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THE CALLOPEA

Volume I. Burlington Ladies' Academy, Hamilton, C. W., Tuesday, October 24, 1848. Number 23.

The Boy at Play.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

There's something in a pebble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unshackled, unbidden joy,
His frolic of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on these golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still.
And throw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
Whom foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How strong his heart's mysterious thrill
A feeling whose mysterious thrill
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

For the Callopean.

Thoughts on Leaving Home.

We have so often listened to the sweetly expressive song, "Home, sweet home," that to many of us perhaps it has become "familiar as household words;"—yet, who can ever hear its soft and thrilling strains without being struck at once with its beauty as well as its simplicity and truth; and feeling a responsive glow in the heart as it echoes the sentiment, "there's no place like home!"

I never leave my home without, at least a slight feeling of loneliness, a sort of inward murmuring, that almost reproaches me for absenting myself, for however short a space of time from that spot, of all others in the world, most dear to me, and most deserving of my affections. Oh, leave not the person, if such there be, who can bid adieu to this sanctuary of the heart, hallowed by so many tender associations, so many recollections of happy infancy and sporting childhood; of parental solicitude and brotherly and sisterly affection, without one feeling of regret, one lingering thought or wish, one fond prayer for loved ones to be left behind. Many and various were my thoughts as I left my home. As I gazed around anticipating the absence of some weeks, it might be months, each familiar spot appeared doubly dear; each well-known countenance far more pleasing and lovely than ever, and though more than pleased and delighted with the object which was to take me from it to a distance still, I felt that hither my thoughts must often return with many a hope and wish, and prayer.

I thought of the contingencies of the future change; but still I cannot think of that in such a connexion; the dark and evil influences of the world may find their way to the heart of

the votary of pleasure, the devotee at fashion's shrine, withering and blighting each true, and tender and holy feeling there; but home is too sacred a place for them ever to enter; for how can those who have bowed around the same family altar forget any who so oft have joined them there, or how can hearts so long united in bonds of confidence and affection ever cease to love?

Death!—ah! yes, death might enter even there! A few short weeks, nay, even days has often, in many a happy family, changed the voice of gladness into that of mourning and sorrow. "There is but a step between us and death," and who can assure us that each sad parting shall not be our last!

As I bid farewell to the dear inmates of my home, I thought perhaps we never all may meet again in this world, and I hoped and prayed that we might at length meet in that brighter, better home above,—yes, meet to part no more.

MARIE.

Scene of a Summer Shower

BY PROFESSOR NORTON.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Mothinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand
Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

For the Calliopean

The Accomplished Lady.

THE question whether females are capable of a high degree of intellectual improvement and elevation appears to be no longer problematical. This is evinced by the efforts which are being put forth for their education, not only in those branches which tend to impart external grace and beauty, and to embellish the mind, but also in those solid attainments which expand the powers of the mind, and impart intellectual strength and vigour.

Institutions are springing up in every part of the enlightened and christian world, calculated to impart to females not only a polite and refined, but a highly intellectual and practical education. Yet the number of institutions for the education of females, adapted to their condition and wants as intellectual beings and responsible agents, is small compared with those which are known by the name of fashionable boarding schools, and which aim chiefly at imparting a kind of fictitious refinement, a super-

ficial polish, thus fitting them to be more ornaments or gilded statues in the great temple of human enterprise and benevolence. Hence those who are labouring to impart that kind of education to females which is adapted to their real circumstances in this world, and their high destination in the world to come, have to labour with many prejudices and false notions which have firmly entrenched themselves in the female mind.

Females have been taught by the system of education pursued in reference to them to believe, that they are utterly incapable of attaining to any thing more intellectual or noble than the use of the needle, pencil or piano; that they were placed in this beautiful world merely to contend the palm with the lily, rose and butterfly; to be mere toys and trifles to amuse and recreate the rest of mankind; that nothing is required of them but to make the present glide smoothly on.

