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Volume 1.

Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Monday, April 10, 1848.

Number 10.

For the Calliopean.

Scene on a Battlefield in Mexico.

It is recorded, that in one of the late battles in Mexico, a Mexican woman was engaged during the heat of the action in carrying food and water to the wounded of both armies; and she actually lost her life while literally fulfilling the divine injunction—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

'Twas a wild scene of carnage—the slippery plain  
Was piled with the bodies of dying and slain—  
The sulphurous smoke roll'd in clouds o'er the sky,  
And the wounded were left in their torments to die.

And a tropical sun, in the power of his might,  
Looked down with fierce heat on the red field of fight;  
And the close heavy-breeze, with its warm, fainting breath,  
Fann'd feebly the brows of the victims of death.

For there, 'neath the sunbeam, the warrior lay,  
All shrivell'd and scorched by the hot burning ray;  
And the hearts that had bounded each danger to share,  
Lay withering now, in the depths of despair.

But mark, midst the cannons that thunder in wrath,  
On her mission of mercy, a woman goes forth  
In that dark scene of strife, mid the battle, alone,  
She sees but the wounded—she hears but their moan.

She knew they were enemies—e'en then their hand  
Was lifted to conquer her fair Fatherland—  
Yet now, when all powerless, stricken they lay,  
She saw them but suffering creatures of clay.

She hath passed where the conflict most fiercely hath raged,  
And the thirst of the dying with water assuaged—  
In tender compassion her soft hand hath lain  
On brows that throbb'd wildly with fever and pain.

She hath staunch'd the red wound in the rough soldier's breast,  
And laid his hot head on her bosom to rest—  
And the voice, that erewhile had been silent and dead,  
Returns to heap blessings and thanks on her head.

And the angels looked down from their mansions on high,  
And wondered such mercy on earth to descry;  
And wept, that a sister so gentle and dear,  
Mid such frightful scenes should be sorrowing here.

The battle is o'er, and the victory won!  
But the worst of their labor remains to be done—  
In haste to afford (for their time must be brief,)  
A grave to the dead—to wounded relief.

They have passed o'er the field, and repass'd it again—  
And the corpse of a woman was found with the slain;  
And they know it was she, who so fearlessly sped  
Alone, mid the wounded, the dying and dead.

But many a warrior to weep over her came;  
And they laid her at rest on the field of her fame;  
And the wild summer flowers now blossom above  
The victim of mercy, compassion and love.

Toronto, February 26, 1848.

A. J.

For the Calliopean.

R O M E.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE STAEL.

RAPHAEL has said that modern Rome was built almost entirely with the ruins of the ancient city; and it is certain that we cannot take a step without being attracted by some relics of antiquity. We perceive here the *eternal walls*, as Pliny has called them, in the midst of the works of later times: the edifices of Rome bear a historical impress; we observe in them, so to speak, the physiognomy of ages. From the times of the Etrurians to the present day; from the time of that people, who were more ancient than the Romans themselves, and who resemble the Egyptians in the solidity of their works and the variety of their designs, down to the Chevalier Bernin, that artist who has formed a peculiar style of his own, like the Italian poets of the seventeenth century, we can trace the human mind at Rome, in the different characters of the arts, the edifices and the ruins. The middle ages, and the brilliant era of the Medici, present themselves before us again through their works; and this study of the past in the objects which are present to our view, enables us to understand the genius of each period. We think, that Rome was formerly a mysterious name, known only to a few adepts; it seems that it is still necessary to be initiated into the secret of this city. It is not simply a collection of buildings; it is the history of the world, expressed by various emblems, and represented under various forms.

The churches are all decorated with ancient magnificence; but something of the sombre and the fantastic is mingled with

these beautiful marbles, these festival ornaments taken from the temples of the Pagans. The columns of porphyry and granite were so numerous at Rome, that they have wasted them almost without having attached any price to them. In the church of Saint John de Latran, famous for the councils which have been held in its walls, they find such a quantity of columns of marble, that many of them have been covered again with a mastich of plaster, in order to form pilasters; so much has the multitude of these riches rendered them indifferent to them!

Some of these columns were in the tomb of Adrian; others in the capitol—the latter bear still, around their summit, the figure of the geese which had saved the Roman people—some columns sustain Gothic ornaments; others, those in the Arabian style. The urn of Agrippa conceals the ashes of a pope; for the dead themselves have given place to other dead; and the tombs have nearly as often changed masters, as the habitations of the living.

Near the church of Saint John de Latran, are the holy stairs, transported, they say, from Jerusalem to Rome. No one can ascend them, except upon his knees. Caesar, himself and Claudius also ascended upon their knees, the staircase which led to the temple of Jupiter Capitoline. By the side of Saint John de Latran, is the baptistery, in which they say Constantine was baptized. In the midst of the place we see an obelisk, which is perhaps the most ancient monument in the world; an obelisk, contemporaneous with the war of Troy! which the barbarian Cambyses respected enough to arrest, in its honor, the conflagration of a city! for which a king placed in hazard the life of his only son! The Romans believe that it came miraculously from the soil of Egypt to Italy; they turned the Nile from its course that it might go and seek it and carry it to the sea: this obelisk is still covered with hieroglyphics, which keep their secret for so many centuries, and defy to this day the wisest research. The Indians, the Egyptians, the antiquity of antiquity, would perhaps be revealed to our view by these signs. The marvellous charm of Rome consists, not merely in the real beauty of its monuments, but in the interest which they inspire in awakening thought; and this kind of interest increases every day with every new object of study.

One of the most singular churches in Rome, is that of Saint Paul; its exterior is that of a barn, poorly built; and the interior is ornamented by eighty columns, of a marble so beautiful, of a form so perfect, that one conceives they pertain to a temple of Minerva, described by Pausanias. Cicero says—*We are encompassed by the vestiges of history.* If he said this, then, what shall we say now?

