powerful than the tongue of Jove, more commanding than a
vain of his sword are her tears; these endow her with that in-
fluence by which she subdues man, and through him the world.
Her frame is of a more delicate texture, her mind of a more
angelic mould than his. Her qualities are winning and attrac-
tive. Mainly born and commanding. Main's joy is in lofty
scenes—in awful sights—and wild terrific sounds—in
congregations of nature and of nations. In storms their Thunder
and Lightning—in volcanoes—in earthquakes—in
mountains and the billowy main. Her joy is in the
stars and dew, in tranquil skies and placid streams—in
and flowers—in all things tender, soft, sweet, musical, and
fair. Yet do the two dispositions blend in delicious harmon.
The realm of poetry and fiction is hers. She transport
ions to brighter worlds and lovelier bowers, than man imagines
which she has breathed into existence and peopled with
visions of life and light. Such are the writings of Sandon
Barnes; and our own Sigourney—the pride of her sex and
its hope of her nation.

Earth has not a more angelic vision than a young girl
just dawning into womanhood with all her new blown
divas around. Her path is one of roses—her anticipations
are warm—and hope—illusive hope fences on and to bewil-
der. There is something in the inexperience—the artlessness of the
confiding girl which breathes of Paradise. An atmosphere of
purity is around her. But when the wings of time shall have
shrouded their blessings and their flowers on her sunny dawn
of life, the bloom must fade from her rosy cheek— the span