Yes, the system of female education generally pursued in our country, as well as nearly all the customs and habits of society tend directly and powerfully to produce this state of things. Though the number of works recently published on the education, rights, and condition of women, gives the most satisfactory evidence that increased attention has been directed to that subject; yet, it is lamentable that there are still so many who are so completely absorbed in mere outward accomplishments, as to forget entirely the true dignity of their nature. How many are there who think, if they dress and dance well, if they are acquainted with all the latest fashions, and read all the novels which are published, they are truly accomplished; who never dream, I will not say think, of rising in their contemplations and meditations, or in their conversations above the mere gossip of ribbons, fashions, and parties; who consider science wholly beneath their notice, and that it never was designed for them. They look upon it as something intended only for such dull and moody creatures as Sir Isaac Newton, or Benjamin Franklin; why, it would be a direct impeachment of their amiability and meekness, and would degrade them from the elevated position in which they at present move—the admired favourites of all! And as for domestic economy, it is not at all suited to the pure etherial region in which they shine! What, say these ladies of fashion and modern refinement, shall we descend from our lofty and admired pinnacle to the menial duties of the kitchen and nursery? Degrading! We see them coming from a school in which they have spent several years acquiring an education which is said now to be finished; and this term carries with it the impression that there is nothing more to be learned, that they have exhausted the fountain of knowledge. How often do we hear it echoed from mouth to mouth, that Miss —— has just returned from a fashionable boarding school, an accomplished lady. Our expectations are raised to the highest pitch, and we picture in our imagination all that is lovely in virtue, and dignified in intellect. We suppose she will shine with a radiance almost heavenly. Such ideas do we attach to the title, "accomplished Lady." We are impatient for an opportunity to enjoy her society, promising ourselves a rare intellectual treat. But, alas, how disappointed! how does the vision fade! True, she can repeat French and Italian, page after page, parrot fashion, without perhaps understanding half a dozen words of the whole, or at least one fourth of them; run her fingers lightly over the harp, piano, or guitar; sing a great number of sentimental songs and ditties, whirl gracefully through the giddy dance, tell you which is the last and most fashionable novel, and above all, play the coquette to perfection. We find her elevated far above this little, dull world of facts and realities, and surrounded by an artificial frost-work which has congealed all the genuine heaven-descended feelings of the soul. We find her sparkling, it is true, but it is as the sparkling of the moon-beams reflected from the beautiful ice-berg.

ADALINE.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.

From D'Aubigne's England.

NEVER do the labors of Christian vitality appear in England in a more imposing form than in the great public meetings which are held in London, especially in the month of May. If the world, if the despisers of the Sunday, have their monster trains; the

worshippers of Jesus Christ have their monster meetings, if I may call them so; and these are no doubt the most remarkable manifestations of the religious spirit of Britain. Certainly, the thing most worthy of admiration is not the meetings of those societies, but their labors and their acts. The Bible, Missionary, Tract, and Christian Instruction Societies, with many others, are the highest glory and the chief strength of England. Not only has she taken the lead, but she has nowhere been outstripped. The reports of these societies are everywhere; you have read them over and over again. It will therefore be more interesting to give you a description of their meetings.

To speak in that immense area of Exeter Hall, to four thousand auditors,—nay, four thousand impassioned auditors,—who reply by acclamations to the least word that finds an echo in their hearts, is no trifle, especially to foreigners. The remarkable capacity of the English and the Scotch for speaking well, clearly, and eloquently, is known to every one. This is in some degree a natural gift, but it is partly also an acquired one. Every son of Britain grows up in the midst of public life. Every one accustoms himself to think clearly, and to express forcibly, whatever is essential in all things. Besides this, the English, those at least who speak in these meetings, are familiar with the two great treasures from which all elegant diction and eloquence is drawn: the one is the Bible, the other is the Greek and Latin classics. The art with which these assemblies are prepared, the continued progress, the animated, onward march which the leaders seek to impress upon them; the appearance, at one time of a Syrian, at another of a North American Indian, now of a New Zealander or of a Chinese, in the full costume of their respective countries, and each making a speech in his turn, like others (I was myself confounded with these orators from the different parts of the world); the art with which the most powerful speakers are generally reserved for the conclusion—all these things render the meetings overpowering and wonderful. If I were asked which affords the most exquisite enjoyment to the mind; the intimate conversations in a German study, where three or four eminent theologians assemble, with whom the mind freely ranges over the highest regions of thought; or these stupendous meetings, in which the souls of the auditory are drawn on by an orator as in a race, are subdued with him, and then on a sudden carried away amidst shouts and acclamations,—were I to be asked which of these two enjoyments I prefer, really I should not know on which side the balance would incline; but were I to judge of the intensity, or rather the enthusiasm of enjoyment, I think I should decide in favor of the London or Scottish meetings. Oh, how much do we live in those few hours! how do our hearts burn within us! And yet, after those volcanic explosions, and those streams of burning lava which flow in torrents, it must be owned, something more calm and more intimate is salutary, and we love to return to “the waters of Shiloah that go softly.”

