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THE CALLIOPE

Volume I. Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Saturday, September 9, 1848. Number 20.

THE LONGING.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clow to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Alas! I hear the music singing—
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between,
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
 Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine forever, yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!
 But lo! between us rolls a river,
 O'er which the wrathful tempest raves;
 I feel the soul within me shiver
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, wo is me, the pilot fails!
 In, boldly in—undaunted over!
 And trust the life that swells the sails!
 Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
 *By miracles alone men enter
 The glorious land of miracles!—SCULLER.

* "Wo kein Wunder geschicht, ist kein Begluecker zu sehn."

A Vision for School Girls.

For the Calliopean.

Seest thou that "candle burning dim, with a crown about its head"? and she for whom the taper was lit, is there beside it, yet all unconscious of surrounding objects.

The little table is strewn with class-books of several sciences, while paper, pens, pencils, &c., betoken a student's chamber. Her elbows rest upon the open page before her; with both hands she clasps her temples and brow; her gaze is downward, but methinks the statue is marble, so fixed, so lifeless does it appear. See! the marble weep; tears are dropping fast upon the outspread leaves; yet the countenance changes not, nor doth a single muscle move her rigid features, to show that there

is life within. Her soul is absorbed in other scenes; it broods not outward things. Ah! now I hear her spirit's wail—I see the visions which float before her eyes. Hark!—above the tempest's howl, and from afar, o'er bleak wintry clad hills and leafless forests blowing to the blast, come deep-toned voices, sending their whispers into the inner ear of her soul, and her spirit is away at their call, nestling around the old parental hearth, in the home of her childhood. A quiet song, sweet as that, and from the sire reclining at his ease, to little rattlebrain frolicking with her kitten on the floor, no care appears to shade a brow, or aught restrain the flow of joy. There they are!—father, mother, sister, brother—heart to heart responding, even as tongue to tongue. They are gone—they have vanished—the student and her book, the paternal home have passed from vision.

List!—Heardst thou that peal of music? Again and again, it comes swelling out upon the gale. Ha! look upon that gorgeous scene. Animated forms, with flashing eyes, lit from within, are ere, and they glide through a flood of silver light poured down from brilliant chandeliers—"on, on and away through the mazy dance"—while one there is who seems queen of the throng; mistress of attention; around whose throbbing temples twines a bridal wreath. Ah! and she is the same youthful female; but her brow hath lost its marble hue and rigidity, her eye its vacant stare. She hath escaped from that coll-like chamber, and though she hath brought with her no well disciplined mind to bear a reverse of fortune; no store of intelligence to cheer and beguile a weary hour, when beauty fails and wit languishes; or treasures of knowledge, from which to satisfy the cravings of young immortals committed to her charge; yet she is happy in the thought that she is free—and what could she, the pretty petted plaything of home, the conscious mistress of an idolising husband's heart—aye, what could she require of those solid endowments and musty virtues which might have been acquired at that detested school.

The curtain drops, and now again another festive scene, and she who last appeared a joyous bride, is there presiding at the sumptuous board. Time hath not marred her beauty; but with a more dignified and imperial grace she moves, the centre of an admiring circle. Yet her eye is restless, and seeks in vain amid that obsequious multitude some object on which to rest its sight. Seest thou that little curtained bed? Within its damask folds repose in sleeping grace three lovely babes, who ought, methinks, to form that mother's pride and care. But shall the star of brilliant assemblies stoop to the charge of a nursery-maid—and when those fresh expanding minds begin to ask for know-

ledge they must be filled as best they can from fountains of ignorance, vileness, and superstition; for she who gave them birth knows not, nor cares to know ought of such vulgar matters.

The magnificent entertainment and the nursery chamber are veiled in oblivion.

What feeble and emaciated form thus in silent sadness watches out the weary hours alone, or attended only by some menial? It is she, the pining student, the gladsome bride, the proud matron. Promaturo infirmities have brought her low, and where are they who flattered her, who bowed around her path? These moths have found another luminary about which they dance and flutter, gay and thoughtless as before; while she, who a short time since, seemed a part of their existence, the radius of their lives, is neglected and forgotten; or, at most, the recipient of a few ceremonious calls of pity and condolence.

But where is the partner of her life—her adoring husband? Why, in this hour of loneliness and pain, is he not there to chase those burning temples, and with sweet converse while away the tedious time? Alas, she hath no inward beauty to allure; and now that disease hath bowed her form and blanched her cheek, no blessed intellectual ray beams from within to light up those wan features, or soften down the asperities of an uncultivated temper, left to the control of torturing impatience; and he who wooed and won the attractive butterfly finds nothing here to court his stay, or win him from the pursuit of that pleasure which hath been the object of his life. And those sweet babes! Ah, still they are sweet to behold, but trained only by indulgence, force, or deceit, they have learned thus in the dawn of guileless, loving youth, to know no filial ties; to seek in wild discordant brawls to maintain each its own imperious will.

Weep on, thou sad and lonely one—wring out the last bitter drops of thine existence in unheeded and unmitigated anguish. The fountains through which consolation might have poured into thy stricken soul were never yet unsealed. Thou, in the days of thy youth and gladness, didst wantonly refuse to let thy deathless spirit taste of the banquet spread even before its eyes; and now, when earthly vanities can no longer cheat its vision or delude its panting appetites, it must wither, it must groan, it must die.

IDA.

Principal Manufactures of England.

