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THE CALLIOPEAN



Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, January 24, 1848.

Number 5.

(The following Lines are from the unpublished Manuscripts of a Friend.)

On the Eclipse of the Moon.

—
WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Up! up!—into the vast expanded pace
Thou art ascending in thy majesty
Beautiful moon! The queen of the pale sky!
But what is this that gathers on thy face—
A dark, mysterious shade; eclipsing, slow,
The splendor of thy calm and steadfast light?
Is it the shadow of this world of woe;
Of this vast moving world? Portentous sight!
As if we almost stood, and saw more near
Its very action—almost heard it roll
On in the swiftness of its dread career,
As it hath rolled for ages! Hush, my soul!
Listen!—there is no sound—but could we hear
The murmur of its multitudes; who toil
Through their brief hour—the heart might well recoil.
But this is ever sounding in His ear,
Who made it, and who said “let there be light”—
And we, the creatures of a mortal hour,
Mid-hosts of worlds are over in his sight
Catching as now dim glimpses of His power!
The time shall come, when all this mighty scene
Darkness shall wrap,—as though it ne'er had been.
Oh Father of all worlds! be thou our guide!
And lead us gently on from youth to age!
Through the dark valley of our pilgrimage,
Enough,—if thus bending to Thy will
We hold our Christian course through good, and ill,
And to the end,—with Faith, and Hope abide.

MUSIC.

For the Calliopean.

Fair daughter of Heaven! Thou wast not born on earth, tho' even here, far from thy abode, thou condescendest to visit mortals, and with thy charms to cheer us on our lonely way. Thou comest to us a sweet solace in the time of trouble—in weary hours, with thy enlivening influence, thou makest our sad hearts expand with gladness. But why dost thou not remain? Why

again leave us to bewail thy absence? Thy sounds, so heavenly, elevate the soul, and bring pleasure to the mourning heart; but

“Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy—it is but pain
To mount so high; yet find on high no dwelling;
To sink so fast, so heavily again!”

Though, like a wandering spirit from celestial climes, thou visitest earth, it is not thy dwelling place. Its murky atmosphere suits not thy ethereal nature; with angels thou livest, and art their companion. Though here thy heaven-aspiring pinions are dimmed and fettered, still thou bearest the impress of thy celestial origin.

How like our imaginings of angelic music is the loud anthem, accompanied by the full-toned organ, that ascends like incense to the throne of God? Man, though a sinner, can praise the Lord; and what is better adapted to this purpose than music, which almost raises the soul to heaven? What intermingled feelings of awe, love, and gratitude, fill the soul even to ecstasy, as, upborne, it floats upon the rich, full tide of melody, rolling on from a well-trained choir.

“Again! oh! send those anthem notes again!
Through the arched roof, in triumph to the sky!
Did the old tombs give echo to the strain—
The banners tremble as with victory!”

Sing them once more; they waft my soul away,
High, where no shadow of the past is thrown,
No earthly passion, through the exalting lay,
Breathes mournfully one haunting undertone.

All is of Heaven! yet, wherefore to mine eye
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source,
E'en while the waves of that strong harmony
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus, by the signs betokening sorrow's power?
Oh! is it not that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limits in its proudest hour?”

The influence of music upon the mind is wonderful—it has the power to depress or enliven the spirits—it can make the sad happy, and the happy sad.

Witness its magic power upon the mind of Saul, when the hand of David swept the harp. Its potency is at times electric and irresistible. It inspires the love of liberty, and makes the heart glow with patriotic zeal. The power of music to enkindle in the heart, and keep alive the flame of patriotism, is strikingly exemplified in the characters of those who lived in the times of

the ancient bards, whose songs of the brave, the dauntless, and the free, urged the people on to deeds of valor and noble daring, gave fresh courage to the warrior on the field of battle, and made him more eager to rush on to new scenes of conquest and glory.

Often does some favorite air call up before the mind, with all the freshness of first impressions, scenes and associated feelings long forgotten. To the exile it brings recollections of his home and early friends, the songs to which in childhood's days he was wont to listen, now come back to his mind with as much freshness as if the air around him was still tremulous with its gentle impulsions. It still has the power to move his soul either to joy or sadness, according to the circumstances under which it was first heard. It is the voice of departed friendship and love, now falling mournfully upon his ear, as when the wind breathes gently through a cypress grove; again, his spirit's chords, swept as by an unseen hand, are tuned to rapturous melody.

Music often lifts the mind above earthly objects, and causes it to soar beyond everything visible. Even the soul of the untutored savage becomes elevated; he listens, he dances—his dark eyes sparkle, and his whole countenance is lit up with a supernatural radiance.

The birth of our Saviour was celebrated with music. Immediately after the announcement by the first angel, the Shepherds heard an innumerable company of the heavenly host praising God, and singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men." Being cursed by sin, this earth is filled with sighs and groans, yet even here are interludes and interminglings of softer and more harmonious notes. Nature, though groaning beneath the curse of Adam's God, has not forgotten to sing praises to her Maker. There is music in the stream, as it descends from the mountain, and glides in eddying currents through the vale. The birds, as the day breaks, warble sweet notes to Him, who sees even a sparrow fall to the ground.

"Above is heard
The melody of winds, breathed, as the green trees
Bow to their quivering touch, in living beauty,
And birds sing forth their cheerful hymns."

There is music in the deep blue sea.

"Lonely and wild it rises,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery."

And oh! if the scattered and broken elements of music here possess such power to move and thrill the soul, how sublime and elevating those songs which angels hear, in which millions of angelic Mozart sweep their golden harps, and swell the mighty anthem. Our earthly organs are too weak to bear the overwhelming conception.

"Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit
On eagle wings, through every plume that thrills? ♣
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still! triumphant harmony! be still!"

ANNA.

RELIGION.

We have seldom read a more finished description of this heavenly principle, in easy language, than the following, extracted from the English Monthly Review:

"Religion—that messenger of heaven—dwells not exclusively in cells or cloisters; but goes forth among men not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She is familiar and cheerful at the tables and fire-sides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow; she encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of serenity on the venerable front of age; she is found, too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased from their labour, and the heart is almost still; she is seen at the house of mourning, pointing upward to the "house not made with hands;" she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given: and it is not until the last duty is done, that she hastens away, and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen by men."

A FRAGMENT.

For the Calliopean.

"I feel my weakness increase daily, dear Bryant; it is in vain that Dr. Lorrimer attempts to conceal the fact that my earthly days are numbered. I have the witness in myself that I am silently and swiftly passing from the associations which have fettered me so strongly to this changing world," said a young and lovely girl, whose hectic flush and faded form powerfully corroborated her words.

"Dear Emily," replied her brother, "be composed; you think yourself worse than you really are. We shall yet see you as in days gone by; in the crowded assembly, the fairest where all were fair."

"Bryant, my own dear brother, cease to speak thus, I implore you. The days to which you allude are fled for ever, and some of them leave painful remembrances."

"Surely, dear Emily, nothing has transpired to shade your sunny pathway. Say, dearest girl," he continued anxiously, "has any deep mental anguish been added to your physical sufferings? Has any wound been inflicted on your sensitive spirit which a true-hearted brother may relieve—if not remove?"

"No, Bryant, no. Not at least of the nature to which you allude," replied the fair girl, a deep flush crossing her before pallid features. "I have mingled with the first circles of society, and have been received in a manner sufficiently flattering to woman's vanity; yet with the exception of dear Agnes and yourself, I have not an object of deep interest upon earth. Come nearer to me, dearest Bryant, and let me tell you what has hung heavily on my heart for some time past. Let me speak to you as I used to in those happy days when you taught me to weave garlands of sweet wild flowers, and to sing soft strains of joy and melody."

There was something deeply touching in the cadence of Emily's voice which had its full effect upon her brother, who springing to her side, folded her closely to his bosom as he knelt beside her couch.

Early left orphans, the family of the Lindsay's had clung earnestly and unflinchingly to each other. Bryant was the senior by some years, and the little Emily had ever been the joint pet of Agnes and himself. A mother's dying voice bequeathed Emily to Bryant's especial care, and nobly had he fulfilled his obligations. Possessed of wealth and munificence, no expense had been spared in her education; and the élat which greeted her first entrance to the beau monde thrilled Bryant with emotions little short of paternal. Commonling in person, and accustomed to exact implicit submission to his requests, Bryant was universally regarded with deference. Few, save the gentle Emily, presumed to approach him with familiarity. Yet, to her he was ever yielding and affectionate, whilst she repaid his kindness by implicit and unreserved confidence. But, to return to our story. For some moments neither spoke. At length Emily, raising herself from her brother's shoulder, said,

"I do not often feel equal to the task of speaking, but this evening I breathe more freely than usual, and I must speak whilst I have the power. Bryant, dearest Bryant, my more than brother, listen to the last words of your cherished Emily; nay, start not," she continued; for the arm which still encircled her, quivered convulsively. "I am a dying girl—no human skill can aid me; for me the fields have no medicinal relief, nor the vexed ore a mineral of power." But I can anticipate death without apprehension; nay, there are even moments when I view his approach as that of a friend. Dearest Bryant, why should we dread the messenger, however unprepossessing his appearance, who comes to conduct us to the presence of a beloved and honoured father."

She paused for breath, and Bryant hastily remarked,

"To such as you, my Emily, death can wear no terrors.—Your blameless life—your untiring gentleness—your winning loveliness—your unnumbered charities—all plead your acceptance with Heaven."

"Ah, Bryant, dear Bryant, do not talk thus. I implore you.—Listen to my dying assurance. No life, however blameless to human observation, will afford any consolation when the last enemy stares you in the face. Bryant, death is very, very different when we view him from situations like mine, to what he

appears when cursorily glanced at in all our youthful mirth and buoyancy. Believe me, there is nothing but a simple trust—a firm, appropriating faith in Christ as *our Redeemer*, our Saviour, our Rock of Ages, which can impart peace to the tired spirit. When dark shadows of long forgotten sins start up before the terrified spirit—when the dim vista of the unknown future harrows the distracted soul—and the awful question of responsibility forces itself home upon the heart—then, then, dear Bryant, a Saviour's Cross is appreciated; and the suffering spirit humbly, yet firmly resting on His atonement, can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I know you do not understand all I say; you think my head is affected; or at least that I am quite enthusiastic. Yet promise me one thing, dear Bryant, promise, and I know you will *redeem your pledge*. Recollect it is the last request of your Emily. Promise, as in the unveiled presence of that Omniscience which I shall soon behold more clearly than at present."

"I do promise," replied Bryant, with much solemnity.

