. Where a few years ago the mighty and almost impenetrable forests stood, now resounds the busy din of trade; and while the towns and villages of yesterday have advanced to the rank of cities now and flourishing villages are yearly springing up; and, judging from the fact, have we not good reason to predict, that ere another century shall have been numbered, when we who now admire and love our native land are gathered to our fathers, that Canada will shine as one of the first nations on the records of history, rivalling even her mother kingdom, to which she is cemented by the closest ties of affection and government.

The climate of Canada, though changeable, is remarkably healthy; and in point of salubrity, perhaps is not exceeded. While others are driven by necessity from the home of their childhood, and are obliged to seek in other lands those necessaries which are denied them in their own country, we, more highly favored, find our wants more than satisfied, and have sufficient wherewithal to assist the crowd of emigrants that yearly flock to our coasts. In this far off portion of the new world the sons of Erin, as well as of other countries, find food and shelter, and soon forget their sufferings in their father-land, in the smiling plenty of their new home.

Blessed with so many and great advantages; with a fertile

and productive soil, which yields abundance; with a healthy and agreeable climate; with inexhaustible stores of mineral wealth; with water privileges, unsurpassed in number and excellency by any country in the world; in a word, with all that gratifies the taste and charms the sight, what sense of gratitude have we to our heavenly Father, who has given us our inheritance in this goodly land, an appendage of the most free, enlightened, and glorious empire, upon which the stars of heaven look down, or the sun pours forth his cheering beams.

Our queen, though ruling a mighty empire, does not forget her far off Canadian subjects, but shares with them a parent's love; yes, and a parent's loaf. May it be her delight long to sway the sceptre over a people, elevated by religion, literature, and everything that ennobles and exalts mankind, and may we prove ourselves worthy of our country and our queen.

"There is no other land like thee,  
No dearer shore;  
Thou art the shelter of the free,  
The hope, the port of liberty.  
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,  
Till time is o'er."

CARLYLE.

WHAT do the writings of Carlyle show us of the writer? We see him, in them, as a poet: his criticism is poetical, he conceives and reproduces the work which he is criticising, if a work be before him; and if a character, he draws it, as a poet, more or less perfectly—that essay on Burns, which we think the best of his writings that have come before us, is all poetry; let but verse be added to it, and the whole world would recognize it as a poem. In his teaching he is a poet also; rather speaking to what is in us directly, and thereby leading us to recognize its existence, than speaking of it to the mere intellect.

We see him also, as a fearless and frank speaker of what is in him: his imitation results from love, not subserviency, and never is thorough and deadening; and this very imitation he speaks out boldly; will not assume to be other than he is, while he is diseased, for we doubt not Carlyle knows that his mind is in no healthy state, as well as many of his critics.

We see him as an original thinker; by which we mean not a giver of new thoughts, but an originator of the thoughts given, be they new or old.

He is a man of genius, of insight, not leading us to new truths by argument, but by revelation, to matters for meditation, and recognition; what he says may have no meaning to-day, and but a misty meaning to-morrow, and yet, on the third day, be clear to us, for it is not a merely new combination of old truths, but the statement of a new truth, which we must see by our own exertion of the power that is in us. He is a man of keen understanding, too; seeing relations as quickly as any one, and capable of combination, and arrangement, and the most strict logical speech. He is a man of enthusiasm; his heart is in his labor; he lives as we have said, in an idea; thence come his earnest sympathy, his hearty scorn, his warm approval, his deep dislike; and from these, and his noble openness, come his mixture of tolerance and bigotry, his ironical indifference, his assumed but not sustained impartiality: he is bigoted, however, with regard to principles, not men; he goes wholly, neither for nor against any man; indeed, there is much that would lead us to fear that he cares less for men than abstractions; that he looks at them, not as immortal spirits, but at the individual exhibitions for a time of the true, and pure, and holy.

In a word, we see in these writings a man of great insight, keen and clear understanding, most unlimited fancy, and an imagination that can raise the dead, and build the fallen temples again; and this intellect is combined with deep earnestness, quick sympathy, and perfect fearlessness: this whole nature comes before us undeveloped, but self-possessed; as it looks forth into the depths of creation, its powers unfold and stretch abroad, but in the fever of growth lose their self-possession, and are, for a time, unbounded by force without, or law within: this man has

looked up to the heights, and down into the abysses, of being, till he is dizzy, and staggers like a drunken man.