The staple manufacture of this country is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep; hence our wool has ever been a valuable article of trade; but we did not always know how to work it. We used to sell it to the Flemish or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth: till in the year 1326, Edward III. invited some Flemish weavers over to teach us the art; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry VII.

Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have arisen to great consequence from small beginnings, almost within the memory of man; the first for cotton and muslin goods, the second for cutlery and hardware, in which England excels all Europe.

Of late years, too, fine and beautiful carpets have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are also greatly esteemed.

The earthenware plates and dishes in general use, with the more elegant and ornamental sets for the dinner and tea-tables of the wealthy, come from a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is at Burslem, in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there, were established by Wedgwood, who has made our clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China; he has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek artists. In the more common articles he has penciled it with the most elegant designs, shaped it into shells and leaves, twisted it into wicker-work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket; he has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are traced the fine forms and floating draperies of antiquity. There is a great demand abroad for this elegant manufacture.

Aikin.

There is no subject which affords a greater contrast when considered abstractly and when in detail, than war. There is none in which the means are more wholly forgotten in the end; none in which the moral sentiments are more entirely surrendered to the animal feelings. How often on the historic page we read the account of a great victory, perhaps the hinge of a nation's destiny! We rejoice at the triumph secured for liberty; we exult in a tyrant's downfall; but little do we think of the individual misery involved in the attainment of that victory! We forget the blood, the wounds, the anguish of the battle-field. We may truly be astonished at ourselves when we remember how coolly we have read the histories of wars, where hundreds, thousands and even millions have died a death of agony; leaving wretched families in want and tears, to gratify, nine times in ten, the passions—avarice and ambition.

But I did not take my pen to moralize upon the horrors of war either generally or minutely. The foregoing ideas were suggested by the recollection of an incident related to me by a quondam soldier, which was part of his experience of one campaign in the late war with Great Britain.

Said he, I ever had a desire to be a soldier. The reading of wars and battles was my most agreeable amusement. I burned over the accounts of combats; and the more sanguinary, the more interesting were they. I inwardly determined that if an occasion should offer, I would indulge myself with at least one campaign. With the same feelings I arrived at manhood, and was teaching a country school, when the last war with England was declared. I left my employment and joined the army. I was possessed of considerable skill as a musician—was, in consequence, promoted to the office of Drum Major, and the regiment to which I was attached was soon called into actual service.

It happened in the course of the campaign, that a soldier was detected in the act of desertion, and although the poor fellow plead the excuse (which was a true one), of leaving the ranks only to visit transiently a dear young wife to whom he was greatly attached; yet, as it was his second offence, and as desertion had become rather frequent, it was thought needful to make an example of the unfortunate man, *in terrorem*, to others.

In vain he plead what he considered the best apology for a temporary absence from the ranks, and his intention of a speedy return. Nothing could prevent the enforcement of the stern rules of iron war. Die he must, that his companions might be warned against similar transactions.

The appointed day arrived. I was informed that I must be present, and must hold a loaded pistol in my hand, with which, in case of a failure of the executioners' muskets to kill, I must finish the victim by blowing out his brains. The idea of the possibility of such an event haunted me like a spectre. I was in perfect misery concerning it, and could I have done so, and not have jeopardized my own life, I should have decamped myself, in broad day-light, to escape the realization of my fears. The idea was the more terrible to me from the fact that the destined victim was a personal acquaintance of mine, with whom I had spun many a 'tale of blood' upon the 'tented field.'

The hour of execution came. The troops were paraded, and with a solid step after the muffled drum, the deserter was escorted to the ground where he was to suffer. Never did I perform duty so unwillingly as on that day. I held the dreadful weapon in my hand, and after expostulating with the commanding officer until he was angry, and peremptorily ordered me to my duty, I found myself where it might be necessary to do it, with a cold sweat out at every pore, and limbs trembling with dreadful emotion. The victim, calm, but pale and haggard, was made to kneel upon his coffin, beside an opened grave. The bandage was applied to his eyes, and the guard of seven stepped forth to discharge the war-imposed duty of putting him to death. They appeared extremely unwilling to do it; and when the fatal word was pronounced, so awkwardly did they perform, that, O horror! what were my feelings to observe when the smoke of their muskets had risen, the object of their aim, extended on the brink of his grave groaning under his

wounds. The rules of war would not admit of delay sufficient to discover whether or not they would prove mortal. As he lay writhing beneath them, the officer on duty approached me, and bade me finish what the ill-spiced bullets had failed to do. I know not how I acted for a few moments. I have only the recollection of an endeavour to withdraw, and an intention of taking to my heels, and then of being driven onward by curses and a sword's point to the side of the dying man. I remember the look he gave me with his upturned and seemingly conscious eyes, and the groan from his bleeding breast that accompanied it. I knew not how I did it—but it was done. Yes, I put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, turned away my face, and covered myself with his brains. To complete the climax of horror, I was obliged to roll him into the pit, where a few shovelful of earth completed his burial.

Do you think, said he, that I needed any thing additional to render me satisfied with a soldier's life? A week after saw me down with a raging fever, and disconnected forever from the army.

To this day, continued he, I often see in my dreams the dying look of that poor victim of infernal war, whom I aided to launch into eternity.

E. W. B. C.

Wheeling, Va, Nov. 3rd, 1837.

AUTUMN.

