

and these are the mortal enemies of Beauty. The instant a lady turns politician, farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front. We never find Hebe, goddesses ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though Venus once interposed in behalf of her beloved Paris, the spear of Diomedes taught her "to tremble at the name of arms." And, have we not a terrible example of recent, very recent, date? I mean that of the unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft. It is a well known fact, that, when that political lady began *The Rights of Women*, she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that, before the second sheet of her work went to the press, it was turned as white, and a great deal whiter than her skin. You must needs think, I have the ambition common to every author; that is to say, to be read; but I declare, that, sooner than bleach one auburn ringlet, or even a single hair; sooner than rob the world of one heavenly smile, I would with pleasure see my pamphlet torn up to light the pipes of a Democratic club, or burnt, like the Political Progress, by the hands of a Scotch hangman, or even loaded with applauses by the Philadelphia Gazette.

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