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THE

FEMININE SOUL:

Its Nature and Attributes.

WITH

THOUGHTS UPON MARRIAGE, AND FRIENDLY HINTS UPON FEMININE DUTIES.

217.535

BY

ELIZABETH STRUTT,

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOOK OF THE FATHERS,"—"YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S COMPANION,"
—"PRACTICAL WISDOM,"—"TRIUMPHS OF TALENT,"—"SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE,"—"DOMESTIC RESIDENCE IN SWITZERLAND,"—"CHANCES AND CHANGES,"
—"STORY OF PSYCHE,"—ETC. ETC.

"There is a Sex in our Souls."

COLERIDGE.

"For Woman is not undeveloped Man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

TENNYSON.

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TO

LEOPOLD HARTLEY GRINDON.

Dear Sir,

Had your "Essay on the Sexuality of Nature" sooner come within the sphere of my observation, the following pages might, probably, never have been laid before the Public. I was, however, by a lengthened sojourn on the continent, prevented the gratification of perusing it, until my work was so far advanced that, being deeply interested in its subject, I could not prevail upon myself to forego its completion. In now dedicating it to you I only fulfil a debt of gratitude for the pleasure, and, I may very truthfully add, the profit your writings have afforded me: as well from the purity and sublimity of the religious views exhibited in them, the accuracy with which the operations of nature

are described, the beauty of the analogies drawn from them, the appropriateness of the classical citations, the amiable spirit of the philosophy which pervades the sentiments, and the elegance of the language in which they are expressed.

I trust, Sir, that this testimonial of my esteem will not be received by you with less cordiality, on account of its being offered by a stranger. I am, indeed, rather inclined to hope that, on the contrary, that very circumstance may prove a recommendation in your eyes, as an evidence of impartial judgment, and I beg you to believe me,

DEAR SIR,

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

ELIZABETH STRUTT.

40, *Great Ormond Street,*
Queen Square,
December 24, 1856.

The Feminine Soul.

"That there is spiritual sex, as well as corporeal sex, is one of the sublimest facts in human nature."—GRINDON.

THE question of the equality of the sexes, or rather, to speak more correctly, of their relative positions to each other, is one which has, of late years, been the frequent subject of literary and oratorical discussion; without, however, its having arrived, as yet, at any satisfactory conclusion. It is, nevertheless, a question of the first importance to the interests and happiness of society; because upon a right understanding of it, the discharge of the peculiar duties of both sexes greatly depends.

The error that has hitherto attended the enquiry, seems to have been more in terms than in arguments. The proposition itself, as it appears to us, stands simply thus :—

FIRST. *Is Woman equal to Man?*

We do not mean equal, as to her existing social position; for Man, possessing superior physical

strength, and having, through the agency of that strength, constituted himself master of the whole earth, can, of course, assign to Woman whatever station in society may be most agreeable to himself: and how far any human being ever, voluntarily, assigns to another, an equal, rather than a secondary place, we leave to those who may be versed in the study of human nature, to decide.

Our question is on a more extensive, and, we trust we may add, a more sublime scale.

SECONDLY.—*Is there any generic intellectual or spiritual difference, that is to say, difference of* SOUL, *which alone constitutes the rational responsible and immortal being, between the sexes?*

THIRDLY.—*If there be any difference between them, in what does that difference consist?*

The first part of the proposition—*Is Woman equal to Man, as a rational responsible, and immortal being*, cannot, we presume, admit of a moment's hesitation, to answer in the affirmative, when we consider that woman is, equally with man, created in the Image, and after the Likeness of God; that she is, consequently, responsible, equally with man, as a moral agent, to keep that Image, and that Likeness "pure and undefiled," before the Lord: that she, equally with man, is gifted with an immortal soul; consequently must be, equally with him, the

heir to immortal life: and that hence, her regeneration, salvation, and eternal happiness must be equally included with his; equally precious and important, in the merciful work of redemption, by our most blessed LORD and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

In regard to woman being created equally with man, in the Image and Likeness of God, it may be necessary, in order to prove our assertion, to consider the nature of those attributes of THE FIRST GREAT CAUSE, the ALMIGHTY, which, shadowed forth in the human being, constitute "His Image and Likeness."

The Almighty Essence consists, as we are taught by the Holy Scriptures, our only sure guide, of two principles, Love and Wisdom; which principles are in HIM conjoined, Perfect, Infinite, and Eternal. From His Love He desires to form beings susceptible of happiness: by His Wisdom He fulfils this desire, in creating them capable of it. From the union and simultaneous operations of these two principles, proceeded the material universe; every form and every being throughout which are, as originally created, recipients and types of the qualities which called them into existence, and by which they are sustained in perpetual order and connection.

Of the creation of Man, we are told in Holy Writ,

"And God said, let us make Man in our Image, after Our Likeness: and let *them* have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"So God created man in his *Own* Image, in the Image of God created He him; male and female, created he *them*.

"And God blessed *them*; and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing, that moveth upon the earth."—Genesis i. 26, 27, 28.

"And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of *lives;* and Man became *a living soul*.

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the Man whom He had formed.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the Man should be alone; I will make him an help-meet for him.

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh, instead thereof.

"And the rib which the Lord God had taken

from Man, made he a Woman, and brought her unto the Man.

"And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."—Genesis ii. 7, 8, 18, 21—24.

We must now, in order more clearly to comprehend our subject, examine with attention the purport of the sacred words we have just cited.

"And God said, Let Us make Man in Our Image, after Our Likeness."

The Love and Wisdom of God, we have already seen, constitute the Essence of His *Esse* or Being. As there can be no *Esse* without substance, and no substance without form, it follows that the Divine Origin of all things must have a form; and it is reasonable to believe that the Almighty Form, in which all things are Infinite, is that of which Man is declared, by the Almighty Himself, to be the finite Image and Likeness. Hence ancient writers have justly vindicated the Greeks, for representing the Deity under a human form, as being the most noble and perfect of which human beings can form any idea.

"If the soul of Man," says Maximus Tyrius, "is

the nearest, and most like to God, God would not have enclosed in an unworthy tabernacle that which bears the closest resemblance to Himself." Dissert. 8.

But as all external form is, of necessity, the result of internal principles, it indisputably follows that this outward resemblance, to be complete, must also be interior. Hence that Man, in order to become the true Image and Likeness of God, must be capable of receiving Love and Wisdom from Him, as the constituents of his life.

We are accordingly told

"And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the *breath of lives*, and Man became a living soul."—Genesis ii. 7.

The *breath of lives*, for it must here be remarked and borne in mind, that, *in the original* the word is not *life* but *lives*, so breathed by the Lord, into the nostrils of Man, was the breath of the life of His Love, and the breath of the life of His Wisdom; which, thus united, formed, in Adam, "a living soul;" the Image and Likeness of its Maker; as dwelling in a similar form, and capable of receiving, in proportion to its finite capacities, an impartation of its Maker's Infinite Attributes of Love and Wisdom.

These attributes, though distinct in themselves,

and each capable of constituting the leading principle of a separate soul, were, in Adam, so blended, as to unite the distinguishing characteristic of two souls in one: as we have already seen, in the words,

"So God created Man in His Own Image; in the Image of God created He *him*, male and female created He *them*."—Gen. ii. 27.

At the time of his creation Adam is expressly stated to have been *outwardly* alone; for we read that

"The Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone;"—Gen. ii. 18; and again we are told that

"Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field, but for Adam there was *not found an help-meet for him*."—Gen. ii. 20. Consequently none to whom he could give a name.

Some persons have appeared to consider Man as superior to Woman, merely on the imaginary priority of his being called into existence; and St. Paul seems to have taken somewhat the same view of the subject, when, in forbidding women to teach, he assigns, as a reason, "for Adam was *first* formed, and then Eve."—1 Tim. ii. 1.

This, however, is an argument from which a very opposite deduction might be drawn; for in the

order of creation we see, not only in Holy Writ, but from corroborating proofs of geological science, that it progressed, gradually, from the lowest degree of inert matter, to the highest of animal existence: And Cornelius Agrippa in his treatise, "*Sur la Noblesse et l'excellence des Femmes, audessus des Hommes*," expressly states the later creation of Eve, as constituting her superior to Adam; insomuch as she was the last, best work, the master-piece of the Almighty Hand.

We, however, hold that there can be no question whatsoever, of priority of existence between the masculine and feminine natures; they both in fact, being simultaneously called into existence in Adam; consequently Eve was virtually brought forth, in him, from the Lord, at the same instant with himself; the same "breath of lives," from the Divine Being, vivifying at once the two principles of Love and Wisdom, which, together, and in unison with each other, form the perfect and "living soul."

We may see, then, how great must be the antiquity of the notion propounded by Plato, of Man and Woman being originally conjoined together, and existing in one form: A belief something to this effect, may be traced from the earliest times, and has shewn itself in a variety of theories; among which the one most generally received was that of

an accompanying genius, a good or evil spirit, residing in or with every human being; some invisible agency, in short, "intimately connected, and indissolubly interwoven with that which we call 'ourselves.'" Indeed, the wisdom of the Socratic Philosophy chiefly consisted in its professors frequently retiring, within themselves, to hold

"Communion sweet, communion large and high,"

with the unseen associate whom they believed assigned by nature, to every one, for his spiritual guidance.

"According as this recess was deep and intimate," says Lord Shaftesbury, "and the *dual number* practically formed in us, we were supposed to advance in morals and true wisdom."

In Adam this dual number was, at his creation, to all intents and purposes complete. Even his name records the fact; if we may be allowed to quote Scrieck, the Dutch Etymologist, who laboured to prove, in his "Celtic and Belgic Origins," that all the ancient languages were derived from the Scythic, or High Dutch. "Adam," says he, "is *Scythicè* Ad-ham, sive *Haid-am*-ens conjunctivum, a *united entity*." "The Chaldeans," he continues, "interpreted Adam to mean Red earth; for what reason I cannot see. It doth not appear a name of suffi-

cient dignity for the first and most perfect, and most absolute of men. Surely it would be more to the purpose for him to bear the name of an *United Entity*, from the first institution of Marriage, between him and Eve, by his Creator."

Had all the explanations of the learned Dutchman been as much to the purpose as this, he might have been held up to the admiration of the learned of his own day, and even, perhaps, of ours, instead of incurring their scorn and ridicule as he has done, by the wildness of his fancies. The Scholiasts of the middle ages, at any rate, must have been thinking of a "united entity" when they propounded the knotty question, "Can two angels stand in the same space as one—in the same spot?"

But though Adam was thus created one human perfection, interiorly or spiritually divided into two distinct provinces or attributes, it was not intended that he should so remain. The Almighty, in his Infinite Wisdom, foresaw that it would not be for Man's spiritual welfare, consequently not for his eternal happiness, that he should contain, within himself, the entire of intellectual life; without participation, or reciprocity of dependence, whereby to exalt and purify moral action. Therefore it was, as we are told in the Sacred Record, that

"God said it is not good that man should be

alone, I will make him a help-meet for him."—Gen. ii. 18.

Surely no one can put such a low and literal meaning upon these words as to imagine that they contain no higher signification than, as a general aphorism, that society is better than solitude! though even in that limited sense their truth is undeniable. The Almighty accordingly took from Adam, under the figure of a bone, or rib, one of the two actuating principles of his soul, without his being conscious of alteration in himself; as is typified by the "deep sleep" which fell upon him at the time; and this principle, the principle of Love, the Lord God invested with the outward form of Woman, as correspondent to its inward essence; and He "brought her unto the man," as a visible reciprocative principle answering to his actuating principle of Wisdom, a help-meet and consort for him; not a mere companion, to break the silence of his loneliness. And that Adam received her joyfully and gratefully, as his equal, and *second self*, his *corresponding attribute*, comprehending at once her intent and office, is evident, from his immediate acknowledgement of her, as "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," and of her bringing with her, in consequence, a tie upon his love, and duty, superior to any other tie whatsoever:

insomuch that he prophetically pronounces the decree—

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."—Gen. ii. 24.

Such were husband and wife, in the beginning, in the sight of God; so they continued in the happy ages of primitive innocence; and so, when joined together, in pure and lawful union, before the Lord, they still remain in His sight: "a united entity;" each requiring the other to constitute the perfection of humanity, and forming together, in the male and female character, thus perfected, one Image and Likeness of their Maker, in the finite conjunction of His Infinite Wisdom and Love.

It is from the equal union of these two principles in the Eternal and Perfect Mind, that accrues the equal production of their forms, as typified in the human race; which, all over the habitable globe, in all climes and in all countries, will be found to present the same number of males and of females; or, in other words, the same number of forms of wisdom and forms of love; the few variations which may occasionally occur from the general rule, being always to be accounted for, by fortuitous circumstances. And no stronger argument than this fact, can be adduced against polygamy, so degrading and

unjust to the feminine, so destructive to the moral excellence of the masculine sex.

It may perhaps be said that this general proportion of the sexes is a law of nature, for the preservation of the species, and the maintenance of order in society; but these are the *effects* of the principle, and not the *cause*: effects wise and good; as every thing must be that proceeds from the Source of all Perfection; but the cause lies deeper still, than in the general laws of matter: it lies in the nature of the Deity Himself; and as His Nature cannot change, neither can its consequences: hence as His Wisdom and His Love are eternal, and unceasing alike in themselves and in their operations, so will their types be eternally manifested, in the production of human beings, male and female forms, in equal proportionate numbers; the equal though diverse recipients of these His attributes, and by their respective and equal reception of them, equally constituting His Image and His Likeness.

Here then surely is equality between the sexes! Equality pronounced by the Deity Himself! Equality sacred, entire, and immutable! Equality which, beginning with creation, must remain the same; unchanged, unchangeable, as long as creation itself shall endure, which is for ever!

Is there indeed to be found, in the history of the

world, one single instance that could be adduced to favour a conclusion so unnatural, as the idea that the daughter is less dear than the son, in the eyes of her Heavenly Father, "whose tender mercies are over all his works?" What says Holy Writ on the subject? Do we find therein, that there was any distinction in the allotment of the possession and dominion of the earth, or of the delights of the goods and blessings of Paradise, between Adam and Eve? Were not the fruits of "every tree in the garden," "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food," given to them *both*, to "freely eat:" with the exception of that one, which was forbidden alike to them *both*? Do we find Eve more severely punished than Adam, for their mutual transgression in disobeying the Divine Command? No; to each was adjudicated, as we shall hereafter shew, that peculiar penalty for the offence, which was proper to the individual nature of each.

Were not Miriam and Deborah favoured with inspiration from the Lord, in prophetic song, even as Moses and Aaron? When Sarah said to Abraham "The Lord judge between thee and me," did not the Lord judge between them, and say, "Yea, I will bless her; and she shall be a mother of nations, kings of people shall be of her;" even as He judged between David and Saul, and avenged

David, when David made use of the same words to Saul, "The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee?" Did not the Angel of the Lord appear unto Hagar, to save her son from death, even as the Angel appeared in a moment of equal peril, to Abraham, to stay his hand, and rescue his heir? Was not the prayer of Hannah for children listened to as graciously, and granted as mercifully, as that of Isaac, for the same blessing upon Rebecca? Did not our Blessed Lord teach women, as graciously as He taught men? Did He not equally encourage their virtues, and compassionate their sorrows? Did He not weep with the sisters of Lazarus? Did He not equally promise salvation to the Harlot as to the Publican on the same condition of repentance? Did He not appear to women, even before He manifested Himself to his disciples? Nay, was it not to a woman, to Mary Magdalen, that He first delegated the blessed office of promulgating to his brethren the joyful tidings of his resurrection, and his ascension, unto His Father, and *her* Father, His God and *her* God?

To some of our readers it may perhaps appear absurd to waste time in endeavouring to establish a point which they may imagine no reasonable being could seriously think of controverting; but we must beg

leave to remind them that it has been controverted, not only by individuals, as for example, by one of the earliest, as of the most celebrated philosophers, Aristotle, who decidedly pronounced woman to be "an inferior animal," and by the Emperor Domitian, who openly promulgated his *dictum* that woman was by nature born a slave, and that man was, by divine right, her natural master; but also by entire and widely spreading nations; such as the Mahometans; who, even at the present time, deny that women have souls; consequently deny their future existence: maintaining that they were created, like odoriferous flowers, solely to minister to the sensual gratifications of man.

Christians, and indeed all enlightened beings, will call out against such a monstrous notion; though even among those who see its full absurdity, too many may be found, whose conduct towards the female sex might authorize the suspicion that they adopt much the same kind of theory. Even the wonderfully gifted, and most tenderly and amiably organised St. Augustine, in his "City of God," argues the point, whether women will rise at the Resurrection, in their own proper persons, or as men; and only decides in favour of their continuance in their original form, because, as he charitably observes, "the feminine sex is not a

fault in itself; but merely a *fact* in nature;" adding, pithily enough, that "if there were to be no women in heaven, our Lord would most likely have said so, when asked by the Sadducees, whose wife, the woman who had had seven husbands, was to be at the resurrection."—B. 22. C. 27.

We will, however, proceed to the second part of our argument.

Is there any generic intellectual or spiritual difference between Man and Woman?

And that this question also calls for a prompt reply in the affirmative, will be evident to those who may admit the truth of our preceding observations. There certainly is a *difference;* eternal, unalterable, and impassable. Equality does not necessarily imply similarity. Equal, but not alike, is the proposition which we wish to maintain. If two separate attributes be given to two separate parties, it is evident that each must retain the peculiarities of his own; though it may be moulded, and coloured, to a certain degree of affinity and resemblance to the other, by intimate and constant consociation.

Adam, on the separation of the two interior principles with which, immediately at his creation, he was originally invested, retained that of Wisdom, or the Understanding; which is of the masculine

nature, and with it, consequently, the outward figure thereof: whilst Eve took and embodied forth that of Love, or the Will; as is manifested in the different characteristics of her form: for, as we have already said, outward form is the result of inward principles; or, in other words, the exterior is the index of that which works within. Hence it will be seen that the masculine and feminine soul, have each its separate and distinguishing attribute, by which all its dictates and operations are, by the very constitution of its existence, mainly influenced.

It being granted, then, that there is a positive difference between the nature of the Masculine, and of the Feminine Soul, we come to the concluding consideration of the argument,

In what does that difference consist?

Which discussed, there will only remain the agreeable, and we are willing to flatter ourselves, useful task of pointing out the modes and provinces in which the peculiar characteristics of Woman, derived from the attributes of the Feminine Soul, may be made best to minister to her own happiness, and to that of her friend and companion, Man.

The mind of every rational being, whether male or female, consists of two essentials by which it subsists; the Will and the Understanding: the will being the recipient of the Divine Love, and the un-

derstanding the recipient of the Divine Wisdom. On these two faculties depend all human intelligence, and all human actions; and on the right balance between them, or just proportion which they bear to each other, depends all human integrity and human happiness. They are wholly distinct from each other, yet are capable of being blended together so entirely as to form one harmonious whole, a perfect mind: nevertheless the understanding, as pertaining to wisdom, is, as we have just stated, more peculiarly the province of man; the will, as pertaining to love, more peculiarly that of woman. Not that it is to be supposed that woman is divested of wisdom, any more than man of love. We speak only of the dominant and actuating principle in the soul of each.

Hence, in examining the feminine character, which alone is the subject of our present enquiry, we shall find that every feature in it is formed by modifications and varieties of this single principle of love, the will, or the affections; or by whatever name we may call it. To this principle all the peculiar characteristics of woman may be traced; her sensibility, her quickness of apprehension, her hopefulness; her fortitude, her patience and courage in suffering; her disinterestedness, her devotedness; in short, all her virtues, as well as all her vices,

when these same qualities are misapplied, or carried to excess: for woman is invariably influenced by her affections, rather than by her understanding; and accordingly as these affections are well or ill directed, she finds her own happiness or misery, and makes that of all most nearly connected with her. Under an ill-regulated will, her sensibility becomes weakness; her hopefulness rashness; her fortitude obstinacy; her disinterestedness improvidence; even the fullness and enduringness of her love may be converted, by too acute sense of injury, into the most deadly and unrelenting hate; the most unquenchable thirst for revenge—so true is the apparently severe remark of the poet—

> "Earth hath no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

The History of the Fall of Man, even taken in the bareness of its literal acceptation, presents a distinct view of the attributes and operations of the Feminine Soul. It might be imagined that the promise by the Tempter, of intellectual acquirement, as the consequence of tasting the forbidden fruit, would have been more likely to seduce the man than the woman; but Satan knew full well, that it was more easy to beguile the will than to pervert the understanding; to Eve, therefore, as the re-

presentative of that principle, he addressed the fraudful eloquence of his arguments. Eve does not call in the aid of the understanding. She does not reflect upon the matter; she does not argue, either with her betrayer or herself, respecting its fitness; she simply states that she and Adam had been forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge, under the penalty of death; and on the Serpent assuring her that this would not be the case, she pauses not to consider whether it were possible for him to be certain of the indemnity which he promises her; or on what grounds he can desire for her more enlightenment and felicity than even her all-bounteous Maker had seen expedient, in the plentitude of his goodness and wisdom, to bestow upon her; she only sees that the tree is "good for food," and "pleasant to the eye," and "a tree to be desired to make one wise." She judges of it through the medium of her imagination; she desires the object; she *wills* it; she yields to the governing principle of her mind; she takes it for granted that it is for her benefit so to do, and she stretches forth her hand; she takes of the fruit, and eats!

This act of Eve's has been constantly held up, in satire upon the sex, as the consequence of curiosity, or a peculiar desire, on her side, to pry into things which did not concern her; a desire which the

masculine pourtrayers of her daughters would insinuate, has descended to them ever since, an uninterrupted heritage. Their extra share of this quality, which it must not be forgotten, has been aptly termed the "Mother of knowledge," we do not mean to deny; because we shall hereafter endeavour to account for it on principles of which they have no reason to be ashamed; for the present we will content ourselves with remarking that if curiosity had been the predominating impulse of Eve, in this fatal transgression of the Divine Command, she would have transgressed it as soon as the object to which it referred had attracted her eye; for it is evident, by her answer to the Tempter, that she had considered the tree and knew it: but it is equally evident that she had respected the injunction concerning it. Curiosity is an intellectual habit, common to both sexes; but in yielding to its influence on the occasion in question, Eve was swayed by a principle purely feminine, which shews itself in her conduct immediately after her commission of the rash act. Believing that she has possessed herself of some great good, her disinterestedness, one of the finest attributes of love, and in the female breast ever the one most conspicuous, urges her instantly to share that good with Adam. She waits not to perceive its effects upon herself; she wishes not to keep the ad-

vantages to herself; she considers not whether it may involve him in the consequences of her own disobedience; she consults not her understanding; she listens only to her affections; they tell her that she can enjoy nothing but what is shared in by her husband; and she hastens unwittingly to make him the partner in her condemnation, even when she is hoping to heighten his happiness: all this springs out of the principle of love, the will, the affections, which constitute the essence of the Feminine Soul; right in themselves, but in this instance wrongly applied: and, alas! is not this history of our "General Mother," daily, nay hourly, acted over again, by millions of her daughters, who bring ruin alike upon themselves, and upon the dearest objects of their regard, by fatally exerting all their powers, and all their influence, to subjugate the understanding of the Man, against his better judgment, to the feminine principle of the will?

St. Ambrose, indeed, finds the sin of Adam more inexcusable than that of Eve; "Insomuch," observes the worthy father, viewing, it seems, the matter literally, as a mere human transaction, "as Eve was tempted by a superior intelligence, under the form of the serpent, 'more subtle than any beast of the field;' but Adam was tempted by a creature inferior in intellect to himself, and in a manner not

attended with circumstances likely, as in the case of Eve, to surprise him into compliance."

His opinion has been followed by other writers: and as it is one in which it is very natural that the female sex should coincide, we find the celebrated Isotta Nagorala, of Azzano, advocating it so eloquently, at one of the literary assemblies at the Podestata Foscarina, in Venice, where the ladies were admitted to speak in their turn, that her discourse was committed to writing, as it was delivered; and was printed with honourable mention, one hundred years after her death. It would be easy to multiply instances of these frivolities, for, after all, they are only frivolities, leading to nothing instructive; but we prefer returning to the contemplation of the truth, in its inward signification.

Leaving then the question as to the degree of guilt between our first Parents, in their disobedience to the Divine Command, to be settled by future casuists, we shall find that the sentence pronounced upon them, for their infraction of it, was exactly proportioned to their several characteristics. That of Eve was to be through her affections; whilst to Adam trials of a more intellectual nature were assigned. To him it is said that the earth shall be cursed for his sake; that it shall bring forth thorns

and briars, and that he shall labour for his bread, and eat it in the sweat of his brow. Who is there who cannot trace in these words far more than the mere portraiture of a labouring man, condemned to toil for his daily bread, upon a barren and ungrateful soil? Who does not rather see in them depicted, all the cares and anxieties, crosses, vexations, sorrows and disappointments, springing out of the natural evil, or rather the perverted human nature of intellectual man? The schemes of avarice and ambition, that make those who plunge into them "labour early, and late take rest;" the more exalted, but not less wearing, excitements of science and philosophy; nay even of literature and the fine arts, that exhaust the spirits and pale the cheek, "over the midnight lamp;" the thousand harrassments, in short, of mind, in commerce, politics, and war, compared to which mere bodily labour is only healthy exertion, that finds its reward in sufficiency and rest. Such is the doom of Man! What then is that of Woman? To her it is said,

"In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children, and thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

What an awful decree to the affections! that their tenderest progeny should involve suffering and sorrow "greatly multiplied;" that their de-

sire should be to one chosen cherished object, which object should rule over them, perhaps, nay too probably, with a rule despotic, harsh, unjust! for alas! how rarely in fallen man, has power brought forth other fruits than despotism, harshness, and injustice! The general history of woman, in past ages, at any rate, is too evident, too sad, a proof of the truth of this assertion.