THE first severe frost had come and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar-maple, with a leaf more delicate and brighter than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest, like the Sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness; the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of departed summer, turned out among the edges of the woods, like a lining of the palest gold; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun spotted with gold, like the wings of a lady-bird; the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drape of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him, to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched, like a coward, in the dying forest, burdening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash, flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves, than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper-dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman, in her death, is heavenlier than the being on whom, in life, she leaned; and alone and unsympathizing in this universal decay, outlaws from nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colors of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost.

Oh! to have seen the sun set on the hills bright in the still green and lingering summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple and crimson—had been fused in the alembick of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upwards, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies, had let forth their imprisoned colors, to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that, in olden time, entered the bodies of the dying, re-animate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery.

—N. P. Willis.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

THE Chinese bearing no part in public transactions, and living in uninterrupted peace, the uniform insipidity of their existence is not relieved by any, even the most frivolous and puny amusements. This feature, as well as the very striking contrariety of Chinese customs, in comparison with our own, are given with sufficient correctness in the following passages from a little work printed at Macao.

On enquiring of the boatmen in which direction Macao lay, I was answered, in the west-north, the wind, as I was informed, being east-south. We do not say so in Europe, thought I; but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, the boatman added, that the needle pointed to the south! Desirous of changing the subject, I remarked that I supposed he was about to proceed to some merry-making, as his dress was completely white. He told me, with a look of much dejection, that his only brother had died the week before, and that he was in the deepest mourning for him. On my landing, the first object that attracted my attention was a military mandarin, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads round his neck, and a fan in his hand; and it was with amazement that I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. I was surrounded by natives all of whom had their hair shaven from the fore part of the head, while a portion of them permitted it to grow on their faces. On my way to the house prepared for my reception, I saw two Chinese boys discussing with much earnestness who should be the possessor of an orange. They debated the point with a vast variety of gesture, and at length, without fighting, sat down and divided the orange equally between them. At that moment my attention was attracted by several old Chinese, some of whom had grey beards, and nearly all of them huge spectacles. A few were chirping and chuckling to singing-birds, which they carried in bamboo cages, or perched on a stick; others were catching flies to feed the birds; the remainder of the party seemed to be delightfully employed in flying paper kites, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding these occupations of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

Being resolved on learning the language, I procured a Chinese master, who happily understood English. I was fully prepared to be told that I was about to study a language without an alphabet, but was somewhat astonished, on his opening the Chinese volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the end of the book. He read the date of the publication—'The fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.'—We arrange our dates differently, I observed; and begged him to let me know something of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying, 'When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.'—Davis.

From Schiller's "Votive Tablets."

THE KEY.

To know *thyself*—in others self discern;
Wouldst thou know others? read *thyself*—and learn!

The best governed State.

How the best state to know? it is found out:
Like the best woman—that least talk'd about.

Friend and Foe.

Dear is my friend; yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe shows what I should.

Correctness.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,
Attests art's loftiest or its least degree;
Alike the smoothness of the surface shows,
The pool's dull stagner—the great sea's repose.

Science.

To some she is the goddess great, to some the milch-cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.

From the Christian Messenger.

He never bowed to Pray.

BY MISS L. A. A.

The hand of death is on him;
The spirit will not stay;
His kindred weeping round him stand,
Yet none can bow to pray!

The friends of former years have come—
Have to his couch found way,
And many are the gather'd band,
But yet no one to pray!

Once youthful strength and years were his,
And health's enlivening ray;
And friends that seemed to love him well,
Yet taught him not to pray!

He grew to manhood's fair estate;
Earth's hope adorned the way;
The treasures of the world were his;
But did he ever pray?

His health decay'd; his hopes were borne
By rolling years away;
And sorrow marked his brow with care;
But did he ever pray?

The weariness of age came on;
Death, eager, seized his prey!
Of all the friends he made through life,
There was not one to pray!

No radiant hope the living cheer'd,
When they bore to earth away.
Unbless'd his search of happiness,
He never bowed to pray.

For the Calliopean.

The close of our Session and a word to my companions.

"Oh, here is something sentimental!" methinks I hear exclaim-
od. "Something about the old hackneyed 'closings, partings,
&c.'" Now, don't be alarmed, for though each vacation is at-
tended with a breaking up of sundry little ties, which, despite its
being sentimental, makes one feel, just at the time, more like
starting on a voyage of transportation than a "homeward bound;"
yet your sympathies are not to be taxed with details of adieu
to surrounding objects—from mountain, grove, and bay, down
to the bell, and even the study-table—nor yet by images of swol-
len eyes, quivering lips, and a would-be careless smile, interrupt-
ed in the very middle by a choking sob. All these things are
matters of course; have often transpired; often will again; and
may my heart and eyes never become "so accustomed," that
the one shall cease to feel and the other to overflow at each suc-
ceeding "scene."

