

dare rebel against the law, their wand turns to lead, and the culprit cowers as if guilty of some higher offence—condemned by a worthier mandate.

I am dressed with the simplicity, I'm sure St. Paul himself would have pronounced "becoming a woman;" with a countenance expressive of doubt and will combined, relative to my success; with an eye a little restless but full of thought, and movements quick, like one just going to make a desperate plunge with the hope that it would tell on the future. But, dear Jane, the pith of the whole affair—of so much importance—which causes my present movement—on which depends expected knowledge—aye more, a fortune perchance I've dreamed, lies quietly in a box, once used as a shoe box, now strapped and carried in my hand. This I shall open, and present to the wondering people, books of various sizes and titles, of tastefully colored covers, for the sale of which I shall announce myself as agent.

I wonder if warriors ever tremble just before battle, and desire, and almost will, to throw down their banner and—run; for what else could they do? How I wish some of the great ones had left their fears and weak points on record—a richer legacy to the world than all their bravery and triumphs! We see the victory, but we want to know how far we are from it. We easily assume strength in anticipation of any coming event, and the heart desires its approach to test this strength. But when the crisis arrives to prove ourselves victorious, or feel the ignobleness of being a coward, we halt, turn, and wish that a retreat could be equally successful, equally glorious.

Already I anticipate your anxious inquiries and expressions of wonder. Why this expedition—why this battle against conservatism, which has kept us so long and so well? What new era has dawned upon woman, that she need go forth into the broad world for knowledge more than her