Milton's Character of Eve

I HAVE been sometimes surprised, when in conversation I have been expressing my admiration of the character of Eve in her state of innocence, as drawn from our immortal poet, to hear objections stated by those, from whom, of all critics, I should have least expected it—the ladies. I confess that, as the Sophia of Rousseau had her young imagination captivated by the character of Fenelon's Telemachus, so I early became enamoured of that of Milton's Eve. I never formed an idea of conjugal happiness, but my mind involuntarily adverted to the graces of that finished picture.

The ladies, in order to justify their censure, assert that Milton, a harsh domestic tyrant, must needs be a very inadequate judge, and, of course, a very unfair delinicator, of female accomplishments. These fair cavillers draw their inference from premises, from which I have always been accustomed to deduce a directly contrary conclusion. They insist that it is highly derogatory from the dignity of the sex, that the poet should affirm that it is the perfection of the character of a wife,

“To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.”

Now according to my notion of ‘household good,’ which does not include one idea of drudgery or servility, but which involves a large and comprehensive scheme of excellence, I will venture to affirm, that let a woman know what she may, yet if she knows not this, she is ignorant of the most indispensable, the most appropriate branch of female knowledge. Without it, however, she may inspire admiration abroad, she will never excite esteem, nor of course durable affection at home, and will bring neither credit nor comfort to her ill-starred partner.

The domestic arrangements of such a woman as filled the capacious mind of the poet, resembles, if I may say it without profaneness, those of Providence, whose under-agent she was. Her wisdom is seen in its effect. Indeed it is rather felt than seen. It is sensibly acknowledged in the peace, the happiness, the virtue of the component parts; in the order, regularity and beauty of the whole system, of which she is the moving spring. The perfection of her character, as the divine poet intimates, does not arise from a prominent quality, or a showy talent, or a brilliant accomplishment; but it is the beautiful combination and result of them all. Her excellences consist not so much in acts as in habits, in

Those thousand deencies which daily flow
From all her words and actions

A description more calculated than any I ever met with to convey an idea of the purest conduct resulting from the best principles. It gives an image of that tranquility, smoothness, and quiet beauty, which is of the very essence of perfection in a wife; while the happily chosen verb *flow* takes away any impression of dulness, or stagnant torpor, which the *still* idea might otherwise suggest.

But the offence taken by the ladies against this uncourtly bard, is chiefly occasioned by his having presumed to intimate that conjugal obedience

Is woman's highest honour and her praise.

This is so nice a point, that I, as a bachelor, dare only just hint, that on this delicate question the poet has not gone an inch farther than the apostle. Nay Paul is still more uncivilly explicit than Milton. If, however, I could hope to bring over to my side critics, who, being of the party, are too apt to prejudice the cause, I would point out to them, that the supposed harshness of the observation is quite done away by the recollection that this scruple ‘obedience’ is so far from implying degradation, that it is connected with the injunction to the woman ‘to promote good works’ in her husband; an injunction surely inferring a degree of influence that raises her condition, and restores her to all the dignity of equality; it makes her not only the associate, but the inspirer of his virtues.

But to return to the economical part of the character of Eve. And here she exhibits a consummate specimen and beautiful model of domestic skill and elegance. How exquisitely conceived is her reception and entertainment of Raphael! How modest, and yet how dignified! I am afraid I know some husbands who would have had to encounter very ungracious looks, not to say words, if they had brought home even an angel, *unexpectedly* to dinner. Not so our general mother.

‘Her despatchful look’
Her hospitable thoughts,—intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best.

all indicate not only the ‘prompt,’ but the cheerful ‘obedience.’ Though her repast consisted only of the fruits of paradise

Whatever earth, all bearing mother, yields;

Yet of these, with a liberal hospitality,

She gathered tribute large, and on the board,
Heaps with unsparing hand.

The finest modern lady need not disdain the arrangement of her table, which was

So contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld by kindest change.

It must, however, I fear, be conceded, by the way, that this

'taste after taste' rather holds out an encouragement to second courses.

When this unmatched trio had finished their repast, which, let it be observed, before they tasted, Adam acknowledged that

These bounties from our Nourisher are given
From whom all perfect good descends.

Milton with great liberality to that sex, against which he is accused of so much severity, obligingly permitted Eve to sit much longer after dinner than most modern husbands would allow. She had attentively listened to all the historical and moral subjects so divinely discussed between the first Angel and the first Man; and perhaps there can scarcely be found a more beautiful trait of a delicately attentive wife, than she exhibits by withdrawing at the exact point of propriety. She does not retire in consequence of any look or gesture, any broad sign of impatience, much less any command or intimation of her husband; but with the ever watchful eye of vigilant affection and deep humility:

When by his countenance he seemed
Entering on thoughts abstruse,

instructed only by her own quick intuition of what was right and delicate, she withdrew. And here again how admirably does the poet sustain her intellectual dignity, softened by a most tender stroke of conjugal affection.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—such pleasures she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditrice—

On perusing, however, the *tele-a-tele*, which her absence occasioned, methinks I hear some sprightly lady, fresh from the Royal Institution, express her wonder why Eve should be banished by her husband from Raphael's fine lecture on astronomy, which follows: was not she as capable as Adam of understanding all he said, of

Cyclo and Epicyclo, Orb on Orb!

