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Volume I. **Earlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Tuesday, May 9, 1848.** Number 12.

From the London Metropolitan.
The Song of the Sea-Shell.
 BY MRS. ARBY.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
 And, covered with sea-weeds and glittering foam,
 I fell on the sands, and a stranger soon bore me
 To deck the gay halls of his far distant home:
 Accompanied by exquisite myrtles and roses,
 ...
 And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
 And evermore murmurs the sound of the sea!

The skylark at morn, pours a carol of pleasure,
 At eve the sad nightingale warbles her note,
 The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
 And Beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float:
 Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed me,
 I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
 And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
 I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
 And mingled with men in the regions above,
 I have known them, the ones they once cherished forgetting,
 Oft trust to new friendship and cling to new love.
 Oh, is it so hard to preserve true devotion?—
 Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me:
 I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
 And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

Read at the Annual Review.
FEMALE EDUCATION

FEMALE education has been so frequently and ably advocated by distinguished and talented writers of both sexes, that I think it quite useless, not to say presumptuous, in me, to attempt to advance any thing new on this subject.

Woman was destined by the Creator to be the companion of man; but how can she fulfil this, her high destiny, in this day of increasing light and knowledge, if not permitted to drink with him at the golden fount?

Many think that intellectual attainments render females conceited and overbearing, and unfit them for domestic duties. This may, in some instances, be the result of a superficial knowledge of the ornamental branches and elementary sciences, and where moral instruction has been neglected; but never is it the result of a good substantial education, in which the moral powers have been cultivated in harmony with the intellectual.

But are such results confined to female education? Are there

not many of the other sex, who, after spending a year or more at college, return home conceited, vain, and assuming airs little becoming the educational opportunities they have enjoyed?

Others assert, that the sphere in which females move, does not require much knowledge or mental vigor. Why not? Are their cares less numerous or burdensome? Are the duties they are called to perform less important to the well-being of society? Have they not immortal minds to be trained for eternity? If woman is to be annihilated, as some have supposed, still, as to her is entrusted the early training of those who are to live forever, do not the interests of eternity, as well as of time, require that her mind should be expanded and strengthened by study, and stored with useful knowledge?

Why then should woman be educated? In what should her education consist? And to what extent should she be educated? are three important interrogatives.

Woman should be educated, because she is an intelligent and accountable being, endowed with reason and judgment, and sustains the same relations to her Creator, to time, and eternity, as man. She should be educated, because she is herself an instructor—the first teacher of mankind. To her is committed, to a great extent, the destiny of deathless spirits. From her the mind receives its first impulse to good or evil. Who has not witnessed the happy influence of an enlightened and pious mother's instructions and admonitions?

Though mothers do not always live to see developed in their children the fruit of their instructions, yet how often has the remembrance of a mother's prayers, and a mother's early counsels, years after she has been slumbering in the dust, struck like a dart into the heart of the profligate, and become the first effectual warning from the brink of ruin.

If such is woman's influence, in the present imperfect and limited course of female education, what might we not expect, had she the same facilities for improvement that the other sex enjoy? Whatever may be the cause, the education of the daughters of Canada has been almost entirely overlooked by our government and legislature.

But, on the other hand, what has not been done for the intellectual training of her sons? In almost every town and city, institutions are established for the cultivation of their minds, and the improvement of their characters.

How exceedingly blind and reckless to the interests of his family would that man be thought, who should introduce into his house, as tutor, one totally ignorant of his responsibilities, and whose education is radically deficient? And woman must sustain these responsibilities, and perform these duties, without the

adequate means of preparation; as if she were thought to be intuitively and instinctively possessed of that, which man has to acquire by years of mental application.

In what should her education consist? "Humph," says one, "that's a simple question! All I want my girls to know is, how to cook and keep house—and if they can read and write, and know enough about cyphering to weigh butter, measure milk, etc., that is sufficient. I don't believe in giving girls such a sight of learning—sober they will get married, and settle down, then it will be no use to them."

What a pity that knowledge is not a merchantable commodity, so that woman could dispose of what she possessed for money, when she settles down in life!

Another says, "I am going to send my daughter to the boarding school of ———, who is a very fashionable lady. I want her to learn music, painting, and every accomplishment requisite for a fashionable lady." What a noble decision!

At a proper age she is sent away to a fashionable school, with strict commands not to devote too much time in filling her head with such things as grammar and geography, which are proper only for boys to learn. After an absence of a year, or more, she returns home—her friends hasten to bid her welcome, extending the cordial hand of friendship; but instead of the friendly grasp in return, they are repulsed with a cold fashionable bow. Instead of that cheerful, happy, and industrious disposition, which ever made her the life of her family, she is sulky, morose, and idle. Everything appears to her gloomy. She spends her mornings making her toilet and reading novels. The afternoon is spent quite as idly; and the evening hours pass heavily away. Her domestic duties are despised. Her former companions are treated with contempt. In vain do her parents look for that comfort and happiness, which should have been the result of their kindness.

There are those, however, who, taking another view of the subject, are not contented to educate their daughters for kitchen-maids alone; nor yet for parlor furniture; but aim to have their minds invigorated and stored with varied and useful knowledge, which raises them above the follies of earth, and enables them to perform aright their duties to God, and their fellow creatures; and which will increase their comfort, and support them amid the changing scenes of life.

Such is the kind of education our beloved parents have aimed at imparting to us, in sending us to this school.