The columns, the statues, the bas-reliefs of ancient Rome are so lavishly scattered among the churches of the modern city, that there is one of them. (Saint Agnes) in which the bas-reliefs, being turned down, serve for the steps of a staircase, without any one taking the trouble to learn what they represent. What an astonishing aspect would ancient Rome now present, if they had left the columns, the marbles, the statues, in the place in which they were found! The ancient city would still be standing almost entire; but would the men of our day dare to walk through it?

CORINNE.

## ETYMOLOGY.

Among our derivations, to those whose origin may be viewed with scepticism, may be added that of *dust*. The result of Macadamization, as developed in a windy day after a continuance of scorching weather, naturally leads us to consider the origin of the dense cloud produced, and hence to discover the source of its appellation. The Latin word *aduro* indicates the intense action of the heat in comminuting the particles of the surface so as to render them easily and copiously borne on the wings of the wind. Each particle or mass of particles is manifestly *adustum*, or 'scorched,' from which participle of *aduro* the word *dust* may be supposed to have proceeded. From the primitive of this verb, namely, *uro*, 'to burn,' is also plainly derived the *urn* that contained the ashes of the dead.

The verb *atone* has an elegant and truly English parentage, implying that the offended parties are now *at one*, or reconciled.

The verb *to curtail*, of French extraction, is remarkably ex-

pressive, being an inverted contraction of *tailer court*, 'to cut short.'

In the word *journal*, the legitimate offspring of the Latin *dies*, 'a day,' we have another striking instance of all family resemblance disappearing, since these words have not one letter in common. From *dies* proceeds *diurnus*, 'daily,' from which, by softening the sound of *di* before *u*, come the French words *jour*, 'a day,' and *journal*. An example of this softening we have in the vulgar pronunciation of *duty* as *jooty*. From the same source proceeds *journey*, (or *journée* in French,) which formerly implied the amount of travelling, or indeed of any other labor performed in the course of *one day*; whence also *journeyman*. Talking of *travel* and of labor, (in old English, *travail*), it is obvious they spring from the same French parent, *travailler*, thus conjuring up a striking contrast between the pain of ancient and the pleasure of modern locomotion.

Who would ever imagine any affinity of descent between the words *torch* and *torment—torture*? Yet it is undeniable that they flow from the Latin *torqueo*, *torsi*, *tortum*, to *tortist*; the former word indicating the convoluted form of the ancient flambeau, and the two latter having a graphic reference to the mental or bodily writhings of their victim.

Few words can boast of a more graphic composition than *effrontery*, from *ex*, 'out of,' and *frons*, 'the forehead.' To raise the forehead, and present it fair and open to observation, is the natural language of the feeling of confidence. Any one who, when accused, or under suspicion, can do this, and stand unabashed and unblushing, must either be really innocent, or gifted with a vast amount of hypocrisy, self-command and assurance. Perhaps, among our forefathers, the act might be rendered more expressive if the hair, usually worn over the forehead, were set aside or parted, so as to bring that rarely seen feature into sudden and conspicuous view. It would then be natural to regard the forehead as speaking for the accused, as if an actual pleading proceeded *ex fronte*—out of the brow. Such might be the process of ideas which gave rise to the word *effrontery*.

The familiar word *ditto*, by which much repetition is saved to many a worthy book-keeper, remains an imperishable testimony to the glory of modern Italy in having taken the lead in the revival of commerce, amidst the surrounding barbarism of feudal ascendancy. It is nothing more or less than the Italian for 'said,' but has now acquired a technical appropriation to mercantile language, which is indebted to the same origin for many other words of equal convenience.

That caricature of humanity, ycleped a *monkey*, can boast of a dignified ancestry to its name, which is manifestly an abbreviation of *monnikin*, 'a little man.' It is to be hoped that no rational *homunculus*, or miniature of manhood, will grudge it this aspiring cognomen.

The verb *to revolt*, compounded of *re*, 'again,' and *volvo*, 'to turn,' is beautifully illustrated by that passage of Scripture which recommends pearls not to be thrown before swine, "lest they turn again and rend you."

Though the origin of *husbands* may be known to many, yet to some of our readers it may perhaps be both interesting and instructive to know that the domestic chief is thus dubbed from his being, or at least from his obligation to be, the *band* that unites the house together—the bond of union among the family. How desirable that all *husbands* were *house-bands* in reality as well as in name!

The peculiar characteristic of that prince of the funny tribe, which the *salmon*, is well indicated by the etymology of its name, undoubtedly proceeds from the Latin verb *salto*, 'to leap,' and stupendous are the leaps which this fish occasionally performs.

The word *person* has a singular origin, having, in its Latin for *persona*, implied at first merely the mask invariably worn by the actors of antiquity, *through* (*per*) which their voices sounded (*sonare*.) In process of time the word extended its meaning from a thing to speak through, or mask, to the performer that wore it; and, by an easy transition, since 'all the world's a stage,' came finally to be applied to 'all the men and women' who 'are but actors' thereon.

*Assiduous* has an extraction strikingly descriptive of its mean-

ing, being from *ad*, 'to,' and *sedeo*, 'to sit,' and consequently implying the fixity of purpose which urges an individual to *sit* to his undertaking.

The verb *to prevent* is a striking illustration of the widely divergent and even apparently contrary meanings which the same word may exhibit, when not viewed in reference to its etymology. *To prevent* is the Latin *prevenio*, and implies literally the action of 'coming before.' Keeping this origin in view, we shall easily explain the seeming contradiction which is involved in the following and similar expressions which are now obsolete in the language. Thus, in one of the beautiful prayers of the English church, we implore the Lord "to *prevent* us in our humble supplications." And in the 119th Psalm, at verses 147 and 148, we read, "I *prevented* the dawning of the morning, and cried—I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches, that I might meditate in thy word."