We have already shewn that it is the nature of love and wisdom to desire to conjoin themselves with each other, in order to form by their union the perfection of the soul; but love being a more intense principle than wisdom, we shall find that the inclination to unite man to herself, that is to say, his wisdom to her love, is with woman perpetual and uniform; but with man the desire to unite himself to woman, or, in other words, her love to his wisdom, is alternate and unequal. We shall of course be understood as speaking of the mental conjunction of the spiritual attributes of each.

"And thy desire shall be unto him," is the Almighty fiat, and throughout every phase of female existence its fulfilment is to be traced.

How plainly from their very infancy may we see the different characteristics of the sexes; in the little girl kissing and fondling the doll her baby

hands are scarcely big enough to hold; and the little boy flogging his *horse* round the room, as soon as he can stride across the stick which he dignifies by that name. As they advance in age, the girl will make every exertion, and every sacrifice, to induce the boy to continue her the associate of his play-hours; whilst he, intent on companions more fitted to his pursuits, shakes her off, whenever he can find any of his own sex to enter into his sports. In vain she tries to imitate him in them, in the hope of continuing his companion: every effort she makes only serves to render the dissimilarity more apparent: it is indeed curious to observe how the difference appears, even in ultimates; a girl never throws a stone as a boy does, from her shoulder; she *shies* it from her hand, and in whatever she may endeavour to copy him, similar differences will be found.

As they progress in life, the same unremitting desire on the part of woman to conjoin man with herself, actuates all her thoughts and all her actions. The eye of her mind is ever turned towards him, as the sunflower is fabled to turn to the sun; and, as inward feelings develop themselves in outward signs, we may remark, whenever a young man and a young woman, attached to each other, are together, that the woman looks incessantly, though furtively, upon

the man; most frequently without his perceiving it: and that if he leave her for a time, her eyes follow him round the room, or the meadow, or on board the boat, or on the shore, or wherever he may be, as long as he is in sight; her whole being seems suspended till he returns, and with him return her endeavours to retain him at her side, and bind him closer to herself. Even the desire so inherent in women, of admiration in general society, too often attributed by men to mere vanity, and designated by them as such, is frequently in itself only a less healthy craving of the desire of being beloved; and the homage of the many, is, by most women, only sought to raise their own value, in the eyes of the one whose love they really prize. It would be more charitable to ascertain the source and motive of actions before we criticise them under any names we may think fit to assign them.

To this same principle in the feminine soul, the necessity of loving, and the desire of having her love appreciated, is owing that devotedness in times of persecution, war, and danger, which gives women the courage to follow the objects of their affection into exile, banishment, deserts, caves, mines, perpetual imprisonment—nay, even to the scaffold and the stake. In the same principle, on the calmer stage of every-day life, originates most of the extra-

ordinary matches, at least such as, on the surface, appear extraordinary and inexplicable, in the eyes of a surface-judging world, that women gifted with equal liberality, by nature and fortune, often form with persons labouring under disadvantages of circumstances, or health, or physical peculiarities, which may even excite the ridicule of the unfeeling: not so with woman; she sees in the unfortunate only a claimant on her pity; her first thought is "Can I console him, can I make him happier?" her next, "Will he not value, tenfold, the love testified to him, at a moment when he is so much in need of it?" From motives like these, thousands of women bind themselves for life. We should not imagine it possible to bring forward one single example, in the whole history of the human race, of a man doing the same thing.

There are few persons, we believe, who would not be able to adduce, as having come within the sphere of their own observation, instances of this disinterestedness, or rather, more properly speaking, devotedness, of affection in woman: but one, which, from personal intimacy, came more closely under our notice, was so remarkable, that the mention of it may not be here deemed out of place.

The lady was in the prime of life, the widow of a gentleman well known in the scientific world, by

whom she was left in easy, though not affluent, circumstances. She took, for her second husband, a captain in the Indian army, who, in earlier years, had been on terms of intimacy with her first. He had gone out to India, in the full vigour of health, and ardour of youth; favoured also with more than an average share of manly beauty. After a residence of some years in India, every prospect of promotion and honourable independence, opening before him, all his expectations were, in one moment, blighted, by his being thrown from his horse, and his head jammed into a fissure of the rocks that bordered the road he was traversing. He was taken up apparently lifeless, but, by the cares of his faithful servant, he was, after many days of insensibility, restored to consciousness; and found himself blind, deaf, and the organs of speech so injured, all through the same cause, compression of the head, that he could with difficulty give utterance to a few scarcely articulate sounds, which he had not even the consolation of hearing. For several months he lay in this deplorable state, almost of despair; but gradually a sweet calm came over his mind; he reflected how many he had seen in the possession of every luxury, and the enjoyment of every, what the world calls, pleasure, and who were yet far from happy themselves, and still further from making others so: he

considered that "the fountain of content must spring up in the mind," and that, however deplorable his situation might appear in human eyes, yet in those of his Heavenly Father, "who seeth not as man seeth," it was doubtless that which was best for him.—With this conviction came perfect resignation to the Divine Will, and with that resignation also came its inseparable companion, perfect peace: with the health of his mind, that of his body equally improved; and as soon as he had regained sufficient strength to make the effort, he took courage to set out to his native country, his career in the East being decidedly terminated, as hopelessly as unexpectedly.

On arriving in London, the place of his birth, and where his father had reached the highest civic honours, he lost no time in presenting himself to the widow of his deceased friend, by whom, in the life time of that friend, he had always been received with the kindest hospitality. Her feelings on seeing him such a wreck of his former self, may easily be imagined, and as easily that, to pity for his altered state, was soon added the desire to alleviate its sufferings, and privations. They married, and never was union more tender or more true; their days flowed on in one pure stream of reciprocal harmony; ever at his side, to understand and to

interpret his wishes, his wife invented for him an alphabet, upon her own fingers; and it was a pretty sight to see him take her hand in his, and touch each finger, with a gentle fondness, that seemed as if glad to linger over its errand. The impediment to his utterance gradually decreased, leaving him the power to make himself understood, and he recovered sufficient eye-sight to track his way round the garden; this was a great source of enjoyment to him, and we have often watched him stopping to feel the texture of the leaves, and inhale the fragrance of the blossoms, with a countenance so serene, and so expressive of thankfulness, that he has seemed to us a living embodiment of the holy truth "God is Love, and to love is to be happy."

From this sweet sentiment of compassion, inherent in the Feminine Soul, spring the pity and tenderness invariably shewn, according to the testimonies of travellers in every clime, by women to the stranger, the wanderer, the sick, the helpless, and the destitute: It is the morbid excess of the same sentiment that generates, in some females, what may, without breach of charity, be termed a *depraved* interest in criminals, even of the most atrocious class; indeed, a sentimental lady of this unhealthy temperament, describing a visit she had made to a prisoner, wrote that "the tear of

penitence never shone with such brilliancy, as when it glittered on the cheek of a murderer."

And, alas! this excess of the softer sentiments has sometimes been a cause of crime, unpremeditated, and distasteful: pity itself, betraying the heart that nourished it, into listening to the appeals made to its weakness, by unhallowed love, in the garb of suffering.

How much, then, does it behove every woman to make herself well acquainted with the nature and extent of her own feelings; and to keep rigid watch and control over any, under whatever name or mask they may present themselves to her imagination, by indulging which she may risk her own peace and honour, and the happiness of all the most sacred objects of her virtuous and legitimate affections.

To prevent the abuse that man is continually tempted to make, of the yearning of feminine love towards masculine wisdom, either by scorning its manifestation, or by seeking unworthy triumph over it, nature has endowed woman with two safeguards,—modesty and dissimulation. Her modesty is, happily for her, a double protection; both in the shield it affords herself, and in the respect it inspires in man; who instinctively regards it, as at, once, her greatest attraction and most sacred virtue. It is, indeed, to her, one of her Creator's most pre-

cious gifts; "twice blessed," in its effects upon herself, and upon those who reverence her as its possessor; and he who voluntarily corrupts it, for any base purposes of his own, is a moral murderer; and will assuredly be called to account, for his crime.

Not less valuable, in itself, is that faculty of dissembling, which pertains to woman, in a degree far beyond any that is imagined, or can be attained by man. This dissimulation must not be confounded with simulation, or selfish cunning: it is not the power of assuming qualities, or emotions, foreign to her disposition; but that of concealing her profoundest feelings, when the revelation of them might involve the peace or safety of herself, or others, with which woman is pre-eminently gifted. It is this power which enables her to hide, or outwardly modify the all-absorbing sentiment that prompts her continually to seek communion with, and influence over, man; by it she is enabled to soothe angry and wayward feelings; to humour such peculiarities as may have nothing of actual evil in them; to act as a peace-maker, and an adviser for good; to adopt habits of congeniality with whomsoever she may be called upon to associate; and to keep harmony in her family and her social circle; and surely such dissimulation may be esteemed as born of love.

History has, from the earliest ages, borne testi-

mony to this peculiar attribute of the Feminine Soul: it is indeed curious to remark, in the Sacred Writings, how, almost invariably, whenever an object requires dissimulation, or artifice, for its attainment, the agency of women is resorted to: most beautifully is this exemplified in the affecting incident of the Hebrew mother's stratagem to save her infant Moses, by forming "an ark of bulrushes," putting him therein, and laying it "in the flags, by the river's brink!" But she never could have had the fortitude to leave him there, had she not relied upon the sagacity and self-command of her daughter Miriam, whom she stationed "afar off" "to wit what might be done with him."

And here follows one of the most touching scenes the Bible history affords; second only to the exquisite story of Joseph, by which it is immediately preceded.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked by the river's side: and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and behold *the babe wept*. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrew children."

Well may this incident, so simply told, so

fraught with the sublimest consequences, have afforded, as it will ever continue to afford, subject for pictorial art! Who does not see, whilst perusing the narration of it, the stately Princess, pacing the shore with measured tread, as if keeping time to the gentle murmur of the waters! Who does not see her maiden train duteously following her steps! Who does not see the broad-leaved flags waving their heads to the breeze, as they give up the treasure entrusted to their care! and what woman can image the weeping babe, stretching its little arms towards the bosom of its protectress, without feeling her own throb with sympathy and tenderness! How great then, must have been the controul of Miriam, over the deep emotion which this timely rescue of her infant brother must have excited! Had she permitted herself to betray the slightest sign of it, she might have frustrated the joyful hopes that were rising in her breast. It is evident, however, that when she said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse, of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" neither her voice, nor countenance revealed that the nurse she hoped to call was his own nature-appointed nurse, his mother; for "Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went, and called her mother."

And here again, what an instance does that mother afford us, of the power of woman over her most impassioned feelings, when the interest of a beloved object calls upon her to dissemble them. She suffered not the immediate transition, from the agony of maternal dread, to the extacy of security, to irradiate her countenance; the flood of gratitude, that must have sprung to her eyes, must as instantly have been sent back, to the overflowing fountain of her heart; nor was the prayer of thankfulness and gratitude that doubtless hovered on her lips, when she once more pressed her babe to her surcharged bosom, allowed to escape in utterance from them, when "Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages; *And the woman took the child and nursed it.*

"And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son."—Exodus ii. 10.

We cannot leave this sacred narrative, so simple, yet so touching in its details; so awfully grand and solemn in the results connected with it; without pausing to admire the wonderful manifestation it affords us, of the ever watchful care of the Divine Providence, in particulars, equally with generals. That this poor Hebrew Babe should have been pre-

served at all, that it should be drawn from its slender bed, ere it was submerged in the water, or exhausted for want of its accustomed nourishment, is matter enough for marvel; but that it should be rescued by a woman, and that woman a princess; and that princess endued with sufficient tenderness instantly to resolve on supplying to it the place of the mother, whom an inhuman law had driven to the hard necessity of hazarding its existence, as the only possible means of preserving it, is surely still greater marvel: and that she should depute the sister of the babe to look out for a nurse for it, and that the babe should thus be restored to the breast of its mother, is the crowning marvel of all. Such a chain of events might be thought improbable in romance, but as chronicled in the annals of Eternal Truth, they are surely enough to convince us that we are indeed led by ways we know not, for ends which we cannot even conjecture; but which, in the fulness of time, develop themselves in the order in which, under the prescience of Eternal Wisdom, they were destined to be brought out.

But to come down to our own times, how beautiful an illustration of the virtuous exercise of this power of dissembling even the strongest feelings of the heart, when the welfare of others may be concerned in the concealment of them, is shewn us in the conduct of

Lady Rachel Russel. In her long and mournful widowhood, after the execution of her husband, Lord William Russel, with whom she had lived in uninterrupted harmony and perfect happiness, that excellent lady's only consolation was in the virtues and duty of her children. But even of this solace, it was the will of Heaven that she should be in great part deprived. Her only son, the Duke of Bedford, was cut off, in the prime and vigor of his life, by the small pox; and scarcely had she recovered from, what with affecting simplicity, she terms "the amazement" of her grief, when she was again called upon to mourn for her beloved daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, who died in child-bed of her tenth child, at the very time that her elder sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, her mother's sole remaining treasure, had to go through the same pains and perils. She, however, got safely over her trial, and sent for her afflicted parent, the same day that her sister, whom she tenderly loved, and of whose death she had been kept in ignorance, was put into her coffin: Her first enquiry was after this dear sister. "I have just seen her out of bed," replied the heroic mother, with undisturbed countenance; aware of the fatal effect that the tidings of her decease might have, at such a moment, upon her now only daughter. The self-command of such a reply

perhaps none can fully appreciate but a mother, and that mother a widow.

We must confess that History can afford us too many instances of this power being employed for unworthy purposes: as in the case of Catherine, the wife of Peter the Great, who raised her from the humble situation of waitress, at a provincial inn, to the dignity of sharing his throne: her capacious mind, and many virtues did honour to her elevation, but she could not escape the voice of slander, which accused her of too great a predilection for the society of her Chamberlain: he was found in conversation with her, at a late hour, in the private gardens of the palace,—from that moment his death-doom was sealed; and a very few days afterwards, his head was exposed to public view, from the scaffold whereon it had fallen.

The Czar had the cruelty to take the unhappy Catherine on a drive, that led them in front of the sad spectacle; and sternly kept his eyes fixed upon her, as they came in view of it: No doubt she felt, in her inmost soul, the searching influence of those basilisk eyes—her existence hung upon the inference they might draw, from the expression of her countenance! but the innate attribute of her sex came to her aid; and she regained the confidence of her despot-master, in that moment of peril, by the as-

sumed composure with which, after casting a glance at the features, now pallid in death, on which, in life, she had so often looked with, at least, admiring and affectionate esteem, she remarked, "Alas, that courtiers should so often be found corrupt!" Affecting to believe that it was to some political offence the unfortunate victim of her notice had been condemned to death.

But never, perhaps, was this power of masking inward consciousness, under the assumption of outward ignorance, more detestably displayed, than by Christina, Queen of Swden. Having taken umbrage at her secretary, and favourite, Monaldeschini, for having, as some authors state, repeated passages from her private letters, but according to others, for having spoken slightingly of her personal attractions, this *hydrogene* monarch gave private orders for his assassination, in the very room adjoining that wherein she was sitting in conversation with visitors, whom she had purposely appointed to receive, at the very hour fixed upon for the murderous act; in order to do away with any suspicion of herself being aware of the atrocious deed; she even raising her voice, and affecting more than ordinary animation, to prevent the cries of the victim for aid, and his appeals to her for mercy, from being heard.

But it must ever be remembered that the brightest

objects have also their dark side; as Plato has truly observed, in his well-known axiom, "Things are known by their opposites." The opposite of the best, must be the worst: hence the whole circle of humanity can shew nothing so melancholy, so terrible, so hideous, to contemplate, as a woman, thoroughly denatured and depraved!

How forcibly is this truth expressed by Milton, when he makes Adam,

> "——————— soon as he heard
> The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
> ——————— while horror chill
> Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed,"

apostrophize her,

> "——— his life, so late, and sole delight,"

in "inward silence," best suited to an agony that admitted not of utterance in sound.

> "O fairest of Creation! last and best
> Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
> Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
> Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!
> How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost!
> Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!"
>
> *Paradise Lost*, b. 8, l. 96.

We now, however, come to a third attribute of the Feminine Soul; in which there is nothing to

contemplate but what is beautiful; we mean the faculty of Perception, or rather, as it may be denominated, Intuition; finely defined by an admirable writer, as "that lofty power of the mind, which acting independently of experience, and the slow process of reason, pronounces *at once*, by a noble foresight. Every one knows, from his own experience, that the mind acts sometimes by instinct, sometimes by deliberation: the mental character of the sexes, indicates the difference between these two faculties; intuition predominating in woman, while man takes leisure to reflect. The off-hand judgment of an intelligent woman is fully as valuable as the reasoning conclusion of a man, and even more so."

"Frequently, when doubtful how to act in matters of importance," said the poet Rogers, "I have received more useful advice from women than from men. Women have the understanding of the heart, which is better than that of the head." Lord Bolingbroke pays the same compliment to female good sense; "Whenever," says he, "I am about to undertake a matter of importance, I like to consult a sensible woman." Need we add, he was a sensible man?

The peculiarly feminine tact of seeing into character, and divining what is passing in other minds,

has frequently been the saving of a family; and seldom can the warning resulting from it be slighted with impunity. We were intimate many years with a lady, a valued and beloved friend, whose husband, a plodding man of business, one day brought home, to dine with him, a person of fair repute, and accredited capital; with whom he had been for some time contemplating a partnership. When the newly introduced guest had taken his departure, the lady, who had never seen him before, replied to her husband's enquiry as to her opinion of him, "If you go into partnership with that man, he will rob you of all you have." The event, unfortunately, justified her prediction. Yet she was not a suspicious, or a worldly-minded woman: on the contrary, she was of a warm, imaginative, and highly poetic temperament; insomuch that her more matter-of-fact neighbours deemed her somewhat of a visionary, in the common worldly affairs of every day life; and were amazed to see that she could so far "*lower* her mind," as they termed it, as to descend to assisting her husband, under the pressure of temporary straightness of circumstances, as she industriously and cheerfully did, by attending, herself, to the retail part of his business. Nor do we bring this example forward as anything remarkable, for similar ones are of perpetual occurrence, within the circle of every

one's observation; but solely to shew the value of that intuitive perception of truth with which woman is mercifully endowed, by her Heavenly Father, as well for her own safety, as for the medium of caution and protection to those around her.

"Intuition," says Grindon, "connects us with the angels, with whom it is an especial prerogative. Reason, or induction, associates us with the earth, which is fitted, as a scene for its exercise. Hence, in part at least, the sublime proverb, that 'woman has more of heaven in her, than man.' In the present life both are needful to our well-being; because, like the sexes in their reciprocal relations, each has its peculiar uses to perform, and each is the complement of the other.

"With the mental corresponds the moral constitution of mankind. Intuition has its counterpart in that pre-eminent state of the soul, which is shewn by its acting rightly, from an ardent and impulsive love to God. Reason, or the subordinate faculty, is represented by the condition where obedience springs less from emotions of the heart, than from intellectual persuasions of duty." Here again, the sexes are characterised. Man regards God chiefly with his head; woman chiefly with her heart; whence the general, and perhaps just opinion that there are more women than men, of piety; which opinion is

ably supported by Dr. Scott, in his "Christian Life," wherein he maintains that in heaven there will be more women than men, among the blessed, —a supposition, however, from which we have sufficient humility to dissent.

Lord Brougham, speaking in his "Lives of British Statesmen," of Charles James Fox, says," He possessed a *preternatural* quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to see, at a glance, what cost other men the labour of an investigation." This quickness of apprehension, which struck Lord Brougham as something preternatural, might be deemed so in a *man*, but in a *woman*, it is perfectly natural; part and parcel, indeed, of her very nature.

> "Her rapid mind decides, while his debates,
> She *feels* a truth that he but *calculates*."

If she does not so accurately trace effects to their causes, she yet, to use a phrase of common parlance, "jumps to a conclusion," with a readiness and precision which often astonishes masculine logic. This "intuitive perception of the good, the right, and the beautiful, which requires no argument, but which is the remains of a paradisaic nature," has been termed by metaphysicians "the pure reason," and is justly esteemed by them the highest faculty of the mind. It is the great distinction between

man and the inferior animals, it forms the great difference between the conditions of humanity and those of mere animal life."

"Now this pure reason," says a talented writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, "seems to exist more actively, and more singly, if we may use such a term, in the female mind, than in that of man. It is a rare thing for women to be possessed of great metaphysical acuteness; rare, though less so, for them to be mathematicians. They have quick perceptions, and are able rapidly to combine the vivid ideas elicited within them; but it is not often that they analyze either their own ideas or those of others. Phrenologists tell us that causality is smaller in the female head than in the male. This is not the place to discuss the truth of phrenology; but whatever may be said of the organ, it will, we think, be generally allowed that the faculty is less prominent. But this is, to women, a matter of little moment; they have to deal more with conclusions than with premises; and a woman of judgment arrives at a correct conclusion, sometimes without troubling herself with premises at all. This may be curiously exemplified by examining the works of female writers, when they treat on subjects supposed to require much ratiocination. They take so much for *granted*, that a man would think it

necessary to *prove;* they rely so much, and so rightly too, on the *impression* made on their minds by a transaction, that it is quite easy to see how different is the process by which the same end is attained, to that which would be gone through by a man. Yet it is not, at the first glance that even this will be perceived; for an assemblage of facts with a deduction, look very much like an effort of ratiocination. And so it is; but not of the same nature, with a chain of arguments, and a deduction. Mentally, therefore, as well as morally and physically, is woman *essentially* and *eternally distinct* from man; possessing all that he wants, and deriving from him all that she has not herself; formed for a separate sphere of distinct duties, and with man completing the circle of humanity."

Homer affords us a pretty instance of this feminine quickness of perception in his account of the eagle, with "a milk white fowl," in his talons, appearing to Menelaus, Telemachus, and Helen, as Telemachus is taking leave of his host and hostess. Menelaus is perplexed, and somewhat troubled at the sight, uncertain as to the augury he might draw from it; but Helen, with the ready aptitude of her sex, instantly interprets it as favourable to Ulysses; and this power of perception, Homer expressly tells us, was given her by the gods. *Odyssey*, b. 15, v. 120.

Under the same kind of impression that the faculty predominant in the female sex, of divining the future, from their quick apprehension of the present, men early ascribed to them a positive power of looking into it, and of foretelling, the events about to be brought forth, from the pregnant womb of time. Hence the veneration paid to "Deborah, a prophetess;" who, notwithstanding her being a wife, "the wife of Lapidoth, judged Israel at that time." Such implicit trust in her counsels did Barak, the son of Abinoam, place, that when she called on him to draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with him "ten thousand men, of the children of Naphtali, and of the children of Zebulun," he said unto her, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go:" and he did go, because she accompanied him; even though she told him, previous to their setting out on their journey, that it would not be to his honour.—Judges iv. 4.

From the same belief that woman is in possession of secret springs of knowledge, of the sources of which she is herself unconscious, and, we may be permitted to add, never seeks to enquire into, came the faith in female sooth-saying; the veneration shewn to the priestesses of the Delphic Altars; to the Sybils; and, above all, to the Vestal Virgins;

whose authority was more absolute than that of the priests or augurs; and who were, indeed, invested with privileges beyond those of the highest magistrates of the Republic; extending even to the blessed right of pronouncing pardon, to those whom the law had condemned. And this, too, at a period when the rest of the female sex, whatever might be their rank or standing in society, were in a state of actual bondage, more or less severe, to men; however disguised by them, under the more specious name of tutellage, in their self-constituted offices, as fathers, brothers, guardians, or husbands; but still a state of bondage and restraint.

We are told by Tacitus, speaking of the estimation in which women were held among the ancient Germans, that they were believed, by their countrymen, to possess inherently, something holy and prescient. "Hence," says the historian, "the men do not slight their counsels, or treat their remarks with indifference: in the time of the illustrious Vespasian, Velleda was long esteemed by them as a divinity; and in former ages they venerated the wisdom of Aurinea, and many other women; though they did not debase them with flatteries, or affront them by affecting to consider them as goddesses."

It would, indeed, be easy to trace the universal

belief in female occult knowledge, and female agency, from the earliest histories of the earliest nations; from the Witch of Endor, bringing up Samuel, by her "familiar spirit," at the command of Saul, to the Weird Sisters,

"So withered and so wild in their attire,"

who startled "brave Macbeth" on his way to Forres. From the veiled Isis of mysterious Egypt, to the rag-wrapped Fortune-teller of the Gipsey tribe; from impassioned Greece, throughout Etruria and Rome; the fervid India, and the frozen North; nay, we might safely say, in every habited country on the face of the globe; from the most refined and intellectual people, to the most benighted and oppressed, may be read the history of woman's endeavour after hidden knowledge, and her supposed attainment of it.