The extent to which woman should be educated, must, of course, depend upon a great variety of circumstances, such as operate in deciding the same question, relative to the education of the other sex. Considering the question in the abstract, however, we see no reason why females should not be educated as extensively in those branches, whose chief object is to develop and strengthen the mental powers, as the other sex.

If the statement so often made, that "women are the educators of the people," is true, is it not important, that those who are to mould the public mind should themselves be extensively and thoroughly taught?

It has been said by an eminent writer, that "the progress of a nation in intellectual and moral greatness, may be measured by the virtue and intelligence of its women." May we not regard the increasing interest manifested by parents, in the education of their daughters, as one of the most favorable indications of the growing prosperity of our country?

There are many prejudices yet to be overcome, but we have reason to hope that the day is not far distant, when the intelligence of the daughters of Canada shall not be so greatly disproportioned to that of her sons.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

At evening to myself I say,
My soul, what hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attained or knowledge won,
In following after God?

The Value and Brevity of Life.

BY REV. DR. WARDLAW.

O THAT I could impress on the minds of all who hear me, with awakening and saving power, (may God do it, for he alone can,) the solemn truth, that if you would be Christ's at his coming, you must be Christ's now! If you live without Christ and die without Christ, you must pass into eternity without Christ—you must rise from the grave without Christ—you must appear at the tribunal of God without Christ—and in the decisions of that day must be pronounced—Christ himself will pronounce you "none of his." The judgment may be distant, but death is near—and to you death is as the judgment. It is to every one of you the time of irreversible settlement. What are you at the moment when you draw your last breath, you shall be found when "the judgment shall be set, and the books shall be opened." The future depends on the present—eternity upon time—the decisions of a distant day upon the decisions of a day that may be close at hand. If you are not Christ's ere you quit the world, his you can never be—no, never—nor he yours—nor his salvation. If once you have passed the boundary between time and eternity, there is no power that can bring you into union with him. God's power never will, for his own word has told us so, and there is no other power in existence competent to effect it. Surely, would men but think at all, how vast, how infinite, the results are that depend upon their present fleeting life, there could not be found an individual trifling it away, as, alas! the far greater proportion of mankind thoughtlessly do. O ye who "regard your own vanities, and forsake your own mercies," do not—do not, as you value the happiness of an unending existence, persist in thus trifling. Short and transient as it is, the life which you enjoy here is inestimably precious. But its value lies in the life which is to come. It is but the introduction of your being—the period not so much for living as preparing to live. The interests of eternity must be settled. And can any of you tell how long you are to have to make that settlement? Time can be to each of you only your life-time. And your life-time! which of you knows what that is to be? It is a term that includes as many varieties of duration as there are moments, in "three score years and ten." By the will of Him "in whose hand is the life of every thing, and the breath of mankind," you have been spared to various stages of advancement in your earthly journey; and I would remind every one of you, that if a coming eternity has not yet been provided for, the chief business of life has yet been neglected; every moment of it has been misspent, and how many moments may now remain, who has the foresight to predict? What day passes over you without its accompanying mementos—that the ere may be but a step, and a very short one, between you and death. What a lesson is before us of the shortness of human anticipations, and the suddenness of life's vicissitudes! Even amidst the sweetest and most enchanting scenes of nature's loveliness, the ruthless spoiler may be lurking near in unseen ambush; even when the spirits are buoyant in the innocent and dear delights of friendly intercourse, a few seconds may change, ah! how sadly change! the scene of security and pleasure to a scene of alarm, and peril, and suffering. So true is the saying that "in the midst of life we are in death."

O let none resist the salutary impression, and again put it away, as they may have done similar impressions heretofore, to be acted upon at a future period. To you the anticipated futurity may never arrive. The God "in whose hand your breath is," may have dated your death much earlier than you are dating it yourselves. You may be counting years while you may be numbering moments. And the manner of it, as well as the time, may be widely different, indeed, from your anticipations. The present instant can only be called your own. Oh let it not be misimproved. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation: to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Yes, to-day—now, even now, come to Christ; believe in his name; look for the mercy of God in his atoning blood; seek an interest in him, as the soul's only safety for eternity.

For the Calliopean.

LINES

Suggested by a passage in the "Improvvisatore," of Hans Christian Anderson, descriptive of a visit to the ruined Temple of Neptune, at Paestum, in Italy.

BY RUSTICOS.

Italia's fragrant breezes round me breathed,
And wafted sweetness from her orange groves;
Her dark, blue sky, where cloudy pillars wreathed
Their snowy forms in ozyr shape that move,
Was mirrored in the deep, still sea below,
Where tides are never felt to mar its even flow.

Amid a troop of beggars on the way,
I saw a maiden; blind, as if too fair
To be permitted to behold the day,
Till death should set her free from want and care,
And open to her sight the glorious view
Of nature, in her Maker's presence ever now.

There was a trace of sorrow on her brow,
And chastened sadness in her sightless eye;
I felt my inmost heart instinctive bow
To beauty's image in its purity—
I pressed an humble gift in Lara's hand,
'Twas all, save pity, that I could command.

I stood within the ancient, solemn walls,
Where art once pointed to the fretted dome,
And proudly said "whatever stands or falls,
This shall remain to tell the power of Rome."
But roofless now—the sunbeams sprightly fall,
And nurse the clinging vines that decorate the wall.