However, this time, instead of romancing, I feel a strong
inclination to moralize, and deliver a few words of parting ad-
vice to my companions; which, if the general reader finds un-
interesting, he will please pass without a frown, and if an apolo-
gy be required for such exclusiveness as an address to ourselves,
it is at hand, and is simply, that being left to roam through
these deserted halls, with leisure for reflection, thoughts of loved
late occupants came rushing thick and fast, accompanied with
earnest desires for their welfare, happiness, and good conduct,
prompting the before intimated lecture, which, coming too late
for the ears, is now offered to the eyes of my fellows, most of
whom it will probably reach. And the first thing that struck
my mind was, that notwithstanding some small privations, such
as denial of wonted indulgence in sweetmeats, or a nap in the
morning and a serious affliction in the shape of home-sickness,
I say notwithstanding these, we have been very happy, and would
not part with what real benefit we have received, from fear of
many more troubles than we have this session experienced—in
fact those very privations, which at the time were so galling to
the flesh, have resulted in one of our most important acquisitions,
viz:—a degree of self-command and consequent self-compla-
cency, which we never before enjoyed; and I appeal to all and
each one, individually, if she does not find within her breast a
consciousness of mental being, and a responsibility to duty, both
now and pleasing—not that wild chimerical view of knowledge,

virtue, and duty shown by romances. But a calm and rational
light beaming in her soul from an enlightened judgment, and
pointing to her own sphere, in legible characters portraying
"act well your part, there all the honor lies."

This mind-discipline, this self-knowledge is worth more than
all the scientific attainments we may have made, or accomplish-
ments we may have acquired; though these are by no means to
be despised, as they have been a chief medium through which
the former was obtained. Yet, though important, these have
not been the only medium through which our souls have receiv-
ed a new impulse for good; instruction, counsel, admonitions,
and earnest prayers we have daily heard, that our knowledge
might not be that which puffeth up; but that which tendeth to
make its possessor not only more virtuous and amiable, but
also to make her wise unto salvation.

In short, that we can more clearly distinguish right from
wrong, and are therefore capable of knowing and doing better
than hitherto, we must all acknowledge; but as to know is one
thing and to do another, with us alone it rests to determine, whether
knowledge shall be to us and in us a blessing or a curse; whe-
ther the good cause of female education shall in us be recom-
mended or dishonored; for after all, the question, should females
receive a thorough scientific, as well as ornamental education,
waits upon experience or experimental evidence for its answer,
much more than upon the pen of the author or the voice of the
statesman. Yes, my sisters, upon our deportment, our amiabil-
ity, our patience, our energy, our readiness to every good word
and work, depend not only our individual reputation and happi-
ness, but also that which ought to be dearer to the heart of every
true woman, viz:—the exaltation and improvement of her sex.
Then let us, though scattered far and wide, unite in one high re-
solve, that we will show by lovely tempers, by forbearance, by
offices of kindness to our parents, brothers, sisters, and all by
whom we are surrounded, that the kindness of our friends has
not been wasted, and that our minds have been fed and strength-
ened, by solid acquisitions, rather than puffed out and weakened
by self-conceit and vanity.

Physical Education.

Such, in our present condition, is the mysterious connexion be-
tween body and mind, that the one cannot act, except on a very
limited scale, without the assistance of the other. This immor-
tal agent must have an "earthly house" to dwell in; and it is
essential to vigorous and healthful mental operations, that this
house should be well built, and that it should be kept in good re-
pair. Now, it is the province of physical education to erect the
building, and, in carrying it up, to have special reference to its
firmness and durability; so that the unseen tenant, who is sent
down to occupy it may enjoy every convenience, and be enabled
to work to the very best advantage.

That is undoubtedly the wisest and best regime which takes
the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along through
childhood and youth up to his maturity, in such a manner as to
give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amp-
litude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to
his vital energies. It is obvious that this branch of education
comprehends not only food and clothing, but early rising, and
whatever else is requisite to the full development of the physical
constitution.

If then, you would see the son of your prayers and hopes,
blooming with health, and rejoicing daily in the full and spark-
ling tide of youthful buoyancy; if you wish him to be strong and
athletic and careless of fatigue; if you would fit him for hard
labor and safe exposure to winter and summer; or if you would
prepare him to sit down twelve hours in a day with Euclid, En-
field and Newton, and still preserve the health, you must lay the
foundation accordingly. You must begin with him early, must
teach him self-denial, and gradually subject him to such hard-
ships as will help to consolidate his frame and give increasing
energy to all his physical powers. His diet must be simple, his
apparel must not be too warm, nor his bed too soft. A good
soil is commonly so much cheaper and better for children than
medicine, beware of too much restriction in the management of

your darling boy. Let him, in choosing his play, follow the suggestions of nature.

Be not discomposd at the sight of his sand-hills, in the road, his snow forts in February, and his mud-dams in April—nor when you look out in the midst of an August shower, and see him waddling and sailing and sporting along with the water-fowl. If you would make him hardy and fearless, let him go abroad as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping room by Fahrenheit, let him face the keen edge of the north wind, when the mercury is below cypher, and instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again. In this way, you will teach him that he was not born to live in the nursery, and to brood over the kitchen fire; but to range abroad as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise. I love and admire the youth who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer:—who never magnifies "mole-hills into mountains," but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 8.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Few women have displayed a more masculine understanding or keener powers of observation, than the subject of the present sketch. Whether ably elucidating the principles of political economy, writing prize essays on religious subjects, composing pleasing and instructive tales, or publishing travels in both the old and the new world, she has shown herself to possess talents of the first order, and those too directed to high and benevolent purposes. She is, we believe, still living; but having been afflicted for some time with disabling illness, her literary career is probably closed. It has, however, been a long and laborious one. Almost every year since her youth, a new work has proceeded from her pen, and, even since her sickness, she has written several works addressed to the young, and breathing a spirit of congeniality with the buoyancy of that age which is surprising amid the languor of the sick room, and evinces the energy and cheerfulness of her well-ordered mind.