The "Story of Psyche," that most beautiful, as it is the most ancient, fable in the whole range of classic fiction; not the profoundest scholar having been, as yet, able to ascertain its origin or date; that exquisite fable, alone, would furnish us with deep matter of reflection upon the subject before us; to which we might add that of Pandora, of Persephone, and many others.

The whole history, indeed, of the Feminine Soul,

the very anatomy, as it were, of its secret organization, may be found in the mysteries of Pagan Mythology; in the same manner do we see in the perfection of Pagan Art, the three phases of feminine existence developed, in the girlhood of Diana, the womanhood of Venus; and its perfection in Juno, the Queen of the goddesses; when physical attractions, yet in their bloom, are heightened by the maturing of mental characteristics.

William Von Humbolt remarks, that it is in the loftier conceptions of the Greek Sculptor alone, we can find the pure and unmixed types of the male and female character, as eternally distinct, and separate from each other. In the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, that remain to us, we feel the full force of the ideal of their breathing marbles; as it existed in their master-minds, and has been by them transmitted to posterity, to their own immortal honour.

But to return more immediately to our subject: we have said that Man is the recipient of wisdom, immediately from the Deity; a perception of which truth was evident among the ancients, in their belief that the soul was derived from the father, the body from the mother. Ovid entertains the same theory in the decree he puts into the mouth of Jupiter, when the body of Hercules is consuming on the funereal pyre.

"The part alone, of gross *maternal* frame
Fire shall consume; while *that* from *me* he drew,
Shall live immortal, and its force renew."

The Eastern nations retain the same belief which is also shared in by the North American Indians.

As the leading principle in the soul of Man is wisdom, it is evident that he must receive that principle immediately from his Heavenly Father; but woman receives it mediately, from man, because the leading principle of her soul is love; as is beautifully expressed by Milton:

"He for God only; she for God in him."

The same idea is continued by him with great delicacy, when he represents Eve as desiring to hear the discourse of the Angel from the lips of Adam, rather than from the Angel himself:

"———— such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole arbitress;
Her husband the relator, she preferr'd
Before the Angel; and of him to ask
Chose rather."

Paradise Lost, b. 8, l. 50.

It is indeed every way natural and right that woman should look up to man, as her instructor; and perhaps of all the incense that her affections are perpetually offering at his shrine, none is more fragrant to him than that which arises from her

deference to his understanding; well, to her, repaid, by the sweet exchange which that understanding perpetually makes, of compliance with her will.

Woman loves in man his intellectual capabilities, his independence, his energy and his courage. Man loves in woman her love of these qualities in himself; her sympathies in what may befal him; her desire to soothe and serve him. Admirably has Shakespere, that profound master of the human heart, unfolded the whole substance of this theory, in the brief explanation which he puts into the mouth of Othello, respecting the origin of the attachment between Desdemona and himself.

> "She loved me, for the dangers I had run;
> And I loved her, that she did pity them."

That the love on the female side is more disinterested than in that of the male, cannot be denied; but women would be spared so much grief and mortification, if they clearly understood the specific difference between their own mental organization and that of men, that we trust we may be excused for dwelling a little longer upon its explanation.

We have already remarked that the feminine nature constantly desires to conjoin the masculine nature with itself; but it is only at intervals that the masculine nature desires to conjoin itself with

the feminine. The intellectual pursuits which constitute the chief province of man, not only can be carried on, for a length of time, without any considerable admixture of the affections, but seem occasionally to require almost exemption from their influence. Whereas the affections constantly desire the presence of their object; and supply the place of it, in its absence, by an earnest devotedness to it, of memory and imagination, which perpetually embodies it, and brings it before the mental eye, in all the vividness of actual existence.

A woman, when separated from her lover, thinks of him so incessantly that he is, in fact, still always present to her, even when she may seem to be occupied with those around her: but the tenderest lover thinks of his mistress only at intervals; and his passion for her is never so warm in absence, as hers for him; though it may resume all its ardour, the moment he beholds her again, or hears her voice. When a woman discovers this difference, as from the quickness and sensibility of her perceptions, she inevitably, from time to time, must discover it, she is wounded by it, and feels inclined to resent it, or at any rate to grieve over it, as an injustice; an ingratitude, on his part, towards her more devoted constancy. But if she knew that all men are in this repect, essentially alike, though, of course, with

certain differences, according to the various degrees of sensibility and imagination with which they may be individually endowed, she would be more reasonable in her expectations; often more agreeable to him she loves, and invariably much happier herself.

If a man were to carry with him into public life, the same softness of feeling, and tenderness of affection which make the charm of a domestic fire-side, it would be impossible for him to transact his affairs with clearness and decision. He would be thinking of his wife and children, when absent from them, instead of turning his thoughts towards procuring them a maintenance; and would be counting the hours till his return home, instead of vigorously devoting them to occupations, by the results of which he might hope to render that home the abode of comfort to his family and himself, when the cares of the day are over.

Let woman always remember, then, that whether in business or in recreation, the pursuits and inclinations of man must, by his very nature, continually take him away from her; interiorly as well as in actual presence; and that it is her province so to act, as to make him always return to her with renewed pleasure; always sensible of the delightful and salutary sphere of her affections, the moment he comes again within their immediate influence.

An amiable and virtuous woman will, in general, find a right and sufficient guide to her actions, in her impulses; but man has, more frequently, to combat his, with the sterner motives of duty: hence is a greater degree of moral strength bestowed upon him, commensurate with the claims continually made upon it. Even parental affection assumes a very different aspect on the paternal, from what it does on the maternal side. "The one," as is admirably observed by the writer to whom we have had the pleasure of dedicating these pages, "all tenderness and indulgence; a pure though most beautiful instinct of nature—the unconscious but prevading power of an irresistible impulse; the other, a shape or phase, indeed, of love, but mingled with care, and sometimes also with sternness—listening to the voice of reason, even when counselling harsh things—growing up by habitude, and made up of forethought and pride, and responsibility and general benevolence. Hence," he proceeds, "we may perceive the wisdom, as well as the beauty of that precious ordinance of nature, which attends to the double need of youth, by providing a father to cultivate its intellect, and a mother to foster its affections."

So in the common business of life, a man will take views very different from those of a woman, of

the same occurrences. The man will base his upon principle, formed by just ideas of right and wrong: the woman's will be swayed by feeling; by her sympathy, her pity, or, perhaps, her prejudices. A man, on finding his friend or acquaintance fallen into distress, though not without compassion for him, still investigates its cause; and does not shut his eyes to the faults and errors of judgment by which it may have been occasioned. He argues the matter impartially, with himself, as well as with others. "His friend ought, or ought not, to have done so and so—He should have enquired into this, or ascertained that; he should have been more wary, or placed less confidence in others, and then he would, in all probability, have avoided the misfortunes into which he is plunged."

But in the mind of woman, all these errors of omission and of commission occupy a very secondary position. In her compassionate and sympathising heart, the first image that presents itself is the vexation and distress they will occasion to him on whom their effect will most severely fall; "How much the *poor fellow* must feel the change in his circumstances! what a grief it will be to him to be obliged to curtail the enjoyments to which his family have been so long accustomed." The want of prudence, or whatever may have been the cause of

the calamity, interest her but little. She neither cares to search deeply into the question, nor does she take any pleasure in the officious information concerning it, when supplied to her by some gossip-loving acquaintance.

These different feelings and perceptions all work together for good, in their appropriate places. It must be evident, that if men were to be carried away by that tenderness of feeling which is so amiable and attractive in women, it would be the cause of much additional suffering and misery to society at large: through its influence, assistance would be injudiciously afforded, under circumstances which might prove to be utterly hopeless; whereby the falling party would not only be without benefit, but would have uselessly exhausted the means of future aid; whilst the generous and liberal, but thoughtless and improvident friend, might fall into the same pit from which he had vainly endeavoured to extricate his neighbour; and thus, instead of being of real service to another, he would only himself become an additional tax on the cold charity of the world. But with a proper perception of the nature of his friend's position, and by a well regulated and careful line of conduct, he is enabled to be of essential benefit to him, and ultimately, perhaps, to lift him up to his original position. Then does his

heart rejoice, and his affections glow within him, almost with woman's warmth; for we must observe, that a true man is not by any means cold in his feelings; much less is he entirely without them; but he keeps them in subjection to his understanding; which ought to form the principal characteristic of of his nature, and to serve him as a guide and guardian.

The same remarks will apply to legal decisions, and, in fact, to all cases where strict impartiality and a rigid sense of justice are indispensable. We can, indeed, conceive no character in civilized society, so awfully misplaced as a female would be, robed in the garb of a judge, summing up the evidence, in criminal cases, to a jury, on whose decision the life of a fellow-creature might depend; and, placing the black cap on her head, preparatory to passing upon him the sentence of death, consequent upon the verdict which her summing up may have influenced.

That there are duties and offices proper to man, which principally take him abroad, and duties and offices proper to woman, which principally keep her at home, is indeed a truth so evident that they must be very visionary theorists, who can maintain that the pursuits proper to each, could be undertaken, without disadvantage, by either. In the duties proper to man, the primary agents are wis-

dom, understanding, thought, firmness, decision. In the duties proper to woman, the primary agents are love, patience, consideration, self-denial: hence it is plain that the duties of each are diverse and separate; though they must eventually blend together, in order to constitute an orderly and happy household.

And what rational being need wish for more than a moiety of attributes, which, so blended, become a whole; a common property; forming at once the preparation for, and the foretaste of, heavenly felicity, unchanging, perfect, and eternal!

When we consider the blessed effects of this entire amalgamation of our separate natures into one, we shall be enabled to see fully the beauty, holiness, and desirableness of Marriage; that sacred and heaven-appointed tie, without which individual happiness would languish, morality would have no security, affection and duty no sure reward; without which, indeed, the whole fabric of human society would, of necessity, crumble away, to its very base. Marriage is fully as much spiritual as natural in its origin: it has fully as much to do with the next world as with this. It is the type of a state of perfect purity, perfect truth, and perfect good; of the union of Christ and his Church, in the heart of man; and therefore a type of the union of love and

wisdom in the Divinity. Such it was in the days of primitive innocence and bliss; and such, when rightly entered into, it still continues: as is evident from the words of our Blessed Lord, when he says,

"Have ye not read, that He which made them at the beginning, made them male and female,

"And said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh?

"Wherefore, they are no longer *twain*, but *one flesh*.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Matt. xix. 4, 5, 6.

Celibacy is, of necessity, an imperfect and unsatisfactory state, at war alike with nature and reason; equally the enemy of the affections and the intellect; perpetually reminding either, of the absence of the other. It is a snare for virtue, a stronghold for selfishness: it is rarely found in a simple and healthy state of society, and wherever it abounds it is a proof of the extremes of profligacy and poverty, that must combine to produce an exotic at once so rank and so barren.

How mistaken then are the arguments, however specious the eloquence, in which they may be dressed, that would vaunt the purity of virginity

over marriage! No doubt purity and innocence are the vital essence, the transcendent charms of virginity; but they are the charms of promise; the promise of all the excellences of which marriage is, or ought to be, the fulfilment; and it would be as wise to prefer the blossom to the fruit, the evanescent blush of the dawn of day, to the glorious and fructifying influence of the meridian sun, as to extol the desirableness and virtues of a single state, above the twice blessed felicity and usefulness, and reciprocating benefit and love of a married one.

Möhler, a German writer, even whilst advocating the celibacy of the clergy, pays the highest tribute to the desirableness and benefits of marriage, in the following description of its effects: "The power of selfishness which is inwoven with our whole being, is altogether broken by marriage; and, by degrees, love, becoming more and more pure, takes its place. When the man marries he gives himself up entirely to *another* being; in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed, Nature renews the same attack on his self-hood; causes him to live less for himself, and more, even without being distinctly conscious of it, for others: his heart expands, in proportion as the claimants upon it increase; and bursting the

bonds of its former narrow exclusiveness, it eventually extends its sympathies to all around. What agony during the sickness of the wife!—what joy, what gratitude, on her recovery! What sadness when the children are in danger! what delight when their voices again ring cheerfully through the house! Through all this the feelings become more pure and holy. As his income is liberally dispensed among many, so his whole inward life is shared among them. This family life is the only strong ground from which the life of the individual becomes more public; that is to say, his love becomes more full and expansive. How many new relations and connections are not partly the immediate, partly the remote consequences of marriage; in the love to the wife all her relations are blended; by-and-bye the sons and daughters form new ties, and in the like proportion the heart of the father expands. . . . After all this necessary training the moral strength has sufficient energy to love the native land (das vater land) and then—to embrace mankind."—*Werke*, vol. i., p. 249.

It is singular that a writer should thus feel all the beauty and virtue of the married state,—and yet think it his duty to endeavour to debar the clergy of its advantages and its happiness. Yet perhaps to no class of men is the sacredness of the

marriage tie more requisite, than to those who are called upon to spiritualize others; to them it is doubly necessary that they should spiritualize themselves; and that they should be ready and able to sympathize with those under their guidance, in all the varied relations of life.

"Marriage," as is piously and truthfully observed, by the Reverend William Bruce, in his "Discourse on the Origin, Uses, and Duties of that Blessed Ordinance," "provides most effectually for these and all kindred uses; because it is that state of life most favourable to the growth both of natural and spiritual virtue; and thence to the formation of the heavenly life. That state of life has the greatest tendency to spiritualize the mind, which tends most to weaken self-love, and to strengthen mutual affection. And one of the principal uses of the married life is, its constant tendency to draw out the affections, and to place them on other objects than *self*. True love for a conjugial partner, surpasses in excellence all other kinds of mutual affection. Being more deeply rooted in the human heart—having, indeed, a deeper ground in the constitution of our nature—its sympathies and its duties, its sorrows and its joys, call into action more interior principles of our minds; and, affecting us more deeply, act upon us more powerfully and bene-

ficially. While married life affords the highest means for drawing out and strengthening all the good affections, it appeals to the best motive for controlling the evil propensities. To deny ourselves of any selfish gratification, or any evil temper, for the sake of another's happiness, is a still higher motive than to do so for the sake of our own. This voluntary and habitual use of self-denial, while it is one of the truest signs of genuine love, is one of the highest uses of real marriage."

With the same enlightened view of the subject, Coleridge says, "How deep a wound to moral and social purity, has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men, in the Romanist countries, attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman; and can such a feeling be without its effect, on the estimation of the married life in general?"

For our own parts we must candidly state our belief, that more misery, to say nothing of crime, has resulted from celibacy, than from all the unhappiest marriages that ever were made; and we can confidently appeal to physicians of the soul, as well as of the body, to bear us out, in our opinion: statistical reports, indeed, so far confirm it, that, according to them, it appears the mean duration of life, in both sexes, is greater among the mar-

ried than the single: also that suicides, both in England and in France, the countries where, unhappily, they are most frequent, prevail, in the proportion of one-third more, among the unmarried men than the married.

If we examine the countenances, even without enquiring into their habits, of monastic recluses, of either sex, who have vowed themselves to celibacy and seclusion, either from mistaken views of rendering themselves more acceptable to their Heavenly Father, in the next world, by refusing all his parental blessings in this; or by a selfish calculation of escaping the cares common to humanity, the every-day duties and charities of social life; by the stifling of their natural affections, and in-born sense of what they owe to their fellow-creatures, and fellow-labourers upon earth; what gloom, what vacancy, what stultification, do they not almost invariably exhibit! Whilst, on the contrary, how soon, after marriage, may we observe, in couples who are happy in each other, alterations to the advantage of each. The woman becomes more intellectual, the man more affectionate; we may read, in the countenances of both, a new language; and frequently the influence of their mental association shews itself in the striking similarity of physiognomical expression which takes place in them, during

the consociation of years, in happy union: a similarity never found to occur, between parties who may be living together, in bonds equally familiar, though, unfortunately for them both, not so hallowed. Is not this remarkable difference a proof that marriage is in itself a holy thing; not to be imitated, or supplied, by any contract or agreement merely of a civil nature? Never, then, let its ties be profaned by any motives or feelings contrary to those which sanctify it, in the eyes of Him who instituted and blessed it, for our happiness.

But to exalt and sanctify the love, without which there is no foundation for this happiness, it is indispensably necessary that the *equality* of the sexes be felt and acknowledged. It was owing to the want of this acknowledgement, among the ancients, that with them the inclination or passion, which they designated love, was devoid of delicacy, and too often of esteem; save for such females as, in the eyes of their associates, atoned, by their intellectual culture, for the absence of that modesty and fidelity on which alone, now that the sex is better understood, esteem for it can be permanently founded.

It has often been disputed whether women are capable of carrying on the same mental studies, and scientific pursuits as men; in other words, of ele-

vating their intellectual vision into the same sphere of light, and consequently of viewing intellectual objects from the same altitude, and in the same focus. The advocates for their mental equality maintaining that the sole obstacle to their so doing is to be found in their different and defective education; whilst those who entertain an opposite opinion, do not hesitate to assign mental inferiority, in females, as sufficient ground for their inability to compete with masculine acquirements.

As we have set out with the argument that the sexes are *equal*, though not *alike*, we can scarcely admit the term *inferiority*, as applicable to the mental, any more than it would be to the bodily organization of the female: Who would say that the physical frame of Woman is inferior in its construction, to that of Man, as being deficient in his muscular strength? as well might she reproach him with deficiency, in comparison with hers, of grace in his movements.

It is evident, however, that if we admit that there is a sex in souls, we must also admit that there is a sex in pursuits; which are, in other words, the productions of the soul: External things can only be produced from internal; and whatever the governing attribute may be, the things which it sends forth must savour of itself; insomuch that it

may be safely affirmed that there is not a single passion, sentiment, feeling, thought or mental operation, however simple and uncompounded it may be, that exists under exactly the same phase, in the mind of a woman, as in that of a man.

We know, indeed, that women have occasionally appeared upon the grand stage of life, who have acquitted themselves, as rulers of nations, with a wisdom and justice, that secured to the people whom they were called upon to govern, as large a share of prosperity as they could have enjoyed, under any masculine direction whatsoever: Witness Deborah, that "Mother in Israel," who governed forty years the children of Israel, "a stiff-necked and way-ward people," "and there was peace in the land, all the years that she governed." Witness Zenobia, the accomplished and beautiful Queen of Palmyra, Syria, and Egypt; who raised her country to a pitch of refinement that excited the jealousy of Aurelian; who, when a reverse of fortune threw her into his power, basely avenged himself of her abilities and her courage, by tearing her from her throne, bringing her in chains to Rome, and making her walk in his *triumph!* sinking under the weight of her fetters, before her own regal chariot, laden with the treasures he had despoiled her of, even to her personal attire and feminine ornaments; whilst he preceded

it, in a magnificent car, drawn by four stately elephants!

But to come down to our own country; we might instance the courageous, the noble-minded Boadicea, whose fortitude in defeat equalled her bravery in the field; the gentler Martia, with whom, it is said, originated the idea, afterwards perfected by King Alfred, of that glorious pillar of our laws, Trial by Jury; and, in later times, the "Virgin Queen" Elizabeth; who, whatever might be the vanities or the frailties of the feminine features of her character, displayed, as a monarch, a masculine energy and decision, that ensured to her reign the respect of all the surrounding nations. And may we not be permitted to anticipate yet further extended glories, for our Victoria,—Queen, wife, and mother! under whose sway the British Empire bids fair to achieve benefits, not only for itself, but for the whole human race, hitherto unparalleled in the annals of history?

Volumes, indeed, might be filled with the history of women who have governed kingdoms with ability and firmness. It has even been asserted, and not without shew of reason, that female reigns have, generally speaking, been more prosperous than others. For whatever degree of prosperity, however, they may have been celebrated, the secret of the wisdom

of the ruler will be found in the truth, that Queens, like the rest of their sex, are invariably directed, virtually, by men; whilst Kings are, too often, themselves, governed by women.

Still we may venture to say, that our individual opinion coincides with that of the hyena-hearted Queen, whose name we have already had occasion to mention, Christina of Sweden; who herself pronounced the Salique law, forbidding females to inherit the throne, to be "a wise and good one;" and who was, in her own person, too terrible an instance of the danger of trusting absolute power in female hands. It is, indeed, a dangerous possession for frail humanity, even when the possessor of it may be gifted with strength of judgment and integrity of purpose; but how tenfold more dangerous, when it is intrusted to a being whose very nature renders her liable to be swayed by feeling, rather than by reason; to act from impulse rather than from calculation.

The instances of cruelty practised by some queens, upon the unfortunate victims of their suspicion, jealousy, or hate; particularly before the precious light of the Gospel had diffused its benevolent radiance over the, till then, benighted world, are so atrocious that we shrink from sullying our pages with the mention of them. We are unwilling to include "Bloody Queen Mary" in our category of

regal delinquents; because literary ability has of late been exerted, to pourtray that little-to-be-envied lady as "more sinned against than sinning;" but we must not forget that even Isabella of Spain, one of the sweetest personifications of female excellence that ever wore a crown, was not proof against priestly influence, when the question was brought before her, of submitting heretics to the purifying process of an *auto-da-fé*, to enable them, as it was charitably held out, to escape from fiercer and unextinguishable flames hereafter.

But to descend from royalty to common life; how many women do we daily see managing affairs of trade and commerce, which may have devolved upon them by the death of their husbands, or male relations, with a prudence, acuteness, and exactitude, which would have done honour even to masculine intellect. "When women," says Eugene Sue, "are possessed of what is called *business talent*, and when they apply thereto, the sharpness of perception, the indefatigable perseverance, the *prudent dissimulation*, and above all the correctness and rapidity of judgment, *at first sight*, which are peculiar to them, they arrive at prodigious results."

One remarkable instance of the truth of this observation came within our own notice; in a lady, for she was a lady, both in appearance and manners,

carrying on, unaided, as far as could be known, by masculine interference, a business, for several years, on a scale so extensive, that when, after her death, it came under the management of her sons, they found their united efforts insufficient, to keep it up in its original vigour, and with its original profits.

The husband of this exemplary woman, was the landlord of a large, old-fashioned, well-frequented, inn, in Aldgate. On his decease, his widow, having a young family to provide for, took the management of it upon herself. The house made up three hundred beds; and the occupants of them always found the landlady, early in the morning, in the bar, ready to greet them, and enquiring if they had found their accommodation to their liking. It is perhaps needless to add that the answer was almost invariably in the affirmative. Throughout the whole of the department the same attention to order, punctuality, and comfort, was observed.

It was at a time when the coaching system of travelling was carried, in its utmost perfection, throughout England; when the Four-in-hand flew, with racer-speed, along Mac Adamised roads; when the few minutes allowed for change of horses was counted by seconds: but this good mistress, "merciful to her beasts," never allowed them to go more than eight miles, at their breathless pace; whilst he

who "held the ribbons," managed his hundred miles a day, with apparent ease, always sober, steady, and obliging; and when he had kept the lead upon the road, in a contested run, and was the first to arrive at the end of the journey, he was greeted by the expectant ostlers and assembled spectators, with shouts of gratulation, that not even a victor in the Olympic games would have affected to disdain.

Of this exhilarating branch of public business, our good hostess had her full share. She kept seven hundred horses, and had a farm at a convenient distance on the road, to which they were regularly sent for rest, whenever they seemed to require it. Her coaches were acknowledged to be the best appointed in the kingdom—which they traversed from one end to the other.—The name of their owner secured respect for the passengers, at the inns upon the road; her coachmen were remarkable for their civility and punctuality. When any of them had made extraordinary exertion, or shewn timely presence of mind, or commendable exercise of judgment, in moments of emergency or danger, she always rewarded the fortunate individual with a full suit of clothes; and once a month she devoted an entire night to settling her accounts with her "staff;" dealing out her praises and her

censures with equal impartiality, but rarely, indeed, sending any of them dissatisfied from her presence. In a time of such competition, it was to be expected that she would have to encounter frequent invaders on her "lines;" she did expect it; in fact she rather rejoiced in it: the sound of a rival horn, was, in her ears, like the blast of a trumpet, to the war-horse. She relied upon the strength of her troops, the discretion of her generals, the abundance of her ammunition. "We shall see," she would calmly remark, "who has the longest purse:" and she would forthwith exhibit the length of her own, by lowering her fares, and increasing her accommodations; almost invariably ending the campaign, by driving the enemy off the field.

Yet with all her multifarious occupations on her hands, all her domestic duties within, all her extensive dealings without, this model landlady was never hurried, never behind hand: always cheerful, attentive, and obliging; always unassuming, grateful and polite; she was respected by her many hundreds of customers, with most of whom, from their constant return to her house, she was individually acquainted. Beloved by her own family, and in the chosen circle of her friends, esteemed by her neighbours, and reverenced by her numerous dependents, an Empress could be no more,—

and we doubt not that had she been called upon to rule over an Empire, instead of an Inn, notwithstanding the distrust we have taken the liberty to express of female sovereigns, in general, her subjects would have had good reason to be satisfied, with her guidance of the helm of state.

