

reveal their existence to the world, and find them breathing the pure air, and looking abroad upon the light of day will seal the doom of the unhappy author of their being. The agents of power at length discover the retreat of Labinus who dared to aspire to the Roman purple, but is now dragged in chains with his wife and tender children before the tribunal of his ruthless conqueror. Epinina pleads before Vespasian not for herself, for she had no selfish fear. In the eloquence of the soul, speaking volumes in a few words, and in the unstudied accents of burning feeling giving to language such power as art can never reach, "Cæsar," said she, "I brought forth these two sons, and reared them in all the horrors of a dungeon, in order to have a great number of suppliants to implore your mercy." The appeal, which rung tears from the stern eyes of their judges, yet failed to preserve the life dearest to Epinina, and now the heroine spurning the unvalued gift of her own life, reproaches herself for having stooped as she does to sue for mercy, and tells Vespasian, to his face, "that she had lived more happy in all the darkness and solitude of a dungeon than he upon the throne of the world."

Goldsmith in his deserted village presents us with another pleasing phase of female goodness, but no ideal picture. Woman while yet young and lovely can sacrifice her bosom's hope and her heart's cherished minion, for the earlier ties that bind her to filial duty. Love and attachment to an aged parent can prove stronger than all the blandishments and enticements of the amorous and devoted swain, and the aged sire in the land of his reluctant exile, may find a compensation for the loss of country and many cherished associations of days gone by in the sweet endearments of filial affection; thus Goldsmith speaks:—

"His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears
The fond companion of his falling years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms."

We need not expatiate on a mother's cares, and no language can express what is due to a mother's love, by no offices of dutiful obedience ever required. In regard to the gratitude due to maternal affection, we have all contracted a debt which we can never liquidate, we are all insolvents and at best can only discharge, by sufficient installments, a responsibility that will always compromise our independence. Thankfully too, should we own that here we have no rigid creditor, to exact "the pound of flesh." Rather will your partial acts of dutiful kindness be received with swimming eyes of love, as if they were mighty proofs of your great acknowledgments of her worth and fondness. How amazing is the goodness of a mother's heart? Your little expressions of endearment, she interprets as elegant expositors of filial love, your little acts of duty she views with microscopic eye, and magnifies your almost invisible tokens of affection, into magnitudes and forms of great actions, and devoted sacrifices strangely good and yearning for affection. The desire to be in your esteem, and to hold in your heart a chamber as her appropriate shrine, which she would not willingly partition for any other inmate nor divide with the partner of your bosom. Would you blend happiness with delight for her? Then make one candid acknowledgement of justice to her affection and care, and confess that to you at least she has been a mother; that conviction in her mind, with that confession from your lips comprehends all her ambition. You

cannot raise her beyond this the acme of earthly happiness, if now you are prosperous in the world, if you fill with honor and ability your station, her joy is complete, her heart so full of generous pride and satisfaction, her task is done, her mission is ended, and her gratified spirit relinquishing earth, can now mount to heaven without a struggle and without a sigh. As maid, wife and mother woman's sympathies follow the partner of her destinies, with partial eye and charity that extenuates every fault, improves every better quality, by the fine coloring of her warm fancy prompted by her benevolent heart. The prospect of your early youth, may be unpromising, and the aspect of your riper manhood discouraging, yet will she often hope against hope, and believe you to be far better than your seeming, and the model of all her fond heart could wish, but she cannot thus confide and believe without sometimes suffering the bitter pangs of disappointment and experiencing the woes entailed by affection misplaced, the sorrows of remorse for the lessons of slighted wisdom, as well as all the withering gloom and anguish of blasted hopes and blighted happiness.