Emily drew from beneath her pillow a small Bible, and placed it in her brother's hand without speaking. Then after a brief pause she added:—

"You will read that volume daily, dear Bryant. I know you would prefer to remember Emily in any other way—but you have promised. I know there is much you can not understand with your own unassisted intellect, powerful as yours is. But pray—pray earnestly, and you will receive answers of peace, and blessings which at present you can not comprehend. Oh, I am sure you will become all my most earnest supplications have ever sought. Yes, dearest Bryant, something whispers me I shall yet welcome you to the happiness of Heaven, through the sacrifice and merits of that Saviour whom the world, with its fashions and its follies, and Satan, with his malicious artifices, aided by your own evil heart, would now tempt you to despise and reject. You wonder to hear me talk thus, I know; but for many months these thoughts have occupied my mind. It was last summer, when visiting Laura Clifford, in her last illness, that these things came before me with vividness and power. I saw her suffer every affliction which could be heaped on her. I saw her sensitive spirit crushed by her husband's haughty neglect—her sweet infant suddenly snatched from her arms—and the kind aunt on whom she had ever leaned for sympathy, removed thousands of miles from her dying couch. Yet never did a murmur pass her lips. I was anxious to learn the secret of her serenity. From that book I obtained it, and I have found peace in its precepts and its promises, which I never knew before. Beloved Bryant, you will find it so, I trust."

Emily ceased, quite exhausted. Bryant bent anxiously over her; for some moments it almost seemed that life was extinct. Bryant hastened to fling open the Venetians, and admit the fragrant air of the parterre into the apartment. But he did not ring for assistance. He was alone; nearer the presence of death than he had ever before been. Solemn thoughts crowded into his mind. His spirit, proud as it was, was wholly subdued before the sweet pleadings of Emily; and he watched her slow return to animation, with emotions to which he had hitherto been a stranger. At length she opened her eyes.

"Dear, kind Bryant, are you watching over me? How sweetly refreshing is that balmy air! How lovely is everything in the lingering rays of the setting sun! Yet I go to a brighter, happier clime, where the sun shall never go down, or a cloud shade the landscape. You must follow me, dearest Bryant. Let me enjoy the sweet assurance that you will never rest until you can say without hesitation, yet without boasting, "I know in whom I have believed;" "That you will meekly bear His Cross till He shall give you an unfading Crown."

Again Bryant folded her in his arms; and Emily heard the response she longed for; she felt his warm tears on her fair neck. She was happy—she knew her prayer was answered.—A long pause ensued, which was broken by the entrance of Agnes.

"Will you wheel my couch to the window, dear Bryant?" Bryant instantly complied.

"Now suffer me to lean this throbbing head once more on that faithful heart, where it has ever found its sweetest, softest

repose. And you, dearest Agnes—one more, last embrace. Do not be alarmed—my hour is come. I go to those mansions I told you of the other evening. Dear sister, I have not rested on a cunningly devised fable, but on the unmoved, immovable Rock of Ages. The morrow's sun shall rise, but it will rise on the lifeless form of Emily Lindsay. Sorrow not for me. I think of those precious words, "Those who sleep in Jesus shall He bring with Him." Adieu! kiss me once more!"

Agnes sprung to her arms, and their adieu was most affecting.

"Bryant, one more token of affection. My last prayer is for you."

Bryant bent over her, and fervently kissed her now pallid cheek.

"Now farewell. The chains which have riveted me to earth are severed, and my freed spirit soars to Heaven—to glory—to peace! peace! I come! I come!"

These last sentences were pronounced with difficulty, and at intervals. There was a long breath—then a long and solemn pause, and Bryant and Agnes were alone with the dead.

Years passed on. The Spirit of Truth struggled with the proud heart of Bryant. He never forgot the evening of Emily's decease, nor her parting words; but for years they were as a sealed scroll to him. Again and again did his promise present itself to his mind, even amid the hours of gay dissipation. At length he became a real seeker, and firm disciple of the despised Nazarene. Olive branches clustered round his table; and as he stood beside the baptismal font, and named his second daughter "Emily," it seemed to Agnes that the spirit long redeemed from earth bent down with joyful emotions, and raised a higher paean of praise to redeeming love.

MARY ELIZA.

January 8th, 1848.

Education in Prussia.

ALL children between the age of seven and fourteen years are directed to be sent to school, or educated at home, by their parents. If the latter plan is preferred, the municipal authorities are to be informed in what manner the education is provided. If the former, attendance is ensured by keeping a list of absentees, and submitting them at short stated intervals, to the inspection of the local committees. These are empowered to summon the parties in case of negligence, and to reprimand them; or, in extreme cases, to punish them by the infliction of such penalties as are commonly awarded by police tribunals—this is, we presume, by fine and imprisonment. The parents are also deprived, as a measure of extreme rigor, of all participation in the public provision of the poor. On the other hand, if poverty be the cause of absence, the commune is to furnish needful assistance, in the shape of clothes, or otherwise.

Taste for Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

JERUSALEM.

City of God! deserted now,
Thy glory seems for ever past;
Thy radiant beauty, too, at last
Hath left in gloom thy glorious brow.

City, where David woke the strains
Of lofty praise, and solemn mirth,
Thou, once the joy of all the earth,
Now sit'st a captive queen in chains.

Gone thy Shekinah's gleaming bright;
Thy temple's priestest worship gone;
In sadness now thou mourn'st alone,
Shrouded in sorrow's darkest night;
Yet still in mem'ry there is ample room
For thee, thou city of the cross and tomb.

My Mother's Grave.

"Oh, I have wak'd at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not!"
COLERIDGE.