Still, though women may occasionally, from peculiar circumstances, as we have just instanced, be initiated into the pursuits, and business-habits of men, it will be found, almost invariably, that the right performance of them is mainly dependant upon the masculine councils, to which they, consciously or unconsciously, submit, in the degree exactly proportioned to their own good-sense, docility, and candour.

In the same manner we see the annals of science present to us the names of many females, who have manifested their capacity for plunging, to a certain depth, into scientific pursuits; and sympathising with, or imitating, the more profound enquiries into them, of masculine minds; but it has been from that same principle of love, which leads woman so perpetually to seek conjunction with man, even in pursuits the most opposite to her own; any thing beyond this is not in the nature of her mental organization, in which an affinity with pure scientifics has no place.

In opposition to this, what may appear to some, our unqualified assertion, we shall doubtless be told of the celebrated Athenian maid, who lectured to her father's pupils, from behind a curtain, for fear, as we are informed by her biographer, of their attention to her subject being diverted by admiration of her charms; an instance, if true, we may beg leave to remark, of stoical philosophy, on the part of the lady, transcending any other instance of self-denial, in one of the female sex, that has ever come within the field of our observation or research. We may also be reminded of the amiable Maria Agnese, who filled the chair of the professor of mathematics, at Bologna; and of many other females who have attained, nominally and outwardly, a high reputation for the abstract sciences; but in reply to these vauntings of their champions, in matters which, after all, in no way affect their real influence over men, or their own well-doing or happiness, we need only put one sober question: Has ever, since first the material world was framed, ever, since the government over it, or comprehension of it by man, commenced, has, we repeat it, one single discovery of a scientific nature, ever been achieved, or one single step of any importance made, in the whole round of the physical sciences, by woman?

Whatever women may have done, or seemed to

do, achieved, or have had the credit of achieving; has been effected through the moving principle of their very being; from the love which incessantly prompts towards consociation with man, or from some secondary motive, connected with the affections: to divert some secret grief, fill up some "aching void," or gain renown, in the hope of enhancing their value in the eyes of some one, whose name, probably, they would have gladly taken, instead of their own.

Would Caroline Herschell ever, of her own spontaneous inclination, and sole desire after astronomical knowledge, have foregone her natural rest, and devoted night after night, to the fixed watching of the heavens; transmitting to her brother, by ingenious mechanical contrivance, the movement of every star, as it passed in its orbit, before her untiring eyes? No; it was her love for that brother, her desire not to be separated from him, in the object, or pursuit, of his studies, that gave her strength to sacrifice to him the hours which she would otherwise, naturally, have devoted to repose; it was that love which gave her an interest in every star she noted down, as a common good—a fresh bond of congratulation and rejoicing, with the brother so dear to her.

In the same way other women have plunged into the pursuits of their husbands—have called them-

selves geologists, mineralogists, entomologists, conchologists, zoologists, chymists, botanists, and what not; and have tried to persuade themselves they were studying the sciences pertaining to the terms, from innate passion for them; though they must all the time have felt conscious that beyond their natural perception of what might be beautiful in each, that beauty apparent on the surface, without including the trouble of laborious calculation or research, they cared not whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth went round the sun; and so on with the whole circle of the sciences.

Even our own all-accomplished and most amiable Mrs. Somerville, in her far-famed work, the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," has only brought clearly and harmoniously together, the statements of others; without advancing any thing new of her own. Nor indeed did her devoting the bloom of her life to abstruse pursuits, originate in any ruling passion for them, for their own sakes: they were first resorted to, by her, in compliance with the counsels of her medical adviser; with the view of their drawing out her mind from the gloom into which it had been plunged, by the premature loss of her dearest female friend; accidentally drowned, in a water party she had persuaded her to join, in the hope of conquering in her the repugnance

and dread of that element, which was constitutional in the unfortunate young lady.

We must therefore repeat our conviction, that the inclination towards scientifics, or the power of acquiring profound knowledge in them, forms no feature in the Feminine Soul. Women may talk of them, write upon them, even lecture upon them,—nay, take their degrees in some branches of them; as has been the case in Bologna, Seville, and other celebrated universities in Italy and Spain: but they have never yet done, and, we may venture to add, never will do, any thing more than repeat, often, we are willing to acknowledge, gracefully and ingeniously repeat, the facts stated, and the theories built upon them, by the philosophers of the masculine race, whom they seek to emulate, in whose mental constitution the love of scientifics and the power of enquiring into them, form an integral part.

One thing is certain, that whatever attainments the female sex may have made, by application and patience, in pursuits so uncongenial to their nature as scientific ones, they have been obtained by a very different process in their minds, from that which would have been employed, for the same result, in the minds of men. "We may be required," says an able writer, discussing the subject, "to point out the difference between the learning of Madame

Dacier, and M. Sanadon; between the mathematics of Mrs. Somerville, and of Professor Whewell; between the politics of Miss Martineau, and those of Mr. Malthus; but we would remind the enquirer that it is perfectly possible to arrive at the same conclusion, by different premises. Two locomotive engines, one moved by steam, the other by air, may be placed on parallel lines, but though they may arrive at the terminus, at the same identical moment, yet it cannot be denied that they have been moved by a different application of a different principle." — *Foreign Quarterly Review*, 1841, p. 336.

And this brings us to the consideration of another question; whether literary pursuits are compatible, as far as the publication of them may be concerned, with the nature and habits of woman? Men have, almost universally, a natural repugnance to the character of a female author; and it is only by some very rare merit in herself, or attraction in her writings, or by a conviction, from their own personal acquaintance with her, that neither her domestic virtues, nor the amiability of her manners are impaired, by her intellectual pretensions, that they are brought to suffer, with anything like complacency, the assumption of a position which seems to place her on a level with themselves; or, at least, to render

her guilty of the presumptuous endeavour so to do. This repugnance, however, is in itself no argument. Men have a natural repugnance to woman's possessing property; or being her own mistress; or independent of them in any shape; and have, indeed, many other repugnances, to admitting her on an equal footing with themselves, that have no other foundation than the selfishness of human nature, which perpetually prompts the desire to possess, if it were possible, every thing, and to rule over every one.

It is not Man's objections, but Woman's capability that we have to consider: if she could prove herself as capable as man, of pursuing her way in the higher walks of literature, she would bring her own refutation of any arguments he might choose to advance, as to her unfitness for them. But here, as in matters of science, woman will never be found to have passed certain limits: never, in fact, to have done more than reflect and repeat the ideas she has received from man; though often, it must be granted, investing them with more graceful forms and brighter hues, by exhibiting them through the medium of her own sensibility.

We have already observed that no woman has ever yet advanced any new ideas in metaphysics, or natural science; and we are now constrained to add

that neither has any woman ever yet produced a History of any nation, people, or period, that is looked upon as a standard, and an authority. The chief reason is, that in contemplating and delineating objects, woman is too much swayed by her feelings, her affections, which form so large a portion of her mental organization, to do so without passion or prejudice.

Strict impartiality and perfect truth are too rarely to be met with, even in male historians; in female ones it would be impossible to find them. One of the earliest on record, Anna Commenes, can scarcely be considered in any other light than as the panegyrist of her father, the Emperor Alexis; and our countrywoman, Mrs. Catherine Macauley Graham, styled by one of her male co-temporaries, "one of the most honest of men," and who has indeed approached the nearest the masculine mould, in her "History of England," is rarely quoted, but when some political writer is driven to his wit's end, for a democratical argument.

Independently, moreover, of the mental temperament of women being such as to deprive them of the great sinews of an historical writer, correctness and impartiality, the comparatively secluded nature of their habits, and their moral delicacy, is an obstacle to their acquiring that deep insight into

society, that entire knowledge of the various classes and individualities of which it is made up, which are absolutely requisite for those to possess, who undertake to describe not only the actions of mankind, but the motives also, by which those actions have been prompted.

Women are deficient in the intellectual acumen which traces events to causes, and draws sound and irrefragable conclusions from them; shewing what their results have been, and may be again.

Women of good sense, good taste, and right feeling, may *compile* histories, from the works of men, in a pleasing, popular, and useful form; many such have appeared, of recent date, that reflect credit on their authors; but the seizing original ideas, arranging them in a clear and philosophical point of view, and drawing correct inferences from them, of persons and facts, is what they never yet have achieved, and, it may safely be asserted, never will be any nearer achieving.

There are, moreover, particular periods of History, and particular personages connected with it, on which, we should think, few female writers could bring themselves to dwell. Can we imagine a female Suetonius, writing such a work as "The Twelve Cæsars;" or laying before the Public the depravities of James the Second; or the licentious-

ness of his grandson, Charles the Second, with the truthfulness and "unbashful forehead" that would be looked for in a Male Historian?

Even the historical Novel, or Romance, is beyond the feminine grasp, as far as vigour and truth of portraiture may be concerned. No woman could have written novels like Sir Walter Scott's: we need no better argument to prove that every thing assumes a different phase in passing through the feminine mind, than a comparison of the characters of Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, as depicted by the "Wizard of the North," in "Kenilworth," and the "Abbot," with the same personages pourtrayed, in the novel of "The Recess," by the late Miss Lee; a production, nevertheless, replete with elegance of sentiment, and of a pathos that is sure to beguile, at any rate, a youthful reader, of those tears, which are the truest tribute to merit, in a work that appeals to fancy and feeling. The same remarks may apply to the late Miss Porter's once popular romances, of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs;" now scarcely remembered; and indeed to the general run of Historical novels, from female pens.

Neither has a woman ever yet written an Epic Poem, that could aspire to higher rank than that of a romance in verse; as we see in the so-called

"Epic Poem" of "*Richard Coeur de Lion*," by the late Miss Porden, afterwards first wife of the lamented Sir John Franklin—a poem abounding in beautiful passages, both of sentiment and description, but assuredly not an "Epic Poem."

Neither has any female ever written a tragedy, which has kept possession of the stage or the closet. The first female pen that was ever employed in England, in an attempt of the kind, was that of the Countess of Pembroke, in her "Cleopatra;" her own name handed down to posterity, more by Ben Jonson's celebrated epitaph upon her,

> "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death ere thou hast kill'd another,
> Fair and learned, good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

than by her offering to the tragic muse; which, like the majority of its successors, attracted little notice, and was speedily consigned to oblivion.

Some may plead, as an exception to our observation, Miss Baillie's "Plays of The Passions;" but the same remark may be applied to them; that, however admirable in themselves, they please rather as poems, than as what they assume to be. Nor has a woman ever composed a piece of music, an Oratorio, an Opera, or even a Concerto, on such scien-

tific principles, as for it to be classed among the works of the standard masters of harmony. Somewhat extraordinary, considering that, for the last fifty years, at any rate, it has been deemed an essential part of female education, to devote seven hours per diem, to the study of *music*, as the teachers may term it; in other words, to that traversing of the keys of a piano-forte "down the middle, and up again, cross hands and back again," with a rapidity which, to unpractised eyes appears almost impossible; and which Dr. Johnson, who preferred the rational interchange of thought to overpowering and senseless noise, wished were so altogether.

But shall any one say, then, that there are no fields of literature in which the female hand may sow some precious seeds, raise some brilliant blossoms, and sweetly odorous flowers; or plant some delicious and salutary fruit! Thousands of productions from feminine pens would rise up to refute the assertion. In one single article in the "Quarterly Review," for 1840, are reviewed the poems of nine English female writers, whose characteristics the Reviewer designates under a wreath of flowers, and gallantly and patriotically says, "Can any other nation shew an equal to it?"

These poems alone would prove how sweetly the lyre of Calliope will respond, to the touch of female

fingers. Let it be granted, then, that in lyric and elegiac poetry, women may sometimes win the laurel crown, even from the brow of their lordly competitors. Let us throw open the lists for them wider still; and we shall find many other departments in which they will often bear away the palm of victory. In epistolary compositions women are unrivalled: the wonderful faculty they have of perceiving, divining, or feeling what passes in the minds of others, is an unerring guide to their adoption of the tone and sentiment most suitable to their subject, and most congenial to the individual whom they may be addressing.

If we cite Madame de Sévigné's Letters, in favour of our remark, it is not that we could not find innumerable confirmations of its truth, among our own countrywomen, but because her's, combining the interest of important historic facts, with the endearing familiarities of private life, have gained a world-wide renown, which makes the mere mention of her name sufficient to authorise the praise connected with it. If, however, we forego the factitious advantage of high position in society, and adventitious circumstances of the times, and consider simply the power of pleasing, and of instructing, where shall we find those powers more gracefully exhibited than in productions like Mrs.

Child's "Letters from New York," the perusal of which calls forth, in the mind of the reader, exactly the same sentiments of delight, admiration, esteem, and sympathy, that would be excited by the conversation of an amiable and talented female friend, in the course of an affectionate visit, when no forms of ceremony interfere with the exchange of sentiment, and assurance of regard.

Closely allied to this branch of composition, and indeed, often chosen as the form in which they are best presented to the public, are Travels, or Tours, of a descriptive, or domestic kind. It has been well remarked, that all countries have a *home-life* to describe, as well as a public one; and with this *home-life*, women are peculiarly fitted to make us acquainted. It comes more immediately within the sphere of their observation, and appeals more directly to their feelings and their interests.

"We look," says the critic whose words we have just quoted, "to the biography and writings of a woman, to shew us the *interior* of a nation, as well as of a family; to furnish those secondary evidences and causes of a people's character, which men cannot be said to *overlook*, so much as actually NOT TO SEE."—*Quarterly Review*, 1843.

The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, models in themselves of vivacity and wit, were the

first sources from which her countrywomen derived any accurate knowledge of the inner life of the east; and we need not remind our readers how lately we have been indebted to female pens, for laying before us the actual state of society, and modes of living in Australia, and other countries, as yet only struggling into civilization.

In familiar and sentimental fiction also; in devotional and moral essays,—in criticisms requiring refined taste, a deep insight into the human, especially the female, heart, a delicacy of taste, and a sensibility which

"Lives along the line,"

such as is manifested in Mrs. Jameson's exquisite "Characteristics of Women,"—in works of education, of instruction and amusement, for children and young persons, women generally, not only equal men, but often display a felicity of tact, an acuteness of perception and apprehension, a liveliness of imagination, a playfulness of wit, a depth and warmth of feeling, that men, in their turn, must be contented to drink from the reservoir of *imitation;* for the *spring*, the pure "well-spring undefiled," of all these excellences has its origin in the female breast, and not in theirs.

Pity, indeed, would it be to prohibit the bring-

ing forth of such treasures, only because they differ in kind, rather than in degree, from those engendered in the masculine mind! As well might we condemn the spotless pearl to rest unsought beneath the wave, because it cannot boast the lustre of the diamond; or suffer silver to remain profitlessly buried in its native mine, because it has not the specific value of gold.

If, then, woman's capability of attaining a high degree of excellence and use, in many departments of literature, be acknowledged, it must also be granted that there can be nothing foreign to her nature, in cultivating the pursuits for which she may be really and evidently gifted with the genius requisite. As to the common argument, that women who write are apt to neglect their domestic duties, if those duties be really neglected, it makes little difference to the members of the family, whose comforts or respectability suffer from the negligence, by whatsoever it may be caused. If a man returns home after a busy, perhaps an anxious day, and finds his dinner badly dressed, or uncomfortably served, it is of small matter to him, whether his wife may have passed the time she ought to have been attending to it, or at any rate giving directions concerning it, at her writing desk, or at her piano-forte: in fact, a very musical lady is fully as likely to neglect

her family as a very literary one; nay, we have known very many ladies, utterly guiltless of any particular accomplishment at all, any ruling passion, or any favourite pursuit, whatever, who have nevertheless managed, by the passive aid of indolence and empty-headedness, to keep themselves and their households in a constant dawdle and irregularity; without even affording their husbands the consolation of being enabled to assign any positive reason or tangible cause for their domestic discomfort, and consequent dissatisfaction. Whilst, on the contrary, we have seen authoresses, and even actresses, whose pursuits may seem still more at variance with domestic life, present in their own houses, such methodical family arrangements, and such cheerful scenes of well ordered hospitality, as made their friends forget that they were in any way removed from every-day life, any way differing from other estimable wives, mothers, or friends, until they were reminded of it, by beholding them, with fresh admiration, in their more public characters, in their publications, or their performances.

Miss Martineau, indeed, who has written so much good sense and fine sense, that we must regret the more her ever having written any thing worse than nonsense, expressly says, "I have no hesitation in saying that the most ignorant women I have

ever known, have been the worst housekeepers; and that the most learñed women have been among the best—wherever they have been early taught and trained to household business; *as every woman ought to be.*"

Let, then, every woman who may follow a pursuit, to which jealous, or contracted minds, choose to raise objections, always remember that she is doubly called upon, from respect to that pursuit, to her sex, and to herself, to shew that it may be so conducted, as not to interfere with either her domestic duties, or her companionable attractions. Miss Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus, was as famed, among her female friends, for her needle-work, as she was among her masculine ones, for her extraordinary classical attainments; and the late excellent Mrs. Trimmer, reared, under straightened circumstances, a family of twelve children, amid her extensive literary labours.

"There is a time for all things," and as literary women are generally less addicted to morning visits, shopping, fashion-hunting, and other frivolous occupations, than such of their sex as have not any rational pursuit whatever, there can be no just cause why they should not find sufficient leisure to regulate their households as well, attend to their children as tenderly, and make themselves as agree-

able to their husbands, and their friends, as the emptiest-headed woman of their acquaintance may do, or boast of doing.

Still it must be candidly admitted that authorship is not the pursuit best adapted to females, or most attractive in them. It is trying to their sensibility and their health. It subjects them to criticisms and discussions in which their male judges are too apt to treat them with asperity and indelicacy; always cowardly, and often cruel. It sometimes mixes them up with parties whose principles may not be agreeable to them; and it exposes them, though very often most unjustly, to the suspicion that they may annex more importance to their own talents, and expect more homage for them, than they have any right to claim; or at least more than men are willing to pay them. Marmontel has set this forth, with equal truth and feeling, in his pretty story of "La Femme Auteur," wherein the young authoress complains that her lover neither sympathises in the admiration her works inspire, nor seems to admire her so much, himself, as he did when she sought no praise beyond his own.

Southey, one of the kindest of men towards authors who solicited either his advice or assistance, says, in dissuading a young lady, who had written to him respecting some literary work she

was projecting, "In proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be *unfitted* for them, without becoming fitted for anything else. Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life: and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure she will find for it, even as an accomplishment and a recreation." How fortunate he himself was in the possession of a wife peculiarly *fitted* to the habits, and, may we add, *helplessness* of a literary man, may be seen in his regrets for her loss. "I find it is a grevious thing," he says, in one of his letters, "that I must now think about the ways as well as the means. For the last eight-and-twenty years, I had nothing to do, but provide the *means*, in my own quiet way, and deliver them to one of the best stewards that ever man was blest with. The WAYS were her concern; and her prudence and foresight exempted me from all trouble, as well as from all cares.

The present age abounds with female authors; many of them in the upper ranks of society; one half of whom, it is not too much to say, are incited to appear before the public, solely by the ambition of shewing themselves in a character which the whim of the day has rendered fashionable.

The general spread of education, and the undue cultivation of mere accomplishments, in all classes, has rendered the display of them small matter of distinction. On this account music has long ceased to be cultivated, so sedulously as heretofore, in the upper circles: drawing and painting threatened, through the aid of gratuitous teaching, to become equally *common*—that "word of fear" to "ears polite" — they then sought refuge in the study of languages, as something more likely to be kept among themselves; but in that, also, they find they are overtaken, in the "march of intellect," by the persevering industry of those beneath them: at last authorship was thought of; as a distinction, in which they could not be competed with so easily; not for want of rival abilities, but for want of the means of bringing the article, when manufactured, into an over-stocked market; a difficulty easily surmounted by aristocratic authoresses; simply by paying for the gratification of their vanity; advancing the publisher a certain sum, to guarantee him from probable loss, in bringing their productions to light; a sufficient proof of what must be the actual value of them.

It is, nevertheless, highly desirable that the mind of woman should receive all the cultivation of which it may be capable. "Depend upon it," says that

keen observer of life and character, the Reverend Sydney Smith, "men set more value on the cultivated mind, than on all the accomplishments of a woman, which they are rarely able to appreciate . . . . Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society. But then," he wisely adds, "they must use it with discretion: if the stocking is *blue*, the petticoat must be *long*."

The desire in a woman of laying her mental attainments before the public, should be encouraged only when her talent for composition is *inherent;* and loved, purely and passionately, for its own sake; for the delight it may afford herself; uncontaminated by thirst of indiscriminate praise, or sordid desire of gain; in which latter respect, indeed, almost any mechanical art that a woman can practise, presents a fairer average probability of reasonable remuneration, in return for the time expended upon it: These provisos granted, then, if pursued in moderation, to the neglect of no other duties, and with a sincere desire to impart innocent gratification, or useful instruction, and beget sympathy in amiable and kindred minds, there can be no reason why feminine capability of authorship, should not be brought forward, like any other endowment; and receive from the Public whatever degree of praise and estimation may be justly its due. At the same

time, we may be allowed to observe that wherever a husband, whether from more than average sensitiveness of feeling, or even from ignorant prejudice, or narrowness of mind, has a decided objection to his wife's appearing before the Public, bearing as she does, his name, in the character of an authoress, thus laying herself open to public comment, we should hope she would never so far seek her own gratification, in preference to his, as to persist in a search after celebrity, which can only end in proving that she prefers the transient admiration of the multitude, even supposing she may be gifted enough to obtain it, to the heart-felt esteem of the partner of her days. Madame Neckar, the mother of Madame de Stael, though brought up in literary society, and replete with intellectual stores, relinquished her desire of authorship, on the first intimation from her husband, that renown so gained by her, would be any thing but gratifying to him.

Indeed, if we were called upon to declare our own individual opinion, we should have to confess that we think a married woman has no more right to appear before the public, in the capacity of an author, contrary to the inclination of her husband, than upon the stage, as an actress, a singer, or an opera-dancer. With single ladies it is a different

affair; having only themselves to please, they have a right to please themselves; nor would it be fair to deprive them of any of the consolations celibacy may be capable of; one of which, undoubtedly, is its comparative freedom from masculine control—for once arrived at "years of discretion," we do not see why women, any more than men, are to be held in perpetual tutelage and dependence; save with respect to those laws of morality and propriety which ought to be imperative on both sexes alike.

The same remarks that apply to authorship in females, may be extended to their speaking in public, lecturing, and that most ridiculous of all ideas that ever entered the brain of a theorist, taking their places, with men, as members of parliament.

St. Paul is right when he says "I forbid a woman to teach," that is to teach in public; but he is not right, in the reason he assigns for his prohibition, "for Adam was first formed, and then Eve;" as implying her inferiority, on that account; an argument which, we have endeavoured to shew, is not tenable; but because from the very inmost nature of woman's soul, she is not capable of severely impartial and logical reasoning; or in other words, of convincing, or being convinced, by truth alone. Her will and her affections would

always make themselves heard, within herself, at any rate, above all other arguments; her instinctive desire to influence the understanding of man, and to conjoin him in love with herself, would make her never lose sight, for an instant, of her possible attractions, as a female. She would always be less intent on *what* she said, than *how* she said it; more flattered by homage paid to her powers of *persuasion*, than to those of her *reasoning:* she would never forget that she was a woman; *entreating* men rather than arguing with them; whilst they, continually made sensible, by the irresistible sympathy between man and woman, that they were conjoined with a sex opposite to their own, in matters uncongenial to its nature, would either find their own manly vigour of intellect weakened and debased by their endeavour to accommodate it to the inferior reasoning powers of their feminine coadjutors, or they would look upon those coadjutors with a jealousy and disdain, equally prejudicial to the discussions of truth, and fatal to the best interests of the beings who have to rely for all their happiness, upon the kindness and protection of those into whose province they would thus rashly and vainly endeavour to intrude.

Nor is female eloquence, however captivating and persuasive it may be, in familiar discourse or appeals

to benevolence, or charity, exactly the sort adapted

"Th' applause of listening senates to command."

Its redundancy, we suspect, might provoke frequent *coughing down*, from the opposition benches, upon whatever side it might be poured forth; its favourite style would be found the circumlocutory; its favourite figure the hyperbole—Pleonasius might be largely indulged in, but precision rarely met with—indeed the very meaning of the word, derived from the latin, *præcedere*, to *cut off*, inculcating the retrenchment of all superfluous words, sufficiently explains how little it would be observed, by a sex that, of all styles of rhetoric, least affects the Laconic.

"Women," says Jean Paul Richter, "can scarcely say to a child, 'Be quiet,' without colon and semicolon. Was there ever an instance of a woman training a dog? Or could a *Generaless*, commanding her troops on march, to halt, ever express herself in fewer words than, 'All you people, as soon as I have done speaking, I command you all to stand still in your places. Halt! *I tell you.*'"

Neither is the mental organization of women, in any way fitted for the enlarged and comprehensive view of the affairs of nations, required in those who have to pronounce upon them.