If, however, the imaginary fair objector will take the trouble to read to the end of the eighth book of this immortal work, it will raise in her estimation both the poet and the heroine, when she contemplates the just propriety of her being absent before Adam enters on the account of the formation, beauty, and attractions of his wife, and of his own love and admiration. She will farther observe, in her progress through this divine poem, that the author is so far from making Eve a mere domestic drudge, an unpolished housewife, that he pays an invariable attention even to external elegance in his whole delineation, ascribing grace to her steps, and dignity to her gesture. He uniformly keeps up the same combination of intellectual worth and polished manners:

For softness she and sweet attractive grace

And her husband, so far from a churlish insensibility to her perfections, politely calls her

Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve.

I will not, however, affirm that Adam, or even Milton, annexed to the term *accomplished* precisely the idea with which it is associated in the mind of a true modern-bred lady,

If it be objected to the poet's gallantry, that he remarks,

How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair;

let it be remembered, that the observation proceeds from the lips of Eve herself, and thus adds to her other graces, the crowning grace of humility.—*Hannah More's Cælebs*.

Chalmers and the English Aristocracy

I was present eight or nine years ago in the Hanover Square Rooms, at crowded meetings, among which were the flower of the English aristocracy, the leaders of the Tory party; and where, on sofas placed at the foot of the platform, were seated

princes of the Royal family, ministers of state, and bishops. The speaker who electrified these large meetings was Chalmers that prince of British orators. Sometimes energetic words in favor of political liberty, and of the independence of the church, fell from his burning lips; for he was then bearing witness in London, in the Queen's Concert Room, to the same truths which, five years after, he maintained in the rustic hall of the Cannon Mills at Edinburgh. He alluded to the saying, so famous in England, that every Englishman's house is his castle; he repeated those well-known words, that no man has a right to enter it: "The king cannot—the king dare not." And then, returning suddenly to the church, he declared that the political power could not meddle with her doctrine and her spiritual administration; and thus, taking his stand, as it were at the door of the church, he hurled forth those words, which resounded like thunder through the assembly: "The king cannot—the king dare not." When Chalmers had thus spoken in the honor of true liberty before this English aristocracy, think not that murmurs were heard around; no, there was unbounded applause. Loud acclamations arose from this multitude of noblemen and Tories; and when this cheering had finished, it began again, and was thus three times renewed. I then saw the fine and venerable head of the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, nodding with an expression of the most cordial acquiescence. I was confounded. "How magical," thought I, "is eloquence!"—

D'AUSSONE.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

A NUMBER of prisoners passed by while we remained in the little hamlet. Ninety-six men and women, chained in couples, clothed in coarse grey coats, some with and some without shoes, and with heavy weights fastened to their limbs, marched painfully and slowly along, guarded by a few soldiers. Three carts, containing several women and children and a dying man, followed after; the whole procession closed with a troop of noisy Cossacks, with their long-pikes resting on the right stirrup, guns slung upon the back, and heavy whips hanging from the left wrist. The peasantry throw the prisoners pieces of copper coin. The common people evince their commiseration for the exile or the subject of the *knout* by giving them the means of purchasing gentle treatment. There were several among the prisoners in whose appearance we discovered something that assured us of their decided superiority to the wretches with whom they were associated. One of these, a tall and commanding figure, and a noble but emaciated countenance, gazed earnestly, as if he would have said, 'Oh! that I might tell you the secret of my being here.' Another, who looked at us imploringly, and said in French, 'Do you go to Moscow?' was struck in the face by a soldier, and ordered to be quiet. Alas! was there no rescue, no help, no hope at hand? Excited almost beyond control for those exiles in whose expression innocence was written, we watched the miserable band upon its dreary journey until the rattling of their irons no longer grated upon the heart.