And this is Neptune's Temple! What a throng
Of shapeless fancies sped their backward way,
When these grey portals banded to the song
Of Naiads, chanting of his boundless sway—
When Greece was Poetry, and Rome was Power,
And skies, that smiled so bright, were never deemed to lower.

They asked a strain; my heart was all in tune;
I sung as fancy gave my feelings birth—
The spirit waked within me, like the moon
Bursting the cloudy barrier, to illumine the earth,
So poured the fluent numbers from my tongue—
My soul, with inspiration, lighted up my song.

I sung of Rome's proud days—of all her art—
Of all her grand; magnificent display:
I sung how these thine mournfully depart,
And leave behind but time-worn temples, grey.
Yet, Nature sighs to sweep these ruins by,
And throws her greenness round to guard their sanctity.

I sung of all the beautiful around—
The mountains blue—the sea so near our feet—
I sung of Lara, doomed to tread the ground
On which we tread, while all those objects sweet,
From her were ever hid. Oh, doubly lorn
The heart that knows its loss, ev'n while its woes are borne!

My song was done—a tear bedimmed my eye—
I turned me round, as if to view the place;
Reclined behind the column's base, where I
Had sung, with clasped hands and hidden face,
Sat Lara—from her sightless eyes the tears
Ran trickling to the floor, and washed the dust of years.

"Poor, hapless maid! And hast thou heard the strain
That told of all thy yearnings to be free?
And must thou still thus desolate remain,
And hear of beauties thou canst never see!"—

Thus thought my heart: it smote me to the soul,
That I had caused of grief one single wave to roll.

She heard the rustling of the leaves, and raised
Her head and listened; but my tongue was chained;
I only saw before me, as I gazed,

The living image that my soul retained
Of Beauty's goddess, wrapt in breathing stone—
The form—the marble eye—the features all her own.

She pressed a something to her lips and smiled—
It was the gift I gave her on the way—
And I, like inspiration's wayward child,
Impressed a kiss upon her brow, where lay,
In varying attitudes, a straggling tress,
That scarcely threw a shade to mar its loveliness.

She started with a piercing cry, and fled,
And like a vision vanished from my sight.
My head was reeling wildly, and I sped
With hurried steps; but not with bosom light;
A load of sadness downward weighed my soul;
And Pity claimed the heart resigned to her control.

St. George, Dumfries, May, 1848.

Obligations to Literature.

The facetious Thomas Hood says:—"I will here place on record my own obligations to literature: a debt so immense, as not to be cancelled, like that of nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift, early in life, upon the great waters—as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy, afloat in the turtle-shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was, that, in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the ancient mariner, by guardian spirits—"each one a lovely light"—who stood as beacons to my course: Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers and sages,—to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than god-fathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests—from these mild monitors—no importunate tutors, teasing, moral task-masters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers—but delightful associates—I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the beautiful house of God and my guide among the delectable mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of indigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, bewildering doubts—when these bright intelligences, called my mental world out of darkness, like a new creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun—

Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus, from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbor—lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise—
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days!—T. Hood.

THE BIBLE.

POLLOX.

This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry,
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time,
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

THE HERRING.

BY JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Think gently of the erring!
We know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring!
Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Hail of the self-same heritage!
Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forgot not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

Read at the Annual Review.

THE STREAM OF TIME.—VALEDICTORY.

FROM primeval nothingness a stream gushed forth—broad, deep, no chain to bind its overwhelming flood. On, on, this stream has rolled; remorselessly engulfing earth's most glorious trophies—and onward still its stayless, reckless waves shall glide, till powerless, 'tis lost in the ocean of eternity.

Melancholy it is, to trace its course; to mark the stranded wrecks of empires, nations, which, like bubbles rose—then sunk, unconfined and unknelted.

Among the things that were, before us rises, in Imperial glory, Leviathan Assyria. She sinks. But ere the vision passes, pyramidal Egypt rises—and as, in imagination, we wander through the "thousand doors, and thousand winding ways" of her mazy labyrinth; or contemplate her giant Thebes, whose hundred gates seemed scoffingly to mock at Time's overwhelming tide—we exclaim, surely *such strength must stand unimpaired amid the waste of ages.* But, her massy gates have fallen; her labyrinth mingles with the dust; and though still stand a few relics of her ancient grandeur, yet her glory is departed. Memnon's spirit of music has flown. Yes! Egypt, the supremacy of whose knowledge and power triumphed over all: "the cradle of the sciences and arts;" from the fountains of whose wisdom even the immortal Homer drank invigorating draughts, has sunk beneath the wave. And while yet, upon the far off hills, we see the blazoned flash of Cambyses' scymeter, and hear the distant thunder of his troops, majestic Persia rises. Proudly she stands. We gaze, and turning, gaze again—but she is gone. Persepolis has disappeared. Alike with Darius and Xerxes, her noted founders, she moulders with Persia's clod. And now, in solitary grandeur, rise only a few grey columns, which have withstood Time's crumbling hand. Yet, still they stand in ruins—for the water-courses of the Tucht are choked—no longer do the Kour Abb supply its thousand aqueducts; and the plain which it overlooks is but a wilderness; for the great city which once poured its population over Merducht's wide expanse, has sunk to nothingness. Hitherto obscure, the Macedonians now rise, and under the conquering Philip, that nation becomes at once the arbiter of Greece; under his son the arbiter of all Asia. But like her predecessors, she rises, only to fall.