Of the particular views of Carlyle we have not so much to say. He regards man as a spirit; and as he believes the Father of Spirits to have truth within himself, so he believes man to have received from God knowledge of truth; in this truth, which was from our birth in us, he finds the only grounds for morality. His morality is, to do what we know to be right, because it is right, without regard to consequences here or hereafter; to obey God, whether He speak through our reason or an Inspired Teacher, unquestioning as to the effects of obedience. His religion is to worship God in spirit and in truth; his views of christianity are nowhere clearly explained, and those of this journal are too well known to require exposition here, or, we trust, to allow any to think we mean to approve of the pantheism or rationalism which many, with whom Carlyle is associated in men's minds, hold to. When we find clear exposition of religious faith, we can meet it; we shall not fight shadows and dim hints. What we know of his political views, we shall consider when speaking of his revolution;—one thing, meanwhile, is clear, that he is no believer in the doctrine of majorities,—the voice of his Maker is not heard by him in the shout of the mass; far more likely in the whispers of one or two pure and truth-seeing spirits.

But it is not Carlyle's particular system on any subject that we think worthy of thought, (if, indeed, he can be said to even hint at system,) but only that principle of spiritualism which he holds in common with many, but which he has so variously and vividly set before us in forms more suited to general readers than those used by more systematic writers: his writings will lead any attentive reader of them to meditate, and in that is their great worth. That the spiritual view may become known and effective everywhere is our earnest prayer; not known in words, and phrases, and oddities, but in a faith that shall walk through affliction unfeared, a courage that shall make martyrdom easy as it was of old, a love that shall bind men together with stronger bonds than those of municipal law. That the utilitarian system can never produce such faith, courage, and love, may be readily seen by reading it as it is written in the book of Ethics, called *Deontology*, by Bentham; and that such should be produced by a true system no believer in the New Testament can doubt. In spiritualism, let it come in the German, French, or some new English or American form, we think will be found the central metaphysical ideal of the christian theology, for in spiritualism we see most clearly the utter mystery of man's whole being, and learn to realize that illustration used by Jesus: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."—*New York Review*.

#### A VISION.

WHEN I was a wanderer, I was once in Surat, where I made the acquaintance of a Brahmin, so liberal, that he had much converse with me, though, according to his creed, I was of an impure caste, and it was in Brahminical strictness, a pollution for him to permit me to approach within ninety-six feet. He was a director in the Banyan hospital, where sick and wounded animals were attended to with as much kindness as is sometimes thrown away in more enlightened countries, upon ungrateful men. "Young man," said the Hindoo philosopher, for such he was, "what motive has led you, at these years, so far from your home, and what compensation do you expect for such a sacrifice of the affections?"

"I have but one motive," said I, "that is, curiosity; which, if strictly analyzed, may be found composed of a desire to escape from scenes where I had ceased to be happy, and to find, in distant lands, a substitute for happiness, in change of scene and emotions of novelty."

"It is a vain pursuit," said the Brahmin, "and," continued he, "I have been better instructed in a vision. I saw," said he, "in a dream, an ancient and sage-like man; his brow was not smooth, neither was his eye at rest. It seemed that he was familiar to me, though I could not remember where I had seen him

before. He looked intently upon me, and said, 'Mortal, I am as thy shadow. I have been near thee from thy birth, I shall be nearer through life, and I shall not quit thee till death. Death only can divide us; but thou wilt endeavor to fly from me, and will sometimes think that thou hast escaped. Yet I am not thy enemy, though I have little that thou wilt love. Thou art bound to a country where I cannot go; but thou wilt be better received there, from what thou wilt learn of me in the journey. If, for a season, thou avoid me, thou wilt find nothing that will not so remind thee of me, that thou wilt, though disappointed, again return to me, as thy companion through life.'

"I was soon attracted to a being of far more enticing aspect. He was flushed with youth and crowned with a chaplet of flowers. 'Follow me,' said he, radiant with smiles. 'I am Pleasure, and I know him from whom thou wouldst escape. He is Care, but he cannot breathe where every odor is a perfume, and every sound is music' For a while I followed Pleasure; but the society became so tasteless, that I felt that I could prefer even that of Care.