Woman, it must be owned is not insensible to the voice of fame's loud trumpet and ambition and power, touch not her heart in vain. In every hope of man her aspirations mingle, hence she naturally loves the adventurous and enterprising of the other sex. She reverences genius and intellect, and eloquence even counts a host of female worshipers, sympathising in every sorrow, sharing the anxieties of every enterprise, and subject to the calamities of every social disaster which press. Alas should we be surprised if on some great and extraordinary occasions, concerns for the happiness or ruin of our country, has called into astonishing activity those latent energies, but blasted but too brightly, when fanned with terrific flame by exciting causes of the most tremendous character. Dare we in these our cool moment's of ease, and tranquility when urbanity, politeness and tender attention to the female sex, mark so well the prevalence of civilized habits and refined sentiments, amongst us, dare we, I say, presume to censure the patriotic and heroic damsel, who amidst scenes, differing in every way from these, and savagely and barbarously contrasted with the blessed condition and order, who, I again say, burning for her country's wrongs, and suffering in her country's woes, enthusiastically assumed a daring share of responsibility; and forgetting her gentle sensibility, and the retiring modesty of her maiden pastimes, mingled in the strife of sanguinary lists, and unblenching viewed,

The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead,
Stalks the Minerva's step where Mars might
quake to tread.—"

It is not, however, in the exception of her history which singular occasions furnish, we shall seek the noblest examples of the virtues which fill woman's heart and adorn her being. The domestic circle affords doubtless the best and most appropriate scope for her exertions, conjugal duties, maternal cares, and offices of charity, and neighbourly kindness, but become her disposition and suit her predilection. It would be easy to enumerate many names of generous minded women who, obtained singular renown, and the praise due to this best kind of glory, in duties, and labours, and cares, akin to charity, and inspired by goodness of heart. I will advert once more to beauty. It is the general attribute of the tender sex, but in particular instances it is a gift of

doubtful advantage to the professor. To the weak minded it is a snare, since vanity may set upon it a value above its just claim, and imagine that it can be found a sufficient substitute for amiability, goodness of heart, sincerity of purpose, purity of mind, soundness of understanding, and integrity of soul. On the contrary, I am persuaded that there is no face so homely, that sweetness of temper could not render attractive and winning, that intelligence of soul, would not brighten it into an object of just admiration, and which purity of heart, and benignity of feeling would not impress with a character as endearing, as justly prized. Again the female countenance may borrow the vermilion of the rose, the whiteness of the fairest lily in the field, so peerlessly beautiful, and to the rolling and glossy tresses and waving ringlets, the inimitable texture of the snowy skin, the enamel of the fairest ivory. The melting blue, or the mysterious and potent light of the dark but beaming eye, the charms of the pencil brow, with its fine and ample arch, the coral lips, and sweetly rounded and deeply dimpled chin, and the commanding capacious forehead, that seems unerringly to indicate the lofty capacity of a noble intellect, and finish the enchanting form with every grace of motion and of limbs, so tapering and nice moulded. Burns' "Bonny Jane" could only peer at it yet would I say after the language of inspired wisdom, as a piece of gold most sadly misplaced, so is a fair woman that is without discretion.

Woman moves in an atmosphere of light, her attraction and her affections imperil her peace, and her happiness is often suspended on a single step; there are others besides female syrens, against whom the ears should be stopped for the gallant and manly bearing is not always a guarantee of a noble and generous heart, praise is not always sincere, and the warmest vows are sometimes broken with impunity and without remorse,

"Hard hearted man thy parent was a rock
And fierce Hyrcanean tigers, gave thee suck."

Let Woman, beautiful, and wise and good, remember her Creator in the days of her youth. Let her recollect that her mission is from above, such wisdom, such power, and lavished upon her person, in order to adorn a noble mind, and the feelings of her soul, and the faculties of her understanding, could only be designed for high and holy purposes, the precepts of wisdom, and the tender lessons of a mother's love, and experience formed to the instructions of pious and learned monitors, will direct her steps in the path of peace and happiness.

Religion will sanctify the holy purposes of an upright mind, and God will make his face to shine upon her that walks in humility and sincerity before him, beloved in life and honored in the grave, the remembrance of her virtues will long survive the frail tennement, whose lavished loveliness, is doomed to perish, and the odour of her useful life will rise like sweet incense to heaven, and amongst mourning friends, so often the bitterness of long and deep regret.

In the preceding observations I do not profess to offer every reflection presented to my own mind, much less every reflection that might be made on such a subject, but I hope that what I have written will be found in general accordance with the truth and wisdom of the following sentence, selected from the finest, as doubtless it is, the most just character ever drawn of a wise and virtuous woman,

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain,
but woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."