Rome—Roman Rome—the "iron kingdom," leading kings captive at her chariot wheels, next shines forth the brightest star in the galaxy of ancient empires. Once proud mistress of the world she stretched her arms over all the nations, and madly believed herself "eternal."

But alas! the last of her long line of Cæsars has doffed his crown to the universal lovelier, and haughty Rome has bowed her head to kiss the iron sceptre. No longer is the huge Coliseum stained with the blood of "human victims, butchered to make a Roman holiday;" for now, amid its tottering ruins glide the "familiar forms of the world's to-day," and the mellow moonbeams glimmer through the ivy-crowned walls and gloomy galleries.

Such are some of the wrecks of Time's impetuous stream. But one we've passed of melancholy aspect, which, looming thro' the gathering shades of many ages, compels the exclamation—Oh, Greece, whither is thy spirit fled! In quick review before us pass ambition's fire, flashing from the eyes of the competitors for the Olympic palm; the heroes of Thermopylae and Marathon, struggling for the glory of their country; the words of wisdom sweetly falling from the lips of Socrates; and the forum shaken by the eloquence of Demosthenes. Oh! Greece, once "the Albion of thy studded sea," we weep thy downfall. Where now is thy Eleusis' temple? Where now thy sturdy sons?—the heroes of thy battlefields?

The mighty tide rushed on, and all are gone. Thus all earth's glories pass away; and, as their wavering shadows flit along, a superstitious dread steals o'er us; a dark foreboding, lest, in some future hour, our own dear homes may be laid desolate; our own loved Canada mingle with the accumulated dust of ages—lest where now sits our noble queen, on her, apparently, rock-built throne, and no less firmly seated in her people's hearts, beneath whose benign auspices the mother, in conscious security, sweetly hums her lullaby, may, at some future day, be heard a wail, for the desolation of England's happy homes.

Sad, sad, it is to look through the dark vista of the future. We know not what awaits us. From the past, we can hope nothing; and in the present, every thing seems to betoken some awful crisis.

What mean those earthquake heavings of political commotion, by which already has been hurled from his castellated throne, that monarch, who, five months ago, was saying in his blindness, "I have built my nest on high, and never shall be moved?" To-day, a king; to-morrow, a fugitive, or a beggar—this is man's destiny—these are Time's changes. He waves his sceptre o'er the beautiful—and they are not. He treads the hall of revelry, where throng the bright and joyous—and the tearful wail of stricken ones breaks on the air, where hitherto resounded laughter's merry peal. He passes o'er the battlefield—and the "serried hosts" are passed away, and the green grass waves unstained above the mouldering skeletons. He knows no pity; feels none; and each breath, though viewless, bears its millions to their long, last home. And even now, methinks yon mountain-mist is wreathing-winding-shoots for many, whom that mountain seems to shield.

'Tis ever thus; men come and go; whirled away like "winnowing chaff" before the rude wind's blast. Every thing here is stamped with the signet of mortality. Even nature heralds our speedy dissolution—the last leaf falls; the day smiles its departing death-smile; the year grows grey with age, and fades from the earth forever; isles leap from the ocean, and retire to their mysterious caverns; cloud-capped mountains rear their huge heads to heaven, and bow themselves to meet the lowly plain. Even the very stars, those brightest symbols of God's glory, glitter awhile in their "eternal depths," then, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train, shoot away to "darkle in the trackless void," leaving no trace behind. And thus shall earth herself soon vanish, "as a dream when one awaketh."

Aye, do not all things here admonish us, that even now our life is quivering towards its close; and that Time, ruthlessly as he has brought this parting hour, shall soon have borne away the period for preparation? And is it really so, that the parting hour has come; that the period of our final separation has arrived? Oh! would it were a dream. In a few hours more

shall we have crossed the threshold of these doors, never again perhaps to enter. In a few hours more, will Hamilton, with its beautiful scenery, and delightful reminiscences, have receded from our vision, perhaps never to be revisited. But, are we go, permit us, kind friends and patrons, to thank you, for the kindly interest you have manifested in our beloved institution, and for the generous forbearance you have to-night exercised, in so patiently listening to our youthful essays.

Long and arduously has this institution struggled up against opposing influences to its present promising condition. As one acquainted with the history of this school, cannot but recognize in it the child of Providence; an agent raised and sustained by God, for carrying forward his benevolent designs, in the education and uplifting of our race. To Him, therefore, who selects his own agents, and assigns to each his part to act in his moral vineyard, we would feel especial gratitude, and lift our hearts to him in praise. We feel, that upon our beloved institution, and upon that cause, of which she may well be regarded as the pioneer, a brighter day is dawning. Many, who a short time ago, viewed efforts, on an extensive scale, for the education of girls with distrust, or cold indifference, are now convinced that the most liberal education, conducted on a right system, free from the pernicious influences which generally attend its pursuit, does not unfit woman for the sphere assigned by Providence; but tends to make her a better daughter, sister, wife, and mother.

May we not hope, that the citizens of Hamilton will yet form such an appreciation of female education, and become so alive to its importance as to place in their beautiful city, upon a permanent basis, an institution that shall flourish, and bless generations yet to come, when those who now labor in the Burlington Academy shall have ceased to work and live?