"Disappointed and sorrowful, yet with a mind attuned to the softest emotions, I approached a damsel who was sitting by a fountain, pleased with the reflection of her own beauty, even while her tears were falling into the stream. 'Maiden,' said I, with our oriental abruptness, 'Why dost thou weep, and what is thy name?' 'I weep,' replied she, in a voice broken and murmuring like that of the fountain, 'because I am the most happy while I weep; and my name is Love.' 'I will follow thee,' said I, 'through every path; and should the thorns lacerate my feet, I will not leave thee, with whom it is better to weep than to smile with Pleasure; and in following thee I may the farther remove from Care.' 'Alas!' said Love, 'thou little knowest. Listen! for though I am not wise, I am at least sincere. I have learned from my uncles, Wisdom and Experience, that neither Love nor Pleasure can escape the pursuit of Care. I can only promise, that in my society you will the less regard him.'

Here the Brahmin addressed me, saying, "Stranger, return, therefore, to thy country, follow the footsteps of Love; for the affections confer more happiness than the intellect. Happiness is not the offspring of Knowledge; but to be good is to be happy." W.

#### Improvement of Society.

BY REV. J. N. MAULEY, N. Y.

IMPROVEMENT in every department of life is the result of effort. Agriculture spreads her fields, and waves her golden grain, and garners up her harvests, all by effort. Mechanic arts send forth their productions, replete with beauty and utility, until every demand of necessity is met, and every desire of luxury more than gratified, all by effort. Commerce marks out her plans of international communion; and her laden trains wind along our valleys, ascend our mountains, or go through our hills; and her rich cargoes float on our rivers, sail upon our lakes, and speed across our oceans; but all is done by effort. Improvement in society, from the first sound of the woodman's axe, to the hum that fills our city's busy mart, is the result of effort; and those who would see benevolence, justice, truth and piety flourish, must make efforts for their cultivation. Let every other branch of refinement receive attention, and morality be neglected, and, exalted in every thing else, we shall be debased in morals. When we look at the course of the present, in the scenes of some Paris; or read the history of the past, in the records of some Corinth; or walk the cities of the dead, gazing upon the remains of some Pompeii; we often find, that in literature, architecture, painting, statuary, and all that is called the luxury of life, the very witnesses of man's greatness attest his degradation, and the monuments of his glory show the inscriptions of his shame; so that the world may learn the truth, that sin is a reproach to any people who do not make direct and determined efforts for the attainment of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

## A Voice at the Throne.

For the Calliopean.

The following beautiful lines are from the Scrap Book of a friend.

A little child,  
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,  
Sat singing by her cottage door, at eve,  
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear  
Caught the faint melody. No human eye  
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile  
That wreathed her innocent lips, tho' while they breathed  
Tho' oft repeated burden of the hymn,  
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the Throne,  
In the full glory stood; with eager hand  
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood  
Of harmony on the celestial air,  
Swelled forth unceasing. Then, with a great voice,  
He sang—Holy, holy, evermore,  
Lord, God Almighty! And the celestial courts  
Thrilled with the rapture, and the Hierarchs,  
Angel, and rapt Archangel, throbb'd and burned  
With vehement adoration. Higher yet  
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause;  
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,  
To its full strength—and still the infinite heavens  
Rang with the 'Holy, holy, evermore,'  
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,  
Each sceptred spirit sank below the Throne  
With a mute hallelujah. But even then,  
While the ecstatic song was at its height,  
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seem'd  
To float, upraised, from some world afar—  
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet,  
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,  
E'en as a fountain's music with the rill  
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles  
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face  
At that new utterance—smiles of joy, that grow  
More yet, as ever and anon  
Was heard the seraph burden of the hymn—  
'Praise God! Praise God!' and when the seraph's song  
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre  
Silence hung brooding, when the eternal courts  
Rung but with echoes of his chant sublime,  
Till through the abyssal space that wandering voice  
Came floating upwards from its world afar,  
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air—  
'Praise God! Praise God!'

Read at the Annual Review.

The Importance of forming a taste for Useful Reading while young.

"The fount of life, outbursting from the throne  
Of God—the deep Florian fountain pure,  
All, all are open wide, and pouring out  
Their various flood upon the thiraty world."

It has been said, and very truly, "Man is a bundle of habits." How important then, that that "bundle" be composed of pleasing and useful elements. Among the most important and desirable of these, is a taste for useful reading; as appears from the many advantages to be derived from the perusal of instructive books. Besides storing the mind with knowledge, reading induces a habit of thought, and disciplines the mind by bringing all its powers into action, thus rendering a person an agreeable, as well as a useful member of society.