"The exiles, upon their arrival in Siberia, practice the trade they understand. The nobles, and those who have learned no trade, are obliged to work in the mines. There are many people now in Siberia who have never ascertained for what cause they have been sent there. M. Michelovsky, an advocate of Warsaw, was involved in the Polish insurrection, and an order was given for his arrest and exile. The police, however, seized by mistake another Michelovsky, a notary of Wilna, who was expedited to Siberia, and, notwithstanding his protestations, was obliged to remain there until the error was rectified, a process of two years. The Emperor Paul commanded an offender to be taken and punished; but his minister, not being able to find the individual, seized in his stead a poor German who had recently arrived, tore out his nostrils, sent him to Siberia, and reported to Paul that his orders had been obeyed. The German remained in exile until the accession of Alexander, who brought him back to St. Petersburg, and gave him the sole right of importing lemons.

J. S. MAXWELL.

Eminent Literary Ladies.

From the *Athenæum*.

Miss Caroline Lucretia Herschel.

This lady died at Hanover on the 9th instant, in the ninety-eighth year of her age. She was the fourth daughter of Isaac Herschel and Anna Ilse Moritzen, his wife—and sister to the celebrated astronomer of that name, as well as the constant companion and sole assistant of his astronomical labors, to the success of which her indefatigable zeal, diligence, and singular accuracy of calculation not a little contributed. She was born in Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750; where she resided under the parental roof till her twenty-second year—when she joined her brother, then actively engaged in the musical profession at Bath, in England, a country which was destined to be her home for half a century. There, from the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labors and nightly watches was put in requisition; and was found so useful that on his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough,—he being then occupied with his reviews of the Heavens and other researches—she performed the whole of her arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant,—not only reading the clocks and noting down all the observations from dictation as amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to Science, as well as a multitude of others relative to the various objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry in which during his active career, he at any time engaged. For the performance of these duties his Majesty King George the Third was graciously pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Arduous, however, as these occupations must appear,—especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on (circumstances permitting) till day-break, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in the winter,—they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In their intervals she found time both for actual astronomical observations of her own and for the execution of more than one work of great extent and utility.

The observations here alluded to were made with a small Newtonian sweeper constructed for her by her brother; with which, whenever his occasional absences or any interruption to the regular course of his observations permitted, she searched the heavens for comets.—and that so effectually as on no less than eight several occasions to be rewarded by their discovery (*viz.* on Aug. 1, 1786; Dec. 21, 1788; Jan. 8, 1790; Dec. 15, 1791; Oct. 7, 1793; Nov. 7, 1795; and Aug. 6, 1797). On five of these occasions (recorded in the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" of London) her claim to the first discovery is admitted. These sweeps moreover proved productive of the detection of several remarkable nebulae and clusters of stars previously unobserved; among which may be specially mentioned the superb Nebulae, No. 1, Class V. of Sir William Herschel's catalogues—an object bearing much resemblance to the celebrated nebula in Andromeda, discovered by Simon Inarius—as also the Nebula V., No. 18; the 12th and 27th clusters of Class VII; and the 45th, 65th, 72nd, and 78th, of Class VIII of those catalogues.

The astronomical works which she found leisure to complete were: 1st. "A Catalogue of 561 Stars observed by Flamsteed,"—but which, having escaped the notice of those who framed the "British Catalogue" from that astronomer's observations, are not therein inserted: 2nd. "A General Index of Reference to every observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue." These works were published together in one volume by the Royal Society; and to their utility in subsequent researches Mr. Baily, in his "Life of Flamsteed," pp. 388, 390, bears ample testimony. She further completed the reduction and arrangement as a "Zone Catalogue" of all the nebulae and clusters of stars observed by her brother in his sweeps; a work for

which she was honored with the Gold Medal of the Astronomical Society of London, in 1828,—which Society also conferred on her the unusual distinction of electing her an honorary member.

On her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to Hanover; which she never again quitted,—passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose, enjoying the society and cherished by the regard of her remaining relatives and friends, gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers, and honored with many marks of favor and distinction on the part of the King of Hanover, the Crown Prince, and his amiable and illustrious consort.

To within a very short period of her death her health continued uninterrupted, her faculties perfect, and her memory (especially of the scenes and circumstances of former days) remarkably clear and distinct. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering—a simple cessation of life.

We subjoin the following eloquent notice from the pen of the astronomer Nichol:

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, during those engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labors by a devoted maiden Sister, who shared with him the inclemency of the weather—who heroically shared his privations that she might participate in his delights—whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips; "she it was," says the host of authorities, "who having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order;" she it was—Miss CAROLINE HERSCHEL—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has in one respect been more fortunate than her brother, she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. Some years ago the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted her to her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same Learned Society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll: but she has been rewarded by yet more—by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures—she has lived to see her favorite nephew, him who grew up under her eye into an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his Father.