To you, beloved teachers, you who have guarded us with such tender watchcare, and even parental solicitude, what shall we say; how express our feelings, in being called to bid you our last adieu? Placed under your guidance and direction, at that period of life, when the young heart is most wayward and thoughtless; at that period, when its warm impulses need most the restraining influence of some friendly hand, how faithfully have you endeavored to direct those feelings in the right channel; how tenderly, at the same time, that with unwearied diligence you have labored for our intellectual progress, have you endeavored to draw us, by the most gentle admonitions, to the paths of piety and truth. Never, never shall we cease to be thankful that we were placed under your instruction; never, while memory lives, shall we cease to remember, with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, your unwearied exertions for our welfare. And now, as the hour draws near in which we must take our final departure; must leave you, in whom so long we have found kindness and sympathy, when unbosoming, as children, our griefs; whose hands, with unwearied love, have gently administered to our wants in the hour of sickness; who so patiently have borne with our weaknesses and failings; we feel a melancholy dread steal o'er us, lest, when left without your daily counsel, we should not satisfy our parents' fond desires, nor meet our parents' hope.

For many months we have looked forward to this period, as the most solemn of our life—a period, from which, hereafter, we must assume the deep responsibility of acting, in a great measure, for ourselves, upon the instruction here given. For this period you have labored to prepare us, as well as for all other vicissitudes of life, by showing us, that the path of duty is the only safe and happy path. Accept the assurance, dear teachers, that your many and valued precepts shall be most faithfully cherished. And if, on reviewing the past, the remembrance of any unkind or thoughtless word or act presents itself, pardon and forgive; forgive, if at any time we have wounded your feelings, or inflicted one pang of grief.

We leave you, while hang upon our lips fervent and heartfelt prayers, that your most zealous labors in the cause of female education, may be crowned with yet more encouraging success. But, ere we go, we would crave one more favor—that those prayers which have so often ascended with deep and tender earnestness, in a less needful hour, may still go with us; that still you will remember, before the throne of grace, your unworthy

pupils; and though we may not meet again on earth, a sweet hope whispers that we shall meet in heaven.

It is in vain, my dear companions, that I attempt to give utterance to the conflicting feelings of my mind, as thus, for the last time, on the last evening we are all assembled. Thoughts of the happy past we have spent together; the sad, sad present, and the unknown future—all strike themselves upon me. And can it be, that we shall ne'er repeat the happy hours spent together? Oh! little did I think so many precious links had been formed in friendship's chain—little did I know how firmly knit my spirit is to school companions—and, as the cold reality forces itself upon me, that the blissful moments here spent in sweet communion with kindred spirits shall never be renewed, how do they seem invested with a new, and hitherto, unknown interest. Together, dear companions, have we struggled with the difficulties which oppose the growth of mind, and fetter all its powers; eye, and together have we felt the joy resulting from successful effort. Together have we knelt, and breathed our simple prayers to Him, whose ear attends His youngest children's cry; and together have we often talked of a happy home in heaven. But, ere we reach that goal, where rests the weary soul, many, many changes may come o'er the spirit of our dreams.

Life is a chequered scene. We are young and inexperienced. Pleasure has tones of music; sweet chords of melody for all—but, alas! she smiles only to deceive; false is her voice of flattery; beneath her beautiful exterior lies concealed a deadly fang.

"Trust not to earth, trust not to earth; its very leaves that twine
Their strong roots deep and fast around our being's holiest shrine,
'Till earth its clustering boughs of joy in confidence we trust,
And lo! the vengeful lightning bursts—and all is in the dust."

Let us beware how she allures us from the path of piety and rectitude; let us profit by the bitter experience of others; by the daily lessons we have received. May we never swerve from the principles we have here avowed, but humbly endeavor to fix our steady eye upon a purer, holier clime.

Life's silver thread will soon be spun; the halcyon days of youth will soon be past; and though some of us may live till age stamps his deep impress on our brows; yet, how will it increase the happiness of our waning hours, to contemplate a well spent life; and then, though soon or late, ebbs the living tide, all will be well.

Be ours the happy task, to administer consolation to the afflicted; to wipe away the tears of sorrow; and, especially, to diffuse peace and gladness in our several family circles, and thus fulfil our parents' joy. And thus, living and acting, though we meet no more on earth, the journey's short, and soon we'll meet in heaven—crowned with immortal diadems; linked in one bright celestial band; all joining in one heavenly chorus, around Imanuel's throne. Till then, beloved teachers and dear companions,

"A short farewell,
Until at home we meet!
Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes, that owned the spell
Of your communion sweet.
So, when on earth we cease to dwell
In pilgrim converse sweet,
We'll need no other parting knell,
Than—'Dearest friends, a short farewell,
'Till soon at home we meet."

Address to the Calliopean Library Association.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE higher branches of education may be divided into the useful; the ornamental, and the speculative.

By the useful, is understood that which is necessary, in order to qualify us for the peculiar position we may fill in society. In this class may be enumerated, an acquaintance with a language, or languages, other than our own; by which our acquaintance with the vernacular tongue is increased—we are enabled to read the volumes of antiquity, and we become conversant with the philosophy of language, which is of vast importance in forming the mind for thought and study. The study of history fills the

mind with useful knowledge—here, by the most powerful of all instructors, facts; the evil or good effects of the pursuance of certain courses, is fully revealed; and we are encouraged thereby to choose that which is good, and warned to refuse that which is evil. Here is set before us the history of our fellow-men in all ages—their evil doings and their good doings; and the operations of Divine Providence, which is, by the thoughtful student of history, ever seen controlling the wrath of man; restraining him in his evil ways; and elucidating from the moral chaos, a something, like unto order and harmony.