By reading we acquire our knowledge of past transactions and events, and of the characters and actions of those who lived in by-gone ages. Thus we are enabled to learn as much in a few years as we could in a century, if left entirely dependant on our own experience and observation. By reading, we add to our own experience that of others, and are prepared to enter on the business of life with the advantages of a person acquainted with

it. We learn the various successes and failures of our ancestors, and are enabled to profit by them; we see the heinousness of vice and the loveliness of virtue, and are taught to despise and discourage the one, while we exalt and encourage the other.

One whose intellect is strengthened and whose taste is cultivated by a course of useful reading, is prepared to resist the temptations, to overcome the obstacles, and to avoid the indiscretions incident to life's probation.

A habit of reading is a great preventive of vice, and serves as a solace for many a weary hour—

"When disappointment's bitter sting  
Inflicts its keen and torturing smart,  
And sorrow, with its raven wing,  
O'er shades the sunshine of my heart—  
When friends are false, or cold and chill,  
I turn to them my every thought,  
And half forget each earthly ill—  
Deceit alone in looks is not."

By the celebrated Bartholin, it has been said, "that without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." It has been beautifully and appropriately said that "books may be considered as the embodiment of the light of past ages, whether elicited by reason or experience."

It ought to fill our hearts with gratitude to the great Author of our being, that we are permitted to live in a time, when we may, at pleasure, unseal its beams, and gratify the longing desires of our hearts. "Our lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage."

All distinguished for literary attainments, or great mental superiority, have been also distinguished for their love of books; indeed it is impossible to attain to eminence in knowledge and wisdom without it. His library was the chosen retreat of Robert Southey, whose works are so full of beauty and feeling, and no less valuable because they invariably aim at the promotion of virtue. On account of his love of solitude, he has received the title of "The Hermit Poet." No temptation, however alluring, could induce him to leave his own quiet home. In his library, his favorite haunt, he delighted to converse with the spirits of those whose bodies had long since been consigned to the tomb.

Though all may not be able to turn their reading to so good an account as he did, yet, good in some way must inevitably result from the perusal of useful books. In society we see its beneficial influence. Upon the intelligence and happiness of the domestic circle, how salutary and transforming is the influence of a taste for useful books. Instead of sitting down at the close of the day in moodish silence, or for the purpose of idle gossip, or wicked slander, the family in whose minds a taste for solid literature has been cultivated, make the social circle a delightful means of mutual happiness and progressive improvement, spending their time in the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, or in enriching their minds from the endlessly diversified treasures of knowledge opened up before them in the researches of those who, having acted their part on the great theatre of human life, have passed away to the spirit world. The importance of forming a taste for useful reading; while young is strikingly exhibited in the contrast afforded by different individuals, having enjoyed while young equal facilities for intellectual and moral improvement, and possessing originally equal powers and susceptibilities. We find one intelligent and influential, another ignorant and possessing little influence; one whose society is always pleasing and instructive, another who can converse intelligently on no subject of greater importance than that of the latest fashions, &c.; one is an active and energizing member of society, another a mere clog or cipher. Those who have formed a taste for useful reading are led instinctively to the fountains of knowledge, and thus the boundaries of their field of thought are constantly enlarging, and the treasures of the mind accumulating; while those who have not cultivated this mental appetite glide down the stream of time without improvement, "unblest and unblest."

Another reason why it is important to cultivate a taste for useful books in youth, is the security which is thus afforded to

the mind against the influence of what is frivolous or injurious; for reading matter is as various as it is abundant; and it is very important to discriminate between the useful and pernicious. Better not read at all, than have the mind enervated and polluted by those works, which depend for their influence upon appeals to the baser passions of the heart. To this class belong most works of fiction. These clothe vice in the garb of virtue, thus rendering that which is inherently odious, attractive, and even fascinating. They pervert the judgment, by distorting truth, and imparting a false coloring to all the circumstances and relations of life—they influence the passions, and sling loose the reins of a corrupted imagination.

That the imagination should be improved and invigorated, when weak, cannot be doubted; and on this plea is urged, by many, the propriety of novel-reading. It is asked, why we possess this faculty, if it is not proper to exercise it? And if proper to exercise it, why not in fictitious reading? We answer, in the forcible interrogatories of Watson—"Is the real world so barren of incident, that we must create an ideal one, to furnish it? Is man, as he is, so barren a subject of speculation, that we must contemplate him as a faultless, or faulty monster, that the world never saw? Is it so difficult to find originals, that we must ever laugh at the daubing of caricature?"

