

(ORIGINAL.)

WOMAN.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

"FRAILTY thy name is ~~woman~~ ^{woman}! I beg to differ with the great author who produced this sentence, although it sounds poetical, reads well and smoothly, and like many new ideas, pleases at first sight; yet think but for a moment of the libel it conveys, attacking the fairest created being that adorns our world. What noble bachelor of modern date would dare give utterance to such a sentiment? What one so rash as peril his hope of matrimonial alliance, by uttering such an opinion of the sex? "I pause for a reply." No, truth contradicts it, and experience verifies the contradiction. Were it true, what misery would be entailed on man. To what source of happiness would he resort, to render life's journey through the bleak desert of existence, tolerable? What solace find, to calm his wounded spirit in the day of trouble, and nerve him to withstand the dread attacks of care, when misfortunes meet him at every turn? Where would he find a kindred soul among his fellows, which would sympathize with his hopes, and bear with his failings? All would be an endless strife and buffetting against the varying currents of the wide world's whim, and peace a stranger to his soul. What substitute will he find for wife, or sister, who with patience hears his long and melancholy tale of dire mishap, and freaks of jading fortune, then, with her gentle soothing voice, pours a sweet solace into his mind, a balsam for all his racking ills, leaving him calm—and filled with eager hope of better times, and brighter prospects? How much purer the noble feelings of our nature are shown in woman. Benevolence, sympathy, and love, all beam in radiance from her soul, diffusing cheering rays around, on all who have a claim to them.

When prosperity favors its votaries, she rejoices with them, and when the dark cloud of adversity hovers o'er the loved ones, and despair has almost got possession of their every energy, she, though sympathizing with their misfortunes, bears up against the impending storm, and strives to avert its blighting ravages. Creative wisdom has implanted in the soul of woman (physically weaker) a capacity of mental endurance, a conscientiousness and love of virtue, unequalled in the other sex. There are exceptions, 'tis true, and what truism so extended as the present, is without them? but it is owing, in most instances, to the almost irresistible temptations and allurements held out to them, often working on the tenderest feelings of their nature, which if led into the path of virtue, or even left to its own guidance, would have shunned the wandering.

To whom shall I appeal, as to the truth of this

brief panegyric, if I may venture to give it so fine a name? To whom as proof of it? Not to the hen-pecked or dishonored husband, who through an error in judgment, or instigated by worldly motives, unmindful of the warnings of Prudence, has rashly formed an unhappy alliance with an *exception*, one, it may be, wholly dissonant from him in feelings and inclinations, (while both are perhaps devoid of the faculty of accommodating themselves to each other's wishes) and by these differences, driven as it were to fall from the high estate of virtue with which she was endowed by nature—Not to the prejudiced and care-worn bachelor who has gathered his ideas of the sex from the slanderous effusions of misguided and unthinking fools, eschewing matrimony as he would a plague, poisoning his cup of happiness in life, with a voluntary and bitter draught. From none of these would I ask a candid judgment, although even here, I might not fail in rendering them tributary to the cause; I would lead them back through the vista of time to bye-gone days, ere melancholy broodings over human frailty, had blunted their sensibilities, and warped their reason, then ask them if they had never experienced the kind attentions,—fond solitudes, and ministering sympathies of a mother or a sister, ever ready to feel for and cheer them in all their toils and struggles? Would this be ineffectual? I am loth to think it. But I would ask the man who is by experience competent to weigh and consider—he who for years has borne a share of the conjugal yoke, without being galled by the pressure, or irritated by its constraint, and trodden the path of life supported by a guardian angel, encouraged by her attentions, and lighted by her smiles—To such a one as this will I leave the question for decision, and without fear of a reversal of that judgment which the ladies, and all young married husbands have already accorded me, I abide the result.

Montreal, 10th January, 1842.

H.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY THOMAS POWELL, ESQ.

The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and common air;
Yet, as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.

And even so the poet's soul
Converts the things that round him lie
Into a genial voice of song—
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet, framed alike
By God, as his interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of every thing that stirs.