

dowed with all the qualities of mind, which challenges esteem, and all the affections that beget reciprocal love. Man claims a certain degree of authority from nature, from religion and from prescription. Woman accords her homage to his claim with facility, but while he seems to rule with despotic dominion, she establishes in his heart an "imperium in imperio," a secret but potential influence, of such a nature that while in semblance he reigns as undisputed, lord and master; he is in reality the living subject of her whose sway is founded on admiration, securely maintained by prudence, and firmly established in love. In man's success, she participates, she shares his sorrows, as in his prosperity she smiles, with the sunshine of his happier fortune. If man be generous and noble minded, who shall deny to woman her share in all the brightest honors that crown his name, and all the noblest endowments his pride can boast? Sympathizing in every struggle of his,—in what noble enterprize could he embark where woman's heart would not follow him with burning wishes and prayers sent heavenward for his success? Who is he that in the conjugal connection has not found and acknowledged the wisdom of woman's counsels, the prudence of her advice, the salutary discretion of her calmer mood, and the benign influence of her gentler temper, the milder deportment, and heaven given resignation?

Thus gifted, thus disposed, she makes the domestic circle a scene of enjoyment and blessed fruition of sweetest experience. How delightful is it, indeed to return from the concerns of business, the competitions of ambition and strife of parties to spend an hour of calmness and tranquility in the radiance of her smiles; to exchange terms of endearment; and to unbosom the heart of care, to counsel for coming events and mutual interests, to mingle affectionate expressions and fondling the prattler on her tender knee to catch the intelligence and feeling of her soul from looks of light and love! A poet of a feeling and of a graphic style, thus speaks from a heart of overflowing delight, the raptures of such a scene, the holiest and the happiest of all sublunary conditions.

Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play,
While far from fashions idle joys
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I, while the wintry eve away,
Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray,
From thee my own fireside.

My own fireside! those simple words,
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feelings tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home bred sympathies,
My own, my own fireside.

A gentle form is near me now,
A small white hand is clasped in mine,
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine?
A babe whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eye doth hide,
When may love find a fitter shrine,
Than thou my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm,
Of this world's tumult, strife, and care,

Though thunder clouds the skies deform
Their fury cannot reach me there,
There all is gentle, calm and fair,
Wrath, malice, envy strife or pride,
Have never made their hated lair,
By thee, my own fireside!

Woman is the light, the life and soul of this brilliant and delightful picture, withdraw her smile and presence, and the happy scene dissolves in gloom and desolation, for it is the magic of her loveliness and sweetness that preserves, and wakes the brightest and dearest spell of our homes enchantment.

Woman is surpassing lovely in the dawn of her youth, then the light and elastic step and graceful motion, the beauty of shape and the bloom of health and loveliness appear with brightest attraction. Charming as the early spring, fresh in its young and blooming promise, and beaming with joy and smiles, she moves a creature of hope, and love, and admiration attends her steps; emotions ineffable strikes the hearts of the beholders, while eager suitors hover about her path, like Satellites around a central luminary obedient to her attraction and influence. Conscious that she is formed to bless, in the innocent display of her charms, benignity mildly controls the exercise of her irresponsible power, over enraptured hearts; to philanthropy, to humanity, to affection, she is then an object of most endearing interest and tender solicitude, as she is of admiration to every eye.

Formed to love and instinctively claiming a reciprocity of kindred feeling, she confidently listens to the vows of attachment uttered by ardent lips, and to the bland and insinuating accents of praise. Pity it is that the gentle Dove is exposed to snares. That innocence of heart and purpose should not be a perfect guarantee of safety, and that her yet inexperienced and untutored but ardent fancy, should sometimes image nothing but souls of worth and goodness, inspiring the lover's strain.

The feeling heart will grieve, and the tears of its sorrow should be bitter tears; if the finest flower of nature be tarnished, its beauty blighted, and the leaves of its loveliness withered till the petals droop, and the tender stem no longer sustains the falling wreck, of the aggregate charms that once surmounted it, in beauty and in pride. How feelingly and becomingly does Burns in his lament for the mountain daisy crushed beneath the rude ploughshare, express the outpourings of a human heart mourning for confiding innocence beguiled and virtue ruined,

"Such is the fate of village maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she like thee all soiled is laid
Low in the dust!"

We delight to follow the peerless maiden in her beauty's triumph, not through the deluge of sorrows, that attend the irretrievable ruin of her heart's and her youth's fond dream. We dwell with rapture on the crowning hour of hope, and delight when the maid has become a wife, the wife a mother,

"And perceive a joy man knows not,
When from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves."

Then? and not till then, woman appears in all the dignity of her high, and responsible character, fully identified with the supporters and promoters of a nation's glory, and associated with those whom posterity will claim as their founders. Is man sensible of his privileges? Is he thankful to heaven for the fondest, best, and most efficient solace of his cares? Then he will confess with grateful thoughts that,

"In the cup of life
The honey drop is the loving wife."

In these two great points of relationship, Wife and Mother, we behold woman's chief dignity and importance. Would woman's attachment be known? Talk not of maiden's vows, but see the wife's devotion in the hour of her husband's extremity. There is no risk too great, no danger can appal her, no amount of suffering can alienate, no affection that she will not share, no sacrifice of health, of ease, of comfort, and even of life itself which she will not make with alacrity. History, both ancient and modern, bears testimony to woman's equal goodness, fortitude and devotion in this tender degree of relationship. If you would know what she is capable of enduring and daring, view her, but not in the hour of repose and joy, of hope, and delight and prosperity, these occasions call not forth the secret energies that slumber deep in the recesses of her gentler nature. Let danger menace the object of her affection, and the hand of suffering press heavily on the eyelids of him she loves, then you may witness her heroism, her power of endurance, invention, contrivance, device, and strategy if need be; her form is fragile, but she forgets her physical weakness of frame and delicacy of feeling in the hour when she is required by the promptness of her own generous spirit to act and to suffer in order to relieve and console one dearer to her than her existence, and for whom she would readily make the last sacrifice if she might, but see him blest and die. Contemplate her even ordinarily at the bed of suffering and of sickness, share, if you are equal to the task, her vigils kept beside the feverish bed, and mark that the professional calmness of the physician, and his familiarity with contagious care, and submission to her fate whatever it may be, provided she may but discharge the duty incumbent on her, from which she shrinks not, but claims it as her privilege. Look at Epinina in the lonely cave, for nine long years she has consoled her husband there in that hopeless abode of darkness and woe. Through the gloom of the desolate cavern, perhaps you may dimly descry at her side, two fine boys, upon whose young, but noble eyes the morning sun never shed his cheerful beams, and to whose vision, the landscape never yet revealed its beauty and its various bloom. The day that shall first