The word *ink* presents, in its formation, not only a historical memento of the original inventors and almost sole users of that fluid, but also another vivid example of the abbreviating power of our language. Its Italian cognomen, *inchiostrò*, (pronounced *inkyostro*,) means literally in a *cloister*, and recalls to memory the deep obligations which literature owes to those ecclesiastical retreats in which its vestal fire was so long piously guarded.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

#### EDEN.

THERE are subordinate agents of cultivation, which were designed and fitted to co-operate with the divine principle of religion. Our readers will not refuse to join us in our first step towards illustrating this doctrine, for that step places us in *Eden*. Yes, let us fancy the thorns and briars of sin, that have long covered that blessed spot, to be cleared away; let man be restored to it, sinless and perfect in all his spiritual and bodily organization, as at first, grant him to have increased and multiplied for a generation or two, at least, before encountering his decisive trial; and let us then visit his Paradise, and contemplate the life that is lived within its green walls and remoter circuit of waters. The man of Eden was made by the Father of Spirits,—by Him was inbreathed the breath of his life, and the creature rose up in the spiritual image of his Creator. He was made ultimately for eternity. But he was made primarily for a life in Time and space. And therefore, there was created for him "this globe of earth," to be the scene of that life. Power was given him from above; the organs of his spirit, in its relations to eternity, were constantly sustained by supernatural supplies; his constitution, mental and bodily, in its relations to this earthly scene, was perfect in its adaptation. Between man, therefore, and the world which was made for his dwelling, wherein to prove and bring out all that was in him, there was the most complete harmony of mutual relations. Let us contemplate, on the one hand, the daily circle of occupations by which he ministered to the sustenance of himself and those joined to him in the closest bonds. Was the mere support of the body all that he received from these divinely ordained employments? Or was there not then, as now, a reaction upon the mind itself? The health nourished by the manifold activity of our earthly life, is not surely—all must admit—*bodily health alone*. In that atmosphere, the mind, too, was resigned to find itself refreshed and invigorated. See man, again, engaged in cultivation of the younger race that has been born to him in his Paradise. Shall any one say, that nothing was meant to come of this, but a future reward in the helper thus trained up to lighten the labors of after years? Is then the present so thankless, the future so grateful only in utilitarian returns, where the work of education is concerned? Does the spirit of man receive no present instruction, from daily communion with the mind of the child? But, finally, let us remember that we do not thus exhaust—that we do not thus count—the half of the agencies with which the Man of Eden was placed in contact. How many were the objects of eye and ear, that had not the slightest relation to the mere necessities of life,—objects which most men would say, had no connexion whatever with his interests; yet there they were, formed and placed around him by the same God that made the world for his tem-

poral preparation for eternity. There was the music of birds, of streams, of wind in the trees. There were meadows, with groves, and glimpses of wide-spread waters beyond, and mountains in the distance, and the golden hues of sunset poured over them all, blending them into one calm, solemn, living whole. There were remote voices of thunder, and of storms, and of that echo of eternity—the roaring of the cataract, without beginning and without end. Then, there were the agencies, the motions whereof might be seen as symbols of gentler or of mightier power,—from

"The river winding at its own sweet will,"

to the mighty stream passing on in the calm consciousness of immeasurable strength, with vast regions of dark forest and high mountain behind, and vast regions of plain beyond—a long and solitary journey! And, lastly, the very night brings out as many agencies as she hides, for hers are the moon and stars, under whose light the face of the earth shows itself with fresh influence as a new creation—a world of stillness and of silence.

Were all these objects placed around man to be without influence upon him; or were they not rather agencies—active powers—designed to work upon his spiritual organization? Far be from us the absurd supposition, that God surrounded man with all this bright host of powers, in his own world, and all for nothing! No, they were meant, not less than the occupations of life and the parental duties, to be important means in the work of culture. For, grant them to be agencies at all, and they can be agencies only for good. It cannot for a moment be supposed, that God could be dealing so lovingly with his yet unfallen creatures, through one set of means, and at the same time working for their hurt through another. O, will it be said that the work of temptation began with the first sooting man in Nature; and that the same satan, who afterwards spoke through a reptile, was likely, in attempting to exert his poisonous influences, to make

"His dwelling in the light of setting suns."

It may be said, however—and, alas! for the barren creed of "these our unimaginative days,"—with no slight appearance of reason, that such objects as these could be instruments of cultivation only for poets; and that, for as much as Paradise was the seat of the actual rather than the ideal, it is apprehended there was little room there for poetry. No poetry in Paradise! No poets amongst men, whose mental organization is held up to be perfect! Say rather—for such is the true interpretation of such a contradiction in terms—there was *no Paradise*. Or let us at least be thankful that "the fragrance and blossom of all our knowledge" was brought to us upon heavenly breezes to sweeten the bitterness of our outcast lot.—*New York Review*.

#### Beauties of Creation.

WHEN we sit in an open window in the still of the afternoon, and look out upon the fragrant lilacs, the blossoming trees, the clamoring honeysuckles, the long green grass, half burying the bashful violet from our view, and hear the singing of the joyous birds near at hand, and the roaring of the city afar off, we can hardly persuade ourself that there is such a strife and hickering among the inhabitants of this fair earth. O, ungrateful, after all that heaven has done! Was this harmonious scene spoken into existence; this perfect world created thus, and covered with all that is lovely and sweet, to be made the arena of unnatural contention? Was such perfect order established in the creation, that its tenants should continually jostle each other during their stay with the fair works of God? Bright red rose, that inclines towards me, on thy deep-green stem, thy fragrance is an offering of mercy from the hand of thy Creator. I see nothing in thee that speaks of wrath, of revenge, or of envy. Pure and innocent, there is a harmlessness in the very look which thou wearest. Thou speakest not of care, of sorrow, or of strife. Why art thou left joyous and without blemish, while man is but a guilty mourner on the face of the earth, subject to grief and disappointment, and corruption? Were the flowers of Eden fairer than thou? Alas! even they proved as fragile. But, though dead, and in decay, thy perfume is never lost.