Harriet Martineau was born in the year 1802, at Norwich, in England, where her family had taken refuge from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and had since that time been engaged there in the manufacturing business. A delicate constitution and the infirmity of deafness, with which she has been troubled to a certain degree ever since, were the means of turning her attention in early life to reading and study. Fond, at the same time, of placing her thoughts upon paper, she had practised it so much, that she had scarcely passed through her teens when a volume from her pen appeared before the public. Her earlier works exhibit an inferiority to her later ones, though they possess the same moral aim, and the same clear and forcible style. Her writings, however, not only contributed to her own pleasure and the instruction of others, but, her family having become involved in their circumstances, proved the means of honorable support to her during the rest of her life.

The "Traditions of Palestine," published in the year 1830, forms a new era in her literary career, and her productions, henceforward, bear the stamp of more matured genius and a higher-toned morality. But what most evinced the powers of her mind, was her successful competition about this time, for three premiums offered by the Association of Unitarians, (of which she is a member) for the three best essays on the means of introducing the doctrines of that body respectively among the Roman Catholics, the Mahometans, and the Jews. The prizes, adjudged by three distinct sets of judges, were awarded to the "same author"—and that author—a woman—and that woman—Miss Martineau."

The work, however, which permanently established her title to literary fame, was her "Illustrations of Political Economy." Digesting in her powerful mind the great truths of this difficult, but highly useful science, she published her reflections in a series of twenty-four tales, each of which illustrated one of those leading principles. To have thus lucidly analyzed the great questions, which almost daily occupy the attention of statesmen as well as commoners, such as Free Trade, Foreign and Colonial Policy, Poor Laws, &c., and made them accessible and practically useful alike to the cottage and the palace, an achievement, which not only called forth the admiration of her own country, but caused many of the series to be translated into the chief languages of the continent. The tales are of themselves very interesting, and it is a high proof of her mental superiority that she could thus contrive so many interesting plots, each of which should practically illustrate one of the great doctrines of political economy, besides giving a clear and able exposition of the same during the course of the narrative. There were not wanting those, however, who blamed her choice of such a class of subjects. Among these was the "Quarterly Review," of which it was said by a celebrated writer that, "while enlarging on what did not appear to it as 'feminine,' it certainly forgot what was gentlemanly." She will be exculpated, however, we think, in the opinion of most; for if it was proper, for her to write at all, why should she not elucidate difficult subjects if she was capable of doing so, and thus contribute in a greater degree to the well-being of mankind? If men are considered the benefactors of their race when they grapple successfully with such subjects, why should it not be the same with the other sex, especially if it interferes with no other duty? Indeed, those, whether women or men, who are capable of becoming the "lights of the world" on some difficult question, ought to feel themselves under obligation to do so, and to consider it one of their first and highest duties to fulfill that obligation. The influence of an author may be extended through many countries and continued through many ages, but that of most other individual must necessarily be confined to a small space and exerted but a short time.

But Harriet-Martineau was of too simple-minded and high-souled a disposition to think of the opinion of others on such an occasion as this. Whenever she could do aught for the good of the human race, (and she seldom wrote without some good object) she "did it with her might."

She was, however, like her contemporary Mrs. Jameson, a strenuous supporter of the rights of her sex. After all that has been written on this subject, the great remedy seems to lie in a "more enlarged and more enlightened education." If women were as extensively and as soundly educated as the other sex, they need not fear for their other rights; and without this education, they would not be capable of properly using those rights.

While in the prime of her life and vigor, she spent some time in traveling, which her powers of keen observation, her vivid imagination, and her energetic spirit fitted her peculiarly to enjoy. Her travels in the east, and especially in Palestine, are full of interest, and her "America" is said to be less prejudiced than the works of most British travelers in the United States. Her strictures on Slavery are very severe, but she gives a view of this question, which should never be forgotten by writers and speakers on this subject:

The nation must not be judged of by that portion whose worldly interests are involved in the maintenance of the anomaly; nor yet by the eight hundred flourishing abolition societies of the north, with all the supporters they have in unassociated individuals. The nation must be judged of as to Slavery by neither of these parties; but by the aspect of the conflict between them. If it be found that the five abolitionists who first met in a little chamber five years ago, to measure their moral strength against this national enormity, have become a host beneath whose assaults the vicious institution is rocking to its foundations, it is time that slavery was ceasing to be a national reproach. Europe now owes to America the justice of regarding her as the country of abolitionism, quite as emphatically as the country of slavery."—Society in America, v. 3. p. 249.

She seldom wrote poetry, but many of her pieces are exceedingly beautiful. The following, as the month of August has just passed, will not be inappropriate in this place:

"Song for August.

"Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, oh, for ever.

"Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, for ever.

"By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

"They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time.
On, on, for ever."

JUNIA.

From Mrs. Moodle's Backwoods of Canada.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

A FAMILY of Indians have pitched their huts very near us; on one of the islands of our lake we can distinguish the thin blue smoke of their wood fires, rising among the trees, from our front window, or curling over the bosom of the waters.

The squaws have been several times to see me; sometimes from curiosity, sometimes with the view of bartering their baskets, mats, ducks, or venison, for pork, flour, potatoes, or articles of wearing-apparel. Sometimes their object is to borrow "kettle to cook," which they are very punctual in returning.

Once a squaw came to borrow a washing-tub, but not understanding her language, I could not for some time discover the object of her solicitude; at last she took up a corner of her blanket, and pointing to some soap, began rubbing it between her hands, imitated the action of washing, then laughed, and pointed to a tub; she then held up two fingers, to intimate it was for two days she wanted the loan.