THERE is something hallowed in the spot, where lie the ashes of my mother. Years have passed, since she rested from her labors; and now, as my feet press the earth near her tomb-stone, a spirit seems ever to whisper, "This place is holy ground." The little village of sepulchres, where she sleeps, is in a wild, secluded part of the town, which was the home of my childhood. The blue violet and the sweet briar grow there, and there are heard the notes of many a forest-bird. A gentle stream meanders near it, and its low murmurings, as it struggles along over its stony bed, fall with soothing cadence on the ear of the sorrowing pilgrim. The stone that marks my mother's resting-place is near the road side, and the passer-by may read the few lines upon that humble tablet, without entering the enclosure. The scenes of that ever memorable day, when we stood around the new-made grave, are fresh as if I had witnessed them but yesterday. Oh, it seemed as the earth closed over her coffin, that my heart was buried there.

Green was the grass on her lonely dwelling, when I last visited this cherished spot. Eighteen summers before, we laid her there; we then planted the evergreen at her headstone, and taught the rose and forget-me-not to bloom on the mound. There they still grew, alike tokens of filial love, and emblems of the unfading wreath of those who die in the Lord. I love these flowers. They seem like faithful companions of her solitude—faithful when all besides have forsaken. Oft have I watered them with my tears, while I breathed a silent prayer that they might still live and flourish, to strew their petals on that grave.

How many scenes in which that dear departed one participated, have passed in review while standing there! She was a fond and tender mother. Even when obliged to be severe in her discipline, one might perceive how her heart yearned with maternal love, and in such circumstances, she would sometimes turn away her face to hide a tear. She was a godly mother. Many a time has she retired with her children, on whom she doted, to the mercy-seat, and poured forth her fervent supplications for their spiritual well-being.

Dear, dear guide of my erring childhood! I have grieved thee oft with my waywardness; thy tenderness have I many times repaid with ingratitude. Oh, I have forgotten thy counsels, in an unguarded moment, and told but too plainly how little worthy I was of such a mother. But with all my forgetfulness and neglect, I have loved thee fondly, constantly. Yes, blest one,

— "He who counts, above
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That being knows how I have loved thee ever!"

Are not the spirits of departed saints allowed to revisit their friends in this world, on errands of mercy and love? I know not that there is sufficient warrant in the word of God for this belief; but to me it seems highly probable. Ministering spirits, we are expressly informed, the angels are to those who shall be the heirs of salvation; and why may not the redeemed ones, constituted angels, perform the same kind offices for those most beloved in this lower world? Oh, I may believe it. My heavenly Father will not chide me if it be an error. I will believe it and bind the dear truth to my heart. Thanks, sweet bard, for these lines:

"Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend—
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green—
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view."

My mother! thou hast gone, and I may not behold thee till the morning of the Resurrection; but methinks thou art my guardian angel still. Methinks ever and anon I feel thy sweet influence in guiding my feet, and in leading me onward to thy heavenly home. The thought shall cheer me in my journey through this wilderness; and I will bless my Father in heaven, that though I see thy face and hear thy voice no more, I am not utterly bereft of a mother's tender care. F. C. W.

THE WATCHER.

For the Calliopean.

A dread winter midnight came,
Anguish was that midnight's boon;
Sinking was a taper's flame—
Darkness would arrive too soon.

Where that taper's dying flame
Cast a gloom on household scene,
Sat a Mother—sat the same—
As at midnight which had been.

Cradled lay that mother's child;
Weeping were that mother's eyes;
Her sad mien and gaze were wild;
Her heart's prayers, its throbs and sighs.

Hours ere midnight came, the fire
Cheered not her, nor those she bore—
Near they sleep—she would retire,
Were the midnight sorrows o'er.

Day, its trials, conflicts had—
Days, their hunger, coldness, woes—
Nights, long gone, relief forbad—
Wanted rest she still forgoes.

Winds are howling round her cot—
Snows are drifting—frost is fierce.
 hapless is this wife's dark lot!
Keen, her breaking heart to pierce.

Waiting, watching, hoping, yet—
"May he come!" she often prays;
"Can he me, his wife, forget?
Long, oh long, his step delays!"

Every sound by her is heard—
Every sound to her is gladness—
Listening still, her fears are stirred—
All her hopes are turned to madness.

Morning dawns, and sorrows stay—
Weary, worn, and wild is she.
Mother, children pine to day;
Heedless of their pang is he.

Midnight misery there is—
There is one who will not come.
Thou hast bid farewell to bliss—
Watcher at the DRUNKARD'S home!

Cobourg, January, 1848.

THEOPHILUS ENDOS.

Time and Eternity.

Is it not strange that the only things we do not prepare for are those things which will inevitably occur; while those things which, besides that they are of inferior importance, only may occur, it is our aim and endeavor to be fully prepared for.— We are so engaged, so absorbed in preparing for an uncertain life, that we omit to prepare for a certain death.

Heaven sees no spectacle on earth so melancholy as the sportiveness of souls on the brink of an unblest eternity.

If men make so much and so rapid progress in evil here, where there exists so many restraints and hindrances to evil, and so many means of good, what must be the progress of the impenitent hereafter—how swift, how awful! In hell there will be no restraint from evil, and no means of good—no Sabbath, no Bible, no good Spirit, no Saviour. He will be in the midst of such company, and surrounded by such examples, and uninvited to any effort at restraint, much less reformation, by any ray of hope that would in the least avail.

Tell me what is behind you, and I will tell you what is before you.

If, in time, men become so vile as to be the incarnation of evil, what must they not be in eternity!—*Nevins.*

Eminent Literary Ladies.

For the Calliopean.

Madame De Stael.

THE controversy has been long, concerning the comparative intellectual capabilities of the two sexes. From the time of Plato, who said, that there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength, down to Professor Dugald Stewart, who thought, that the differences, which we observe are only the result of education, there has been an almost unceasing dispute.

