

aced the interest of her kingdom and her own popularity"—as if it had nothing to do with her own feelings. We cannot allow Elizabeth to have some natural weaknesses in her old age, but Mary, in the prime of her life, could perpetrate the most horrible cruelties, without in the least affecting her as a woman. Mary could be "infatuatedly devoted to one man, and sacrifice her kingdom to serve him;" but if Elizabeth, from "the force of the tender passions," became attached to any individuals, though she did not "serve" them, she must be called "a coquette, an intriguer, and a sensual friend." Mary could, bigotedly, love one church, and have it as a capital veil, behind which to exercise the most inhuman barbarity; but if Elizabeth, equally attached to one religion, displayed the most praiseworthy toleration towards another, she must get no credit for it.

The last argument that Ida brings forward is, that "Mary's cruelty, though direful to the nation, was not the result of personal animosity; it was not instigated by personal jealousy and revenge." Is cruelty then more excusable, or more becoming the female character, when, like that of Catharine de Medici, it deliberately sweeps away whole masses, than when it results from personal animosity, and is wreaked upon one or two individuals? True, hers was not the inflamed deed of the assassin—provoked by insult or wrong. No! it was the cold, judicial murder—the subject of calm reflection for years—executed upon hundreds of innocent and unoffending subjects. Often, too, while these cruel scenes were being enacted, she was herself laid upon a bed of pain, but no pitying accents for others, ever escaped from her lips. We wonder, as warrant after warrant came to receive her last signature, that the inanimate pen did not drop from her trembling hands, and refuse to do its bloody office. We must remember also, that Mary was of a morose and passionate temper, which would probably have displayed itself more fully in after life, if vexation and sickness had not brought her to a premature grave. Philip II, her husband, on one occasion, having sent his fair cousin, Christina, to England, Mary, who had learned that he had a partiality for this Princess, received her very ungraciously, and after her departure, cut his portrait in pieces with her own hands.

We have endeavored in our preceding remarks, to call your attention as much as possible to what related to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, as women; and we think, we may safely say, that the character of the former, as an individual, is far more detestable than that of the latter. CORINNE.

For the Calliopean.

Simplicity Exemplified.—Related by Intelligence.

My parents are Intellect and Curiosity; from them and from an aunt named Discrimination I received my education. I inherit from my father a taste for the cultivation of my mind, and to my mother I am indebted for an ardent desire after knowledge. Hers was by no means that impertinent inquisitiveness which induces persons to pry into their neighbors' concerns, but a propensity to acquire knowledge for the sake of improvement. If I wished to be assured that a study was worth pursuit, I had recourse to my aunt, whose good sense invariably taught me to distinguish between right and wrong, and whose precepts ever tended to give a proper direction to my naturally inquisitive disposition.

This aunt, a widow of independent fortune, constantly resided in our family; for being my mother's sister, she felt interested for my mother's son. Our friends were select, and the most intimate associate of my aunt was a lady, who resided in the vicinity, like herself, a widow. She was of that rank and possessed of that "elegant sufficiency" which ensures a reception in any society. Occupied in the education of two charming daughters, although not quite secluded she lived sufficiently so to afford her leisure for what their dutious conduct rendered indeed a "delightful task." This lady is the authoress of several works of established reputation, and though many books have been intruded on the public as hers, the peculiar talent of my worthy aunt invariably distinguishes them from the genuine productions of her pen. Her name is Truth; her daughters are

Sincerity and Simplicity: Highly educated they were instructed in all those accomplishments to which their station in life entitled them; but it was not what the world calls accomplishments, that gave them their peculiar polish or constituted their chief attraction. They were stimulated to industry by the advice and example of their excellent mother, and frequently reminded that "all that is worth learning, is worth learning well."

They possessed considerable talent for music and painting, and gave the greatest possible attention to the lessons they were allowed to receive. Sincerity struck the harp in a superior style, but when the hands of Simplicity swept the strings of the tender lute the chords of sympathy responded to the touch, and the heart of Insensibility might almost have been taught to feel.

They excelled in every feminine acquirement and in some which are cultivated by few. Their talents, however, were never called forth to astonish or entertain a crowd of acquaintances and indifferent persons; but occasionally to amuse a friend or relative, and were chiefly intended as a pleasing resource during those hours of leisure which a well-educated gentleman can deduct from the immediate duties of life. If Truth was desirous that her daughters should excel, it was not with the exclusive thought of obtaining for them a settlement in life, but to render them good and amiable women, so that if it should be their lot to marry, they might become affectionate and domestic wives.

It cannot be supposed that two such young persons should remain long without receiving the homage due to their merit. The mother, by no means desirous of making recluses of them, received and returned the visits of those from whose society any improvement could be derived; for my own part, I became a frequent guest, and had the satisfaction of finding that my visits were not displeasing to any part of the family. My parents and friends were well satisfied with observing this, and my kind aunt one day addressed me thus:—"Your frequent visits to our respected friend, my dear Intelligence, lead me to suppose you have formed a peculiar attachment in her family; may I become the confidant of your feelings? You are entitled to my unserved confidence dearest aunt I replied, and I hope to have so much benefited by your valuable lessons as not to desire any connexion which your friend possesses inestimable qualities, and such as would ensure the happiness of any one, who might be fortunate enough to have his affection returned; Sincerity is a delightful person, exceedingly handsome and highly cultivated but in Simplicity there is a charm that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart, a something indescribable in which every self can surely find no cause for detraction; her unassuming innocence gives a graceful ease to her manners; she seems endowed with all the good qualities of her sister without being conscious that they are good qualities."

"I am very happy that you have learned to discriminate well. Simplicity, I own, is my favorite kind, and attentive to others, her rectitude of soul forbids a too-anxious attention to herself. She differs from her sister, and in my estimation, excels her. Sincerity would not, indeed, pass but for what she is, yet I have occasionally observed an apprehension of her appearing what she is not."

"You are right, dear aunt, Simplicity neither affects virtue nor Truth; her humility and sweetness of disposition render her comparatively inattentive to her own personal comforts; her religion is of that pure spirit which breathes mildness and affability, and her artlessness imparts an irresistible charm to her countenance. With such a companion could I be otherwise than happy?" "As happy as the wisdom of God will allow man to be. Yet this alliance will not exempt you from the calamities of life."—"but it would infinitely lessen the perception of them" said I. "I have been present," continued my aunt, "while Truth has been imparting to her children her sublime instructions. At home and in the domestic circle only can the real disposition be known, and there our friends are seen pre-eminent. From Truth each other virtue emanates. Sincerity, valued by the wise and good, is in herself a virtue. Simplicity, attractive to the gentle and the feeling heart, is, surely, 'virtue