The habitual use of the stimula of fiction, is as enervating to the intellect as ardent spirits are to the physical system. Novels are indeed the diffusive and insinuating moral poison of the day; and they swarm in America, as did the locusts in Egypt; making the otherwise beautiful and verdant, a scathed and fruitless waste; nay worse, causing to spring forth, instead, into luxuriant growth, the weeds and brambles of the human heart.

To preoccupy, then, and fortify the mind against the wasting influence of this species of reading, is preëminently the result of a taste for sound and healthful literature.

#### THE LAST GLADIATOR.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN, N. Y.

"AND so, my Marcus, thou hast seen Rome—the magnificent, eternal Rome. What hast thou to say of its wonders, that may interest a recluse like myself, into whose cell so little of vanity finds entrance?"

The youthful soldier thus addressed, stood carelessly leaning against the rocky door-way of a spacious grotto, while his casque and burnished arms were lying on the couch from which he had just risen. His cloak was thrown carelessly about a form remarkable for strength and manly grace; and his ingenuous countenance beamed with animation as he turned to look at the speaker, who had laid aside the calamus with which he had been describing a part of the Holy Scriptures, while his guest was enjoying the profound repose of youth and innocence. The hermit, though the elder of the two, was still in early manhood, and his noble and intellectual features, if less beautiful than those of the soldier, were far more interesting, for they reflected every movement of the spark of divinity within. The habitual expression of his open face was that of quiet cheerfulness, and it was stamped with that ingenuous modesty which seems left by youth on the countenances of some, in mature manhood, and preserved there by the purity of that wisdom which is from above. He had left the rude table at which he had been writing, and approaching the young soldier, waited his reply, and listened with delighted attention, while he spoke of Rome, the customs and manners of her people, of her churches and palaces, her wonders of art, her aqueducts, baths, pictures, and statues. There was one statue, of a dying gladiator, which rivetted the attention of the amiable recluse. His full gaze was fixed on the eloquent speaker, and a deep sigh heaved his manly breast. "Alas!" he exclaimed, when his companion ceased speaking, "in what a fearfully degraded state Rome once was! What a vivid picture does your description of this statue bring before me, of the manners of pagan Rome! I can almost see before me the breathing form of the wounded gladiator. What reason have we to rejoice, my Marcus, that a brighter day has at length dawned on

this bonighted world, and that the gospel of our blessed Lord has introduced such a different order of things among these noble Romans!"

"But what wilt thou say, Antonius," replied the soldier, "when I tell thee, that these things may now be seen even in christian Rome! I might indeed have described the statue of the dying man to you, from the gladiators whom I have so lately seen gasping, fainting and dying in the arena of the Coliseum. The same moon, my Antonius, that poured its soft lustro into this quiet cell, where I found you last night, seated in peaceful meditation; that very moon rose above the vast walls of the Coliseum, filled with countless myriads of gazers, and shone on the flashing swords of the doomed gladiators, who were brought there to encounter each other in mortal combat, to suffer, and to die. I saw—but how shall I describe to you the scene which wrung my heart? As the youthful combatant came forward to meet his antagonist, he suddenly stopped, stood as if transfixed, the sword dropped from his nerveless hand, and as his antagonist pressed upon him, he fled. An angry murmur arose among the crowd; and the seeming coward was doomed to instant death. He understood the upturned thumbs of the audience, came forward with a calm step and resolute look, and received the fatal stab without one shudder; but, as he fell, one word escaped his lips: that word was, BROTHER! The gladiator from whom he had fled was indeed his only brother, from whom he had been long separated; while both had endured privation, captivity and sufferings of various kinds, and whom he had thus met for the first time after their sad parting, in deadly encounter. They had loved each other as we love, my Antonius," continued the soldier, clasping the hands of the hermit, who stood horror-struck, gazing in his face, "but they were forced to meet as murderers. And who were the men who thus broke the bonds of nature, and wrung human hearts with mortal anguish? They were the professed disciples of the compassionate Jesus, the Prince of Peace."