These people appear of gentle and amiable dispositions; and, as far as our experience goes, they are very honest. Once indeed, the old hunter, Peter, obtained from me some bread, for which he promised to give a pair of ducks, but when the time came for payment, and I demanded my ducks, he looked gloomy, and replied with characteristic brevity, "No duck—Chippewa (meaning S—, this being the name they have affectionately given him) gone up lake with canoe—no canoe—duck by-and-by." By-and-by is a favorite expression of the Indians, signifying an indefinite point of time; may be it means to-morrow, or a week, or a month, or it may be a year, or even more. They rarely give you a direct promise.

As it is not wise to let any one cheat you if you can prevent it, I coldly declined any further overtures to bartering with the Indians until my ducks made their appearance.

Some time afterwards I received one duck by the hands of Maquin, a sort of Indian Flibbertigibbet; this lad is a hunch-backed dwarf, very shrewd, but a perfect imp; his delight seems to be tormenting the grown babies in the wigwam, or teasing the meek deer-hounds. He speaks English very fluently, and writes tolerably for an Indian boy; he usually accompanies the women in their visits, and acts as their interpreter, grinning with mischievous glee at his mother's bad English, and my perplexity at not being able to understand her signs. In spite of his extreme deformity, he seemed to possess no inconsiderable share of vanity, gazing with great satisfaction at his face in the looking-glass. When I asked his name, he replied, "Indian

name Maquin, but English name Mister Walkor, very good man;" this was the person he was called after.

These Indians are scrupulous in the observance of the Sabbath, and show great reluctance to having any dealings in the way of trading or pursuing their usual avocations of hunting or fishing on that day.

The young Indians are very expert in the use of a long bow, with wooden arrows, rather heavy, and blunt at the end. Maquin said he could shoot ducks and small birds with his arrows; but I should think they were not calculated to reach objects at any great distance, as they appeared very heavy.

'Tis sweet to hear the Indians singing their hymns of a Sunday night; their rich soft voices rising in the still evening air. I have often listened to this little choir praising the Lord's name in the simplicity and fervor of their hearts, and have felt it was a reproach that these poor half-civilized wanderers should alone be found to gather together to give glory to God in the wilderness.

I was much pleased with the simple piety of our friend the hunter, Peter's squaw, a stout swarthy matron, of a most amiable expression. We were taking our tea when she softly opened the door and looked in: an encouraging smile induced her to enter, and depositing a brown papouse (Indian for baby or little child) on the ground, she gazed round with curiosity and delight in her eyes. We offered her some tea and bread, motioning to her to take a vacant seat beside the table. She seemed pleased by the invitation, and drawing her little one to her knee, poured some tea into the saucer, and gave it to the child to drink. She eat very moderately, and when she had finished, rose and wrapping her face in the folds of her blanket, bent down her head on her breast in the attitude of prayer. This little act of devotion was performed without the slightest appearance of pharisaical display, but in singleness and simplicity of heart. She then thanked us with a face beaming with smiles and good humour; and taking little Rachel by the hands, threw her over her shoulder with a peculiar sleight that I feared would dislocate the tender thing's arms; but the papouse seemed well satisfied with this mode of treatment.

In long journeys the children are placed in upright baskets of a peculiar form, which are fastened round the necks of the mothers by straps of deer skin; but the young infant is swathed to a sort of flat cradle, secured with flexible hoops, to prevent it from falling out. To these machines they are strapped, so as not to be able to move a limb. Much finery is often displayed in the outer covering and the bandages that confine the papouse.

There is a sling attached to this cradle, that passes over the squaw's neck, the back of the babe being placed to the back of the mother, and its face outward. The first thing a squaw does on entering a house, is to release herself from her burden and place it up against the wall, or chair, chest, or any thing that will support it, where the passive prisoner stands looking not unlike a mummy in its case.

The squaws are most affectionate to their little ones. Gentleness and good humor appear distinguishing traits in the tempers of the female Indians; whether this be natural to their characters, the savage state, or the softening effects of Christianity, I cannot determine.

The squaws are very ingenious in many of their handiworks. We find their birch-bark baskets very convenient for a number of purposes. My bread-basket, knife-tray, and sugar-basket, are all of this humble material. When ornamented and wrought in patterns with dyed quills, I can assure you they are by no means inelegant.

They manufacture vessels of birch-bark so well, that they will serve for many useful household purposes, such as holding milk, soup, water, or any other liquid; they are sewn or rather stitched together with the tough roots of the tamarack or larch, or else with stripes of cedar-bark. They also weave very useful sorts of baskets from the inner rind of the bass-wood and white-ash. Some of these baskets, of a coarse kind, are made use of for gathering up potatoes, Indian corn, or turnips; the settlers finding them very good substitutes for the osier baskets used in the old country. The Indians are acquainted with a variety of dyes with which they stain the more elegant fancy baskets and

porcupino-quills. Our parlor is ornamented with several very pretty specimens of their ingenuity in this way, which answer the purpose of note and letter-presses, flower-stands, and work-baskets.

They appear to value the useful more highly than the ornamental articles that you may exhibit to them. They are very shrewd and close in all their bargains, and exhibit a surprising degree of caution in their dealings. The men are much less difficult to trade with than the women; they display a singular pertinacity in some instances. If they have fixed their mind on any one article, they will come to you day after day, refusing any other you may offer to their notice. One of the squaws fell in love with a chintz dressing-gown belonging to my husband, and though I resolutely refused to part with it, all the squaws in the wigwam by turns came to look at "gown," which they pronounced with their peculiarly plaintive tone of voice; and when I said, "No gown to sell," they uttered a melancholy exclamation of regret, and went away.