QUEEN VICTORIA

VICTORIA, since her accession to the throne, has often given evidence of the strength of principle by which she is governed. The following anecdote illustrates the devout regard she entertains for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. Soon after she ascended the throne, at a late hour on one Saturday night, a nobleman, occupying an important post in the government, arrived at Windsor with some state papers. "I have brought," said he, "for your majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance; but, as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach upon the time of your majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your majesty; but business of the state will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the queen; and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after church to-morrow morning." In the morning the queen and her court went to church, and, much to the surprise of the noble, the subject of the discourse was on the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the queen. "Very much indeed, your majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," added her majesty, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall be improved by the sermon." Not another word was said about the state papers du-

ring the day, but at night, when Victoria was about to withdraw, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into the papers." "I can not think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your majesty at so early an hour; nine o'clock will be quite early enough." "No, no, my lord; as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." At nine o'clock the next morning the queen was seated at her table, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

TWO SCENES IN VIRGINIA.

The Natural Bridge and Wier's Cave.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

On a lovely morning toward the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendour and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and my companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together, by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great waggon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet, its width about thirty-five, its thickness forty-five, and its perpendicular height above the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visiter cannot give so good a description of the bridge, as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. This stream is called Cedar Creek. He sees under the arch, trees whose height is seventy feet; and yet, as he looks down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is as pleasing as the top view is awful—the arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed, from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to

immortalise their name, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert their high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft limestone began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph; but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do anything for his relief. They looked down upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated on the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies the rock, with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still farther to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends, and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy, but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We lingered around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here were desired to write our names as visitors of the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled in this manner already. Having immortalised our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him, who can clothe Himself in wonder and terror, or throw around His works a mantle of sublimity.

About three days' ride from the Natural Bridge brought us to a place called Port Republic, about twenty miles from the town of Staunton. Here we prepared ourselves to visit another curiosity. The shower was now over that had wet us to the skin—the sun was pouring down his most scorching rays—the heavy thunder had gone by: we threw around our delighted eyes, and beheld near us the lofty Alleghany rearing his shaggy head. The south branch of the Shenandoah river, with its banks covered with beautiful trees, was murmuring at our feet—a lovely plain stretched below us as far as the eye could reach; and we, with our guide, were now standing about half way up a hill nearly two hundred feet high, and so steep that a biscuit may be thrown from its top into the river at its foot—we were standing at the

mouth of Wier's Cave. This cavern derives its name from *Barnet Weir*, who discovered it in the year 1804. It is situated near Madison's Cave, so celebrated, though the latter cannot be compared with the former.

There were three of us besides our guide, with lighted torches, and our loins girded, now ready to descend into the cave. We took our torches in our left hands and entered. The mouth was so small that we could descend only by creeping, one after another. A descent of almost twenty yards brought us into the first room. The cave was exceedingly cold, dark, and silent, like the chambers of death. In this manner we proceeded, now descending thirty or forty feet—now ascending as high—now creeping on our hands and knees, and now walking in large rooms—the habitations of solitude. The mountain seems to be composed almost wholly of limestone, and by this means the cave is lined throughout with the most beautiful incrustations and stalactites of carbonated lime, which are formed by the continual dripping of the water through the roof. These stalactites are of various and elegant shapes and colors, often bearing a striking resemblance to animated nature. At one place we saw over our heads, what appeared to be a *waterfall*, of the most beautiful kind. Nor could the imagination be easily persuaded that it was not a reality; you could see the water boiling and dashing down, see its white spray and foam—but it was all solid limestone.

Thus we passed onward in this world of solitude—now stopping to admire the beauties of a stalactite—now wondering at the magnificence of a large room—now creeping through narrow passages, hardly wide enough to admit the body of a man, and now walking in superb galleries, until we came to the largest room called *Washington Hall*. This is certainly the most elegant room I ever saw. It is about two hundred and seventy feet in length, about thirty-five in width, and between thirty and forty feet high. The roof and sides are very beautifully adorned by the tinsels which Nature has bestowed in the greatest profusion, and which sparkle like the diamond, while surveyed by the light of torches. The floor is flat, and smooth, and solid. I was foremost of our little party in entering this room, and was not a little startled as I approached the centre, to see a figure, as it were, rising up before me out of the solid rock. It was not far from seven feet high, and corresponded in every respect to the common idea of a ghost. It was very white, and resembled a tall man clothed in a shroud. I went up to it sideways, though I could not really expect to meet a ghost in a place like this. On examination I found it was a very beautiful piece of the carbonate of lime, very transparent, and very much in the shape of a man. This is called *WASHINGTON'S STATUE*—as if nature would do for this hero, what his delivered country has not done—rear a statue to his memory.