The hermit and his brother parted that night, but not until they had knelt down together in the dear Redeemer's name, and commended themselves to their heavenly Father's care. After Marcus had departed, he turned once more to look upon the quiet grotto and its kneeling inmate. He still remained where he had received the last embrace of his brother; and, as the moonbeams fell on his calm brow and earnest eyes, they disclosed also the tears that were slowly trickling down his face. The soldier wept in sympathy, for he knew it was for him those tears were flowing; and as he went forward through the wilderness, his thoughts dwelt on the contrast which his own and his brother's life presented. The perfect calm of solitude—the limpid fountain, with its graceful palms—and the peaceful hermitage, were the possessions of the one—the stir of busy life, the din of a camp, and the perils of the battlefield, marked the lot of the other. How little he dreamed, as he journeyed onward, that before the light of day had gilded the mountain range before him, his brother had gone forth to a busier world than that of the Syrian city to which he was hastening. He little thought that even then, the cell in the desert was left vacant, and that in after years he should return to find it even more desolate than the dreary wilderness around it; that he looked for the last time on the placid countenance that was dearer to him than aught on earth beside.

It was a festival day in Rome, when a stranger stood by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the celebrated Via Appia; and wherever he turned his eyes, the causeways were thronged with people dressed in holiday garments, and every face lighted up with joy. The stranger was clad in the coarse weeds of a way-faring man; but though no smile sat upon his benevolent countenance, a deep spirit of gladness pervaded his heart. His long pilgrimage was ended, though the object of his mission was not yet accomplished. Resting for a few moments on his staff, he inquired of a gentle matron who stood near him, the occasion of the general rejoicing. From her he heard, that the Romans were about to celebrate the famous victories, in which Stilicho, the general of the emperor Honorius, had defeated and driven back Alaric, the king of Visigoths. The emperor himself was in Rome, and had passed in triumphant procession through the



streets with his favorite and successful general. She described the piety of the good Honorius, who so often went to worship at the churches, and had distinguished the clergy with peculiar favor. The pilgrim regarded her with grave attention, but apparently with little interest, until she went on to speak of the public games, the pageants of wild beasts, the dances of warriors, and the combats of gladiators, when, to her astonishment, the face of her auditor became radiant with animation, and before she could fully reply to the questions which poured from his lips, he was gone.

The vast Coliseum was crowded in every part, from the podium, where the emperor was seated with his senators and nobles, to the popularia, to which the common people had free admission. A death-like silence prevailed: a silence broken only by the ringing clash of sword meeting sword, or the quick tread of the combatants. The gaze of the assembled throng was riveted on two gladiators, whose youth, vigor and dexterity rendered them objects of intense interest to all. The combat was sustained with equal skill on both sides, and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to their highest pitch, when there was a sudden interruption. A stranger, who was evidently no gladiator, yet a tall and powerful man, entered the arena, and with strength and skill equal to their own, threw himself between the combatants. Utterly regardless of his own safety, he strove and wrestled with them both, until he stood master of the field,—his manly frame yet heaving and his face flushed with exertion; with the sword of one of the combatants grasped in his hand, while the other had been thrown to the farther end of the arena. Standing erect, with a voice strong and clear as the tones of a trumpet, he called on the emperor, as a christian king, and upon the Roman people, as a christian people, to put an end at once and forever to their bloody pastime. As the eloquent appeal burst from his lips, his countenance and frame seemed to dilate with glorious energy and beauty, so that many who looked upon him, vainly supposed they were gazing on an angel, sent from heaven to admonish them. He bade them not disgrace their holy name and calling, with the savage passions and customs of heathenism, but to think on One, whose salutation, when he met his disciples, was: "Peace be unto you;" and whose parting words were: "Peace I leave with you." He told them, he had come from the desert, to a countless multitude of nominal christians; but he had looked in vain for peace, that most precious legacy of Jesus, and for love which rejoiceth not in iniquity, and, least of all, in such iniquity as theirs. While he spoke, the mild and humane spirit of Honorius was subdued and overcome. The just rebuke of the dauntless stranger penetrated the very depths of his heart, and he looked on the pyramids around him as a concourse of evil spirits, who had been suddenly surprised in the midst of their orgies by an angel of light.

The emperor rose, but at that moment a howl of rage burst from the savage throng, whose sport had been thus interrupted, and the youthful hero fell beneath a shower of stones hurled at him by the audience. A profound silence ensued, while the murdered man lay motionless, and apparently lifeless, on the arena. By the emperor's command, he was gently lifted from the ground, and the motion awoke him to a bewildered consciousness. He entreated those who raised him, to support him for a little while. In this posture, raising his trembling hands and languid countenance, over which the blood was flowing from his wounds, to heaven, he breathed forth a few faint words of prayer: "Father, forgive them, for the sake of Him who died on the cross for their sins. Send Thy Holy Spirit into their hearts, and teach them to love thee; to love one another." As he closed, almost fainting, he raised his eyes, and beheld the countenance of the emperor beaming with tender compassion. He lifted his drooping head, and asked to be carried to the feet of the good Honorius. The kind voice of the emperor, who stood leaning over the parapet dividing the podium from the arena, roused the dying man from the torpor that was stealing over every faculty, and raising his dim eyes, he fixed them on Honorius with a glance at once so earnest and imploring, so full of deep and solemn meaning, that it thrilled through every fibre of his frame. The lips of Antonius moved, but he had

