

duties of women in the middle and upper ranks that can be supposed incompatible with the cultivation of the intellect? It rather appears to me, that, in these ranks of life, every hour spent by women in mental exercise, is just so much waste time redeemed from idleness and folly.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

[This fine old song was written by George Withers, a satirical writer of the times of James and Charles the First. It is extracted from one of his long pastoral poems, entitled "The Mistress of Philarete," published in 1622.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget *mine own*?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of *best*,
If she be not such to me
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, what with them, they would do,
That without them, dare to woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go,
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GOOD HOUSE-KEEPERS.

If there be any thing among the temporals to make life pleasant, it is in the walls of a well-ordered house, where all is adjusted to please—not by its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness and content, which invite all who enter to taste its comforts. The woman who does not make this a grand item in all her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station—has not yet acquired the alpha of that long alphabet which is set before her; and she who despises this noble attainment, despises her *best* worldly good, and, indirectly, despises her family, her neighbours, and the word of God. "She looketh well to the ways of her household," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told as a memorial of all those who have been eminent for this noble character.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

The women here are generally more handsome than in other places, sufficiently endowed with natural beauties, without the addition of adulterated sophistications. In an absolute woman, say the Italians, are required the parts of a Dutch woman, from the girdle downwards; of a French-woman, from the girdle to the shoulders: over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian: but keeping so true a decorum, that as England is termed the Purgatorie of Servants, and the Hell of Horses, so is it acknowledged the *Paradise of Women*. And it is a common by-word amongst the Italians, that *if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England*. For here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the third of their husbands' estates, and their equal share of all lands; privileges with which other women are not acquainted. In high esteem in former times amongst foreign nations, for the modestie and gravitie of their conversation but of late so much addicted to the light garb of the French, that they have lost much of their ancient honour and reputation amongst knowing and more sober men of foreign countries who before admired them.—*Peter Heylin's Cosmographie, 1652.*

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

Take hence the bowl; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone;
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone:
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by:
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die!
Till as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

NATURAL WOODS OF SCOTLAND.

The trees which predominate in quantity are the common birch, the oak, the hazel, and the mountain ash. These generally grow intermingled; but in many places entire forests are seen composed of single species. Out of the trees which thus occur, the birch is the most common, and next to it the oak. But the oaks of the Highlands bear no resemblance to those of England. Hardly a single tree ever presents itself of the diameter of a foot, which is also the case with the birch. In general the birch occupies the sides of the mountains, while the alder most invariably fringes the streams. The fir is seldom met with in its native state in the northern, or along the coasts of the middle division; but in the central districts of the latter there are still magnificent forests of it. On the shores of Loch Marre, in Ross-shire, the scenery of which is of the most sublime order, the scattered remains of an extensive forest of this tree are still to be seen, and in many other places it is to be met with in small patches; but whenever it was possible to render the woods subservient to the purposes of commerce, the Highland proprietors have not scrupled to strip their estates, and in this desolate condition have they generally left them. The ash, perhaps the most beautiful of our trees, is hardly a native; nor do we remember having met with it in any