Physiology, or the study of our physical system, is another of the useful branches of a finished education. The name affixed to the science is significant of a wide range of investigation; but, in its more limited reference to the animal body, we now allude to it. By this science, the structure of the body; the uses and operations of its various parts, and the tendencies of various ways of living on its health and comfort are brought clearly to light. This is eminently a practical science, and thereby highly important, as well from that reason as from its relation to our own physical system.

The body is an important part of our nature; it has important functions to discharge; upon its health very greatly depends the power and efficiency of the mind, and the continuation of our present existence—a matter of no slight importance, when we consider that our life in this world is preparative to the future state of being, and that here we are to be renewed and fitted for the realms of eternal purity and blessedness.

The science of chemistry is another of this class; it is practical, having to do with facts, and furnishing as its results that which is tangible, incontrovertible and useful. This science has made rapid progress of late years, and is fulfilling its part in adding to the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life—its adaptation to husbandry and agriculture is now fully acknowledged, and vast are the improvements which have been effected in preparing the ground for the reception of the seed, and thereby securing a plentiful harvest of that which is the support of man and beast.

Mathematics is worthy being noticed—that science which treats of quantities and numbers. It is likewise practical, although in many of its parts very abstruse.

Natural Philosophy is an extensive and most useful branch of study. By an acquaintance with it we become conversant with the secrets of nature, and are furnished with a vast amount of valuable and interesting knowledge, which prepares for a life of intelligence and usefulness.

Many others might be named, but these will suffice. You will perceive that all these have a powerful claim on our attention, from their great usefulness in preparing us to discharge aright the duties of life.

In the second class, the ornamental, may be enumerated—music, painting, drawing, sculpture, poetry, and botany. These are worthy of attention, but not to the same degree as the former class. The useful is always to be preferred to the merely ornamental; but when we can have both, the ornamental is desirable, as affording further play for our mental faculties—beguiling a leisure hour, or adding grace and dignity to our education.

In the third class may be mentioned, astronomy—that sublime, but abstruse and mysterious science, which treats of the heavenly bodies; their magnitudes, distances, motions, revolutions and eclipses. Here, amidst the endless variety of the objects, and the infinitude of the subject, the mind is “in wandering mazes lost.” This is the science which endeavors to examine the whole universe of Jehovah; to count the number of the stars; to estimate their distances; to estimate their orbits, etc. Vain attempt,—“who can, by searching, find out God?” Who can discover and comprehend the works of God?

This science is, as yet, after the lapse of centuries, in its infancy, and will probably continue so till time be no more. This science will, no doubt, be to the glorified inhabitant of heaven a subject of unceasing contemplation and investigation. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that the study of the empire of Jehovah, will be to the redeemed in heaven one cause of their happiness. For if God has said, “He that overcometh shall inherit all things,” may we not conclude that the survey and enjoyment

of these things, will constitute a great part of the happiness of the blessed in heaven.

This science, although it is, to a great extent, speculative, yet it deserves attention. The little insight we can get by it, of God's universe, is well calculated to arouse and exorcise the devotional feelings, by convincing us of our nothingness, and of Jehovah's greatness—by revealing the amazing love and condescension of God, who, although that he is so great, did visit us in our low estate, and exhibited to us, perhaps, the lowest of his intellectual creation, his mercy and love.

It has been well said, that “an undevout astronomer is mad.” How can it be otherwise, when “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork?”

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heaven, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.”

“When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?” These were the truly devotional sentiments of the pious David; and similar is the experience of all God's people, who, like him, look to God and to heaven through the starry firmament.

The only other subject which I shall notice here, is that of mental philosophy. That science which treats of the human mind, its faculties, capabilities, and operations. This is a deeply abstruse, yet interesting branch of study. Many and various are the theories which have been originated and exploded. The field is illimitable—the thirst here for speculation, may indeed be satisfied; and perhaps nothing better proves the insatiableness of the human mind after knowledge, than the history of this science, which, after the lapse of centuries, is just as well fitted for speculative investigation as ever it was. Yet, to those who have leisure, it is worthy of attention. Its study is an admirable exercise for the mental faculties, and much may be gained in this respect.

I have more fully hinted at these various branches of study comprised in the useful, ornamental, and speculative parts of a finished education—others might have been noticed, had it been necessary, and had our limits allowed it. So much for the education which has a peculiar reference to this world, and an indirect aspect to the future world:

But our attention must not be confined to the things of this lower sphere—we must ever remember that “we shall never die,” in the highest sense of the phrase. When we die, we die to live forever—all those studies to which we have alluded, should be therefore pursued with a reference to God's glory, and to our future happiness in heaven.

There are studies which directly refer to God and heaven. These should not be overlooked—I should rather say, these should have our first and highest regard and attention.

They may be briefly considered under these three heads—The knowledge of ourselves and our destiny; the knowledge of God and his purposes concerning us; and the application of this knowledge to the securing of our soul's salvation.

I will but very briefly allude to these three topics. 1st.—The knowledge of ourselves and of our destiny. What am I? Where am I? Where am I going? Infinitely momentous questions! Am I holy or sinful; happy or miserable? Is my Creator pleased with me or not? Am I answering the great end of my being? Where shall my soul exist when loosed from this world?