Linos to my sister, on hearing her wish she were a child again.

BREATH not the wish, dear sister! breathe it not,  
Or pause one moment to review  
The mingled joys and sorrows of thy lot,  
Ere thou wouldst tread Life's toilsome path anew.

Think of the snares that round Youth's pathway lie—  
Think of the thorns to pierce th' unwary soul—  
Think of the hopes that in despair must die,  
Before the wearied heart may reach its goal.

Think how the buds of innocence may fall  
Beneath temptation's power—the wor d's deceit;  
How oft the soul must bow beneath the thrall  
Of grief and care, and pain and sorrow meet.

But one more thought, dear sister, I recall—  
Pardon the grief that thought must bring to thee:  
Rememberest thou when by a father's pall  
We bent in silent, hopeless agony?

And say, would all the joys, unmixed and pure,  
That o'er thy life's lone pathway have been shed,  
Oh, tell me, would they tempt you to endure  
Again those hours beside th' unburied dead?

Ay, think of these, dear sister! and repress  
The unavailing wish, the bootless prayer;  
Look to thy home in heaven, and onward press,  
To find unfading youth and beauty there.

S.

### Leaves of Antiquity:

#### OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

(Translated from the German of Herder.)

##### The Reward of the Future World.

JUDGE not the way of thy life, for all the steps of the Lord are good, although the aim of each thou mayst not understand. And weigh not the precepts of the law, in order that thou mayst say: "This law is greatest, therefore will I keep it; for its reward will be great." God has not revealed to men what shall be the reward of each individual work.

A king was about to plant a garden, and summoned laborers to the work without stipulation; he left each one free in his toil, and at evening only inquired on what he had labored. Each one showed him what he had performed; this one had planted a fig-tree, that one an olive, the third a cypress, and the fourth a palm-tree. The householder gave to every one a reward according to his labor, and thus was his garden planted with various trees. Had the laborers known what tree among them all would have received the highest reward, the design of the householder would not have been attained; a variety of trees would not have been planted in his garden.

A sage was once asked why God had so highly blessed him in this life? "Because I have performed the small duties as carefully as the greatest;" answered he: "therefore has God thus blessed me."

##### The Rose among Thorns.

A PIOUS man, deeply wounded and sick at heart, under the persecution of his enemies, walked sorrowfully up and down in his garden, almost doubting the ways of Providence. As he paused and remained standing before a rose-bush, the spirit of the rose thus addressed him, "Do I not animate a beautiful plant? Which is, in the name of every flower, a cup of thanksgiving, full of sweet odors—an incense offering to the Lord! And where dost thou find me? Among thorns! But they pierce not; they protect me and give me nourishment. Even so do thine enemies to thee, and should not thy spirit be more than a transitory flower?" Strengthened, the man turned away, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

Fearful, to the departing, appears the Angel of Death. From his flaming sword fall bitter drops, and his countenance is terrible.

Is there nothing that can save us from his terror? Can we behold Paradise, who looks not first upon the Angel of Death?

Not thus. He who has performed works of love and goodness, who has gladdened the hearts of men, and received their blessing sees not Death. As if from the plains of Paradise, the good deeds of his life arise, and, hovering over him, comfort his heart, and softly bear away his soul.

Thus was Eleazer, the faithful servant of Abraham, blessed of his Lord, that he should not see death for the joy that he had prepared for him in life. Sarah also, the daughter of Asher, when she brought to the grandfather of Jacob the tidings "Thy son liveth," he said: "The mouth which has spoken this to me, shall for this be comforted in the hour of death." And when Vitia, the daughter of Pharaoh, was about to die, that no one might say "What reward had she for her good deed in nurturing Moses?" in her last hour the fame of Moses, with all his deeds, stood before her royal eyes, and the image of death vanished before his presence.

As a thread is drawn from milk, so passes away the soul of the righteous from his body, in sweet remembrance of the good which it has accomplished: but the soul of the wicked departs, as the pointed thorns are torn from the fleety wool.—*Christian Messenger.*

#### THE SPIDER.

"THAT man," says the accomplished Cooper, "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantages of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

This thought arose within me during a late walk in the neighborhood of my village. The morning was cold and clear, but the sun shone bright, and not a cloud flitted across the heavens. The little river flowed over its rocky bed, and on either side the spreading branches of the oak, the elm, and birch, had intercepted the flakes of snow, and formed a sparkling arcade. Every twig glittered with hoar-frost; even the coarser herbage, ferns, reeds, and mosses, seemed as if sledged with icy feathers; while here and there the Daphne laurel and the holly firmly grasped the rugged banks. Their dark shining leaves were gemmed with frozen particles, that reflected the colors of the rainbow; and across them innumerable spiders, as if proud to display their skill, had spun and interlaced their glittering webs.

It is very amusing to watch the spider when thus employed. He first throws out a thread, which becomes attached by its adhesive quality, to some near bough, or leaf, tuft of moss or stone. He then turns round; recedes to a distance; attaches another floating thread to some other part, and darts away, doubling and redoubling, so as to form figures the more pleasing and fantastic, spinning a thread at every movement, through the holes of his bag, by an operation similar to the drawing of wire.