Here an accident happened which might have been serious. One of our party had purposely extinguished his light lest we should not have enough to last. My companion accidentally put out his light, and in sport came and blew out mine. We were now about sixteen hundred feet from daylight, with but one feeble light, which the falling water might in a moment have extinguished. Add to this, that the person who held this light was at some distance viewing some falling water.

"Conticueru omnes, intentiqua ora tenebant"

We however once more lighted our torches; but had we not been able to do so, we might, at our leisure, have contemplated the gloominess of the cavern, for no one would have come to us till the next day. In one room we found an excellent spring of water, which boiled up as if to slake our thirst, then sunk into the mountain, and was seen no more. In another room was a noble pillar, called the *TOWER OF BABEL*. It is composed entirely of stalactites of lime, or, as the appearance would seem to suggest, of petrified water. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and a little more than ninety feet in circumference, and not far from thirty feet high. There are probably millions of stalactites in this one pillar.

Thus we wandered on in this world within a world, till we had visited twelve very beautiful rooms, and as many creeping places, and had now arrived at the end—a distance from our

entrance of between twenty-four and twenty-five hundred feet; or, what is about its equal, half a mile from the mouth. We here found ourselves exceedingly fatigued; but our torches forbade us to tarry, and we once more turned our lingering steps towards the common world. When we arrived again at *Washington Hall*, one of our company three times discharged a pistol, whose report was truly deafening; and as the sound reverberated and echoed through one room after another till it died away in distance, it seemed like the moanings of spirits. We continued our wandering steps till we arrived once more at daylight, having been nearly three hours in the cavern. We were much fatigued, covered with dirt, and in a cold sweat; yet we regretted to leave it. From the farther end of the cave I gathered some handsome stalactites, which I put into my portmanteau and preserved as mementos of that day's visit.

To compare the Natural Bridge and Cave together as objects of curiosity, is exceedingly difficult. Many consider the *Bridge* as the greatest curiosity; but I think the *Cavern* is. In looking at the *Bridge* we are filled with awe; at the cavern with delight. At the *Bridge* we have several views that are awful; at the *Cave* hundreds that are pleasing. At the *Bridge* you stand, and gaze in astonishment; at the *Cave* awfulness is lost in beauty and grandeur is dressed in a thousand captivating forms. At the *Bridge* you feel yourself to be *looking* into another world; at the *Cave* you find yourself already *arrived* there. The one presents to us a God who is very "wonderful in working;" the other exhibits the same power, but with it is blended loveliness in a thousand forms. In each is vastness. Greatness constitutes the whole of one; but the other is elegant, as well as great. Of each we must retain lively impressions; and to witness such displays of the Creator's power, must ever be considered as happy events in our lives. While viewing scenes like these, we must ever exalt the energy of creating power, and sink under the thoughts of our own insignificance. The works of nature are admirably well calculated to impress us deeply with a sense of the mighty power of God, who can separate two mountains by a channel of awfulness, or fill the bowels of a huge mountain with beauties, that man, with all the aid of art, can only admire, but never imitate.

Washington, the Surveyor

At the very time of the congress of Aix la Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honors: to read, to write, to cipher—these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering incredible toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, "Dear Richard, a doubleloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;" "himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;" roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes "spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land;" among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants, "that would never speak English;" rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bear-skin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury;—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implement of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the congress of Aix la Chapelle. And yet God had selected. Not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, nor a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son. BANCROFT.

Our Library.

No. 21, 22, 23.

"History of the Colonization of the United States. By George Bancroft."

THE history of the first settlement of the United States, down to the Revolution, which would seem at first sight to possess nothing but dry and unprofitable details, becomes both entertaining and useful in the hands of this able historian. He dilates upon the interesting particulars, which occur in the course of the narrative, which gives it rather the air and liveliness of a biography than of a closely connected history. Such, for example, are the chapters on the history and character of the Indians, the Pilgrims, the Quakers, and of Slavery. Much information is also given with regard to Great Britain, with which the United States were connected during the period of which he treats. The interest of the narrative is much enhanced by the graces of his style, which is one of the most fascinating with which we have ever met. The author is, we believe, a member of the French Academy, to which he was lately elected in preference to a large number of learned Europeans, it is to be hoped he will continue his history through the American Revolution, as the best narrative of that war yet published. It is written by a Spanish Foreigner, Charles Boita.

The following is Mr. Bancroft's graphic sketch of one of America's most gifted sons:

Benjamin Franklin.