"One characteristic of the other sex," says Haugh-

ton, in his ingenious Essay "On Sex, in the World to come," "is, that it is with extreme difficulty they *generalise*. They care for the welfare of individuals, but rarely for that of states, or communities. Patriotism, in its true sense, cannot be said to exist among them. Where they attach themselves to a party, it is not that they care much for the general measures advocated by it, but rather they desire the party to succeed, for the sake of the individuals in it, whom they love; whose pride they wish to flatter, or whose plans to promote. Public spirit is, with them, almost an affectation; and the eagerness of argument which would evince it, only serves to detract from their loveliness. Unrivalled in their influence over the individual, inimitable in their power of soothing and delighting him, inexhaustible in their *love-learned lore*, they are weak and powerless in all that relates to classes, or grand divisions. The legislative mind does not belong to them, nor the spirit of government. They are powerful to enchant, to purify, and to sublime the individual spirit; but the welfare of masses is an object which they seldom affect; nor is it desirable that they should; and even in the case of misery, which it is their noble instinct to relieve, it is not the prevention of it for the future, which engages their thoughts, but merely the succour of it at the pre-

sent. So averse are their minds to abstract schemes, and general propositions. Even knowledge is sought by them, not so much to slake the thirst of the soul, as to be enabled, thereby, to appreciate the excellences of those whom they love; and to create a new title of esteem for themselves."

We do not dwell upon the neglect of duties exclusively feminine, the complete alteration which such an admittance to "equal rights of citizenship," as women taking their seats in Parliament, in Debating Societies, and other public meetings, as speakers, would imply; though as occasional spectators, as part of the audience, we see no objection to their making their appearance, on occasions of interest; nor do we wish to point out to them, before we see any probability of such, miscalled "privilege" being granted them, the propriety, in that case, of their adopting male attire, for their parliamentary *costume;* or the absolute necessity of their learning "the noble science of defence," in order to enable them to challenge the aggressor, should insult, sarcasm, or misrepresentation rouse their gentle blood to vindicate, by that means, their wounded honour. Even then we should doubt if their chance of victory in single combat would be equal to that of their male antagonists; and we cannot but think it strange, that those who

argue for the perfect equality and similarity of pursuit and action, for women as for men, should overlook one consideration, and that is, the difference in their physical strength; a difference established by nature herself, and one not to be overcome by any equality of moral energy, or even superiority of it, should that occasionally be allowed them.

Suppose a man and a woman, exactly in the same walk in life, having the same anxieties, hardships, and dangers to confront, as far as traffic with the world may be concerned; how is it possible that these anxieties, hardships, and dangers should not fall more heavily on the woman, than on the man? A man, in a moment of angry disputation, gives the lie to his antagonist, who thereupon knocks him down, or threatens to do so; and, in general, the probability that this might be the case, gives the angry man forbearance; but if he be bargaining, or arguing with a woman, he will have none of this forbearance; and how is she to mark her indignation at the charge? Can she knock *him* down? No; she must appeal to the law, to do it for her. Again, a man may have to go through a wood, a lonely path, or a dangerous locality, at an hour that may expose him to danger; he ventures to do so, because his business is important, his presence required; and he trusts to his courage and strength

to defend himself, in case of attack;—but suppose a woman to be called by business equally important, through ways equally dangerous; how could she defend herself, in case of attempts against her purse or her person? Milton, indeed, beautifully tells us in his "Comus," that, under certain circumstances, a lady is

> "————————clad in complete steel;
> And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
> May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths;
> Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
> * * * * * *
> Yea there, where very desolation dwells
> By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
> She may pass on, with unblench'd majesty."

But, alas! the days of poetry, as well as of chivalry, are passed. Ruffians and pickpockets are more dreaded, in the present age, than any

> "————evil thing, that walks by night,
> In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
> Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
> That breaks his magic chains, at curfew time,"

and the protection of the police more relied upon than that of the

> "Thousand liveried angels,"

assigned, by the sightless bard, to "lackey" the wandering lady on her way.

But to return to our parliamentary affairs. We may perhaps be allowed to hint at the necessity of providing retiring rooms, expressly for the accommodation of such of the lady members as might have infants depending upon them for nutriment; and where the husbands, also, who might not have been fortunate enough to carry their own elections, —thrown out, perhaps, by the triumphant eloquence of their wordy wives,—might be permitted to wait for them, in the place of nurse-maids. But we wish not to dwell upon the thousand absurdities of a scheme, which it is difficult to believe could ever have been seriously entertained and promulgated, even by understandings as masculine as Miss Martineau's or Miss Wright's. We only simply state our own conviction that, from the nature of the Feminine Soul, it is as impossible for women ever to take the same standing with men, in the duties of political life, as it is for the heat of the sun to supply the functions of his light.

There remains yet another feature peculiar to the Feminine Soul, which we must not omit, though by some of our readers it may be deemed too trivial, or even degrading, to call for special mention; but if they are unwilling to allow it the importance of

an absolute attribute, we imagine they will scarcely be hardy enough to deny that it forms a decided and universal characteristic, of the feminine sex, through every variety of country, climate, condition, or caste. We need scarcely say that we mean a predilection for dress, decoration, and ornament.

It is curious to observe how soon this passion will develope itself in a little girl: by the time she can run steadily across the floor, she will patiently stand still, to be decked out in bows of ribbon, or any scraps of finery that may be at hand: she will turn her pinnafore the wrong side before, to make it "look like a gown," and turn her little head round too, as far as she can, to admire the effect the change produces. A little boy will never do this of his own accord. He will be pleased, indeed, if a feather be stuck in his hair, or a mock belt be tied across his breast, to "make him look like a soldier;" but it is of the soldier he is thinking, not of the dress, except as forming part of his idea of the soldier. In fact, we believe that most mammas and nursery-maids will bear us out in the notion, that little boys have a natural antipathy to all operations connected with the toilet, instead of sympathising with the pleasure their sisters take in them, even from their baby-hood.

The talk of little girls with their playfellows is

about dressing their dolls; as they grow older it is about dressing themselves. Whether in civilized or in savage life, the passion is the same: the laces and diamonds of the one, the shells and beads of the other, are equally manifestations of the same principles; the desire to heighten personal attractions in order to increase the power of exciting admiration; or, to use a fairer, because more truthful, mode of expression, the power of inspiring love. At the same time we must continually endeavour to impress upon the minds of our readers, that whenever we use this expression, whether as relating to objects of the highest or lowest degree, we wish to be understood as speaking not of the desire of individual admiration, or individual love; but as the result of the principle itself, to seek it from all, and under every manifestation in which it may be found.

The sympathy between the sexes leads them continually to reflect each other's virtues, as well as, unfortunately, each other's vices. Hence innumerable instances might be given of masculine fondness for gaudiness of attire—particularly among savages, who appropriate to themselves a much larger portion of beads, and shells, and teeth, and fish bones, and porcupine quills, and feathers, and paint, red and white, blue and black, which form the elegan-

ces of their toilette, than they leave for their squaws. But then, it must, in justice to them, be borne in mind, that it is to please these very squaws, to appeal to their ruling passion, that they bedeck themselves; as Mrs. Child, in her charming "Letters from New York," shews us. After describing the splendid adornments of Etalexis, a young Indian warrior, she adds, that she asked his uncle, an old man, simply wrapped in his blanket, why he himself, dressed so plainly. "What for me wear ribbons and beads," he replied, putting his finger on one side his nose, with a look of cunning raillery at her, "*Me* no want to catch 'em squaw."

Jean Paul Richter, that keen observer of feminine follies, and warm appreciator of feminine virtues, says, that "if a *Miss* Robinson Crusoe had been cast upon an uninhabited island, and no one to please, save her own reflection in the water, she would yet every day have tried to vary her dress, in the most becoming manner." Gall, indeed, the Phrenologist, tells us of a female of the ape species, that nearest approach, in the animal kingdom, to humanity, who developed the organ of the love of dress, by throwing a shawl, whenever she could get hold of one, over her shoulders, so as to form a train, and continually twisting her head round, with evident satisfaction, to see the *sweep* of it.

In the animal creation, the brightest plumes, and glossiest textures, are generally assigned to the male; but we doubt not that this is the kind arrangement of Providence, in order that as the female cannot have the pleasure of contemplating her own attractions in the mirror, she may imagine them in viewing those of her mate. Our object, however, at present, is only to state a fact, and that is, that the love of dress is so universal in the female sex, as to entitle us to rank it among the peculiar characteristics of, and inseparable from, the nature of their mental organization; nor, when confined within proper limits, do we find any thing in it deserving of censure. It springs from one of the most amiable motives by which a woman can be actuated; the desire, in her inherent, to please: it is connected with a love of the beautiful, and calls forth some of the happiest effects of taste and ingenuity. A neglect of it generally betrays an inelegance of mind, or a sordidness of spirit. Excessive indulgence in it, on the contrary, is always frivolous, and becomes criminal, as soon as it involves any unjust expenditure, either of time or money. In such cases the satire of Pope, must not be deemed too severe:

"'Odious, in woollen! 't would a saint provoke;'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke!

'No—let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful, when one 's dead!
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.' "

But a truce to raillery: we come now to the most solemn part of our subject, which is, the destination and offices of the Feminine Soul, in the Eternal World: and after offering a few brief remarks upon them, nothing will remain for us to do, beyond the endeavour to render our preceding observations practically useful, by deducing from them the duties, in this our preparatory state of existence, naturally springing out of the characteristics which, we have sought to prove, are distinctive marks of a feminine sex in the soul.

Assuming then, we wish not to say *pre*suming, that we have been fortunate enough to succeed with the generality of our readers, in establishing this point, we flatter ourselves that they will find no difficulty in agreeing with us, that the soul itself is, in either sex, immortal and unchangeable. Its divers perceptions, capabilities, and functions are doubtless susceptible of progressive extension and sublimation, even throughout the eternity for which its existence is destined; but its individual nature, its spiritual identity, if we may use the term, will remain to it; and with it, the spiritual, correspond-

ing to the earthly form, which, in its earthly stage, has served as the medium of its promptings.

If this train of reasoning be allowed, it will readily be granted that a man, in the present world, will, as regards his form and attributes, remain a man, in the next; or, rather, will become an angelic, or altogether spiritual man—and in the same manner a woman will retain her woman-hood; in other words, her feminine nature, in an angelic or spiritual form of woman; the original form, in fact, from which the earthly cast was taken.

"The soul of every one," says Rendell, "has its own particular identity. Every one has a state of thinking, a condition of affection, and senses of delight, peculiar to himself. No two minds are precisely of the same character. Shades of distinction, in their mental and moral aspect, mark every individual; and, therefore, it will follow that the broad distinction of the sexes is most carefully maintained. Surely the soul of man is man; and the soul of woman is woman; for He who made them in the beginning, made them male and female.

"The statement is as true of the soul as of the body. God has implanted mental and moral distinctions in our respective natures, which no circumstances can obliterate. *He* has created them: it is not in our power to alter or destroy them."

We have, indeed, ample ground, both from reason and revelation, for the belief that, "the soul, or spiritual body, is a form, in exact correspondence with the external material body; that it possesses a similar series of parts and features; and that it undergoes no change, in these respects, when it casts off the material covering, and enters the eternal world—unless to acquire infinite access of beauty, or distortion, according to its governing principle of conduct, good or evil."

Never has this idea, with respect to the translation of the Feminine Soul to the Eternal World, been more nobly, more *artistically* exhibited than by Shelley.

"Sudden arose
Janthe's soul! It stood,
All beautiful, in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace.
Each stain of earthliness
Had pass'd away; it re-assumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal . . . . . ."

The ancients, amid all the beauties and correspondences their mythologies and myths afforded, found no model for so glorious a personification of the Love of God. Plato, that most enlightened

of ancient philosophers, conceived it sufficient punishment for a man, who might not have fulfilled his duties upon earth, to be condemned to visit it again, under the "*degraded*" form of a woman! And the Early Fathers were sorely puzzled how to settle the order and precedence of the feminine sex, in that future world, towards which their own devoutest aspirations were incessantly breathed. The majority of them, with Tertullian at their head, were willing enough to admit that "the soul is a spiritual body, possessing a human form;" Origen expressly says, "Our bodily form, here, is the same as that which we shall have hereafter;" and Irenæus agrees with him, that the soul, after death, retains the form of the body which it had before, in life. But they were not so willing to admit that the Feminine human form was equally the casket of a Feminine immortal soul; and, as such, would be equally transmitted in spiritual garb, bearing its precious image within, to new and eternal states of being.

Jerome, indeed, a believer, it should seem, in the material resurrection,

> "When rattling bones together fly,
> From the four quarters of the sky,"

founds his belief of the admittance into a future state, in their own proper persons, of that half of

the human race, after which he breathed such deep and lonely sighs, from his cell in Bethlehem, on arguments as gross as could be maintained by a North American savage, in his rudest state of barbarism.

"After the resurrection," says he, "we shall have the *same limbs* as we now employ, *the same flesh*, and *blood*, and *bones* . . . . And where flesh, and blood, and bones, and limbs are, there also, must be, of necessity, the difference of sex."

St. Augustine, whose heart was the fount of tender feelings, as his mind was the store-house of learning, fearing, it should seem, to realize the actual presence of a sex in the next world, the influence of which he had been unable to strive against in this, yet reluctant to forego, throughout eternity, the hope of its delightful attraction and sympathy, hit upon the ingenious expedient of depriving "the fair defect," at any rate of one, of its characteristic charms; and as he had before pleaded for it, that the mere *circumstance* of *sex* was an *accident*, not a *fault*, so in considering its final destination, he had the charity to suggest that this *accident* might be remedied, in a future state, by the merging of the feminine into the masculine nature; in other words, by women becoming men.

Fortunately for such of the female sex as prefer

retaining their identity, and its correspondent form, to assuming the dignity of masculine rank and attributes, sounder views are entertained in the present day; and we imagine that very few, Christians, at any rate, whatever may be their denomination, their country, or their creed, will now be fonnd arguing the propriety of the female sex entering the realms of immortality, under any other form than their own. "The angels," says an American theological writer, "are male and female, as we are; and the sexual relation is continued in the future state, by the union of the affections; for the reason that the *sex* is in the *mind*, which is immortal; and its continuance is necessary, for the perfection of the mind, in all its capacities and powers."

It would require little argument to shew, that if the Feminine Soul were to be called upon to renounce its distinguishing attribute of love, and of the spiritual form best fitted for the manifestation of that attribute, on its entrance into heaven, neither the happiness nor the enlightenment of heavenly life could be carried to the perfection which we are authorised, both by reason and revelation, there to hope for.

We know that there is a *duality* in the nature of the soul, as throughout the universe; that it is, in fact, composed of two distinct essences; that

is to say, the Intellectual-principle, and the Will-principle: but though inseparably connected, they are not so in equal *proportions*, if the term may be allowed. The masculine soul is distinguished by the preponderance of the Intellectual-principle, including all that belongs to thought, understanding, or mind. The feminine is marked by the preponderance of the Will-principle; including all that belongs to the will and the affections; or, to sum up the whole in one all-comprehensive word, the *heart*. A truth most beautifully set forth in the Scripture phrase, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." A phrase comprising the fallen condition of the whole human race, and never listened to without deep emotion, by the repentant and suppliant sinner, conscious of having misused, alike, the faculties of the understanding and of the will.

Nevertheless, though the interior constitution of every individual is thus twofold, as including, in varying degrees, the spiritual attributes of both sexes, yet each looks out of itself, for closer conjunction with its opposite; thus perfecting the harmony of the "united entity"—the glorious creature Man, the Image and Likeness of his Maker's Love and Wisdom.

Well has it been observed, that God, when He formed man and woman, and married them, com-

manded that they should "cleave together;" not merely in the external literal sense of the words themselves, as regarding companionship, but in that deeper significance of them, whereby they denote the union of the thoughts, or knowledge of the head, with the sympathies, or affections of the heart. That Milton powerfully felt this truth is evident, from his maintaining, in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," groaning, at the time of writing it, under the misery of an uncongenial marriage, that the words of the Divine Being, "It is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a help-meet for him," signify that "in God's intention, a meet and happy conversation is the noblest end of marriage."

We are told by the writer whose excellences we have had repeated occasion to acknowledge, that "in reference to its higher intent, namely, that what the intellect instructs us to be *morally* right, is what the will should alone desire to do, the command issued, in such wise providence, that man and woman should cleave together, as one flesh, has long since been broken. Ever since," says he, "the 'serpent' seduced the 'woman' from her allegiance, persuading her that desire might be indulged, in defiance of the consciousness of duty,—the desertion, in a word, of the intellect, by the will; the giving way

to the inclinations of the heart, though opposed to the knowledge of right and wrong in the understanding; began that great and awful declension called the Fall. It is this, accordingly, which, as an hereditary alienation, deep in the inmost chambers of our being, and keeping at enmity the once happy couple,—it is this which lies at the root of all the discord and misery in the world. . . . . There is plenty of high perception of what is right; but the perverse will-principle is faithless to its duty. . . . . No folly or extravagance has ever been committed, but may be traced to the blind and vagarious behaviour of the heart, when acting independently of the understanding. Not that the understanding is infallible. There are errors of the head, as well as perversities in the will; but it is the latter which initiates most, and propagates all, of the mischiefs owing to their estrangement."

What an awful consideration is this for the Female Sex, who, both by physical and mental constitution, are, in themselves, the representatives of the heart! How unremittingly ought they to watch over and scrutinize its dictates! How carefully, how conscientiously, ought they to refrain from subjugating the intellect of those who come within their influence; except they feel assured that the acknowledgement of that influence will be to the hononr

and happiness of those over whom it may be exerted.

"To release the soul," continues the writer whose words we have just cited, "from the abnormal state in which the estrangement of the will and understanding has placed it; to restore the original conjugal relation, and give back the sweet harmony of Eden, is the province and design of that same (revealed) religion, and nothing else is able to effect it. Only so far as this beautiful relation is restored, is the soul brought into the enjoyment of real life and real blessedness."

The time may, and we trust, will arrive, even in this lower stage of being, when, under the influence of true religion, this state of blessedness may attain to such fulness as shall well nigh satisfy human appreciation; but we can have no doubt that in a future world it will be perfected: that there the felicities of paradise will bloom again; and that all the social happiness intended for our first parents, will find renewal: because there the intellect and the affections will be re-united, in everlasting harmony; the will joyfully obeying all that the understanding dictates, the understanding loving all that the will suggests.

And now we come to the last point on which we have to beg the attention of our readers; and that

is, respecting the uses and duties of the Feminine Soul in a future state; for that all states through which sentient and responsible beings may be destined to pass, must have their respective uses and duties, as well as attainments and delights, we imagine will not be doubted, by any who believe, at all, in a state of future existence.

It is singular that neither Mediæval artists nor their modern imitators, though they are fond of introducing, whenever they can, the Virgin Mary into heaven, as its queen, and surrounding her with hosts of female saints, for her court, have ever thought of representing female angels, in the simplicity of their beauty, independent of monkish legends, engaged in those offices of love and charity which so peculiarly belong to the feminine nature. In one instance, only, do we remember seeing in Italy, female angels depicted; and that was in the refectory of the *Badia*, on the road to Fesole, in *fresco*, by Jean di San Giovanni; representing them ministering to our Blessed Lord, after his temptation in the wilderness. And only once have we seen them depicted in sculpture; simply as angels, we mean; not under allegorical forms; and that was in St. Peter's, at Rome, by the chisel of Canova; who has represented them waiting at the door of the tomb of Charles Edward, last of the regal race of Stuart.

But we are told in the Revelation of John, "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Now those whom their works "do follow," must have loved their works; and must continue to love that power and love of working given them by their Heavenly Father, who is thus graciously pleased to manifest to them his satisfaction in their fruits. Yea, and they will continue to *work*, though they shall rest from their *labours*.

Earthly labours are too often rendered laborious and grievous, not from their own onerousness or difficulty, but from the obstacles they have to compete with, in the cupidity or injustice of those who may be opposed to them. But in Heaven there are no *labours* save those of *love*—willingly offered, gratefully received.

Some angelic offices appear so peculiarly fitted to the Feminine Spirit, that we can scarcely imagine them assigned to any other. The tending those happy infants, of whose angels our Blessed Lord says, "in Heaven they do always behold the face of my Father, which is in Heaven,"—can surely only be given to those gentle Spirits of Love who have already qualified themselves for such sublime felicity,

by their tender fulfilment, in their preparatory state on earth, of maternal duties, and of all the holy offices of charity, to which they may have been called. We should find something incongruous in the appointment of male guardians over the infant heavenly race; and we might even fancy them missing the loving looks and endearing tones which had made the first impressions on their dawning faculties: and more incongruous still, to our "mind's eye," would be the image of female angels, sent by the Lord on the errands of his displeasure—to smite the Assyrians in the camp, and slay whole armies, in the deep repose of the night; or to scatter pestilence in the land, "destroying throughout all the coasts of Israel;" or standing "between the earth and the heaven," "stretching out a drawn sword, over Jerusalem, for its destruction."

But we may easily recognise the feminine nature in the angel who appeared to Hagar, and addressed her in words of such sweet sympathy that we can almost hear them vibrating in our ears—"What *aileth* thee, Hagar? *fear not;* for God hath heard the *voice of the lad*, where *he is.*" There spoke the heart of a mother, to a mother's heart! That angelic messenger of consolation knew that the poor, forsaken, humbled, despairing Hagar would feel more hope in "*the voice of the lad*" being

heard, than her own; and in the simple words, "*where he is*," she must have nourished the sweet assurance that he still lived.

It has been supposed by some pious writers, that our Blessed Lord was actually ministered unto by female angels, after his temptations in the wilderness. Will this conjecture appear improbable, or unreasonable, when we consider how much more nearly we can approach our Heavenly Father, through our love, than through our wisdom; and how warmly the affections have always been called forth by religion?

In Mary Magdalen we have a type of perfect love of the Lord: humble, constant, and adoring: love in its highest and purest essence—love of Himself; her God, her Saviour, and Redeemer. To follow Him she forsook her home in Galilee; to Him she ministered of her substance; Him she attended, faithful to the last, even to the foot of the Cross; agonising her own soul with the sight of Him, there impaled: for the last pious offices to His venerated body she provided "costly ointment and linen cloth:" fondly she lingered round the sepulchre that enclosed it, watching in the hope of seeing it resuscitated. How sad her tears when stooping down and looking into the sepulchre, "as she wept," with the last fond searching look of woman's eyes,

she feared her Lord was "taken away," and she knew not where they had "laid Him!" Tears, the sincerity of which were attested by the compassionating interrogatory of the "two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain;" "Woman, why weepest thou?" An interrogatory immediately repeated by Jesus, himself, in tones which, as we read the words, we feel to be tones of love and mercy, "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

How bright, how holy must have been her rapture, when she beheld Him, risen from the dead, and heard his blessed voice—calling her by name!

Do we not here see, in her, a perfect portraiture of woman's love, in its most sacred form? and do we not also see the gracious and answering love of our Blessed Lord, in thus first manifesting himself to her, "last at the cross, first at the sepulchre," and delegating to her the joyful task of announcing his ascension to "*his* Father, and *her* Father; to *his* God, and *her* God?"

Surely, then, we may believe in the ministrations of female angels; and that some, of love as pure as devoted as that of Mary Magdalen, and sublimed into seraphic ardour, might be appointed to wait upon their Lord, at the moment of his earthly trial,

when He, in his gracious assumption of the sufferings of humanity, might require the support and consolation which they were commissioned to impart. Moreover, as we are given to understand, in the Sacred Writings, that seraphs are angels of love, delighting in the contemplation of the Goodness of God, equally as cherubs are angels of knowledge, delighting in the contemplation of His Truth, may we not be permitted to believe that the affinity with the love of goodness characterises the Feminine, as the affinity with the love of truth characterises the Masculine Angel?

We will here close our observations on the probable destiny of the Feminine Soul, in a future state, and make a few remarks concerning its well-doing, and its well-employing its faculties in the present. And happy, indeed, shall we think ourselves, should we have reason to believe that any thing we shall say, may be fortunate enough to influence our readers, of either sex, so far as to induce them to reflect upon the distinctive qualities and attributes of the opposite, and by judicious and tender consideration towards each other, to promote their mutual happiness in this world, and to heighten their fitness for its increase, in the world to come.

"Self reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities;

But like each other, e'en as those who love—
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

TENNYSON.

IN the preceding pages we have endeavoured, to the best of our ability, to establish the fact, that a feminine sex exists in the Feminine Soul; and to point out its peculiar nature and attributes, in the hope of proving its spiritual equality, and harmonising correspondence, with the Masculine Soul; of which its destiny is, both here and hereafter, to be the inseparable companion.

In the pages which follow, we shall consider the social position of women in the present day; and shall take the liberty of suggesting to them, in all kindliness and fellowship, how their peculiar qualifications may be best directed and employed, so as most effectually to promote their own happiness, and that of those around them, by the discharge of

the duties more immediately coming within their proper sphere of action; and by the exercise of those tender charities and sweet courtesies, which specially emanate from the spirit of love; and which, at once, soften the cares of human life, and add charms and graces innumerable, to its legitimate enjoyments.