lost the power of speaking one articulate word. "I know, I fully comprehend what you would say," exclaimed the emperor in a loud clear voice, and addressing himself with commanding dignity to the whole assembled multitude: "Here, in the presence of this murdered saint, of this holy and expiring martyr, I make my fixed and irrevocable decree, and abolish forever the combats of gladiators, the scourge and disgrace of christian Rome." While he was speaking a radiant smile stole over the pale features of Antonius, lighting them as with a sunbeam; but it gradually faded away beneath the heavy shades of death; for, with that smile, his triumphant spirit had escaped from its tenement of clay. The mission of the youthful recluse was accomplished. The last gladiator had fallen on the arena of the Coliseum.

#### THE SUMMER TEMPEST.

BY J. D. PRENTICE.

I WAS never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes, either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky cliffs and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright, young creature—her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing, like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blest them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air, as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest.

Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud

rolled out like a banner fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters, to toll of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice.—Here we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every bust was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered above us. I looked up and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks! and the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out on the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been.—At first I clasped her to my breast with a wild cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright, dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured beautifully there; the red rose-tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky, as if "cailing upon the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered—and oh! there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

#### Schoolmasters and Printers.

GOLDSMITH says, "of all the professions, I do not know a more useful or honorable one than that of a school-master; at the same time, I do not see any more generally despised, or one whose talents are less rewarded."

"Our Doctor" forgot to mention printers as being in the same category. The reason why these two classes are so much neglected is obvious. Education and refinement are not necessary to mere animal life, and to live the sensuous reign of a day is the highest ambition of too many. We wot of a printer who worked hard and manfully to get his bread by toil, but failed. He went to brewing beer, and made a fortune. He used to say every day had stomachs, whereas very few were blessed with heads.

#### Character of Dr. Johnson.

In a world which exists by the balance of antagonists, the respective merit of the conservator and innovator must ever remain debatable. Great, in the meanwhile, and undoubted, for both sides, is the merit of him who, in a day of change, walks wisely—honestly. Johnson's aim was in itself an impossible one: this of stemming the eternal flood of Time—of clutching all things, and anchoring them down, and saying—move not! How could it, or should it, ever have success? The strongest man can but retard the current partially, and for a short hour. Yet even in such shortest retardation may not an inestimable value lie? If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French revolution, and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it. We said above that he was appointed to be ruler of the British nation for a season: whose will look beyond the surface—into the heart of the world's movements, may find that all Pitt administrations, and the continental subsidies, and Waterloo victories, rested on the possibility of making England, yet a little while, *Toryish*, loyal to the old; and this again on the anterior reality, that the wise had found such loyalty still practical and recommendable. England had its Hume, as France had its Voltaires and Diderots; but the Johnson was peculiar to us.

If we ask now by what endowment it mainly was that Johnson realized such a life for himself and others; what quality of character the main phenomena of his life may be most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were—The quality of courage, of valor; that Johnson was a brave man. The courage that can go forth, once and away, to Chalk Farm, and have itself shot and snuffed out with decency, is nowise wholly what we mean here.

The courage we desire and prize, is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, is deep in the soul; like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts; without it they could not live.

That mercy can dwell only with valor, is an old sentiment or proposition, which, in Johnson, again received confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear, and did indeed too often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's—soft as a little child's. Nay, generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection—the rage of a bear, if you will; but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right, and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men—his very ark of the covenant; whose law hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel—fiercely contradictory; this is an important distinction never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe, also, with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things:—to a blind old woman, to a Dr. Levett, to a cat "Hodge." His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends: he often muttered these, or such like sentences—"Poor man! and then he died!" How he patiently converts his poor home into a lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable, with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little; yet of this he gives freely from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that 'waited his coming out' of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on dead asses: Johnson has a rough voice; but he finds the wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the street—carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing worthy or unworthy. Ought not charity, even in that sense, to cover a multitude of sins?—*Carlyle's Miscellany.*



MISTAKES.