And thus he works, as if to mock at art,  
And in defiance of her rival powers:  
By these fortuitous and random strokes  
Performing such inimitable feats,  
As she, with all her rules can never reach.—*Cooper's Task.*

Yet, the simple machinery, by which such a process is effected, consists merely of two bags, or reservoirs, filled with gum, or glue, and perforated with small holes. The secretion of the threads is an act too subtle for our discernment, except as we perceive it by the product. It may, however, be observed, that one thing answers to another—the secretory glands to the quality and consistency required in the secreted substances—the bags to its reception; that the outlets and orifices are constructed, not merely for relieving the reservoirs of their burden, but for manufacturing the contents into a form and texture of great external use to the life and functions of the insect. Two purposes are thus accomplished in the economy of nature. A feeble creature, which it has pleased Omnipotence to call into being; for reasons, though inscrutable to us, yet undoubtedly both wise and good, is put into a condition to provide for its own safety. An exquisite effect is also produced in the winter landscape—an effect of a character so new and beautiful, though annually recurring, that few regard it without admiration and delight.—*Annals of my Village.*

Eminent Literary Ladies.

No. 5.

For the Calliopean.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

It is one of the highest offices of poetry to give utterance to the deep feelings of the heart—to "hold the mirror up" to man, as well as to nature. The power of seizing, as it were, and laying bare the workings of sorrow, affliction, compassion, pride and anger in the human breast, is possessed only by the mightiest intellects, such as Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton; yet, it is also found in an inferior degree, in a large class of female writers, who have arisen during the last century, and whose intensity of feeling and tenderness of soul have peculiarly fitted them for portraying the more amiable passions of the heart. At the head of these is Mrs. Hemans. Born at Liverpool, in 1794, she was ever an imaginative, fanciful being, giving vent to her thoughts in verse, from the time she was eight years of age. Her early marriage with Captain Hemans, first broke in, alas! too rudely, upon the pleasing reverie of her life. An enthusiastic devotee of literature, her only delight was to feast on the works of genius, or revel in the regions of imagination; while her husband, on the contrary, was of a worldly, "utilitarian" disposition. There was no sympathy of soul or congeniality of taste between them, and at length a separation took place. She retired with her five children, to the residence of her mother, in South Wales, where she devoted herself to study and the composition of her poems.

The elegance and taste displayed in some of her first productions, gained for her the acquaintance of Bishop Heber; who, doubtless, had a great influence in turning her attention to more serious subjects. Her various works were given in rapid succession to the public; with whom, however, their depth of feeling and beauty of style, secured for them an enthusiastic reception. In 1829, she removed to the vicinity of Liverpool, in order to enjoy the greater literary facilities which that place afforded; but, though now in the zenith of her fame, she spent her time as much as possible in retirement.

About a year after her settlement here, she made a visit to Scotland, which greatly extended the circle of her literary acquaintance. Her stay at Abbotsford, and impressions of Sir Walter Scott, are thus described by herself—"With him I am now in constant intercourse; taking long walks over moor and woodland, and listening to song and legend of other times, till my mind forgets itself, and is carried wholly back to the days of the Slogan and the fiery cross, and the wide gathering of Border chivalry. I cannot say enough of his cordial kindness to me: it makes me feel, when at Abbotsford, as if the stately rooms of that ancestral-looking place were old familiar scenes to me. We passed one meadow, in which Sir Walter's grandfather had been killed in a duel! "Had it been a century earlier," he said, "a bloody feud would have been transmitted, as Spaniards bequeath a game of chess to their children." The whole expression of his benevolent countenance changes, if he has but to speak of the dirk or the claymore: you see the spirit that would say amidst the trumpets, ha! ha! suddenly flashing from his grey eyes; and sometimes, in repeating a verse of warlike minstrelsy, he will spring up as if he caught the sound of a distant gathering cry."

She likewise spent a few weeks with Wordsworth, in the north of England, in a manner equally pleasant. "I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. There is a daily beauty in his life; which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it. He gives me a great deal of his society; reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride, and I begin to talk with him quite as with a sort of paternal friend."

After living three years at Liverpool, she removed to Dublin to enable her elder sons to complete their education, but the delicate state of her health, with which she had suffered for some time, at length brought her existence to a close about three years after her removal, on the 16th of May, 1835. Her death was cheered by that heavenly plenty, which throws such a disting-

ing charm over her writings. A few days before her death, she wrote a sonnet on the Sabbath, of which the following is a part:

"And the hamlet low,  
With whose thick orchard-blossoms the soft winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread  
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed  
Of sickness bound:—yet, oh my God! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

Her numerous pieces are characterised by a loftiness of feeling, a purity of sentiment, and an elegance of diction, which entitle them to a high rank in English literature. Her acquaintance with ancient literature, gave her a classical taste, while her fondness for the great masters of Spain and Germany, conferred depth and originality of thought. Endlessly diversified as are her subjects, embracing the whole compass of nature, there is not a verse in which is not found some elevated sentiment—some truly womanly feeling. Witness the following:

MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is none  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, where-with  
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,  
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,  
The bright glad creature springing in his path,  
But as the heir of his great name, the young  
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long  
Shall bear his well.—And this is love!  
This is man's love!—What marvel?—you ne'er made  
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,  
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings  
His fair cheeks rose and fell; and his bright hair  
Waved softly to your breast!—You ne'er kept watch  
Beside him, all the last pale star had set,  
And morn, all dazling, as in triumph, broke  
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face  
Which early faded through fond care for him,  
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as Heaven's light,  
Was there to greet his waking! You ne'er smoothed  
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,  
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours  
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his  
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,  
With patient, vigilant, never-weary love!  
No! these are woman's tasks!—In these her youth,  
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,  
Seal from her all unmarked!

A seraphic glow of devotion animates her poetry, and gives it a pure and ethereal spirit. Severely tried in the furnace of affliction, she learned to place her dearest hopes, and utter her loftiest strains, on the blessedness of a brighter world.

Another excellence of her writings is, that though most of them are short pieces, including an immense variety of subjects, she never indulges in a sickly sentimentalism. Deprive the poems of Thomas Moore of everything of this character, and what would be left? Many of her occasional pieces are exceedingly touching and beautiful. Her "Casabianca," "Tyrolese Evening Song," and "Homes of England," rival even the far-famed lyrics of her friend, Thomas Campbell. JUNIA.