They will seldom make any article you want on purpose for you. If you express a desire to have baskets of a particular pattern that they do not happen to have ready made by them, they give you the usual reply of "by-and-by." If the goods you offer them in exchange for theirs do not answer their expectations, they give a sullen and dogged look or reply, "car-car" (no, no,) or "carwin," which is a still more forcible negative. But when the bargain pleases them, they signify their approbation by several affirmative nods of the head, and a note not much unlike a grunt; the ducks, venison, fish, or baskets are placed beside you, and the articles of exchange transferred to the folds of their capacious blankets, or deposited in a sort of rushen wallet, not unlike those straw baskets in which English carpenters carry their tools.

The women imitate the dresses of the whites, and are rather skilful in converting their purchases. Many of the young girls can sew very neatly. I often give them bits of silk, and velvet, and braid, for which they appear very thankful.

GOVERNESSES.

PERSONS of limited income, whether derived from trade or other sources, often educate their daughters with a view to their becoming governesses, under the idea that such a course will best advance them in life. It is generally expected and supposed, that a governess should teach, or at least be able to superintend every branch of instruction, and it is consequently necessary that she should learn every thing. As soon, therefore, as she can read or write, she is placed upon a music-stool, and devotes several hours a day to the practice of the piano-forte, the harp, and singing. A French master is also engaged, and, after the lapse of two or three years, probably a dancing and an Italian master are added. Parents generally take the qualifications of the instructor upon trust; and the expenso being an important consideration, when a school is chosen, it is most commonly one which gives the greatest apparent quantity of instruction for the least money. The fact that their daughter is learning French, Italian, music, drawing, and dancing, satisfies the parents;—they do not inquire how and in what degree the information on all these matters is obtained, nor how the moral and mental education proceeds; the characters and capabilities of the several teachers are never ascertained, their influence over their pupils never considered;—and the pupils, though educated expressly to instruct others, are not taught how this object may best be effected.

The early education of children mostly falls under the direction of females, and this task requires few or none of the ornamental arts of life: it calls for the exercise of a sound judgment, calm temper, steady perseverance, unrelaxed energy, warm affection, and subdued sensibility, combined with a simplicity of taste and feeling which can enter into the thoughts, actions, and dispositions of childhood. The cultivation of these qualities, then, should be the aim of those whose position in life obliges them to educate their daughters for the situation of instructors. A person so educated would rise merely from the force of her

superior character;—and she would not despise those whose honest ambition had made her what she was, nor would she be unfitted to fulfil her duties in the same sphere with them, pleasantly and advantageously. The more wealthy classes, who are generally sensible of the importance of a good education, need persons who can be trusted with the early management of their children; and they daily feel and lament the small number of those who are really fitted for the task. Those, then, who are possessed of judgment, temper, and practical knowledge, will be more sought and better rewarded than the mere musician, artist, and linguist. We do not mean to exclude these arts from education; but we protest against their cultivation to the total neglect of all the higher qualities of the mind.

One language thoroughly acquired will be worth more than three partially learnt, and we therefore urge upon parents and instructors to limit their ambition to the real quality rather than to the apparent quantity of such acquirements. French is now so universally understood that it serves as a medium of conversation among all European nations;—this should be the first, and where situation prohibits greater acquirement, the only language taught; circumstances and taste must decide upon any further attainments.

Music is perhaps the most desirable accomplishment that a female can possess, and the one in which she is most likely to excel. It is altogether a domestic employment, and may form either a recreation or a study; it will confer either solitary or social pleasure, and may be made an innocent incitement to virtuous ambition and a rational source of delight. It calls for the exercise of many of the intellectual faculties, and while it addresses itself more especially to the sensibility and the imagination, it also demands the exertion of the moral habits of industry and patience. But with all these recommendations, the organic formation of the pupil must dictate the propriety of making music a study; it is worse than folly to pursue it unless nature has given the means: the time and application that are in such cases uselessly bestowed would, if wisely directed, produce valuable results in some other way.

Drawing is an art which engrosses much time, but which is seldom really acquired or properly pursued. The object in learning to draw is, or ought to be, to acquire the power of copying correctly the forms of nature or of artificial objects. Where this is not done, nothing practically useful has been accomplished.

One of the accomplishments we would wish to see cultivated among females, and which is greatly neglected or wholly overlooked, is the art of reading aloud. It is a most healthy employment when used discreetly, since exercise is as advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read aloud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths; it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.—*Quarterly Journal of Education.*

Responsibility of the Teacher.

WHEN you bring a teacher into one of your primary schools of forty or fifty children, and put him in communication with their opening and ductile minds, what is the task which he has before him?

In the first place, what is the material upon which he is to exercise his skill; which he is to mould and fashion and polish? If it were a coarse and vulgar substance, it might go into rough hands and take its chance. But it is something infinitely more precious and ductile than the finest gold. It is the intelligent, the immortal, or rather, it is half a hundred such minds, sparkling around the teacher, and all opening to his plastic touch. It is, what shall I say? a substance of the finest mould that can be fashioned and chiselled like the Grecian Apollo! No! it is a spiritual essence fresh from the skies. It is a mysterious emanation from the infinite source of being and intelligence, an immortal mind,—ever present, though always invisible, in the school-room,—seeing, hearing, thinking, expanding; always ready to take the slightest impression for good or evil, and certain to be influenced every hour, one way or the other, by the teacher. What a responsibility! What a task!