EVERY thing that is high is not holy, nor every desire, pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God!

THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

MIGHT we but view the shore  
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,  
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,  
And tax the truant joy? How shall we see,  
Amaz'd, our own mistakes? The lowly tomb  
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers,  
Such as the soraph's bosom bears above;  
And the steep cliff where we have manly blown  
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd  
To wreck th' unwary soul; wealth's hoarded gold,  
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer  
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,  
An heritage of glory. Each desire  
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart  
Is gorg'd with richness—sows it not the seeds  
Of sickness there? while he whose only rest  
Was on a spear-point—who might ask for bread  
Only to find a stone—gained he not thus  
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers  
Of love divine? Prosperity, alas!  
Is often but another name for pride,  
And selfishness, which scorns another's woe;  
While our keen disappointments are the food  
Of that humility which entereth heaven,  
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn  
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys  
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,  
And each affliction with a serious smile  
Be welcomed in at the heart's open door;  
As the good patriarch met his muffled guests,  
And found them angels!

L. H. S.

Youth and Age.

WHEN we are young, our days are like  
The fountain-waves that flow in June,  
That sparkle in the golden sun,  
Or gleam beneath the silver moon.  
When we are old, our moments glide  
Like winter waters cold and drear,  
That freeze before December's voice  
Has sigh'd the death-note of the year.

When we are young the clouds around  
Our path have hues of glory on,  
Like those which sleep on Summer skies  
Before the crimson flush is gone.  
When we are old, no ray concealed  
Within the folded vapor lies,  
But gloomy shadows overspread  
The circle of life's evening skies.

Oh then, since with the hours that fade  
Our being's light is fading too,  
How shall we find a hope to cheer,  
When we to youth must bid adieu!  
In heaven, and not on earth, there glows  
A sun, whose pure and perfect ray  
Will warm the freezing waves of life  
And change its twilight into day.

P.B.

The Heaven of the Bible.

It is not sufficiently adverted to, that the happiness of heaven has simply and essentially in the well-going machinery of a well-conditioned soul; and that according to its measure, it is the same in kind with the happiness of God, who liveth forever in bliss ineffable, because he is unchangeable in being good, and upright and holy. There may be audible music in heaven; but its chief delight will be in the music of a well-poised affection, and in principles in full and consenting harmony with the laws of eternal rectitude. There may be visions of loveliness there; but it will be the loveliness of virtue, as seen directly in God, and as reflected back again in family likeness from all his children. It will be this that shall give its purest and sweetest transports to the soul. In a word, the main reward of paradise is spiritual joy, and that springing at once from the love and the possessions of spiritual excellence. It is such joy as sin extinguishes on the moment of its entering the soul, and such a joy as is again restored to the soul, and that immediately on its being restored to righteousness.—*Chalmers.*

LIFE of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life, the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water, is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of time and space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abyssal Nothing is awful, only less than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand being a fact, a reality rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows what it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!

WE paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

THE more sides a man has to his mind, the more certain he is of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other.

THE candles of man's night are doubtless burning out, but like Alfred's candle-clocks, their decay measures the wearing on of the night itself.—When they sink into the socket, lo! it is not dark, but day.—*Blackwood.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in his earliest youth, showed what he would one day become. He had learned from his father and Aristotle, everything that could elevate his genius, naturally prone to glory. The Iliad was his delight, because it related the combats of heroes.

SINCE our last, the mournful intelligence has reached us of the death of Miss ANN McINTOSH, a highly gifted and much-loved member of our Association, and for several years an efficient Teacher of Music in the "Cobourg Ladies' Seminary," and the "Burlington Ladies' Academy."

While on a visit to her mother's, in Montreal, last autumn, she was seized with the then prevailing fever; from which she so far recovered as to be enabled to leave home, with the design of resuming her duties in this Institution. On arriving at Toronto, however, her strength failed, and she was compelled to stop at an aunt's, where she gradually declined till "the silver cord was loosed." Further particulars relative to her sickness and death, we have not been able to learn.

We are reminded by this visitation, of the fading nature of earth's brightest glories, and impressively admonished to seek a home above the reach of death and the fluctuations of time.—*Ed.*

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER SESSION, consisting of FIFTEEN WEEKS, will commence on THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH day of MAY, 1848.

The Principal and Preceptress are assisted by eight Ladies, eminently qualified to impart instruction in their several departments.

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

Hamilton, March 9, 1848.

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