Bodily Exercise in Early Life.

TO FETTER the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is barbarous opposition of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold, with much heart-felt concern, poor little puny creatures of eight, ten, or twelve years of age exhibited by their silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early proficiency in language, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as the body is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.



## The Great Poets.

SHAKSPERE.

WITH a reverence as deep as honesty or manliness permits for the master-genius of our race—a reverence nourished by the fond and never intermitted study of their works—I may say that I catch, from this very study of their writings and characters, a conception, that, high as they rose, they might have risen higher. I in sometimes behold the soil of the world upon their snow-white robes, and the rust of human passion upon the glittering edge of their wit. It was long ago said by the great Roman critic, that the great Homer sometimes nods;—and Shakspeare, the most brilliant example unquestionably, of a triumph over the defects of education—mental and mortal—too often exhibits traces of both. As he floats on eagle's wings along what he nobly calls 'the brightest heaven of invention,' he is sometimes borne, by an unchastened taste, into a misty region where the understanding endeavors in vain to follow him; and sometimes, as he skims, with the swallow's ease and swiftness, along the ground, too confident of his power to soar, when he will, up to the rosy gates of the morning—he stoops, and stoops, and stoops, till the tips of his graceful pinions are sadly daggled in the mire.

HOMER.

NOT a ray of pure spiritual illumination shines through the sweet vision of the father of poetry. The light of his genius, like that of the moon, as he describes it in the eighth Iliad, is serene, transparent, and heavenly fair; it streams into the deepest glades and settles on the mountain tops of the material and social world; but for all that concerns the spiritual nature, it is cold, watery, and unquickening. The great test of the elevation of the poet's mind, and of the refinement of the age in which he lives, is the distinctness, power, and purity, with which he conceives the spiritual world. In all else he may be the observer, the recorder, the painter; but in this dread sphere he must assume the province, which his name imports; he must be the maker:—creating his own spiritual world by the highest action of his mind, upon all the external and internal materials of thought. If ever there was a poetical vision, calculated not to purify, and to exalt, but to abase and sadden, it is the visit of Ulysses to the lower regions. The ghosts of the illustrious departed are drawn before him by the reeking fumes of the recent sacrifice; and the hero stands guard with his drawn sword, to drive away the shade of his own mother from the gory trench, over which she hovers, hankering after the raw blood. Does it require an essay on the laws of the human mind, to show that the intellect which contemplates the great mystery of our being, under his ghastly and frivolous imagery, has never been born to a spiritual life, nor caught a glimpse of the highest heaven of poetry?

DANTE.

IN Dante, for the first time, in an uninspired bard, the dawn of a spiritual day breaks upon us. Although the shadows of a superstition rest upon him, yet the strains of the prophets were in his ears, and the light of the truth—strong, though clouded—was in his soul. As we stand with him on the threshold of the world of sorrows, and read the awful inscription over the portal, a chill from the dark valley of the shadow of death comes over the heart. The compass of poetry contains no image which surpasses this dismal inscription in solemn grandeur;—nor is there anywere, a more delicious strain of tender poetic beauty, than that of the distant vesper bell, which seems to mourn for the departing day, as it is heard by the traveller just leaving his home. But Dante lived in an age, when christianity—if I may so speak—was paganized. Much of his poem, substance, as well as ornament, is heathen. Too much of his inspiration is drawn from the stormy passions of life. The warmth with which he glowed, is too often the kindling of scorn and indignation, burning under a sense of intolerable wrong. The holiest muse may string his

lyre, but it is too often the incensed partizan that sweeps the strings. The divine comedy, as he calls his wonderful work, is much of it more mortal satire.

MILTON.

IN *Paradise Lost*, we feel as if we were admitted to the outer courts of the Infinite. In that all-glorious temple of genius, inspired by truth, we catch the full diapason of the heavenly organ. With its first choral swell, the soul is lifted from the earth. In the *Divina Comedia*, the man, the Florentine, the oxiled Ghibeline, stands out from first to last, breathing defiance and revenge. Milton, in some of his prose works, betrays the partizan also—but in his poetry, we see him in the white robes of the minstrel, with upturned, though sightless eyes, wrapt in meditation, at the feet of the heavenly muse. Dante, in his dark vision, descends to the depths of the world of perdition; and, homeless fugitive as he is, drags his proud and prosperous enemies down with him, and buries them—doubly destroyed—in the flaming sepulchres of the lowest hell. Milton, on the other hand, seems almost to have purged off the dross of humanity. Blind, poor, friendless, in solitude and sorrow, with quite as much reason as his Italian rival to repine at his fortune, and war against mankind, how calm and unimpassioned is he in all that concerns his own personality! He deemed too highly of his divine gift to make it the instrument of immortalizing his hatreds. One cry alone, of sorrow at his blindness; one pathetic lamentation over the evil days on which he had fallen, bursts from his full heart. There is not a flash of human wrath in all his pictures of woe. Fluting nothing but evil spirits, in the childlike simplicity of his heart, his pure hands, undefiled with the pitch of the political intrigues in which he had lived, he breathes forth his inexpressible majestic strains—the poetry not-so much of earth as of heaven.

Can it be hoped, that under the operation of the influences to which we have alluded, any thing superior to *Paradise Lost* will ever be produced by man? It requires a courageous faith in general principles to believe it. I dare not call it a probable event; but we can we say it is impossible? If, out of the wretched intellectual and moral elements of the commonwealth in England—imparting, as they did, at times, too much of their contagion to Milton's mind—a poem like *Paradise Lost*, could spring forth; shall no corresponding fruit of excellence, can be produced when knowledge shall be universally diffused, society elevated and equalized; and the standard of moral and religious principle in public and private affairs, raised far above its present level? A continued progress in the intellectual world, is consistent with all that we know of the laws that govern it, and with all experience. A presentiment of it lies deep in the soul of man, spark, as it is, of the divine nature. The craving after excellence, the thirst for truth and beauty, has never been—never can be—fully slaked at the fountains, which have flowed beneath the touch of the enchanter's wand. Man listens to the heavenly strain, and straightway becomes desirous of still loftier melodies. It has nourished and strengthened instead of satiating his taste. Fed by the divine aliment, he can enjoy more, he can conceive more, he can himself perform more.