It was our original intention to have given a panoramic view of the existing state of the female sex, in every part of the globe. Paying our Gallic neighbours the compliment of our first visit, we should have shewn the gay and active French woman, exerting her talent and her influence, whether in the elegant *salon*, delighting by the vivacity of her conversation, and the captivation of her manners, or, in the humbler department of the *bontique;* serving her husband's interests by her ready arithmetic, her correct book-keeping, her nimble fingers, her persuasive tongue; her intuitive perception of character, her innate tact in availing herself of it. We should, then, have passed on, through Switzerland, to Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other countries, where the climate begets indolence, and priestly policy nourishes ignorance. We might have, afterwards, allowed ourselves to peep into the Turkish Harems, to judge how far the lot of their prisoned inmates deserves the eulogiums

recently lavished upon it, by an excellent poet, and most estimable man, as being capable of imparting more real happiness to the female sex, than is to be found in the mixed cares and pleasures of European freedom. The ladies of China might, next, have claimed our attention; we might have taken the liberty of peeping into the Sedan Chair, in which the bride is conveyed to the dwelling of the bridegroom; who, on opening it, beholds her for the first time; and, should he not be satisfied with her appearance, has the privilege of shutting her up again, and returning her to her parental roof.

We might even have ventured, at a respectful distance, to take a view of the Female Regiment, selected from his three thousand wives, by the King of Damoyhoy; regularly trained under female officers, for the special preservation of his Royal Person; and of whom a detachment, as lately as only the last year, signalized their courage in a pitched battle, against the men of a neighbouring nation, with a ferocity that filled with horror two pious missionaries, who happened to witness the sanguinary conflict, from an adjacent eminence.

We should naturally have been led to contrast, with this strange anomaly of female warriors, the gentle Hindoo woman, who ends her life of seclusion and devotedness, on the funereal pyre, which reduces

her to ashes, when the corpse of her husband is submerged beneath the waves of the Ganges.

Nor, should we have turned away from savage life; from the faithful squaw, following her husband to the chase, or adroitly managing her canoe. We should then have visited the American ladies, to have informed ourselves as to the progress of their "Woman's Rights Convention Society's Meetings," and the effects of the Boarding-House life, so patronised by them, upon their social and domestic habits.

Returning to Europe, we are not sure we should not have looked within the Arctic Circle, and paid our compliments to the Lapland ladies, embroidering, or weaving nets, in the smoke of their winter huts, with their favourite black cat, to whom they tell their secrets, at their elbow; or singing, under their summer tents, to welcome the stranger as he approaches. Certainly we should not have passed over Sweden, made so familiar to us, by the pleasing pen of Frederica Bremer; nor could we have resisted Germany, with its curious combinations of transcendentalism and good housewifery. In short, wherever females are to be found, we had intended to enquire into, and descant upon, their condition and their influence. But we soon saw that, however briefly surveyed, the extent of the field which

would thus have opened before us, would have carried us far beyond the limits we have prescribed to ourselves; we therefore prudently resolved to confine our considerations, for the present, at any rate, to the social position of women, in our own favoured England; where, it is our conviction, they are more happily placed, both with respect to their duties and their privileges, than in any other country on the face of the globe.

First, however, we must beg leave to premise, that it is solely to the *middle* classes of female society, our remarks and our exhortations are addressed: with the higher we do not affect that intimate acquaintance which alone could entitle us to analyze their characteristics, and the extent of their influence; and the lower, however we may sympathise in their trials and privations, our remarks are not likely to reach.

It is, moreover, by the middle classes, that the character of a nation is known: it is *their* manners and *their* morals that give the tone to those above, and those beneath them. Their superiors in rank would feel humiliated by finding themselves outdone in intellectual cultivation, and the reputation of benevolence, by those in a less exalted position: and their inferiors willingly acknowledge, and are often led to imitate, the virtues which they have most op-

portunity of judging of, and by which they find they profit.

When we speak of the advantages which England affords to the Female Sex, we must first reckon the physical ones; for on physical circumstances moral and intellectual results greatly depend.

The English climate, we consider as peculiarly favourable to health, domestic habits, and social intercourse. It was one of the few remarks of Charles the Second, that shewed some love for the land to which he was restored by the leal fidelity and generous blood of thousands of his subjects, that the best climate was that in which the natives could go out of doors most days in the year, and most hours of the day; which climate, he averred, was undoubtedly that of England: equally removed from the enervating heat of the southern, or the torpifying rigidity of the northern latitudes, it has just sufficient changeableness in it, to accustom its inhabitants to alternate enjoyment, and small inconveniences, that call up courage for the occasion to meet them, and indirectly accustom the mind to bear disappointments, with an equanimity which will not be without its beneficial effect, in trials on a larger scale. The succession of seasons, too, each, in its turn, lasting long enough for variety, and giving place to its successor,

ere its continuance becomes monotonous, is a source of health and gratification, in the change of habits and pursuits which each induces.

The modes of social life also, are, in England, favourable to the development and cultivation of the female character. The intercourse between the sexes, whilst it avoids the frivolities of France, and the more dangerous sentimentalities of Germany, is unrestrained enough to allow all the pleasures of friendship at the same time that it is fenced round with sufficient observances of established forms, to guard it against the encroachments of familiarity. The materials of mental culture are cheap, and the appliance of them easy and unfettered—very different from catholic countries, where books are, as much as possible, withheld from women, and are subject to matters of enquiry, with both sexes, in the Confessional.

The religious toleration which forms so noble a feature in the British Constitution, is productive, in the women of England, as well as in the men, of freedom of thought and expansion of mind; and ought to beget a corresponding spirit of candour and charity; particularly when the situation of neighbouring nations, groaning under despotism and bigotry, is considered. The commercial character, likewise, of the country, opens a large and varied field for topics of enquiry and discussion,

in which women must necessarily share with men; if for no other reason than that the pecuniary interests of both are equally concerned in them.

The English laws respecting women, are considered as framed with due regard to their interests, and impartial justice in the administration of them, may be relied upon. Still we must acknowledge that there are imperfections in them, particularly with regard to married women, which, it is to be hoped, the progressing enlightenment of the public, and the finer perceptions of justice, which must keep pace with it, will, in no distant time, correct: indeed the women, themselves, seem bent upon hastening the period, if we may judge from the spirited appeal recently laid before the House of Commons, by a body of ladies, headed by two celebrated authoresses, and bearing three thousand signatures, touching the respective rights of property between husband and wife, and the privilege to the latter, of preserving her own earnings; if forced to have recourse to them, for her maintenance, by the desertion or ill conduct of her husband.

When the Roman ladies ventured to petition the Senate touching certain sumptuary laws, respecting their dress and decorations, imposed upon them in the time of the Ophian war, and which they very naturally thought ought to be repealed, when it was

victoriously terminated, their courage was so unprecedented, that it was construed into an evil omen, predicative of some disastrous change in the affairs of the state; insomuch that Cato the Censor, felt himself called upon to go in person, to oppose them, with all the gravity of his eloquence. The British House of Commons has evidently no such misgivings; having paid the fair petitioners the compliment of taking the matter into consideration; the House of Lords, at the same time, entering into discussion, as to revising the laws of divorce, and of the possession and tutelage of children; with a view of placing the weaker sex on a more equal footing with their lords and masters, than the men have hitherto thought proper to assign them.

In the important article of marriage, likewise, we consider the women of England have greater freedom of rational choice, than is allowed to those of most countries. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, indeed wherever priestly rule is predominant, even in more enlightened France, young ladies are generally immured in the convents where they receive their education, until their parents begin to think it time to see them settled in the world: till this shall be accomplished their admittance into mixed society is so limited, and their demeanour in it required to be so constrained, that they can no more appear in their

own natural character, than they can become acquainted with the real characters of the visitors in the narrow circle allotted them. This indeed is the last thing that the parents desire; their object being to keep guard over their daughter, to prevent the risk of her forming any attachment, until they introduce to her the party they may, after due negotiations and arrangements with the relatives, have fixed upon for her husband. The temptation, to a mere girl, of leaving school, of seeing the preparations for her *trousseau*, including a purse of money for her own use, who had never before, perhaps, had a five-franc piece in her possession, joined to the prospect of becoming the mistress of a house, privileged to enter into society and invite her own guests, is far too great for her to raise any objection as to the means held out to her of securing such advantages: the gentleman is equally liable to be swayed by motives of a worldly nature: thus these matrimonial contracts, for they cannot be termed marriages, in the high and sacred sense of the word, are seldom objected to, on either side—and still more seldom, in the present day, is recourse had to compulsion, as in former times; when a *lettre de cachêt* could easily be procured for the rebellious son, or seclusion in a cloister for the disobedient daughter.

Not that we mean to say these business-like

modes of proceeding are productive of fewer unhappy marriages than are to be found in England, where choice is, at any rate supposed to be unfettered; and where, though approbation may occasionally be withheld, on the part of parents or guardians, any unnecessarily harsh interference would inevitably expose them to reproach or sarcasm. On the contrary, we must acknowledge, from our own observation, during a three years residence in that country, passed almost entirely in French society, our belief, that in France a greater average degree of married friendship exists than in England. At any rate French husbands admit their wives more entirely into their confidence, with regard to their affairs. And why? Because French wives, in general, deserve it more: they usually know almost to a franc, the income of their husbands, and have an equal voice with them, as to the best mode of proportioning it, under different heads; so as to make it minister most effectually to their mutual respectability and enjoyment.

"French women," says Michelet, in his celebrated work, "Priests, Women, and Families," "are superior to those of England, or Germany; and indeed to any other women, in being able not only to assist man, but to become his friend, his partner, his *alter ego*."

But we are forestalling the remarks we had meant

to introduce in our consideration of marriage itself —as the most important event, both with reference to this world and the next, in human destiny; and that which, to woman especially, opens the field of her most sacred duties, her most attractive characteristics, her most powerful influences, and her greatest happiness.

We have in our preceding pages spoken of marriage in its high and lofty spiritual sense; as originating in the adorable union of love and wisdom in our Heavenly Father, the Creator of the Universe. Of that ineffable union it is at once the effect and the type; intended to be the greatest of earthly blessings, as it is the sublimest of Heavenly Mysteries. With what reverence and truth it ought to be entered upon, all who take the view of it which reason and religion point out, will feel, without requiring further argument, to strengthen their conviction.

It is then to Woman, in her proper position of married life, the position in which she found herself on coming out of the hands of her Creator, the position for which she was specially created, that we wish now to direct our particular attention.

Marriage, and a reverence for it, is the first sign of civilization; of orderly government and social virtue: non-appreciation of its benefits, or an un-

willingness to submit to its salutary restraints, are the evil results of such increase of national wealth as leads to luxury, ostentation, and sensuality; merging every generous and finer feeling in the selfish desire of individual gratification.

In the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," indifference, on the masculine side, towards matrimony, except from motives of avarice or aggrandisement, quickly grew into positive aversion to it; insomuch, that the number of bachelors, in Rome, predominated so greatly, in the time of Augustus, over that of the married men, that the state became alarmed, at the prospect of the extinction of its most influential families, as well as of a proportionate decrease, in its population at large.

A general assemblage of the people was summoned on the occasion; and, under its authority, sundry pains and penalities, even to the confiscation of their property, were denounced against the *Celibitaires* who should persist in remaining in "single blessedness," after the age when it was decreed by the state, that they ought to take help-meets unto themselves, *pro bono publico*.

On the other hand, those that entered the marriage-state were to be rewarded by precedence in all public processions and spectacles; and preference in all contests for public honours and emoluments;

whilst, moreover, every father of three children, born in wedlock, was granted immunity from personal taxes. Still the bachelors stood proof equally against temptation, argument, or coercion. In vain the Emperor himself harangued, rallied, and threatened them; they remained firm in their resolve to sacrifice privileges, honours, immunities, property, every thing but their liberty; till at last even the rigor of the law itself was forced to succumb, beneath their obstinacy.

The cause of this singular and unnatural antipathy to the marriage-union has been assigned, by historians, to the luxury of the time, and the profligacy of the men; imitated, as is always the case, either in good or bad example, by the women.

Far from our beloved country be any similarity of cause and effect; yet we must acknowledge, however reluctantly, that to us it appears, that of late years, the obstacles to marriage, "have increased," if we may borrow the parliamentary language of Burke, "are increasing, and ought to be diminished." The Statistical Reports of 1854, 1855, bear us out in our opinion: in those years marriages were found to be twenty per cent less than in the preceding ones, from 1847; a fact to be much regretted; for, as the Reporter wisely observed, "a continued decrease in marriages, is a step towards national de-

cay;" decay, we may add, not only physical, but moral; not only in the decrease of the bulk of the population, but in the deterioration of the portion that remains. The Statistical Reports in Paris, present, at the present time, the same result; give the same account of recent decrease in the number of marriages in that capital—a sure sign, in any country, of a proportionate increase either of profligacy or poverty.

We are decided advocates of early marriages. When we say *early*, however, we do not mean *youthful* marriages; but marriages formed, as soon as prudence may authorise, after attainment of the "years of discretion" at which the law compliments the parties arriving at them, with the supposition that their judgment is sufficiently matured for them to undertake the management of their own affairs, and to act according to their own opinion of what may be best for them. Marriage in the summer-season of existence, when nature and reason unite to proclaim its desirableness, is the safe-guard of virtue; the most powerful incentive to industry, and economy, and the well-spring of domestic bliss,

> "———————— that only good
> Of Paradise, that has survived the fall."

The hindrances to such marriages may, too often,

be found in the preposterous and disproportionate expenses, thought necessary to be incurred, in their outset. Young people, the majority of whom, would perhaps, the first year or two, at any rate, of their wedded life, be fully satisfied with commodious lodgings, must, more, in general, to humour the pride of relatives, than to gratify their own, take a house wholly to themselves; twice as large most likely, as they actually require; rendering twice the number of servants necessary, to keep it in order; entailing twice the trouble upon the young mistress, to manage it and them; and twice the anxiety upon the master, day by day, to provide for the current expenses, thus doubled. The toilet, the table, the receptions, are generally on the same scale of excess; beyond what can be prudently and honestly afforded; and hence the first year of marriage, which always ought to be looked back upon with peculiar delight, too often, like the first year of Freshmen at College, entails debts and difficulties upon the succeeding ones, casting a shadow over the domestic hearth, and clouding the sunshine of social intercourse.

It is considerations of this nature that often force young men to silence the voice of inclination, and listen to that of what they imagine prudence, in its place. They seek to domesticate themselves in

clubs, instead of establishing homes of their own; or fly to dissipations often more expensive than they might have found married life; involving disappointment in the pursuit of them, and too often entailing remorse in their retrospect.

In the same manner the young women, wounded in their finest feelings, by the appearance of indifference to their attractions, or their worth, yearning after the full field of affection, in which they are formed to "rest and expatiate," as wife and mother, endeavour to beguile their listlessness by incessant and wearisome practice of vain accomplishments; or the study, vainer still, of sciences for which they are mostly unfit: running after academies, colleges, lectures, meetings; enrolling themselves in some *coterie* or other, of female gossip, under whatever denomination it may be known; anything, and everything, that takes them away from the monotony of a home which wearies them, because they take no interest in its duties. This, indeed, is the natural consequence of what may be called the out-door education, at present the rage for young women. In the programmes of these Female Colleges, we find the ancient and modern languages, the physical sciences—chemistry, botany, physiology, mathematics, geometry, astronomy, rhetoric, logic, &c. &c.

Now the evil is not in the study of any one, or of

several of these branches of human learning, where there may be a peculiar aptitude, a ruling, or, what may be called, a born-love, and therefore a capacity for them; albeit that with many of them, the Feminine Soul has no natural congeniality whatever. It is the absurd grasping at a smattering of all, or most of them, that we protest against; as straining the fine sensibilities, dulling the imagination, and warping the ingenuous perceptions of the female mind, in the attempt to become a hard, intellectual, and imperfect man, rather than a tender and attractive woman.

We shall perhaps be reminded that Pythagoras admitted females among his students; that he placed his wife and daughter at the head of fifteen women, whom he called the ornaments of his school; and that he admitted several of them to the first, and some even to the second stage of his mysteries: but we are not informed whether he subjected them to the same preparatory discipline of seven years silence, as he required from the men; or what effect their initiation, after this stern ordeal, had upon their tongues and their domestic habits, for the remainder of their lives. History, however, tell us, that when Lycurgus endeavoured to educate the women of Sparta, upon the same plan, physically and morally, as the men, he found he was taking

the surest way to destroy, in both, the sympathies and affections between each.

But to return to our own times; the objection which we chiefly have to make against this collegiate plan of education for young ladies, is, that it takes them from *home life*—from home-habits, home-knowledge, and home-duties; precisely at that ductile and important period of life, when the theory of them should be most earnestly dwelt upon, the practice most sedulously inculcated.

Formerly, a girl, on leaving school, immediately became the companion and assistant of her mother. The simple words—"She is my right hand," in tones of love, and with looks of delight, was the proudest eulogium that a mother could bestow on her daughter; and most genially was the cheerful influence of that *right handedness* felt, throughout the house. Fathers, brothers, sisters, servants, relatives, friends, and visitors, all shared in its benefits. Where there were several daughters, the mother often relinquished the domestic management to them, in turns; for a week, a fortnight, or a month; as might be found most convenient; thus early preparing them for the prudent and orderly government of families of their own, when they might be called upon to become, from dutiful daughters, affectionate wives and tender mothers.

Many a pretty and amicable emulation, have we seen, under these judicious arrangements—many a pretty head bending its sunny tresses over the week's accounts, with a fixedness of attention which would have done credit to a problem in Euclid; then shaking back the redundant locks, with a smile, that seemed to fill the room with light.

And well were the cares of the morning repaid, by the caresses, in the evening, of a fond father, returning to his hospitable fire-side. Perchance, also, by admiring glances from a lover; silent as yet, but longing to transplant this treasure of the domestic hearth, to a home of his own; of which his heart tells him she will be the delight and ornament. And fear not, young man, with such a partner, to enter that holy state wherein the sphere of her virtues shall be enlarged, and all thy own strengthened, in her society, her affection, and her influence!

We know no sight more engaging, more delightful, than a young woman, happily married, newly installed into the honours of her house. With what innocent pride she looks round upon her furniture and the love-gifts of her friends! how often she arranges and re-arranges every article—how often does she cast her eyes at the pretty time-piece, and calculate how long it will be, before the beloved one

returns! How her heart quickens its pulsations, when she hears his step—how brightly she looks up, to welcome him—how smilingly she takes her place at the head of the table, *her own table*, opposite, to her husband, still her lover; how great her gratification, should what is spread before him, be to his liking! how proud she feels, if she has had any share in the preparation of it! how cheerful the meal "where love is"—how social the evening—the husband instructing the wife, enlarging and strengthening her mind, by the information he communicates, and the solidity of his remarks; the wife charming her husband, by the quickness of her apprehension, and the playfulness of her fancy.

Where this true companionship exists, dulness or monotony, the secret and often first foes of wedded life, need never be feared; but to guard effectually against them, the mind must be soundly and abundantly stored. "It is a miserable thing," says Johnson, "for a man of sense and education, to have a wife with whom conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted; and, perhaps, a dispute about that."

"A husband," an excellent critic well remarks "must not be kept exclusively upon household and family topics—that vile prison diet; on which so many affections have been cruelly starved. From the

world of science, or from the world of letters, or, best of all, from the outer and palpable world, where men and women live, and talk, and act, doing evil and doing good, the wife must be ever imparting fresh treasures, to make her home-fire burn brightly. If this be neglected, there must come "that unspeakable weariness and despair," as Milton energetically expresses it, "of all sociable delight, which turn the blessed ordinance of God into 'a sore evil under the sun,' or at least to a familiar mischief, a drooping and disconsolate household—captivity without refuge or redemption."—*Doctrine of Divorce.*

From all that we have already stated of the peculiar attributes and endowments of the Feminine Soul, it will easily be seen that no conversation can be so mutually instructive, so harmonious, yet so fraught with such inexhaustible variety and delight, in short, so perfect, as that between man and woman. Equally mistaken as singular, is the opinion fearlessly sent forth by Prudhom, that "between woman and man there may exist love, passion, cohabitation; whatever you please: but there can be *no real society*. The difference of sex creating between them a separation of the same nature as the difference of races creates between animals."

The Socialist had evidently much to learn, respecting the duality of human nature, and the bond of

human intercourse. "The apt and cheerful conversation of man with woman, to comfort and refresh him against the evils of solitary life," is dwelt upon by Milton, as the chief end of matrimony; and how deeply he felt, and how admirably, nay sublimely, described the soft and charming influence of the Feminine Soul upon the more stern and lofty Masculine one, is best seen in his own words:

"There is a peculiar comfort in the married state, besides the genial bed, which no other society affords. No mortal nature can endure, either in the actions of religion or study of wisdom, without sometimes slackening the cords of intense thought and labour; which, lest we should think faulty, God Himself conceals us not his own recreations, before the world was built; 'I was,' saith the Eternal Wisdom, 'daily his delight, playing always before him.' And to Him wisdom is as a high tower of pleasure; but to us a steep hill, and we toiling ever about the bottom: He executes with ease the exploits of his omnipotence, as easy as it is with us to will: but no worthy enterprise can be done, by us, without continual plodding, and weariness to our faint and sensitive abilities. We cannot therefore always be contemplative and pragmatical abroad; but have need of some delightful intermis-

sions, wherein the enlarged soul may leave off, awhile, her severe schooling; and, like a glad youth in wandering vacancy, may keep her holidays to joy and harmless pastime: which as she cannot well do without company, so in no company so well as where the different sex, in *most resembling unlikeness, and most unlike resemblance*, cannot but please best, and be pleased, in the aptitude of that variety." —*Tetrachordon.*

It was the society of a cheerful sympathizing and sensible wife, that enabled that excellent man the Reverend Sidney Smith, as wise as witty, and benevolent as wise, to support, not only without complaining, but with actual cheerfulness, a comparative banishment, of years, at Foston-le-Clay; one of the most dreary spots in Yorkshire, far from the society he was every way calculated to delight and adorn: and what woman would not be grateful and proud to add to the happiness of a man, who could so well appreciate the virtues of her sex, and aid them by such excellent advice as may be found in the remarks, which are so opportune to our present subject, that we cannot resist laying them before our readers.

"There are, perhaps 50,000 females in Great Britain," says our reverend friend, "who are exempted, by circumstances, from all necessary labour;

but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness, of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilization. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed,—the ill-treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining,—and he must feel convinced, that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased, in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself. . . . . The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from its publication; nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author, merely because she has talent enough for it. We do not wish a lady to write books,—to defend and reply,—to squabble about the tomb of Achilles, or the plain of Troy,—any more than we wish her to dance at the opera, to play at a public concert, or to put pictures in the Exhibition, because she has learned music, dancing, and drawing. The great use of her knowledge will be, that it contributes to her private happiness. . . . . The object now is to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, paint-

ing, and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, need not be ashamed. . . . . One great evil of all this is, that it does not last. No mother, no woman who has passed over the first few years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth; which every woman gives up, as she does the dress and the manners of eighteeen: she has no wish to return to them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them, by *diameter* or derision. . . . . A great deal is said of the social nature of the fine arts. Music gives pleasure to others. Drawing is an art, the amusement of which, does not centre in him who exercises it, but is diffused among the rest of the world. This is true; but there is nothing, after all, *so social as a cultivated mind.* We do not mean to speak slightingly of the fine arts, or to depreciate the good humour with which they are sometimes exhibited; but we appeal to any man, whether a little spirited and sensible conversation — displaying, modestly, useful acquirements—and evincing rational curiosity, is not well worth the highest exertions of musical or graphical skill. A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her, for half an hour with great brilliancy;

but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which only the love of knowledge can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement, to all that come within its reach;—not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts—but diffusing, equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure—better loved as it is longer felt—and suitable to every variety, and every period of life. . . . .

"One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;—and the pleasures of conversation are, of course, enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philosophy—though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated, and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. . . . . Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say any thing rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world, have

been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength. . . . .

"A man, who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all the viscissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding; who has similar pursuits with himself; or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted, by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together, take a common interest."

"One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character, often, as they increase in years;—they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected, for what it once contained; but women (such is the unfortunate style of their education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die;—when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely, or look well. Every human being must

put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. . . . .

"The instruction of women improves the stock of national talent, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world;—it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well for the brightest and the best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing, and neglected by all; but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge;—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

Many are the instances that have come within our own observation, of cultivation of mind and congeniality of pursuit, carrying even into old age, the power of imparting social delight, and continuing a devotedness of regard, which the brightest days of courtship have only excelled in brilliancy of colour, not in geniality of warmth,—yet, far be it from us to imagine that intellectual endowments,

even the highest attainments of the head, can equal, much less supply the place of, the affections; the gifts and graces of the heart; in any condition where woman's influence is concerned; more especially in the matrimonial one. Many excellent women are entirely out of the way of intellectual cultivation; many excellent men are equally so; consequently, not sensible of the want of it. But all feel and understand and appreciate natural good sense; the rational converse which embodies it: the goods and graces of a kind and cheerful spirit; a well-regulated orderly household; a neat and liberal board; an affectionate welcome, and an unwearied desire to oblige.

"The wife," says the reverend writer, whose words we have just quoted, "whose sweet nature can kindle worthy delights, is she that brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit; and that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which yet so irradiates a home, that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence. We best learn the unsuspected might of a being like this, when we try the weight of that sadness that hangs like lead, upon the room, the gallery, the stairs, where once her footstep sounded, and now is heard no more."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. 75, p. 124.

