

putably, a fine writer ; full of sentiment and true feeling, perfectly free from the fashionable affectation of levity. She never betrays a wish to cheat her own sex out of feminine reserve, and softness of manners ; a trait too observable in many of the favorite writers of the day. Nothing can be more beautiful, more just, and faithful, than her picture of the secret suffering of a delicate high-minded woman ; but, Lady Byron's heart, is not the repository from whence the colours were taken, her soul was not imbued with those impassioned tints which impart light and loveliness to woman's life. There was nothing sacred in her sorrow—it was not the sad and silent grief, that in pride, shrouded disappointed affection, from the eye of vulgar curiosity, or withdrew itself from the compassion of the multitude—no bitter tear was dashed away, and hastily replaced, by a brightened glance, and smiling welcome, to conceal the anguish of a wounded spirit—hers was not the woman's heart resolved to bear all, to suffer all, with, for, and from, the being with whose destiny she had solemnly linked her own ; far different the part she has chosen—undefined and shadowy wrongs were blazoned forth, the world's sympathy sought—and it was granted in an overwhelming burst, which drove the delinquent husband from friends and home, and made him in reality the lonely, and isolated being, he delighted to pourtray himself, whilst, from his position in society, and at the summit of glory, he thought not the smiles of the world could turn to the hissing of serpents. She who caused this sudden revulsion, can never be identified with the gentle and forbearing wife, with the proud, yet meek, and feeling woman, who would fain shield her partner's faults from the public gaze, and seek to win him from a reckless state, to the charms of domestic life, and the love of virtue. And if she failed in the pious effort, would still shade the frailties she could not subdue, and endure all, till life ebbed its last, rather than expose one error which might tarnish the lustre of his genius. A proudly delicate woman, would have done so ; and had Lady Byron pursued this course, the world would have been spared a humiliating exposure of the discrepancy of nature, in one of earth's most gifted sons.