Should a poet of loftier muse than Milton hereafter appear, or to speak more reverently, when the Milton of a better age shall arise, there is remaining yet one subject worthy his powers—the completion of *Paradise Lost*. In the conception of this subject by Milton, then nature in the experience of his great poem, we have the highest human judgment that this is the cue remaining theme. In his uncompleted attempt to achieve it, we have the greatest cause for the doubt, whether it be not beyond the grasp of the human mind, in its present state of cultivation. But I am willing to think that this theme, immeasurably the grandest which can be contemplated by the mind of man, will never receive a political illustration, proportioned to its sublimity. It seems to me impossible that the time—doubtless far distant—when another Milton, divorcing his heart from the delights of life; purifying his bosom from its angry and its selfish passions; relieved by happier fortunes from care and sorrow; pluming the wings of his spirit in solitude, by abstinence and prayer, will address himself to this only remaining theme of a great christian epic.

## THE HOLY LAND—NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We passed the night of the 14th of April in our tents, just outside the town of Jenin. Our dragoman had warned us of the thievish character of the people of this neighborhood, so that we had an eye to such of our property as was lying about while the tents were preparing. The Governor called, had coffee, and appointed four guards; so that we supposed ourselves free from robbery. But in the morning the best mule was gone; and the four guards declared themselves wholly unable to say when, how, and by whom the animal was set loose from its fastenings and carried off. Our departure was delayed; the Governor was sent for; and a pretended inquiry was made; and this gave me opportunity to walk about for an hour after breakfast—through the little town, through an orange grove where every tree was white with blossoms; and up a neighbouring hill whence I saw, to my surprise, a snowy mountain peak to the Northeast. This was the summit of Gebel Sheikh—the mountain which closes the north end of the valley of the Jordan, and then joins on to the range of Antilibanus. From my point of view, I could see, too, the beautiful plain of Esdraelon which we were to traverse this day; and the hills to the north which enclosed Nazareth, where we hoped to sleep this night: and to the west, some tokens of the rise of a line of hills which we should soon see swelling into Mount Carmel, where we were to go to-morrow. What a prospect lay before both eye and mind!

Our dragoman told us we might make ourselves easy about our mule, as he had no doubt it was in some stable in the town. We should be asked to leave a muleteer behind, and in a day or two the animal would be delivered to him, with the demand of a few piastres for the trouble of finding the mule on the mountains. It is probable that the matter stood exactly so, for the muleteer followed in two days with the beast, having paid fourteen piastres for the trouble of finding it!

Thus far we have travelled only among valleys: and to-day we heartily enjoy our ride over the rich plain of Esdraelon. It was fertile and flowery from end to end; and the young partridges ran under the very feet of my horse. Small birds flitted in multitudes on every side; and the tall cranes stood among the high grass. The Carmel range grew upon the sight as we had expected; and the blue hills of Galilee closed in the view northward. Little Mount Hermon rose on our sight, and on his north acclivity lay the village of Nain. A round hill, dropped over with old oaks, was Mount Tabor. Villages were well placed on such rising grounds as there were amid the planes; and our track lay, broad, level, and green, among rows of tall artichokes and patches of rich cultivation.

When about two-thirds of the way over, we crossed the great caravan track from Egypt to Damascus. We had been to Egypt; and we were going to Damascus; but we did not follow this track. We held on northward to the Galilean hills.

We entered upon these hills about an hour before we reached Nazareth, winding up and down, and around the base of one, and the shoulder of another, sometimes among scattered wood, sometimes over stony tracts, and always in sight of many goats. After mounting a very steep pass, and coming to a well, and winding round a hill once more, we came suddenly in sight of pretty Nazareth. Its basin of fertility is charming—its little plain, full of gardens and groves and fields, surrounded, as it seems, completely by hills.—The town is in fact a poor one; but built of stone, and covering a good deal of ground, and extending a little way up the western slope, it looks well from above.

Here, then, we had before our eyes the scenery amid which Jesus grew up. Its character cannot have changed very much since his day. A fertile basin among the everlasting hills, and a primitive little town which they protect, must bear the same aspect from age to age. The great addition is the convent and church of the Latin monks; but these buildings do not stand out offensively to the eye; but mingle well with the flat-roofed stone houses of the town. In this convent we had to take up our abode. We angled to pitch our tents on the green below the

town: but there was apprehension of rain, and it was thought better to go under the convent roof, which is truly a hospitable one.

I do not know what it is about the service of this church which is so affecting to strangers: but I observe that all travellers speak of the strong emotions excited here. Few believe that the places under the church are what they are said to be. Few believe that the little caves shown by the monks are the kitchen and sitting room of the parent of Jesus; and that the spots marked out by two granite pillars are those where Mary and the Angel stood at the time of the annunciation. I do not at all believe that these places were thus consecrated; yet I have seldom been so moved as I was this afternoon in the church of the annunciation at Nazareth. We were at least in the place of residence of Jesus, and saw what he saw every day;—the hollows of the valleys, the outlines of the hills, the streams in their courses, and the wild flowers which everywhere on the slopes spread under foot. We were in the place which he called home. Entering the church with these impressions on our minds, we were saluted with a chaunt from a full choir;—a chaunt sonorous, swelling, and exact;—the best music, incomparably, that I heard abroad. It told upon our very hearts. Of course we visited the rocky recesses below the church, which are called the abode of Joseph and Mary; and saw no reason to suppose that, while citizens of Nazareth, they lived in a grotto, rather than a house.