Whatever influence a better education may have upon the future achievements of woman, it is certain, that man has hitherto held undoubted superiority. Splendid efforts have been put forth by females in every department of Literature—efforts, which entitle them to a rank far above mediocrity; yet they seem not to have attained the highest summit of genius. Homer, Demosthenes, Milton, Newton, Locke and Burke, walk in a sphere into which the step of the female has never intruded.

The one who has approached nearest to the exalted few, and borne away the brightest laurels of her sex, is Madame De Stael. There was no subject too profound for her penetrating genius; and she could plunge into the mysteries of politics and literature, with as much ease and delight, as she could describe the glowing scenery of Italy, or the sorrows of a deserted heroine.

She was born in Paris, on the 22d April, 1766—the daughter of Necker, the celebrated minister of finance under Louis XVI. Her mother, a pious and strong-minded woman, desirous of giving her a perfect education, fostered her rising talents with unceasing care, and stored her mind with knowledge at a very early period. It is a striking coincidence in the lives of Napoleon and Madame De Stael, who were born about the same time, and became the two mightiest spirits of the age, that both were accustomed to ascribe their subsequent elevation to the instruction and precepts of their mothers. Had they instilled more deeply the principles of virtue and piety into the minds of their offspring, how different might have been the condition of the world and themselves. Instead of spreading desolation and a vitiated morality over Europe, and being wretched and miserable themselves, they might, with the same energies have almost Christianized the world, and been fitted for a glorious eternity hereafter. Should not mothers then be careful, that they bring up their children in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord”? The destinies of a country or a world, as well as of immortal souls, may be depending on the instructions they impart, at a time when those plastic minds receive a form which can never be remodeled.

But the drawing room was her principal school-room. Here, amid the sprightly sallies and learned conversation of the savans and elite of Paris, her soul drank in its inspiration, and soon became itself the centre of attraction.

Her powers were taxed to the utmost. Bacon has said, that reading makes the full man, conversation the ready man, and writing the exact man. In her they were all combined. Her thirsting avidity for books was only equalled by her passionate attachment to conversation, and this only by her wonderful facility in composition! Her insatiable mind devoured and lived upon the works of genius, while her burning thoughts found vent in the *melée* of the literary circle, or in writings which astonished the assembled listeners, to whom she declaimed them. Her very existence seemed to be bound up in the excitement of literary intercourse.

Another passion, and it was far more commendable, was her ardent and devoted attachment to her father. Overwhelmed by the weight of a tottering kingdom, M. Necker delighted to find relief in the conversation of his daughter, whose affection and vivacity dispelled every care from his brow.

At the age of twenty, she was married to the Baron De Stael Holstein, a Protestant nobleman, and Swedish Ambassador at the Court of France: but her marriage seems to be a subordinate event in her life. Her letters on the writings and character of Rousseau, published about this time, commenced the dazzling career of her authorship.

France was now on the verge of its great Revolution.—Groaning under the shackles of despotism, the whole nation, nobles, ecclesiastics, lawyers, plebeians, rose up in the might of its strength, and proclaimed the voice of Liberty. It was a noble enterprise at first, and the patriotic La Fayette, and the disinterested Necker helped it on; but alas, it was carried too far. Dark and gloomy was the retribution which awaited it—when its mobs, tearing away the very landmarks of society, waded to power through oceans of blood. The helm of established authority once destroyed, the boisterous waves of popular commotion tossed and shattered in pieces the vessel of State.

It was amid such stirring times Madame De Stael passed her womanhood. Enthusiastic hopes at first animated her bosom, that freedom was about to smite on her country—but they were bitterly blasted, as scene after scene of the terrible drama was enacted. She saw the noble La Fayette forced to fly into foreign lands—the ambitious and hard-hearted Danton and Robespierre bathing their hands in innocent, and even in royal blood—a furious populace careering in bloodshed and trampling down every thing above them—party after party overthrown and destroyed—and finally, Napoleon rising on the ruins of his fallen country. Sometimes she was employed in rescuing an ill-fated victim from the hands of the executioner—sometimes in making eloquent appeals in behalf of the royal family, and especially of the heroic Queen, Marie Antoinette—sometimes, when crime had ceased its havoc, in opening her splendid saloon for the witty and learned—and sometimes in visiting her beloved father at his beautiful residence on the lake of Geneva.

But the bitterest portion of her existence now approached.—Napoleon had reached the summit of power. Looking down from his height to see who were able and inclined to oppose him, he saw in Madame De Stael one, who penetrated at a glance his daring and ambitious designs, and one, who would never stoop to become his partisan. He aimed at her a shaft, which he knew too well would pierce her to the heart. He banished her from Paris. To her, this seemed like a death-stroke. Murat was not more wretched away from the roar of the cannon and the wild tumult of war, than was Madame De Stael when deprived of the excitement of literary warfare. Sometimes she would approach the capital, as near as was permitted, to see some of her friends; but it served only to render more painful, the pangs which a new separation inflicted. Thrice the inexorable persecutor banished her from the scenes she loved. He little thought that he too would have to drink the same bitter cup to the very dregs, on the lonely shores of St. Helena.

Thrown back upon her own mind by these trying events, she found there nothing to elevate, nothing to support her. It was like the existence of the inebriate—happy and joyous in the moment of intoxication, but wretched and gloomy in the interval.—Misery and melancholy, like a blighting mildew, settled upon her mind, and the rest of her life seemed like a fearful vigil on the verge of the grave.

