

THE CORAL INSECT.

BY MRS. L. M. SPOONER.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;  
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock;  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;  
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear  
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge is stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;  
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,  
O'er the whirlpool opens the rim of gold,  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the tented field;  
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;  
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,  
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;  
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,  
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;  
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;  
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of gloom;  
Hath earth no graves? that ye must spread  
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,  
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.  
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep  
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,  
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

For the Calliopean.

Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.

MISS EDITRESS.—A short time since, an article appeared in "The Calliopean," discussing the comparative merits of Mary and Elizabeth, Queens of England; in which the writer expresses much surprise at "hearing it avowed that the character of Mary is more worthy of admiration than that of Elizabeth."

Having challenged an answer, I beg to remind our friend, that, in the conversational meeting referred to, the agitated question was not—which of those princesses was the better queen? but, which was the better woman? and my memory has no record of any avowal, but simply an expression of opinion on the subject. However, Corinne proposes to consider them, first in their private, and then in their public capacity; but seems to have forgotten the first part of said proposition, as nothing is advanced concerning them as women, except the vanity of Elizabeth. Cruelty, indeed, is attributed to Mary; yet, the specimen given is of a public, not a private nature.

Corinne says its idle to talk of throwing the blame of the bloody deed, perpetrated during her reign upon her ministers, and asks "why did she choose such ministers?" Perhaps in the answer to this may be involved the reply to the primary question—which was the better woman? This leads to the point. The inference to be drawn from all historians, whether general or particular, with partialities on one side or the other, is, that Mary was, in body and mind, a weak woman—Elizabeth, an anomaly in nature—a being possessed of a woman's form, a politician's head, and the heart of a homess. It may be urged, that imbecility of mind cannot be pleaded in favor of Mary, as she was capable of receiving an extensive and learned education; especially in various languages, in which, both herself and sister, appear to have excelled;—but, be it remembered, that knowledge is one thing, and wisdom another—that the power to perceive and receive facts and sciences, is very different from the ability "to form a just judgment on a comprehensible survey of them." Strength,

and sagacity of judgment, she certainly lacked—therefore, had bad councillors, and allowed impolitic measures, which, once adopted, being of a warm temperament, she supported with more zeal than knowledge. Elizabeth, on the contrary, was gifted with a mind which not only drank in science, but also read men and measures with the same ease as others do a book. Her eagle glance pryed into futurity and saw the end from the beginning. Greedy of power, and fond of acclulation as any despot of the East; she seems, even from her childhood, to have studied the art of acquiring popularity; and is it wonderful that such energies, so intensely applied, should accomplish so much? Right well did she succeed! and the haughty virago, who inspired with terror the cringing minions of her court, was, in the presence of her people, the very personification of meekness, blandness, and amiability.

Elizabeth was, undoubtedly, much her sister's superior in intellect and policy, and therefore her vices were more inexcusable. Had her passions and self-love been as well governed as her kingdom, she would have been a good, as well as a great woman. But, in her domestic relations what was she? Divest her of queenly glory, and what was her character as a woman? The most shameless and intriguing of coquettes, who scorned a female friend, unless, like lady Ashley, her dupe and assistant in intrigue. The most selfish and sensual of friends, all whose emotions were passions; who required of her favorites nothing less than adulation, for which she bartered most distinguishingly in court and state offices; who would forgive to her parasites any crime, rather than the least withdrawal of guilty homage from herself; and the rebel who dared to leave her shrine, might nerve himself for the tower or scaffold.

Let those who will, call this her weakness—her womanish vanity; but surely, it was no fable of an ignorant or feeble, but well-meaning individual. It was the vice of a strong mind! It was concentrated selfishness, which would endure no rival; brook no control—which, unrestrained by the barrier of popularity, would have swept every opposer of loved self from its pathway.

Mary's cruelty, though direful to the nation, was not the result of personal animosity; it was not instigated by personal jealousy and revenge. She was infatuatedly devoted to one man and one church, both of which were unworthy; yet, her fondness blinded her to their faults; and to serve them, she sacrificed the interest of her kingdom and her own popularity. To cut the matter short—neither of them will bear the scripture test, of "Do unto others as you would others should do unto you;" but taking them as history has left their memory, who will say that Mary, as an individual, is not worthy of at least as much admiration as Elizabeth?

For the Calliopean.

THE MYRTLE.

I KNOW not whether it has ever occurred to my fair readers, amidst their admiration of the floral treasures so richly strewn around our earth, to link each of these lovely blossoms with an endeared object of human affection, thus forming undying associations of natural and moral beauty. It has ever been a favorite employment of mine, and many and rich are the touching reminiscences called up by the sight of a simple wild-flower. Perhaps the idea was principally suggested by the perusal of "Chapters on Flowers," by the celebrated Charlotte Elizabeth,—be this as it may, I have thought for myself, and the subjects of each paper were personally known to, and deeply cherished by myself. Should the succeeding article meet with approbation, I purpose to make it the first of a series of papers on Floral Biography, with which, from time to time, I intend to burden the pages of "The Calliopean."

The myrtle has ever been a favorite flower of mine, and its presence never fails to recall the image of a venerable old gentleman, who loved me with an affection little short of parental, and bound me with the chain of love from my childhood. The almond tree had shed its petals on his brow when first I knew him, but his eye was yet bright, and his step vigorous, as when in days of manhood's prime he had mingled with the busy world. He had retired from active employment to a sweet little retreat,