We were shown, too, a portrait of Jesus, which the monks believe to have been copied from an original taken in his lifetime!—as if there had been portrait painting of that kind in those days! and as if the Jews would have considered it lawful if there had! Such ignorance on the part of the monks prevents our relying on any traditions given by them; and I will, therefore, say nothing of the other places pointed out as sacred by them. Nazareth itself is sacred enough; and it is merely offensive to one's feelings to speak of some of the strange stories the monks tell, and really believe, about Jesus and his family, exhibiting what they declare to be the scenes of his life and daily actions.

The next day, the uppermost feeling throughout was of delight at the thought of the natural beauty amid which Jesus was reared. From the heights above the town we looked down into dells full of verdure; and abroad over the rich plain we had crossed the day before, and over toward Carmel, where we were going to-day. We rode among the hills for two hours, observing that clumps of forest trees became more frequent, and that the scenery was changing its character; and then we entered upon a tract which was so like the outskirts of an English nobleman's park that I could hardly believe we were in the Holy Land. Rich grasses covered up the slopes and levels, and clumps of ilex wooded every recess. We wound along under these clumps, and along the glades of the scattered forest, and upon broken banks, and then again through reaches of chequer-shade. And how could we help thinking at every step who had once been here before us?

We were almost sorry to leave these park-like hills, though we were descending into the plain of Zebulun, and Carmel was before us, and we were about to cross the old river Kishon which Elijah knew so well when he lived in this region: and the blue sea was in sight; that sea from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud arise which was no bigger than a man's hand.

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the sun (Baal) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches northward in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acra, and the old Tyro. The plain of Zebulun, thus enclosed between the Galilean hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the sun was very imposing in all the countries where it existed. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo in Greece. I saw mighty temples to the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal at Baalbec—a few days journey from this place at the foot



of Carmel, where his host of priests was defied by Elijah. (1 Kings, xviii.) Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets, in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself; and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain-side that afternoon, to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be; where the young men were gathered together to learn what was kawn of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration. Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found it a large square grotto; a spacious apartment in the mountain side, cool, shadowy, and solemn. All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of holly-hocks, ilax, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many savors, and wildflowers as gay as the rainbow.—Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end of the long drouth, and cast himself down upon the earth while his servant watched on the ridge above. But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range, while looking for a token of approaching rain! To-day there was not in all the sky a cloud so big as a man's hand; but instead of a cloud there was, at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow. When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, the young moon hung in the west yet a little while before "the excellency of Carmel."

#### Household Education.

A CHILD's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself, from the first, the depository of its confidence—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her, infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason, and even afterwards, for the most terrible fears are those which have to do with reason. She will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house, letting it handle in merry play, everything which could look mysterious to its fearful eyes, and render it familiar with every household sound. Some of the worst fears in infancy are from lights and shadows. "The Lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's afternoon, as he ran along the street," says Miss Martineau, "used to cast a gleam, and the shadows of the window-frames on the ceiling, and my blood ran cold at the sight every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle around the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter our drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning, and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair, that I might not see what was dancing on the wall when the sun shone, as it did at that time of day on the glass lustres on the mantle-piece, fragments of gay color were cast on the wall, and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive—a sort of imps."

**SEEK KNOWLEDGE.**—If you pull up your window a little, it is far likelier to give cold or rheumatism, or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any bad consequence becomes still less if you go out into the air, and let it act upon you equally from every side. Is it not just so with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a draught of it blowing on them though a coveit, usually grow stiff necked? When you open the windows of your mind, therefore, open them as widely as you can, open them, and let the soul send forth its messengers of to explore the state of the earth. The best, indeed the only method, of guarding against the mischief which may ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more.

How pleasant and delightful to the humble follower of Jesus is the contemplation of the approaching Sabbath. When the business of the week is drawing to a close, and our minds experience a relief from the cares and anxieties of this inconstant life, what sensation of love and gratitude do we feel to our Heavenly Father, for having appointed one day in seven to be devoted exclusively to him. Our reflections, too, must be solemn, when we realize that another week has fled, never to be recalled.

How careful ought we to be in examining ourselves, whether our conduct and conversation have been such as the gospel requires—whether we have improved the precious moments allotted us to the honor and glory of God; making religion our daily business; scrupulously yielding to the emanations of the Spirit, and faithfully performing the duties devolving upon us. If so, with what composure can we recline our heads upon our pillow, "and when we early rise and view the unwearied sun," how reviving and soul cheering is the anticipation of repairing to the house of God, there to meet his dear children, and mingle with friendly souls in prayer around the throne of the Most High. And while "we are yet speaking," answers of peace descend to our waiting souls. Could those who cast off fear and restrain prayer, realize for one moment the peace experienced by every child of God, they would undoubtedly say with the poet, "My willing soul would stay, in such a frame as this." Religion is not confined to the Sabbath, but we may feel from day to day the love of God shed abroad in the heart. But when our temporal concerns are suspended, our seasons of rest remind us of that rest that remains for the people of God—What a blessed employment to serve God while in this vale of tears. Religion purifies and refines the heart, enlightens the understanding, and prepares us to live righteously in this world and enjoy the presence of the blessed Redeemer to all eternity.

#### English Sovereigns,

In the order of their succession.

FIRST William the Norman; then William his son Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John; Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three; And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see, Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess; Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess; Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew, Yet receiv'd, after Cromwell, another Charles too; Next, James the second ascended the throne, Then William and Mary together came on; Till Anne, Georges four, fourth William all past, God sent us Victoria. May she long be the last.

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Hamilton, March 9, 1848. D. C. VAN NORMAN, A. M.,  
Principal.

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