Her husband died in 1802, and her father in 1804, a loss, which deeply affected her sensitive mind. In 1810 she was again married to a young officer, who had retired to Geneva on account of his wounds, and had been charmed by her talents and powers of conversation, (for she was not prepossessing, except in the expression of her eyes.)

Her principal enjoyment in the latter part of her life was derived from the society of her amiable family and a few friends, who still lingered around her. The marriage of her eldest daughter, a pious and talented lady, to the celebrated Duke de Broglie, was also the source of great pleasure to her in her declining years.

In order to dispel the *ennui* which haunted her, she travelled a good deal; and the emotions she experienced in the various countries which she visited, gave rise to many of her writings.—“Corinne or Italy,” her most celebrated work, though a novel, embodies the deep feelings and thrilling associations which that sunny clime, hallowed by so many relics of former times, awakened in her vivid imagination. In the same manner, her visit to Germany and the other countries adjacent produced two of her most masterly performances, “Germany,” and the “Six years of

exile." "Delphine," and a work on "Literature," are also ranked among her finest productions.

Seldom has any individual in any age displayed a deeper insight into the depths of human policy, and the hidden secrets of nature. Without an effort, she lays bare the motives of actions to others inexplicable, elucidates subjects to others obscure, and unfolds in the works of nature and art sublimities and beauties by others unseen. Her fascinating style, and the brilliant thoughts which here and there burst upon the reader, throw an irresistible charm around her writings.

But if on the other hand, we turn to the precepts inculcated, and the influence exerted by her works, we shall find much less to praise. As literary productions, they stand on a lofty prominence; but as moral ones, they are lamentably deficient.—She advocated no moral courage, but rather despair and suicide under difficulties and misfortunes—and both in Delphine and Corinne, her heroines die broken-hearted.

How pleasing is the transition from the character and writings of Madame De Staël, to those of Hannah More. There is a purity and retiring modesty in her life, and a zeal for the good of mankind in her writings, which will make the name of the latter remembered, when the brilliant laurels of the former shall have mouldered in dust. She had not, perhaps, the same towering, ethereal genius as Madame De Staël, but it was better directed. All the writings of the one were conducive to the weal of mankind—those of the other, perhaps, to its woe. The one was the solid, use-seeking English character, the other the dazzling, spirit-captivating French.

Not less striking was the difference between their private dispositions. The ruling passion of the one, if she had any at all, was a desire for the well-being of her fellow creatures—that of the other, display of herself. The one retired from London to spend the rest of her life in the composition of useful books, or in schemes of active benevolence—the other was driven from Paris to waste away a precious existence in ceaseless regrets for her absence.

JUNIA.

For the Calliopean.

Superficial Attainments.

THAT the intellectual acquirements of our sex are in general of a superficial character, is a deeply humiliating fact, and one too well grounded to admit of refutation. While the hill of Science is thronged with competitors, we see but here and there a female aspirant.

Woman, as if unconscious of the priceless gem committed to her trust, suffers herself to be led away by the syren voice of pleasure, until entangled in ten thousand snares, she is content to grovel in the dust.

How often is the taunting remark sounded in our ears, that profound study forms no part of female education. A few gaudy accomplishments are all that we require. In firm reliance on the truth of this dogma, many an unwary one leaves the parental roof, and undergoes for a few years the tedious routine of a fashionable boarding school. At length the metamorphosis is completed, and she comes forth "an accomplished lady"—sings melodiously, plays gracefully, and to a certain extent can converse fluently in French and Italian.

Her fond parents gaze with delight on the huge paintings which decorate the walls, little aware of the secret connected with them—that perhaps the fair pupil, with the assistance of some kind friend, sketched the outline, and for a while wielded her ungainly pencil, and then resigned the disfigured canvas to her patient instructor, through whose instrumentality it at length assumed the features of a landscape. The drawing room is literally crammed with the ingenious productions of our heroine. A vase of flowers crowns the pier table—a wreath of blossoms encircles the lamp—doilies are distributed in every direction, while humble ottomans, peeping up to view the scene, are frowned upon by haughty fire-screens. These manifestations of skill cause us to form a high estimation of the mental endowments of their authoress. And how much is our esteem augmented when we find her thoroughly versed in all the novels of

the day—able to describe minutely the latest fashion, and go through a difficult set of quadrilles with admirable dexterity.

Such are the acquirements which, according to the opinions of many noble lords of creation, form the sine qua non of female education. Thus enshrouded in the trappings of folly, and misguided ambition, she drinks the soul-destroying draught of flattery, mingled by that hand which should have been the first to snatch her from the fearful abyss.

In all ages the female mind has been debased. In the fawn-ing lap of chivalry its energies were paralyzed—and amidst the martial achievements of Greece, its vilest passions were aroused. It found no asylum in the shades of Academus, and no retreat within the sacred portals of Junus. Is it then a matter of surprise that a power thus clogged and impeded, should become sluggish or inactive.

But must we in view of these circumstances sit down in hopeless despondency to bewail our hapless lot, or gaze with envy on the superior advantages of the other sex? No! Though our fetters are strong, and forged by giant hands, yet resolute and determined efforts will burst them asunder. Though we may have to grope our way alone up the rugged ascent, yet perseverance, with the blessing of God, will conquer. Long enough has this mighty mass of mind remained enshrouded in ignorance—it is now high time to awake out of sleep. As the daughters of a remote appendage of the British dominions, the present is to us an auspicious period. In the far off horizon of our parent land has appeared a luminary, which is destined ere long to dispel the moral and intellectual gloom in which we have hitherto wandered. Other ages have been crowned with literary and scientific attainments and discoveries. Other reigns have been prolific in men of genius and talent. Elizabeth could boast of a long list of eminent statesmen, poets and philosophers—and Anne triumphed in the Augustan age of an enlightened and flourishing nation—but for Victoria it remained to lay the foundation of that superstructure which shall emancipate her own sex from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, and place them in possession of those rights and privileges which the great Creator designed them to enjoy.