Consider the kind of substance upon which the schoolmaster is either skilfully or unskilfully tracing the first lines that he receives, after the invisible cipher of the nursery, and what the sketching upon such a tablet ought to be. He might go down to the sea shore, when the tide is out, and write as ruddily as he pleased, and the first reflux wave would wash the surface just as smooth as the last ebb left it. He might draw his awkward diagrams upon the drifted snow-bank, and the first breath of air would whisk them away. He might write out his lessons like a wise man or a fool, and it would make no difference; the next hour would obliterate them all.

But it is not so in the school-house. Every tablet there is more durable than brass. Every line that the teacher traces upon the mind of the scholar, is, as it were, "graven with the point of a diamond." Rust will eat up the hardest metals; time and the elements will wear out the deepest chiseling in marble, and if the painter could dip his pencil in the rainbow, the colors would at length fade from the canvass. But the spirits, the impressible minds of that group of children, in however humble circumstances, are immortal. When they have outlived the stars, they will only have entered upon the infancy of their being. And there is reason to believe, that no impressions made upon them will ever be obliterated. Forgotten, during shorter or longer periods of time, many things may be; but the cipher, without the erasure of a single line, in all probability remains, to be brought out by the tests of a dying hour or the trial of the last day.—The schoolmaster literally speaks, writes, teaches, paints, for eternity. They are immortal beings, whose minds are as clay to the seal under his hand. And who is sufficient for these things?—*Dr. Humphrey's Address.*

It is a great satisfaction to me, that my daughters will be educated well, and taught to depend upon themselves, and not upon others, for their happiness in this world; for, if their hearts be good, they have both of them heads wise enough to distinguish between right and wrong. While they have resolution to follow what their hearts dictate, they may be uneasy under the adventitious misfortunes which may happen to them, but never unhappy; for they still have the consolation of a virtuous mind to resort to. I am most afraid of outward adornment being made a principal study, and the furniture within being rubbish. What are called fashionable accomplishments are but too often teaching poor misses to look bold and forward, in spite of a natural disposition to gentleness.—*Collingwood.*

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbors the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him. I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.—*Owen Feltham.*

Our Library.

No. 17.

"Loiterings in Europe; or, Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Great Britain, and Ireland. With an Appendix, containing observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. By John W. Corson, M.D."

From having read one or two letters written by the author, during the course of his travels, to one of the journals in New York, we were led to form high expectations of the volume now before us, and we have not been disappointed. It is full of graphic descriptions, useful information with regard to the countries which he visited, pleasing historical allusions, and incidents told with much good humor and narrative. While perusing this able and interesting work, we could not but reflect on the early life of its author, who is a native of our own country.

Born in the wilds of Canada, without the advantages of fortune, and at a time when there were few facilities for improvement, he has steadily and nobly worked his own way to influence and fame, through difficulties which seemed insurmountable. Passionately attached to study, but prevented by his duties from gratifying his taste during the day, he would sit up at night with

his favorite books, till, being deprived of a candle by the affectionate solicitude of the family, for his health he is said to have sat many an hour, after the rest had retired, upon the hearth, reading by the dim light of the embers. Like Demosthenes and Newton, he proved the correctness of the motto—no excellence without labor." His persevering industry, however, has been crowned with success, and he now ranks among the first physicians in the city of Brooklyn, and has a name already high in the world of letters. But we must turn from the increasing career of the author to the volume which lies upon our table.

The work is throughout of an elevated character. At the same time that it gives a sufficiency of personal incidents to give zest to the narrative, it is free from those constant details of little inconveniences, &c., which make one imagine the traveller more anxious to exhibit himself, than the scenes which he is visiting.

But the peculiar excellence of this volume over the numerous travels, which have lately been published, we conceive to consist in the vividness and beauty with which he brings before the mind of the reader the great objects of interest, which he visited. He *paints*, rather than describes what he saw, and the reader seems as if already familiar with scenes thousands of miles distant. Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Lamartine, are the great masters in this, what may be called, the *poetry* of travelling; but their followers are lamentably few.

The author of this work, however, has taken up the traveller's staff in the right spirit. Endued with an imagination that could feel every touch of beauty or grandeur, the impressions, which he received and generally penned down at the time in a style equally graphic and clear, are peculiarly vivid and life like. At one time, while reading his glowing descriptions, we seem to see lying before us in all their loveliness the enchanting prospects of the Rhine—at another the snow-clad summits of the Alps glistening in the beams of the rising sun—and at another, the majestic structures of Rome towering beside the wrecks of departed ages. Of this character is his description of the Coliseum by moonlight, which, for want of room in this number, we will endeavor to insert in our next.

At the end of the volume is an Appendix, containing two lectures on European Charities and poor, which give much useful information with regard to the condition of the destitute in Europe, and a letter on Foreign Hospitals and Schools of Medicine.

The "Loiterings in Europe," we are informed, can be obtained in a short time at Messrs. Eastwood & Co's.

☞ HAVE our excellent correspondents Simeon, Dorcas, and Josephine, entirely forsaken us? May we not hope to hear from them and other correspondents during our holy days?

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

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

Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

Principal.

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