

exile." "Delphine," and a work on "Literature," are also ranked among her finest productions.

Seldom has any individual in any age displayed a deeper insight into the depths of human policy, and the hidden secrets of nature. Without an effort, she lays bare the motives of actions to others inexplicable, elucidates subjects to others obscure, and unfolds in the works of nature and art sublimities and beauties by others unseen. Her fascinating style, and the brilliant thoughts which here and there burst upon the reader, throw an irresistible charm around her writings.

But if on the other hand, we turn to the precepts inculcated, and the influence exerted by her works, we shall find much less to praise. As literary productions, they stand on a lofty prominence; but as moral ones, they are lamentably deficient.—She advocated no moral courage, but rather despair and suicide under difficulties and misfortunes—and both in Delphine and Corinne, her heroines die broken-hearted.

How pleasing is the transition from the character and writings of Madame De Staël, to those of Hannah More. There is a purity and retiring modesty in her life, and a zeal for the good of mankind in her writings, which will make the name of the latter remembered, when the brilliant laurels of the former shall have mouldered in dust. She had not, perhaps, the same towering, ethereal genius as Madame De Staël, but it was better directed. All the writings of the one were conducive to the weal of mankind—those of the other, perhaps, to its woe. The one was the solid, use-seeking English character, the other the dazzling, spirit-captivating French.

Not less striking was the difference between their private dispositions. The ruling passion of the one, if she had any at all, was a desire for the well-being of her fellow creatures—that of the other, display of herself. The one retired from London to spend the rest of her life in the composition of useful books, or in schemes of active benevolence—the other was driven from Paris to waste away a precious existence in ceaseless regrets for her absence.

JUNIA.

For the Calliopean.

Superficial Attainments.

THAT the intellectual acquirements of our sex are in general of a superficial character, is a deeply humiliating fact, and one too well grounded to admit of refutation. While the hill of Science is thronged with competitors, we see but here and there a female aspirant.

Woman, as if unconscious of the priceless gem committed to her trust, suffers herself to be led away by the syren voice of pleasure, until entangled in ten thousand snares, she is content to grovel in the dust.

How often is the taunting remark sounded in our ears, that profound study forms no part of female education. A few gaudy accomplishments are all that we require. In firm reliance on the truth of this dogma, many an unwary one leaves the parental roof, and undergoes for a few years the tedious routine of a fashionable boarding school. At length the metamorphosis is completed, and she comes forth "an accomplished lady"—sings melodiously, plays gracefully, and to a certain extent can converse fluently in French and Italian.

Her fond parents gaze with delight on the huge paintings which decorate the walls, little aware of the secret connected with them—that perhaps the fair pupil, with the assistance of some kind friend, sketched the outline, and for a while wielded her ungainly pencil, and then resigned the disfigured canvass to her patient instructor, through whose instrumentality it at length assumed the features of a landscape. The drawing room is literally crammed with the ingenious productions of our heroine. A vase of flowers crowns the pier table—a wreath of blossoms encircles the lamp—doilies are distributed in every direction, while humble ottomans, peeping up to view the scene, are frowned upon by haughty fire-screens. These manifestations of skill cause us to form a high estimation of the mental endowments of their authoress. And how much is our esteem augmented when we find her thoroughly versed in all the novels of

the day—able to describe minutely the latest fashion, and go through a difficult set of quadrilles with admirable dexterity.

Such are the acquirements which, according to the opinions of many noble lords of creation, form the sine qua non of female education. Thus enshrouded in the trappings of folly, and misguided ambition, she drinks the soul-destroying draught of flattery, mingled by that hand which should have been the first to snatch her from the fearful abyss.

In all ages the female mind has been debased. In the fawn-ing lap of chivalry its energies were paralyzed—and amidst the martial achievements of Greece, its vilest passions were aroused. It found no asylum in the shades of Academus, and no retreat within the sacred portals of Junus. Is it then a matter of surprise that a power thus clogged and impeded, should become sluggish or inactive.

But must we in view of these circumstances sit down in hopeless despondency to bewail our hapless lot, or gaze with envy on the superior advantages of the other sex? No! Though our fetters are strong, and forged by giant hands, yet resolute and determined efforts will burst them asunder. Though we may have to grope our way alone up the rugged ascent, yet perseverance, with the blessing of God, will conquer. Long enough has this mighty mass of mind remained enshrouded in ignorance—it is now high time to awake out of sleep. As the daughters of a remote appendage of the British dominions, the present is to us an auspicious period. In the far off horizon of our parent land has appeared a luminary, which is destined ere long to dispel the moral and intellectual gloom in which we have hitherto wandered. Other ages have been crowned with literary and scientific attainments and discoveries. Other reigns have been prolific in men of genius and talent. Elizabeth could boast of a long list of eminent statesmen, poets and philosophers—and Anne triumphed in the Augustan age of an enlightened and flourishing nation—but for Victoria it remained to lay the foundation of that superstructure which shall emancipate her own sex from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition, and place them in possession of those rights and privileges which the great Creator designed them to enjoy.

MARY.

To my Brother.

When the last rays, at twilight's hour,
Fall gently o'er the drooping flower—
When mists are gathering on the hill,
Nor sound is heard, save mountain rill;
Then hear the echo whispering near,
In softest accents to thine ear—

I love thee, dearest brother!

When silence reigns through earth and sea—
When glows the star of Memory—
When Music wakes her thrilling tone,
And Autumn winds around thee moan—
Their accents hear, and oh rejoice!
For, hark! there comes a well-known voice—

I love thee, dearest brother!

When Fancy lifts her radiant wing,
And morning birds around thee sing—
When Joy lights up thy beaming eye,
And Love's enchantment too is nigh—
When calm blue waters round thee flow,
Then hear thy sister breathing low—

I love thee, dearest brother!

Should Disappointment's withering breath
Consign thy brightest hopes to death—
Should Friendship's trust, in boyhood made,
In after years prove faith betrayed;
Then to thy sister yet return,
For oh, her heart will fondly burn

To clasp her dearest brother!

Should Sorrow cloud thy coming years,
And bathe thy prospects all in tears,
Remember that the rainbow's hue
Is bright, 'mid clouds and sunshine too;
Remember, though we're doomed to part,
There lives one fond and faithful heart

That loves her dearest brother!