MARY.

To my Brother.

When the last rays, at twilight's hour,
Fall gently o'er the drooping flower—
When mists are gathering on the hill,
Nor sound is heard, save mountain rill;
Then hear the echo whispering near,
In softest accents to thine ear—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When silence reigns through earth and sea—
When glows the star of Memory—
When Music wakes her thrilling tone,
And Autumn winds around thee moan—
Their accents hear, and oh rejoice!
For, hark! there comes a well-known voice—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When Fancy lifts her radiant wing,
And morning birds around thee sing—
When Joy lights up thy beaming eye,
And Love's enchantment too is nigh—
When calm blue waters round thee flow,
Then hear thy sister breathing low—
I love thee, dearest brother!

Should Disappointment's withering breath
Consign thy brightest hopes to death—
Should Friendship's trust, in boyhood made,
In after years prove faith betrayed;
Then to thy sister yet return,
For oh, her heart will fondly burn
To clasp her dearest brother!

Should Sorrow cloud thy coming years,
And bathe thy prospects all in tears,
Remember that the rainbow's hue
Is bright, 'mid clouds and sunshine too;
Remember, though we're doomed to part,
There lives one fond and faithful heart
That loves her dearest brother!

Trust in God.

For the Calliopean.

If days are dark, and clouds arise
With threat'ning aspect, in the skies,
And hope within thy bosom dies—

Then look to God.

If friends prove false, and foes unite
To shroud thy name in blackest night,
And all thy future prospects blight—

Ask help from God.

If sorrow deep, thy heart has riven,
By human tempests, fiercely driven,
And to thy soul keen anguish given—

Seek rest in God.

If fortune frown, and meagre want
Present his visage, pale and gaunt,
And e'en thy slumbering moments haunt—

Confide in God.

If through the thick'ning gloom, above,
No spot of blue, or star of love,
Beam on thy path, thy griefs to move—

Have faith in God.

If wasting pain thy life consume,
Pointing thee to the gaping tomb,
And all thy earthly pleasures doom—

Still hope in God.

Thy Great High Priest is on the throne;
To him are all thy sorrows known;
He hears, he feels each sigh and groan—

Then trust in God.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived, what Christ, the Lord,
Hath for his saints, in heaven, prepared—

Then dwell in God.

He's sitting now thy mansion bright;
Soon, soon thou'lt dwell with him, in light,
Far from sin and sorrow's blight—

Rest then in God.

Dorham, January 2, 1848.

CORNELIA.

Family Prayer Remembered.

"NOTHING," exclaimed a young friend of mine, "nothing comes over me in the whirl of thoughtless pleasure like the memory of my father's prayers. A hundred times have I been ready to rush into forbidden gratification, and successfully silenced even the voice of conscience, when those prayers and that family altar around which we were all gathered in the silent hour, would come to me like an unseen but mighty hand, suddenly arresting the career of folly and bringing me to a stop. Not an inch forward can I move in the forbidden path if that vision of love but once more visit my soul. Those prayers!—how often have they subdued our wild spirits, softened our little asperities of temper and melted all hearts into one. I never think of home without connecting its strongest endearments and sweetest associations with that altar of love. There was a strange mystery about it. How it was that my father could so unite our hearts with his own tender and holy aspirations, I know not. It seems to me I never can go far in the road to death, while the memory of those prayers so entrances, and, as it were, paralyzes my soul."

Happy youth! those memories shall not be forgotten, for know! they wove a mighty chain to link thee safe to the throne of God! They had mysterious efficacy to bind thee fast to a Savior's love! The blissful vision will return to visit thee in thy earthly trials, and encircle thee when the tempter is nigh. It will conduct thee through all thy pilgrimage, and lend thee a "staff" in the "valley and shadow of death."

Said another youth, "I have had praying enough! Do let me have a little respite! That long weary prayer which I have heard till I could run through every sentence before it was spoken, it

sickens me to think of it. The cold gloomy piety which I witnessed in my childhood hangs about me like a dismal spell. I wish I could shake it off!" Yes, poor youth! better for thee if thou couldst forget that dull and heartless formality; but no, the remembrance of it will brood over thy solitary soul, unless the gentle dove, in pity to thy hapless bondage, break the iron spell, and breathe into thee the refreshing, living, loving spirit of confiding prayer!

"I too," said another, "remember the family altar, and though successive years have thrown a veil over the cherished scenes of early youth, yet in the twilight of age, how clearly do I remember the morning and evening hour, when the closed shutters and darkened room shed no sad influence on my young heart; for the tones of holy earnest supplication, fresh and glowing from an upright heart, and sustained by a consistent walk with God, could not fail to interest the feelings. There were no measured sentences or technical phrases—but humble, simple, hearty supplication, varied to family circumstances, to duties and cares, but well suited to sinners addressing a holy God. It is not strange that I remember those moments 'rich in blessing' when the first gentle dew fell upon my heart."

E. B.

HOME.