2nd.—The knowledge of God and his purposes concerning us. When we look to ourselves, all is darkness and dismay. God alone, has the words of eternal life. To Him we must go—and in His word there is fully revealed His being and perfections, and his purposes concerning us—which are mercy and love. In that word we are commanded to “acquaint ourselves with Him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto us.” And in order to this, there is all that information there furnished which is needed to lead us to the enjoyment of the favor of our Maker, which is better than life; and ultimately, to the possession of that glory, which in the heavens is laid up for the people of God.

Ardu—The application of this knowledge to the securing of our soul's salvation. All knowledge is worthless, unless applied to practice. This is true in religion, as in secular things—it is our duty therefore, not to rest in an acquaintance with principles, but to use these as means to an end.

When we know ourselves, let this lead us to God; and when we know God's purposes, then let us individually work out our salvation; ever dissident of ourselves, but confident in God—over-fooling our nothingness and God's all-sufficiency—over-convicted that our salvation is hopeless, unless God, by His Holy Spirit, enlightens our darkness; pardons our sins; purifies our hearts; and finally, from *intra graco* admits us into heaven.

A very mistaken opinion has gained currency, that an attention to religion will necessarily prevent the attainment of eminence in secular knowledge. This is the language of infidelity; the manifestation of the unsearchable evil of the human heart, which is enmity against God. It is found to be unreasonable and absurd, when considered in connection with the nature and constitution of things in this world. The God who is the author of religion, is likewise the Great Cause of all knowledge pertaining to the present state of being. The obligation which binds us to seek the possession of secular knowledge, is not of this world, nor of Satan, but of Jehovah—it is connected with the exhibition of His glory and the furtherance and perfection of His purposes; and if our duty to God, with respect to the attainment of earthly knowledge, be unquestioned, are we not aware that a greater obligation rests on us, and that from the same source, to seek and to possess the far more excellent and profitable knowledge which pertains to the unseen and eternal state of being? And as both are of God, what is the objection to which we have referred, but an impeachment of the wisdom of God; an allegation that He has prescribed duties to His creatures, which are in their nature contradictory and mutually destructive? And the mind of man is framed for religion; hence, by the consent of all, man is said to be a religious animal; so, by the very nature and constitution of things, there can be no difficulty that is insurmountable in combining the pursuit of heavenly and of earthly sciences.

But likewise, experience and facts are ready to corroborate this sequence. Many are the names which might be advanced, of those who have been eminent in their knowledge of the secular sciences; and these are found to have been men who feared God, and wrought righteousness; men who did not consider their acquaintance with themselves, with God, His purposes, and their future destiny, beneath their notice; but who expended much time in prosecuting their religious studies, and confessed that their investigations and researches into these things, instead of hindering, actually encouraged and stimulated their endeavors to bless their fellow men in attending to the things which were more purely secular.

Luther has said, that to pray well, is to study well—prayer raises the mind to great elevation, and prepares it to think, to write, and to speak. When we are fully under the influence of religion, the mind is expanded and strengthened by the contemplation of subjects, of a kind infinitely exalted above those which fill the mind of the man who pursues his earthly studies without reference to God, His glory, and his own salvation.

This being the case, it is evident that the study of religion, instead of being a hindrance in our literary studies, is really a direct promoter of them; is truly a powerful stimulant in arousing and directing us in their pursuit. The holy individual will, therefore, if mentally qualified be the greatest proficient in these things, yea, if his faculties be even limited, yet they will be under the influence of the fear and love of God—used to the effecting of that which will not be reached by persons of even greater natural endowments.

If the objection to which we have referred, be an utter fallacy; and if it be concluded that the study of ourselves, of God, His purposes, and our destiny, be of great assistance in furthering our worldly studies, that person who neglects these all-important subjects suffers great loss, even as regards this life, and inconceivably greater in respect to the future state of being.

But I must hasten to conclude, and allow me to advert very

briefly to the use which each should make of his acquisitions. God has been pleased, in the order of His providence, to fix the bounds of all our habitations—to some he has given more of the good things of this world than to others;—some he may place in this situation, and some in another. It has been admitted, that knowledge is chiefly valuable, as leading to practical ends. Let us ever remember, that all that we have realized, is given by a gracious God, in order to the fulfilment of our duty in our several spheres and relations. Never allow yourselves to covet a higher station than that allotted to you. Remember that "Godliness with contentment, is great gain." "That a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" but in that condition in which Providence may place you use your talents and acquisitions in securing your own happiness and ministering to the comfort and improvement of others.

On your sex is devolved a great responsibility; and I rejoice that that responsibility is increased by your additional advantages and privileges. You are capable of doing great good—in forming the principles and habits of the rising generation. A mother's instructions and prayers will, yea, cannot prove ineffectual; and the family, the neighborhood, and the community will, from these, reap a great benefit.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, was the influence of your sex more needed than at present. Look abroad on society, and see its troubled aspect—the changes that are being effected in political matters, and the almost universally expressed desire for free constitutional government. Changes are always dangerous at the time—society often suffers when in the transition state—yet changes will happen, for this is a restless, mutative state of being.

I merely refer to these events as to facts; not as expressing any opinion thereon. As facts we have to deal with them, whether we like them or not; and the question is therefore forced on us—what is best to be done, in order to produce from this chaos a condition of order, peace, and prosperity?