How feelingly is the truth of these words confirmed by Wieland, one of the most philosophical of German writers, who acknowledged he never knew real happiness till he was married. Yet his wife was, we are told, neither a beauty nor a *bel esprit;* and, somewhat strange to say, had never read a page of her husband's works in her life. An affectionate and cheerful disposition, gentle and unassuming manners, the habit of constant, useful, and benevolent occupation, and the greatest attention to domestic comfort, in all her household arrangements, —these were the simple attractions and modest virtues that held fast bound, in silken fetters, the heart of her highly-gifted husband; that gradually purified his imagination and his sentiments, and that drew forth from him, in a letter to his bosom-friend, Bottiger, after her death, the following touching tribute to her worth.

"Since the death of my dear wife, I have lost a pleasure in life; and the glow which things had for me before, is gone for ever. I endeavour to occupy my attention, and to deaden the sense of my loss, which I feel most keenly when I lie down at night, or when I wake in the morning. Never have I loved anything so much as I loved her. When I knew that she was near me, in the room, or if she came into my study, at times, and spoke a friendly

word, or two, and went away again,—it was enough. 'Since she is gone,' I say to myself, 'no labour will prosper with me, henceforward.' Perhaps I ought to reflect that, with her weak frame, I could scarcely have flattered myself she would have been spared to me, for thirty-five years; to scatter flowers upon my path of life, with her unpretending fidelity and duty. But, alas! I think of Philemon and his Baucis; and I say, 'why could not we also, have died on the same day?'"

What *true woman* would desire higher eulogium than this? yet is it not what any woman of common sense, with an amiable disposition, may obtain from a good man; solely by consulting his tastes, assisting him in his duties, conforming to his habits, and making his home happy?

In the same spirit speaks the amiable Schiller, the strenuous advocate of a sexuality in soul. "My illness, 'which prevented me from doing any thing for myself, has so accustomed us to each other, that I never like to leave her alone. Even when I am occupied, I feel *a silent joy in knowing that she is near me;* and her dear presence, the child-like purity of her soul, and the intensity of her love, throw a charm over my being, without which my hypochondriacal temperament would be insupportable to me."

We may perhaps seem to be doing injustice to our own country-men, by bringing our examples of conjugal attachment from foreign sources. Is it that we believe there are more affectionate husbands in Germany than in England? Certainly not—but the English do not vent their feelings with such *effusion*, as the Germans; not even to their bosom friends. An Englishman sees his friend weep, *feels* his tears, and respects their source; but the sympathy is as silent as the sorrow; both are mutually understood, not described.—A German, on the contrary, lays his heart open, in its inmost recesses to his friend; he anatomizes it, dissects its every fibre, exhibits it to the *naked eye*, and prays the attention, and *perhaps*, the *admiration*, of the observer.

Some females, from the sensibility of their organisation, and the quickness of their perceptions, have the art of conversing, not from "a reservoir" of acquired knowledge, but from "a spring" of perpetual renewing fancies, which by their sparkling lights and dewy freshness, may atone for their want of depth. The Italian ladies, though in general very deficient in education, excel in this peculiarly feminine sort of eloquence, to which the music of their language adds a charm that disarms criticism, as to the soundness of the ideas it embodies. The

French ladies are still greater adepts in the art of conversation — they take a wider field in politics, and soar into the regions of metaphysics; but all with a lightness and grace which show that they are thinking more of their sex than their theme. Indeed, the Duchess d'Abrantes tell us, that her mother was renowned in the large circle of exalted and illustrious persons of which she formed the charm, by her captivating manner of receiving her guests, and her skill in amusing them; yet she made no scruple of avowing that she had never read but one book through, in her life, and that one was Telemachus.

As the majority of our readers, however, are not, in all probability, any more than ourselves, the frequenters of courtly circles, we will return to the middle station, to the duties and enjoyments of which we stated, in the commencement of our remarks, we should confine ourselves.

One of the most familiar, and the most valued adages in our language, is that which, in half a dozen words,—"An Englishman's house is his castle," contains an epitome of the law of the land, and the liberty of the subject. But the spirit of these glorious words, will be found to apply as much to the English woman, as to the English man.

Not only is her home her castle, but her kingdom; wherein she rules absolute, and

"Sits sole arbitress,"

and upon the spirit in which she wields her sceptre, depends much of the well-doing and happiness of the subjects of her dominion.

The time when women were in the fullest enjoyment of rational and virtuous influence, is generally considered, by historians, to have been during the prevalence of the feudal system.—"Was it not," asks Mr. Guizot, in his "*Histoire Générale de la Civilization en Europe*," "in the feudal family, that the importance of women took its rise?" Granted, but of what nature was that importance? it was a domestic importance, in every sense of the word—a *home influence;* and if there be any two words that seem to call for being compounded into one, to give the idea of completeness, in the things separately spoken of, yet forming but one idea, to show forth the perfection of the dual number, those two words are *woman* and *home:* for what is woman without a home! what home can that be, where woman is not!

In the insulation of his castle, around him no equals, beyond him no superiors, the feudal chief, the *Châtelain*, looked only to the domestic circle its

walls enclosed, for his welcome after absence; his enjoyment of repose, after toil or danger; his comforts and his enjoyments: there he found his most favoured followers; the friends attached to his person; his "brothers in arms;" and there he found his *Châtelaine*, his wife,—the mother of his children, the mistress of his heart,—the depository of his secrets,—the guiding star of his councils,—the sole and absolute representative of his person, in his absence; the unshackelled delegate of his authority, alike over his property and his people, whenever the prolonged pleasures of the chase, or the perils of warfare, took him from his broad lands, and the fortress which defended them.

"No importance comparable to this," says an able writer in the Edinburgh Review, "equally calculated to call forth the human faculties, had fallen to the lot of women before, nor, it may be added, since: and the fruits are seen in the many examples of heroic women, which the feudal annals furnish to us; women who fully equalled, in every masculine virtue, the bravest of the men with whom they were associated; often greatly surpassed them in prudence, and fell short of them only in ferocity." Yes; it was not in the gallantries of chivalry, refining as they undoubtedly were, nor in the fopperies of "Courts of Love," however complimentary they

might be deemed, nor in the frivolities of masques, and pageants, but in the sober circle of the domestic hearth, that the wife, the mother, the mistress, and the friend formed her empire, her happiness, and her renown.

And why may not these days return? Nay, rather, why should they ever have been lost? True, "the days of chivalry are past;" the reign of feudalism, happily for society in general, is at an end; but, still, in England, "every man's house is his castle," indeed, more so, in the present day, than it was in days of vassallage by-gone. He is still the châtelain within his own walls, though he cannot, like the châtelain of the olden times, hang his servitors if they offend him, or risk his own life in a crusade, or a tournament: and may not his wife be still *his châtelaine*, his deputy; if she will make herself worthy of the office, in the administration of the Home Department. Instead of walking round the walls of her castle, seeing that they are properly manned and defended, she may walk though the apartments of her more cheerful, better ventilated, and better lighted modern mansion, and see that they are neat and in order; she can consider her servants as her vassals, in the best sense of the word; and let her remember that in return for their "suit and service," it is her duty to afford them instruction and kindness,

as well as sustenance and wages. Let her direct the preparations for her hospitable board, and always welcome to it with smiles, her husband, and his friends; though instead of coming

> "To carve at the meal,
> In gloves of steel,
> And drink the red wine with their helmets on,"

they appear in the plain broad cloth, and with the thoughful countenances of men of business, little thinking of the waving plumes of the warrior knight, or the broidered scarf and velvet doublet of the troubadour minstrel.

Let, in short, the lady of the present day, graft her mental cultivation and gentler accomplishments upon the constant love, the duteous attentions, the prudent foresight and the heroic bearing of the *Châtelaine* of the middle ages, and we shall see that she will be fully able to compete with her; not only in all the most valuable characteristics of her sex, but also in the appreciation in which they will be held by her Lord and Master, her *Châtelain*, her husband.

Seldom have we seen the actual position of the middle classes of English women more fairly stated, than by a writer in the North British Review. Few of our female readers, we imagine, will dispute the

truthfulness of the details—few, after reading them, desire to advocate the necessity of *female emancipation*. Emancipation from what? from feminine duties and feminine pursuits! but then in exchange for them, it is proposed by the would-be-*emancipatresses*, (we may be allowed perhaps to coin a word for the occasion) that they should share the pursuits, the toils, we will not say duties, for of them they do not condescend to speak, of the masculine portion of the human race.

"If you ask me," says Margaret Fuller, afterwards Countess Ossoli, "what offices women may fill, I reply *any*. I do not care what case you may put. Let them be sea captains, if you will. I do not doubt there are women well fitted for such an office, and if so, I should be glad to see them in it." Not so, we should imagine, the owners of the vessels, unless they made up their minds to insure against extra risk.

Yet this advocate for her sex's perfect equality of pursuits and authority, was, in herself, as we had abundant opportunity of knowing, one of its most tender-hearted and benevolent—masculine only in her theories, she was in her practice every thing that was excellently feminine. Peace to her memory! Wrecked on her return from Rome, where she had shewn herself "a ministering angel" to the wounded,

the sick, the suffering, in the brief but heroic contest in that oppressed and unhappy city; wrecked within sight, almost within touch of her native shore, her mother and her admiring friends waiting to welcome her back again, her husband by her side, her infant in her arms, she found a grave, beneath the stormy waves of the Atlantic.

Remembrance of her worth, and the desire to prolong her image, vividly brought back to our mental vision, by our mention of her name, have led us from the subject which introduced it: leaving, therefore, her strong-minded country-women to pursue their own ideas, respecting their rights and privileges, we return to the more sober views of the critic to whom we have already referred.

"What is the ordinary position," he asks, "of an English or Scottish woman in her family?—by the ordinary position, we mean that of which the non-existence would be more or less a scandal to herself, or to her husband, or to both." He proceeds, answering his own question, "whether for freedom; happiness, or influence, it is one which might well be envied, in most cases, by him who is her legitimate head. In a few instances, he is in the exercise of public offices, for which, by inclination, quite as much as by nature, she is unfitted; in a small proportion of other cases, he influences the world by the

practice of art or literature; but these fields are open equally to her as to him, if she chuses to descend from her fair eminence to work in them; in other few instances, he is the holder of a dignity, and dispenser of a power, as public teacher of Scripture, which Scripture itself has denied to her; but in the immense majority of cases, he is in a position which must appear one of servile drudgery and indignity, if it be duly compared with her freedom and high place, at the head of the small, but unspeakably important domestic realm. He, during all the labour hours of the day, is wearying his wits over arid parchments; or listening to peevish and egotistical complaints of diseased people, and inspecting offensive sores; or contracting ills of body, and stupidity of apprehension, rivetted to a counting-house stool, and surfeited day by day, and year by year, with slavish ciphers; or writing *fine* for the newspapers, when his heart feels shabby; or measuring ribbons to fastidious house-maids; or distorting his limbs, and distempering his other organs, in some violent or poisonous trade, or handicraft; and in each and all of these, and other instances, subject, not to the law of one whom he loves and delights to obey, but to the rule of uninterested masters, and, as in the case of doctors and drapers, to the caprice of uninteresting mistresses.

His wife, meanwhile, is in the daily enjoyment of a dignity which has no limit but her own deserts. Instead of the weariness and vexation of spirits, that come of work into which one can put no heart, she, if she does her duty, with an ordinary amount of conscience, is in the midst of the manifold and living interests of domestic government. She has vexations, it is true; but for the most part, they are such as she can avoid by a more complete fulfilment of her high calling. Instead of being ruled by powers which, in the case of most men, amount to something little more attractive than a blind unsympathizing fate, she is the mistress of servants and children, or, at least, of the latter, and they are bound to obey her, and will obey her, with delight to themselves, as well as to her, if she deserves to be obeyed. If her servants are not to her mind, she can dismiss them; she can punish her children, if they break her laws; and she has the higher power of rewarding all who are beneath her, by her kindness, and bettering them by her example and teaching. The times and seasons of work and of pleasure, for herself and for them, she herself assigns; and during all those hours in which her husband is slaving for herself, and for them, she is in the enjoyment of the freedom of self-imposed laws. It is for her also to keep the purse; an employment which is commonly regarded as in-

comparably more agreeable than that of filling it. She, too, has, in most cases, the nearly exclusive conduct of affairs, with reference to the acquaintances of the family; making calls and receiving them; planning and giving parties; choosing and wearing handsome dresses, and so forth; all of which, though they may be essential tasks, are seldom really regarded as very onerous ones. If her station is lower than that which we have been contemplating, her sphere of influence, and its attendant pleasures, are diminished, but her husband's hardships are proportionably increased. . . . . As he is her legislative head, she is expected, it is true, to submit to his judgment in some few matters, to the full settlement of which her vice-royalty has not been extended. Any notable innovation in the family economy must have his sanction; but this is seldom a matter of much difficulty, unless she wants the commonest skill to *word* and *time* the question. In such cases the husband is indeed the King, but the wife is the House of Commons."

The wife's privileges thus clearly set forth, it is but fair to take her duties also into consideration, for, after all, marriage is a debtor and creditor account—each partner has claims upon the other—whatever there may be to receive, there is likewise always something to be paid—only let the ledger be

kept honestly, and made to balance fairly, and all will be right and pleasant.

We are not going to make a dry catalogue of Feminine Duties, but merely to give a few friendly hints, respecting the agreeable performance of some of the most essential of them.

We have endeavoured to show that love is the predominant feature in the Feminine Soul—the source of all her virtues; the principle of all her actions; the foundation of all her duties. Over all of them, then, let the *couleur de rose*

> "———— Celestial rosy red,
> Love's proper hue ———"

be diffused—let every thing be done lovingly, gracefully, cheerfully. Cheerfulnes is well depicted the youngest of the graces. She is always young, and will make even the old appear young, as long as they propitiate her; indeed we hold this virtue, for such it has a right to be esteemed, as one of the most powerful instruments, properly applied, of female influence—it is almost invariably the companion of good humour; and how can any man return to the hearth where two such household deities preside, and not feel his cares lessen, and all his better feelings expand, in the genial atmosphere of their united attractions.

Lycurgus, we are told, erected, in his house, an altar to Laughter; and his example was very generally followed by the Spartans. "Laughing cheerfulness," says Ritcher, "throws sunlight on all the paths of life."—Nor let it be imagined that the disposition to it is incompatible with earnestness of thought, or depth of feeling: on the contrary, it may be observed that a quick sense of the humorous is generally accompanied by as quick a sense of the pathetic; as may be seen at theatrical representations; those who are most easily moved to tears at a tragedy, being frequently the loudest in their risibility at the farce.

So strongly advocating as we do, cheerfulness in women, we can not be expected to admit that taciturnity is a virtue in them: it is only when they talk very sillily, or very ill-naturedly, or at very ill-chosen times, that men wish them to be silent. Mason, the poet, indeed, we are informed by his biographer, chose his wife from having been in company with her a whole evening, without hearing the sound of her voice; but he was a man of a temper, the moroseness of which the Muses did not seem to succeed in softening; though they kindly lent him their aid to frame one of the most touching epitaphs in the English language, to her memory.

Naturally, however, women talk more than men.

The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his Hebrew Lexicon, that there primeval name, *Eve*, is derived from a root signifing *Talk;* and it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this kind, that the Rabbins owed their tradition, that twelve baskets of *chit-chat*, it could not be *gossip*, for there were no neighbours to gossip about, were rained down into Paradise, for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with; of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

It is, indeed, one of the beautiful ordinances of providence that women should be more loquacious than men. Would the opening faculties of infantine minds be drawn forth, without the ever flowing stream of words, that issue, in language expressly for the purpose, from a mother's lips?—not the most affectionate father could ever supply her place, in this respect. We heard one, delighted with his first-born, just beginning to articulate, lament that he did not know what to say to it, that he could not, to use his own phrase, "talk nonsense to it:" So, in the second infancy, in declining age, it is the continual communication of small incidents, of affectionate enquiries, and trivial remarks, in woman's cheerful voice, that fall upon the dulled ear, recalling the notes of birds in spring. It was said of Addison, in allusion to his taciturn habits, that he had plenty of gold, but no small change; and woman's small

change will be found of more value, at the extremes of human existence, or at the bed-side of the long confined invalid, than the solid gold of man's profounder observations.

We must, however, remember that *talk* is not always *conversation;* and we beg our readers, our feminine ones we mean, not to lose sight of the distinction made between them, by that renowned master of colloquial eloquence, Dr. Johnson. When speaking of an evening party, to, through him, his scarcely less renowned biographer, Boswell, "No, Sir; there was a great deal of *talk*, but no *conversation.*"

Never is the influence of a cheerful countenance, and sensible converse, more powerfully felt, than at meal times—and at such times all subjects of a depressing or fretful kind should be avoided; equally, for the health of mind and body. Good cheer includes cheerfulness; without which, indeed, no cheer is good. Eating is one of the lowest, yet most imperative, of the animal necessities; it is one of which every human being is reminded two or three times, in the course of every day; and it remains with ourselves whether to be satisfied with its mere selfish and sensual gratification, or to exalt it into a medium of sociality and benevolence. "The object of dinner," Miss Martineau sagely observes, "is

not only eating, but social rest;" social enjoyment, we would add. What man does not sit down to his meal with keener zest, when he sees his wife opposite to him, with a loving and happy aspect, and with the children who may be old enough for admittance, at her side; and is not his enjoyment heightened, when he marks her kind attentions to the friends whom he may have invited to his hospitable board? At such times the thought of self-gratification is lost in the desire to gratify others, and individual enjoyment is increased, by the consciousness of general participation in it.

Never does "the lady of the house" appear to more advantage in her feminine element, than at the head of her table; at once

"———— on hospitable thoughts intent,"

and adding relish to her viands, by the good sense and vivacity of her conversation. Indeed, the very word *lady*, derived as it is from the two Saxon words, *left dien*, signifying Bread-Giver, denotes the gracefulness of *her* office, as effectually as the touching expression of the "Bread-winner," the Scottish phrase for the husband, denotes the importance of *his:* and how beautifully do they, when joined, illustrate the duties of both,—he gains, with industry and honour; she dispenses, with prudence and

liberality. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." "She looketh well to the ways of her household; she eateth not the bread of idleness." "In her mouth is *the law of kindness*."

And now that we have glanced at the table, as far as its social concomitants are concerned, amongst which we ought to have included the judicious assortment of guests, as far as regards the affinity of their opinions and pursuits, we may be allowed to give another glance at what may be placed upon it.

Man has been defined "a cooking animal;" here no doubt the term Man is used in the sense *Homo*, including woman, the species: but in the single acceptation of Man, *vir*, *per se*, all will agree that he requires a thing cooked. From the earliest ages of the world, we see that it was for the man to procure the article requisite towards sustenance, for the woman to prepare it; and, no doubt, the more agreeable the form under which she presented it to her master, or, we would rather hope, her *partner*, the more agreeable did she herself appear in his eyes. We are not, however, going to enter into the *minutiæ* of the *cuisine*,—we only wish to recommend such general attention to, and surveillance of it, as shall enable a young married woman,—for if she begins young she will not be unmindful of it even when she may be old,—in moderate circumstances,

to give her table all the neatness, much of the variety, and somewhat of the elegance, at small expense, that is to be found, at great cost, and not with more comfort, at the tables of the wealthy.

Both the French and Italian ladies set our countrywomen an example, in this respect, worthy of imitation. Seldom do they suffer a dinner to be served up, without having themselves prescribed its materials, and given directions, or a superintending glance, in the course of its preparation—and often the *salades* and the *dolci*, and other elegant trifles, that give variety at small expense, are concocted by their own delicate hands. We do not wish to imply that they are generally more domesticated than English women—certainly not; but in some respects their internal arrangements are more favourable to the branch of domesticity, we are now considering. The *cuisine*, *salle à manger*, and *salon*, are generally all on the same *etage*: hence the lady walks from one into the other, without exciting any surprise in her cook; any uneasy conjecture as to what she is come about; any angry suspicion that she comes to find fault, or to look around her, for cause to do so. On the contrary, her presence only gives cheerfulness and confidence to her servants; they converse with her amicably, and familiarly; without losing any of the real respect due from them to their supe-

rior; and she treats them with the kindness due to those whose services she witnesses, and of which she daily feels the value.

In England, on the contrary, particularly in the metropolis, the kitchens are often so far from the sitting rooms, that they seem a distinct compartment of the dwelling; intrusion into which is resented, as a breach of privilege, or an indication of distrust. "Do you go into the kitchen, ma'am?" is a question we have often heard asked, by what is termed "a clever servant;" and if her mistress acknowledges that she has the habit of going into it, perhaps once a day, the apparent order into which it is put, in readiness for the accustomed visit, at the appointed hour, sufficiently hints that no second is expected, in the course of the same day; the remainder of which the "regions below," are expected to be at the liberty and license of their occupants.

There are in England, at least, a million and a half of household servants; but of this vast body very few are treated by their employers, so as to create affection, or inculcate a thought of mutual interests, mutual obligations. They often remain for years, under our roofs, without our knowing any thing more about them than we did the first day they entered our doors. We know, indeed, whether they do their work properly or not, because that is

a matter which immediately affects our own personal comfort; and we know, or believe we know, whether or not we are robbed, or defrauded by them, to any amount worth noticing; and we also know that, as yet, they have not let a gang of burglars into the house, or set it on fire; but whether they are characters likely to do so, or whether they are good christians, as well as "clever servants," whether they are moral in their conduct, kind to each other, dutiful to their parents, and affectionate to their relatives, or whether they have any; whether they are sober and honest, careful, managing, and conscientious; giving to deserving objects what might otherwise be wasted; whether they have any education, or wish for any; whether they may be able to read the word of God for their own edification, or write a letter for the comfort of their friends, —we ask neither ourselves nor them; yet we expect them to take an interest in all that concerns us—to rejoice, when they see us rejoice; to be sorry for as much of our sorrow as they can guess at, or as we think proper to tell them—we expect them to study our interests, our comforts, our peculiarities; whilst we too often think we fully do our duty towards them, in allowing them sufficient food, paying them their wages when due, and granting

them occasional holidays; neither inquiring nor caring how such holidays may be spent.

It is this sort of estrangement that prevents young married women from going into their kitchens with confidence, consequently with pleasure; and when to that is added a consciousness of ignorance, in the very matters in which they fancy themselves called upon to dictate, they very naturally prefer staying away, and contriving to have as little to order, or look after, as they possibly can—hence the cold and scanty dinner to which the good man of the house is often set down, we can hardly say welcomed, after a day of anxious and exhausting toil. The concise bill of fare, so often in the mouths of London ladies, a joint, "hot one day; and cold, with a pudding the next," perhaps cold, *without* the pudding, the next after that, would never be given by French or Italian mistresses of families; with them the remains of one day's repast are always made to assume some form, perhaps even more appetising, the next; and is sure to be flanked with other accessaries, pleasing alike to the eye and the palate.

The great charm, indeed, of French cookery is that it *looks* so well that it invites to taste, and we do not see any reason why a lady should not be as

pleased with her dinner looking pretty, as with her dress. It likewise comprises a variety, which is favourable to health, and only requires a little forethought on the part of the cook, or her mistress.

One of our ablest satirists, who has favoured the public, from time to time, with his opinions on men and manners, under the various names of Titmarsh, Fitzboodle, or whatever other cognomen may strike his fancy at the moment, in preference to his own, which however commands equal attention in both hemispheres; gives us a case where, to cite his own words, "the misery of a whole life, nay of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of this life; where *ennui*, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide, arose out of an obstinate practice, on the part of the lady, of serving a leg of mutton, three days running." He goes on to inform his readers how the husband, at last, taking fright at the thought of "cold mutton," "ditto," and "ditto repeated," was tempted to treat himself with a snug little bachelor sort of dinner, "once in a way," at "the club:" he was still more strongly tempted, to "repeat the dose;" finding it pleasant enough; till at length it became a habit with him, and the lady was left to eat the cold mutton alone.

Then followed, as a natural consequence, extrava-

gance and debt—then rash speculations, in the hope of extrication from it, then failure, then flight to a land which we will not name, save as

"———— The needy villain's general home:"

then disappointment, despair, suicide.—Hence, our author pithily observes, that, "where the mutton is habitually cold, in a house, depend upon it, the affection grows cold too."—"And what is it ladies," he asks, "that so often drives men out to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate? what but bad dinners?—and whose fault is the bad dinners, but yours?—yours, forsooth; who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals."

It is certain that economy, health, comfort, and cheerfulness are all promoted by good cookery, even of the humblest viands. The stomach has been termed by ancient philosophers, the seat of the soul; and truly when that important organ is out of order or unsatisfied, it interferes greatly with the operation of the intellectual faculties, and the exercise of spiritual dispositions. Conversation, that might delight at another time, fails to please, and endearing expressions fall unnoticed on the ear, when

"———————— the veins unfill'd,
The blood is cold, and *pouts* upon the morning."

So says our great poet, "Nature's favourite child," whose capacious mind took in all things; from "the highest heaven of invention," to the praise of Imogen, when disguised as a youth, for her skill in ornamenting and serving up the "savoury messes," which she set before Guiderius and his sons.