IN Boston, however, where the pulpit had marshaled Quakers and witches to the gallows, one newspaper, the New England Courant, the fourth American periodical, was established, as an organ of independent opinion, by James Franklin. Its temporary success was advanced by Benjamin, his brother and apprentice, a boy of fifteen, who wrote pieces for its humble columns, worked in composing the types, as well as in printing off the sheets, and himself, as carrier, distributed the papers to the customers. The little sheet satirized hypocrisy, and spoke of religious knaves as of all knaves the worst. This was described as tending "to abuse the ministers of religion in a manner which was intolerable." "I can well remember," writes Increase Mather, then more than fourscore years of age, "when the civil government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel." In July, 1722, a resolve passed the council, appointing a censor for the press of James Franklin; but the house refused its concurrence. The ministers persevered; and, in January, 1723, a committee of inquiry was raised by the legislature. Benjamin Franklin, being examined, escaped with an admonition; James, the publisher, refusing to discover the author of the offence, was kept in jail for a month; his paper was censured as reflecting injuriously on the reverend ministers of the gospel; and, by vote of the house and council, he was forbidden to print it, "except it be first supervised."

Vexed at the arbitrary proceedings of the assembly; willing to escape from a town where good people pointed with horror at his freedom; indignant, also, at the tyranny of a brother, who, as a passionate master, often beat his apprentice,—Benjamin Franklin, then but seventeen years old, sailed clandestinely for New York; and, finding there no employment, crossed to Amboy; went on foot to the Delaware; for want of a wind, rowed in a boat from Burlington to Philadelphia; and, bearing marks of his labor at the oar, weary, hungry, having for his whole stock of cash a single dollar, the runaway apprentice—greatest of the sons of New England of that generation, the humble pupil of the free schools of Boston, rich in the boundless hope of youth and the unconscious power of genius, which modesty adorned—stepped on shore to seek food, occupation, shelter, and fortune.

On the deep foundations of sobriety, frugality, and industry, the young journeyman built his fortunes and fame; and he soon came to have a printing-office of his own. Toiling early and late, with his own hands he set types and worked at the press; with his own hands would trundle to the office in a wheelbarrow the reams of paper which he was to use. His ingenuity

was such, he could form letters, make types and wood cuts, and engrave vignettes in copper. The assembly of Pennsylvania respected his merit, and chose him its printer. He planned a newspaper; and, when he became its proprietor and editor, he fearlessly defended absolute freedom of thought and speech, and the inalienable power of the people. Desirous of advancing education, he proposed improvements in the schools of Philadelphia; he invented the system of subscription libraries, and laid the foundation of one that was long the most considerable library in America; he suggested the establishment of an academy, which has ripened into a university; he saw the benefit of concert in the pursuit of science, and gathered a philosophical society for its advancement. The intelligent and highly cultivated Logan bore testimony to his merits before they had burst upon the world:—"Our most ingenious printer has the clearest understanding, with extreme modesty. He is certainly an extraordinary man,"—"of a singularly good judgment, but of equal modesty,"—"excellent, yet humble." "Do not imagine," he adds, "that I overdo in my character of Benjamin Franklin, for I am rather short in it." When the scientific world began to investigate the wonders of electricity, Franklin excelled all observers in the marvellous simplicity and lucid exposition of his experiments, and in the admirable sagacity with which he elicited from them the laws which they illustrated. It was he who first suggested the explanation of thunder-gusts and the northern lights on electrical principles, and, in the summer of 1752, going out into the fields, with no instrument but a kite, no companion but his son, established his theory by obtaining a line of connection with a thunder-cloud. Nor did he cease till he had made the lightning a house-hold pastime, taught his family to catch the subtle fluid in its inconceivably rapid leaps between the earth and the sky, and compelled it to give warning of its passage by the harmless ringing of bells.

The Depth of the Sea.

WITH respect to its depth, except near shores and in frequented tracks, we know almost nothing. Theoretical considerations indicate a mean depth of "a small fraction of the ellipticity of the earth," which can hardly be interpreted at more than four or five miles. Ross sounded (in 15° 3' south, 23° 14' west) without finding bottom at 27 600 feet (about five miles and a quarter), which is the greatest depth yet attained.

Answer to the Enigma in the last Calliopean.—CON-STANTINOPLE.

Hamilton, Oct. 12th, 1848.

BURLINGTON LADIES' ACADEMY.

THE WINTER SESSION, will commence on THURSDAY, the FIFTH day of OCTOBER, 1848.

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

Principal

Hamilton, August 9, 1848.

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