And when we consider the amazing improvement that has been effected during the last twenty-five years in the arts and sciences—the wonderful discoveries that have been made—the flood of light which has been poured on the public mind, in relation to all that is useful and necessary for the present world—and yet view the lack of religion and sound morals, as is manifested in the prevalence of scepticism, superstition, and wickedness, we are compelled to conclude, that something more is needed, in order to preserve the world from anarchy and infidelity.

Yes! education is needed; and such an education as is strongly impregnated with the spirit and genius of true religion. The world can never be settled on a stable basis while God is dishonored and his religion despised.

The millennial day will be preceded by great advances, on the part of men towards God and heaven; and as man thus draws nearer and nearer to God, the darkness which enshrouds the moral world will be more and more dispelled; and when he shall seek all his happiness in doing the will of his Maker, then shall the light of the perfect day pour its unsullied radiance on the world, "Then the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." And in hastening this blessed consummation, your sex has a great part to act. It is yours to train up the youthful mind in the fear of the Lord; to teach the young, early in life, those blessed truths, which are to be found in the Holy Bible.

Allow me to congratulate you ladies of the Calliopean institution, on the success which has crowned your efforts, and to wish you yet greater results in the prosecution of your important and beneficial labors—you have indeed labored, and are still laboring. Your well assorted and large library, is a proof of your determination to drink deep at the fount of knowledge; and your semi-monthly periodical fully attests that your association does not merely exist in name, but in deed and in truth. In regard to it, I would say "*Esto perpetua*," and to you, go on in the path you are treading, and by the practical application of your acquisitions, live down the calumny which is so stoutly asserted, "that to give your sex a finished education is to render them unfit for the

duties of life." This is no new objection, it has been urged against a general elementary education, but it is now being seen to be a remnant of an age gone by, we trust never to return—an objection which will soon be numbered with the things that are gone for ever.

Return of the Parents.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

Long had they sped
O'er distant hill and valley, noting much
God's goodness in the riches of the land,
The summer fruitage, and the harvest-choard,
The reaper wrothing with the boarded wheat,
And the proud torrent's glory when it abakes
The everlasting rock—nor yet forgot
To sprinkle greenness on the loneliest flower
That trembles at its base. Much, too, they spake
Of pleasure, 'neath the hospitable roofs
Of severed kindred; how the loving heart
From such communion learns to wipe away
The dust of household care, which sometimes hangs
In clouds o'er the clear spirit.

But anon
The eloquent lip grew silent, for they drew
Near that blest spot which throws all other lights
Into strong shadow.—Home.

At that full thought,
The bosom's pulse beat quicker, and the wheels
Moved all too slow, though scarce the eager steeds
Obeyed the rein. And as the mother spake
Somewhat, in murmurs, of her youngest boy,
There came a flood of beauty o'er her brow;
For holy love hath beauty, which gray Time
Could never steal.

'T is there, behind the trees,—
That well-known roof—and from the open door,
What a glad rush! The son, who fain would take
His mother in his arms, as if her foot
Was all too good for earth; and at his side
The beautiful daughter, with her raven hair
So smoothly folded o'er her classic brow;
The infant crowing in its nurse's arms;
The bold boy, in his gladness springing up
Even to his father's shoulder; lying tongues,
And little dancing feet, and outstretched hands
Grasping the parent's skirts—It was a group
That artist's pencil never yet hath sketched
In all its plenitude!

And when I saw
The brightness of the tear of joy, I felt
How poor the pomp of princes, and what dross
Was beaten gold, compared with that dear wealth—
Home, and its gratulation, and the ties
Which Heaven hath twisted round congenial hearts
To draw them to itself.

Formation of Character.

If greatness can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent.—But see what growth there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with the openness of soul, a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people.—Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. The capacity of a man, at least for understanding may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects.—The immense defect that want of sympathy is, may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from

their hearts and caring only to drive their neighbors before them on this plank of theirs, to push them headlong.—Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people.—
Friends in Council.

What might be done with the money wasted in War.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house on every hill side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend like an universal holocaust to Heaven.—*Stebbins.*

LEAD AND FEATHERS.—It is often asked, in jest, which is the heaviest—a pound of lead, or a pound of feathers? A person who had not his wits about him might be guilty of the *hibernicism* of answering, a pound of lead, to be sure! Another a little more shrewd would say they weighed just alike. Yet, under certain circumstances, they would both be wrong. Weigh a pound of feathers while they are in an uncompressed state, and then weigh them after being compressed, and in the latter case they would weigh more than in the former; because, when any substance has a large quantity of surface exposed to the atmosphere, in proportion to its bulk, it weighs less than the same bulk when compressed. Hence may be asserted with truth the seeming paradox, that a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead. This principle is well understood by some of the wool merchants, who compress their wool as much as convenient, that the same quantity may make more weight. It is said, moreover, that a wool merchant often gains the interest of his money, in the additional weight which his wool will acquire by remaining stored during a season, and thereby becoming compressed. Gold, the heaviest of all metals, by being made into gold leaf, which has infinitely larger surface in proportion to its bulk than the solid gold, may be made to float in the air. According to the same principle are the clouds suspended in the atmosphere.

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

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

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

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.,
Hamilton, March 9, 1848. *Principal.*

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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 Editors of "THE CALLIOPEAN," Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, Canada West.