He who examines human life with attentive eyes will find that it is chiefly made up of trifling incidents and petty occurrences; that our warmest wishes are excited by objects of no particular moment, and our greatest afflictions arise from bereavements or disappointments, which properly considered, should not occasion a sigh. The distresses of most common occurrences are but insect stings, which smart for a moment and are over; and the vast majority of earthly pleasures are experienced in the pursuit of some unreal good, alluring at a distance, but despised as soon as won. The bubble that charmed by its beautiful rotundity and crystal brightness, turns to water in the grasp; and the prospect that from afar seemed green with verdure and rich with fruitage, on near approach, is found to be chequered with the same diversity which characterized the scenes that were previously passed.

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man may drink of waters totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes forth in the calm and shady recesses of domestic love.—Pleasure may beat the heart into artificial excitement; war may indurate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness; but it is only domestic love that can render it happy.

It has been justly remarked by an ancient writer, that, of the actions which claim our attention, the most splendid are not always the greatest; and there are few human who are not aware, that these outward circumstances of pomp and affluence which are looked on with admiration and envy, seldom create happiness in the bosom of the possessors. It is the unrestricted intercourse of the domestic circle, where heart is linked with heart, that real enjoyment must be experienced if at all; not in threading the complicated labyrinth of politics; not amidst the glare of fashion, nor surrounded by the toils of state.

Like the poor player, when his hour of mimic greatness is passed, even the rulers of the earth eagerly strip themselves, whenever an interval of ease is afforded, of the artificial ornaments and disguises that in public they are forced to wear, but which are shown to be incumbrances by the alacrity they evince in dispensing with them. From the privacy of home they issued into public; the privacy of home they revisit, whenever occasion permits; and not even the "round and top of power" can totally allure their mental vision from the contemplation of its soul-satisfying joys.

The greater part of most men's lives is spent in domestic scenes and familiar employments; it is wise, therefore, so to live that those hours may glide along in tranquil brightness, which the breath of flattery cannot dimple, nor the gaudy light of pleasure gild. To be happy at home, is the object for which ambition pants and industry labors; but which cannot be attained, unless ardor be repressed by prudence, and virtue be joined with diligence.

Leaves of Antiquity:

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

(Translated from the German of Heider.)

The Songs of the Night.

WHEN in his youth, David sat upon the plains of Bethlehem, the spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was opened to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echo of their harps reached the earth—to the ends of the earth, rolled on their silent song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah!" said the descending sun, and the crimson twilight answered him: "I am the fringe of His garment."

The clouds towered above them and said, "We are His evening pavilion," and the water of the clouds uttered in the evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of glory thunders on high!" He rides upon my wings!" murmurs the rustling wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God—the tissue of His quickening presence."

"We hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth, "and must I be still and speechless?" "I will bathe thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children, newly refreshed, may rejoice—that thy sucklings may blossom like the rose."

"We blossom gladly!" said the enlivened field; and the full ears of grain rustling, replied, "We are the blessing of God! the army of God against the extremity of hunger."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We bless you!" answered the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also with a little drop of dew."

"And quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe.

"And gives us our food," dreamed the deer; "And clothes our lambs," bleated the flock.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken." "He heard me," answered the goat, "when my time came, and I went out and brought forth."

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards slumbering, said, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of his wings, in silent rest."

"In silent rest!" answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the morning dawn: "Lift up the gates, the doors of the world; let the King of Glory enter in. Awake ye men, and praise the Lord, the King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

The Morning Dawn.

Hast thou beheld the beautiful Aurora? She shines forth from the chamber of God—a ray of imperishable light—the comforter of mankind.

When David once, persecuted by his enemies, sat one dreary night upon Mount Hermon, playing that most melancholy of his psalms: "Lions and tigers howl around mine ear, the bands of the wicked surround me, and I see no helper!" lo, the morning dawn appeared. With glittering eyes she sprang up, the early hunted hind, and darted upon the mountains, and spoke to him as an angel upon the hills: "Wherefore grievest thou, that thou art forsaken? I burst forth from the dark night—from the most gloomy darkness comes the morning!"

Consoled, his eyes hung upon her countenance, while she led forth the sun which arose with his mighty wings, a healing power to the world. Gladdened, the tones of the Psalmist's song became changed, and he called it the song of the morning dawn—'The early hunted hind.'

In after-times also, he often sung this psalm, and thanked God

for the afflictions that over-clouded his early youth. And always with that psalm the morning dawn beamed into his dark soul.

Daughter of God, holy Aurora, thou lookest daily down, and sanctifiest the heavens and the earth—sanctify daily, also, my heart for thy silent dwelling.

Editorial Department.

Our last number was delayed two or three days beyond the proper time for publication, in consequence of a delay in obtaining paper, which the publisher had ordered.

The awkward separation and transposition of the pages of our last paper resulted from the absence of the printer who usually attends to the printing of the Calliopean.

We cannot account for the irregularities complained of by some of our subscribers. The publisher says he has correctly addressed, and regularly mailed all the numbers. Hereafter the paper will be issued promptly on the 9th and 24th of each month; except when these dates occur on the sabbath.

AGAIN we remind our correspondents, that no article, however excellent, can have place in our columns, while the author's name is unknown to the editress. We have received several articles of great intrinsic worth; but anonymous.

We desire to express our warmest thanks to our numerous friends, who have taken an interest in our undertaking, and through whose kindly influence the Calliopean has already an extensive circulation.

We hope that those interested in the cause of female education, and the extension of a wholesome literature in our country, will continue to favor us with a helping hand.

For a travelling agent in the lower part of the Province, liberal terms will be offered.

Burlington Ladies' Academy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,
Principal.
Hamilton, November 20, 1847.

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

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