——— "He cut our roots *in characters;*
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter."

To cut roots in characters, will be easily understood by those *tasty* cooks who delight to send up their boiled beef or mutton, with appropriate ornaments of flowers, ingeniously cut out of its natural accompaniments, carrots and turnips.

Madame de Maintenon preserved much of her influence over Louis XIV., in his declining years, after her secret marriage with him, by studying the dishes best fitted to the weakness of his digestive powers; and to her sagacity in culinary matters, we are indebted for that preparation of a mutton cutlet, broiled in paper, still called after its inventress, "*Côtelette en papillote, à la Maintenon,*" so peculiarly fitted for delicate stomachs, by at once absorbing the grease of the *materiel,* protecting it from the empyreumatic action of the fire, and preserving the gravy in all its purity. Her cotempo-

rary, our "good Queen Anne," also, took pleasure in the direction of her table; and in the Cookery Books published in her reign, we find many receipts, of a very appetising description, headed, "After Queen Anne's fashion." Even Catherine de Medicis, that monster of dissimulation and cruelty, did not disdain the compilation of a collection of receipts, still existing, in her own hand-writing; and from which many modern delicacies have been borrowed.—Happy would it have been for herself, and the millions under her sway, had she never been less innocently employed.

But enough of "eating cares." Women of good sense will know exactly what we mean; and women of non-sense will think our remarks trivial, if not downright vulgar; consequently will pay no attention to them:—we will therefore proceed to make a few observations on general subjects, still, however, connected with the harmony and happiness of married life, and also of the general social relations betwixt the sexes.

One of the sincerest and most gratifying proofs of real affection, between man and wife, is the kindness they shew to the relatives and friends of each other. When a man loves his wife he will, almost always, love her sisters as dearly as his own; and where a wife loves her husband, she

will love his brothers, also, with pure, sisterly love. This is an advantage not to be disregarded, for every opportunity afforded to woman, of virtuous intimacy with man, is valuable to her, as a means of enlarging her mind, and calling forth her own peculiar and most engaging attributes; and equally valuable to man is the innocent association, in strictest intimacy, with woman; as at once refining his mind and manners; imparting gentleness to his feelings, and delicacy to his sentiments. "Life," says the Reverend Sydney Smith," is to be prolified by many friendships. . . . . To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence." "Friendships," he continues, "should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions; and with *both sexes*. It is a great happiness to form a sincere friendship with a woman: but a *friendship*, among persons of different sexes, rarely or ever takes place in this country: the austerity of our manners hardly admits of such a connection; compatible, nevertheless, with the most perfect innocence, and the highest possible delight to those who are fortunate enough to form it."

The rarity, indeed, of connections of this kind in England, is the very circumstance that forms their danger. French women, more given to intellectuality than sentiment, can engage in them with-

out risking any more tender feeling, than that which they profess; and the Italians, constant as warm, in their attachments, continually preserve friendships of thirty years standing, between the sexes, without a reflection ever being cast upon their purity, notwithstanding the baneful influence which the system of *cavaliere serventeism*, a system now, happily falling into desuetude, has been supposed to have had upon their domestic habits. But an English woman can scarcely realize the idea, that a man can seek her intimacy, and give her his confidence, from no other motive than disinterested esteem; and by curiously asking herself, whether any other may lurk behind, she is perhaps tempted to ascertain it, by taking more pains to please, than mere friendship would require, or prudence authorise.

Unmarried women, who from not having had brothers, or near male relations, or from any other cause, have been deprived of the advantages accruing from early social communion with the opposite sex in general, are, of course, more liable than others to take erroneous views of later intimate consociation with an individual member of it. The well known adage that "Friendship with woman, is sister to Love," sounds, in their ears, with a sweetness which inclines them to give it their full credence beforehand, and attest its truth afterwards, if called upon so to

do. With married women the case is different—but even with them, as with their single sisters, their sensibility and proneness to sympathy, render them more amenable to error than their male friends are; and we fear that, from the excess of these their characteristics, whenever the line, at first scarcely perceptible, that separates innocence from guilt, is unhappily passed, the temptation to cross it comes too often from the feminine side.

To secure the delight of friendship between the sexes, in cases where the parties thus stand on "debateable ground," a delight which can exist only in union with purity and truth, let them bear in mind, and strictly and conscientiously act upon, as the safe-guard to both, Wolmar's simple yet comprehensive injunction to St. Preux, the former lover of his Julia, when he allows him to come and take up his abode with them, as their mutual friend. "When I am absent," says he, "speak and act as if I were present. When I am present, speak and act as if I were absent."

The moment that the voice, countenance, or language, of either the wife or friend, changes when the husband comes in, it is a sure proof that something wrong, something of vanity, levity, or misplaced sentiment, however slight in degree, has been interrupted by it: and let the consciousness of this first

step in error, be sufficient warning to risk no second. As long as women treat, and feel towards their male friends, as brothers, they may depend upon it, those friends will never wish to view them in any other light than as their sisters.

We might fill volumes with examples of pure and exalted friendship with persons of different sex. We need only cite that which existed between the pious and most excellent Jeremy Taylor and Mrs. Katherine Philips, as well known, by the poets of her day, under the name of "the Matchless Orinda," as her own. To this virtuous and learned lady, the worthy Bishop dedicated his fine Essay "On the Nature and Offices of Friendship," in which he gloriously as briefly, sums up the benefits and delights of the intercourse it sanctifies, in the words which come with double force from his consecrated pen, "the more we love, the better we are: and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God." When the purity and constancy of a friendship of this kind is ascertained, who can deny that it affords a great increase of social happiness? "Till a man has experienced," says Grindon, "the affection of an amiable, intelligent, unsophisticated woman, he knows not half the charm of life; nor, till he has enjoyed the *friendship* of such a one, does he truly know what friendship is. For men's friend-

ships for one another, are always more or less shaped by a business feeling; whereas women's for men are generosity itself. Happy the man who has a woman for a friend:—thrice happy who has her in his *wife*."

The late Sir Samuel Romily bears similar testimony to the value of intimate companionship with rightly principled, and well-informed women. "There is nothing," says he, "by which I have, through life, more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere, and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women."—*Life of Romily*, *v.* 1, *p.* 48.

There can be no doubt that the more intimately men and women consociate together, of course under the requisite regulations of reason and morality, the nearer their respective characters will be brought to perfection. Nor can this intimate consociation begin too early. Nature itself points this out to us, even in the nursery. A family of boys only, or a family of girls only, can never be so well and so harmoniously brought up, at any rate, in the earlier years of their existence, as a family of brothers and sisters. Lord Byron said, "Beware of only daughters." His lady might have said, with equal justice, "Beware of only sons." The arrantest coward mentioned in the Illiad, is "one Dolon," the *only* brother of five sisters; and the celebrated John

Hunter gave it as an opinion, formed on his own observation, that wherever there was only one son, among several daughters, he was always of an effeminate, as one daughter among several sons, was always of a masculine disposition. Where the members are more equally balanced, the advantage to both must be evident. When the education of the nursery finishes, that of the school-room begins; and even there, it is desirable that the innocent intercourse of the sexes, and the interchange of their thoughts and feelings, should be prolonged as far as their different destinations will allow. "A child brought up exclusively, under the supervision of one sex," says Grindon, "never presents so satisfactory a psychological development, as one that has enjoyed a *dual* culture; strikingly instanced in girls who have learned in part from masters." "Exclusive home-education, or exclusive school-education is, for the same reason, always a comparative failure; for the one is feminine, the other masculine; and each fulfils a part at once indispensable, and for which the other is unqualified."

We are now bringing our remarks to a conclusion. Authorities, on which we would fain strengthen the opinions we have ventured to suggest, will be found in the Appendix, where we have also placed a few citations from writers, whose views appear to coin-

cide with our own; and which, perhaps for that reason, appeared to us worthy of selection. It, therefore, only remains for us to say that we shall be both gratified and grateful, should the theory we have discussed prove satisfactory to our readers, as we are fully convinced that in the perfect understanding, between the sexes, of their distinctive attributes, and consequently of their different duties to society, and to each other, depends the purity and happiness of their intercourse,—and that in proportion as the Affections reverence the Intellect, and the Intellect cherishes the Affections, glimpses of a return to the bliss of Eden will be obtained, even amid the salutary cares, and purifying sorrows of this world; and will be enlarged into full and glorious vision of its perfected felicity, in the world to come.

APPENDIX.

Page 16, *line* 5.—Socrates was more just in his appreciation of the feminine character; according to the sentiments put into his mouth by Plato, in "The Banquet;" wherein he makes him say, "This young girl confirms me in the opinion I have long had, that the female sex are in nothing inferior to ours, save in strength of body, and, perhaps, in steadiness of judgment." Xenophon, in his "Economics," maintains the same opinion; but we fear we must reckon our great poet, Milton, an Aristotelian, on this head; although he has given us, in his

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,"

the most perfect and lovely portraiture of the womanly nature, ever delineated in harmonious numbers, he yet decidedly pronounces her to be *inferior* to "our first father," Adam, whom he represents as saying, in his conversation with the angel Raphael,

"For well I understand, in the prime end
Of nature, her the inferior; in the *mind*
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also; her *resembling less*

His image, who made both ; and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures."

Paradise Lost, b. 8.

In his prose also, the zealous republican maintains the same doctrine, as in his poetry. In his Treatise entitled "Second Defence of the People of England" he says, "He in vain makes a vaunt of liberty, in the Senate, or the Forum, who languishes under the vilest servitude, to an *inferior*, at home;" and in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," discussing the question of the equality of the sexes, he enlists himself, at once, under the banner of St. Paul, whom he declares to have ended the controversy, "by explaining that the woman is not primarily and immediately the image of God, but in reference to the man. *The head of the woman*," saith he, 1 Cor. ii. "*is the man: he the image and glory of God*, she the glory of man, he not for her, but she for him. Therefore his precept is, wives be subject unto your husbands, as is fit in the Lord. Col. iii. 18. *In every thing*. Eph. v. 24."

In the authorised version of the "Epistles," the words are "wives, submit *yourselves* to your husbands;" but the sturdy puritan will not suffer the appearance of voluntary compliance in place of arbitrary command; though he condescends to say, "neverthe-

less man is not to hold her as a servant; but receives her into a part of that empire which God proclaims him to, though not *equally* yet largely; as *his own image and glory;* for it is *no small glory* to him, that a creature *so like him* should be *made subject* to him. Not but that particular exceptions may have place, if she exceed her husband in prudence and dexterity, and he *contentedly yield;* for then a superior and more natural law comes in, that the wiser should govern the less wise, whether male or female."

Page 27, *line* 15.—A stone, in the language of correspondence, is a type of truth, which is never so powerfully wielded by feminine as by masculine argument.

Page 27, *line* 18.—It is worthy of remark that although women, even of gentle nature, have frequently, under trying circumstances, been heard to express a wish that they had been born men, no man under any circumstances whatsoever, has ever been heard to express a wish that he had been born a woman—and had an instance of the kind ever been known to occur, it would only have excited contempt in both sexes, instead of sympathy in either.

Page 32, *line* 21.—"I never addressed myself in the language of kindness and friendship to a woman," says Mungo Park, "whether civilised or savage, without receiving a kind and friendly answer: with men it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

Page 46, *line* 5.—The late Rev. Robert Hall, equally eminent for his piety as his eloquence, wished for daughters, in preference to sons; "I fancied," says he, in a letter to his friend, the Rev. James Philips, "there was something in the constitution of boys, peculiarly tending to vice and adverse to their spiritual interest. I had also remarked that females seemed much more susceptible of religious impressions, than men."—*Life and Letters*, v. 1, p. 323.

Page 53, *line* 3.—The soul is derived from the father, but it is in the womb of the mother that it receives its dual nature. Hereditary peculiarities or evils, derived from the father are of an interior nature, and consequently more difficult to be corrected than those derived from the mother, which are more external; a consideration well worth attending to by parents, indeed by all who have the care of youth, or are interested in psychological studies: and here we may perhaps be allowed to make a remark upon the immaculate nature of the Virgin Mary, as ascribed to her by certain theologians, and lately promulgated by Pio Nono, as a dogma, the belief in which he declares essential to salvation—yet that it is founded in error will be evident to the reflecting Christian. "It is clear, and indisputable," says the Rev. I. H. Smithson, in an excellent sermon, expressly in refutation of this mistaken view of one of the most important points of Christian doctrine, "that every human being derives an hereditary nature from his father, and an hereditary nature from his mother. This fact arises from the very nature of things, and from the very laws of generation. . . . The Lord, in like manner, had an hereditary nature from His Father, and also an hereditary nature from His Mother. But His Father was Jehovah God Himself, the in-

divisible Deity; and therefore He, as to his Essence, and inmost Soul, was infinitely different from all others born of women. . . . His soul, therefore, or the essential internal nature, was not derived from Jehovah, as His Divine Father, but was Jehovah Himself—or, as the apostle says, 'God manifest in the flesh;' of Him only can *immaculate conception* be predicated, and to predicate this prerogative of any other being, born of woman, is both absurd and profane.

"But the nature derived from His mother was *similar to her own*, or as the apostle says,—'It was in the likeness of sinful flesh—made of a woman, made under the law.' 'He was laden with our iniquities,' and 'He carried our infirmities, and our sins.' This He did by inheriting the infirmities of our common humanity from the mother. For there was no other way in which he could be 'laden with our iniquities.'"

Page 54, *line* 17.—"There is in the heart of woman," says Monod, "a POWER of loving, that man can never attain." There are two kinds of love; the love that receives, and the love that gives. The one congratulates itself on the sentiment it inspires, and the sacrifices it obtains; the other on the sentiment it *feels*, and the sacrifices it *makes*—

neither of these loves can live alone; the woman knows them both, but with her the second predominates: that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" is the prompter by which she is always actuated."—"*La Femme.*"

"No man," says poor L. E. L., "ever enters into the feelings of a woman, be his kindness what it may." Too surely *her* husband did not enter into hers: had he done so, she might yet have lived, to gladden the hearts of her friends, with her warm affections, and to delight the public with her talents. Let women of her acute sensibility, either expressly avoid engaging themselves for life with partners who cannot return it, in any thing like the same degree, and would perhaps be better pleased with less, or let them make up their minds to be satisfied with the love they may inspire, perhaps the utmost the nature of the husband may be capable of, provided the wife feels assured that he loves no one else as well.

Page 66, *line* 18.—"Marriage" says Jeremy Taylor, in the wise discourse, published in his works, under the title of "The Wedding Ring," "was in the world before sin, and is in all ages of the world the greatest and most effective remedy against sin."

* * * *

"*Marriage is honourable in all men;* so is not single life; for in some it is a snare and a trouble in the flesh; a prison of unruly desires, which is attempted daily to be broken; celibate or single life is never commanded."

* * * *

"This state hath proper exercises and trials for those graces for which single life can never be crowned. Here is the proper scene of piety and patience; of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united, and made firm, as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship; the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. . . . Marriage is the mother of the world and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself."

Page 69, *line* 10.—Rousseau maintained that the mind of woman was absolutely destitute of *genius*, in any and every degree. If we take the sense of the word, according to the definition given of it, by Johnson, as a "disposition of nature, by which any

one is qualified for some peculiar employment," we must allow that instances of early and unvarying devotedness to any one particular pursuit, are rarely to be found in the female sex—the great lexicographer himself, though delighting in the society of women, thought there was "a natural want of precision," in their ideas. Dr. Gideon Harvey, a physiologist, celebrated in his day, accounts very summarily for certain peculiarities which he lays down as inherent in the feminine mental constitution. "No wonder," says he, "if a woman be more fierce, furious, and of a more rash, swift judgment than a man; for their spirits and heat, moving in great troops, and confluences of particles, must needs move swift; which swiftness of motion is the cause of their *sudden rages*, *nimble tongues*, and *rash wits*." —Archelogia Nova: or, New Principles of Philosophy, part 22, p. 134, 1603.

Page 81, *line* 10.—At the top of the principal staircase of the University of Padua, is a statue of the celebrated Elena Lucrezia Carnova Piscopia, who took her degree as a professor, in the University; in addition to her attainments in mathematics and astronomy, she was skilled in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Spanish, and French languages. Nature had also endowed her with a fine

talent for music, and its sister-art, poetry, as well as with great personal attractions. It would seem that none of the male sex thought themselves deserving of such a bright constellation of charms and attributes; for she died, in 1684, in the forty-eighth year of her age, unmarried.

Page 97, *line* 18.—We were informed by a West-End publisher, whom we called upon, lately, for a friend, that he had, at that time, two hundred and twenty manuscript novels in the house, waiting the decision of his reader; and that of that number he should probably, in the course of the next two years, publish one-fourth.

Page 105, *line* 7.—The difference of personal strength between the sexes, is one of the wise ordinances of providence by which protection is ensured to the female. Woman is strong in her weakness, we do not mean in that mincing affectation of it more in vogue in the beginning of the last century than, happily, in the middle of this, and justly ridiculed by Pope,

> "Miss Chloe, tottering, catches at your hand—
> Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?"

but in that delicacy of manner which accompanies comparative delicacy of frame, and in the appeal it

makes to every generous manly mind. What is it that prompts a man to protect a woman, though a stranger to him, in the moment of danger, even at the risk of increased danger to himself, but the conviction that she cannot protect herself?—what is it that impels the roughest son of the ocean, when roaring tempests, and frowning rocks threaten destruction to his vessel and his crew, to order out the boats first for his female passengers, but pity for those, who without that pity would be lost? and in the calmer scenes of polished life, how is it that the best places, the best accommodation, the most delicate fare are always assigned to females, —ladies, if the term be deemed more applicable in the present instance, but because courtesy grants all that selfish strength might withhold. We are aware that this preponderance of it in masculine hands may, and is continually made the instrument of tyranny and bloodshed; witness the American savage, who strikes his Squaw dead, at his feet, because she has lent his hatchet, at the next wigwam; and the more savage English workman, who murders his wife because she "aggravated him," by asking him for bread for her children, when he had spent his money in drink. But instances of brute intellect making an evil use of brute force, are not to be adduced as impugning the intention of nature,

which implants in every human breast the desire to extend protection in proportion as it may seem needful. If the sexes were equal in physical strength, the world would be kept in constant uproar with their physical contests—and where would be the umpires, the peace-makers? waging war with some equally powerful opponents—life would be one long battle scene—occupations would be mixed, responsibilities perplexed, doubt, confusion, and anarchy would prevail throughout the earth. It is an instinctive consciousness, that this would be the inevitable result of the realisation of the case we are supposing, that makes the male sex view, with a sentiment closely bordering upon repugnance, any too near approach in the female to muscular power, commensurate with their own. For our own parts, we must acknowledge we participated so strongly in this feeling, on seeing in the *Champs Elysée*, a woman of gigantic proportions and scantily draped, exhibiting such extraordinary *tours de force*, lifting immense weights, pitching massive bars, and taking leaps, as if she meant

"To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,"

that we were filled with alternate disgust and pity—only equalled by the sight of the outside picture, for we never ventured to look upon the original, of the *Swissesse*, who exhibited herself in London,

three or four years ago, on the ground of having been gifted by nature, in one of her frolicksome modes, with a beard of ebon hue, and a thickness which would have done honour even to the chin of a Muscovite.

Page 114, *line* 23.—Longfellow has expressed with less sublimity, it must be granted, than Shelley, but still very pleasingly, and, we fully believe, truthfully, the state and appearance of a female spirit, removed in the innocent morning of life, from earth, to bloom in mid-day brightness in heaven.

> Not as a child shall we again behold her;
> For when, with raptures wild,
> In our embraces we again enfold her,
> She will not be a child.
>
> But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
> Clothed with celestial grace,
> And beautiful, with all the Soul's expansion,
> Shall we behold her face."

Page 116, *line* 26.—Austen, twelve hundred years after St. Augustine, inclines to his opinion, on this subject, saying in his "Treatise on the Excellency of Woman," "that in the next world the women

shall become as men," adding, "even as the angels of heaven are."

Page 118, *line* 8.—The Will was worshiped by the Romans, under a female form, and at Bolsena, the remains of a temple to the goddess may still be traced.

Page 132, *line* 9.—The late Lord Malmesbury, son of the celebrated Harris, the author of "Hermes," passed thirty-five years on the continent, as ambassador, or minister, at the different courts in Europe, under circumstances of peculiar advantage. He was one of the most elegant men of the age; his address was fascinating; his eloquence all-persuasive: his negociations were almost invariably successful; and he never, as he stated, a short time before his death, knew any great misfortune, or suffered any acute disease. Hence he was far more likely, especially as he was happy in the possession of an amiable and cheerful disposition, to see every thing in his foreign residences, *en couleur de rose*, than to regard them with a "jaundiced eye;" yet he declared that so far from any of them making him undervalue England, they only raised it still higher in his estimation. "Here," he says, "I will make an assertion, grounded on experience

and conviction, and which may be applied as a never-failing test, that an Englishman, who, after a long absence from England, returns to it with feelings and sentiments partial to other countries, and adverse to his own, has no *real* mind; is without the powers of discernment, and plain easy comparison; and has no title to enjoy the superior moral and social advantages to which he is born, but of which he is insensible and unworthy."—*Diaries and Correspondence.*

Page 141, *line* 19.—Mendoza, an author of repute in his day, tells us that in certain provinces, bordering on Tartary, the governors and viceroys prescribe a fixed term to both sexes, within which they are required to marry, or devote themselves to religious life. When the day arrives, the candidates for matrimony present themselves before a committee of twelve persons, appointed for the purpose, who take their names and condition in life down in writing, and ascertain the dowries that the men are able to give; for with them it is the bridegroom purchases the bride; not as in more polished climes the bride the bridegroom. They are then divided into three classes; the rich, the moderately so, and the poor. The females are classed in the same way; the handsomest are assigned to the

richest, who *pay* proportionably for them; the next in beauty, to the less rich, who are not required to pay for them; and the plainest to the poor; who are consoled for the paucity of outward attraction in their brides, by receiving with them a portion of the money which the rich have paid for the beauties.

Page 143, *line* 3.—Whilst speaking of marriage, and the impediments to it, we may be allowed to point out one great negligence in England on the part of *modern*, for it was not so in the "olden times," Fathers, of the middle classes, with regard to making timely provision towards the portioning of their daughters. They are too proud to moderate their own expenses for this desirable object, which is moreover an absolute duty, but not too proud to give their child penniless to a young man, who may scarcely be able to provide her with the comforts, and certainly not with the luxuries, to which she may have been accustomed, by the imprudent ostentation of her parents. They are not ashamed of giving her nothing at all; but they would be very much so, of giving her only three or four hundred pounds; because it might get known among their acquaintance, and be thought mean, forsooth! though, small as the sum might be deemed by gossipping neighbours, in comparison with the ostensible circumstances, and outward expendi-

of the father, it might be joyfully and thankfully accepted by the young couple, and not only facilitate their union, but enable them to enter on their domestic career, with enjoyment of the present, and hope for the future. Even a peasant, among our continental neighbours, will lay aside, weekly, some portion of his wages, however scanty they may be, in order to give a little wedding portion, a few crowns, to his daughter, the pride of his heart; perhaps, also, the pride of his village;—and we ourselves have seen a gentleman, a foreigner, of moderate independent fortune, deeply mortified at having to take a young English lady, the object of his disinterested affections, utterly portionless, notwithstanding her father being a professional man, in extensive practice; because, as he said, it would scarcely be believed by his friends and relations, that he had married a respectable person, of equal rank with himself, if it were known that he had received her without any dowry whatsoever. If half the money that parents expend on their daughters, for mere accomplishments, either as means for shining in company, or even of qualifying them for wasting the bloom of their youth in isolation and mortifications, as private governesses, were laid by, to aid in enabling them to form happy marriages, we should not see so many pining aberrations

attendant on forced celibacy; or so many anxious countenances among parents, foreseeing the period when their own removal from earthly cares, may leave their daughters to struggle with them, in poverty and loneliness.

Page 155.—The Reverend Sydney Smith is quite right, when he says, that "one of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age;" but there is still another, yet more agreeable and more important, and that is the unfailing source of gratification it is to its possessor. A mind abundantly stored with reading, and enriched by the recollections of travel, will prove an inexhaustible well-spring of delight, to set against the feebleness of the locomotive powers, the gradual dulling of the senses, and the occasional hours, if not days, of loneliness to which the aged must inevitably be exposed. It is then that they will look within themselves, for solace, and a renewal of their bright days of prime. It is then that are opened

"————all the cells where memory slept,"

It is then

"The scene returns————"

and scene after scene, till the pleasing past is laid

before their mental view, as when Adam, ascending with the angel Michael, the hill,

> "Of Paradise, the highest; from whose top
> The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
> Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
> * * *
> ——look'd, and saw wide territory spread
> Before him, towns, and rural works between;
> Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers."
>
> *Paradise Lost, b.* 11.

Then rise also, the forms of "the illustrious dead," breathing afresh in our ears the words of wisdom, or the sweet strains of poesy, so eagerly listened to, and timidly re-echoed by us, in our youthful days, when our reasoning powers were maturing, and fancy and imagination pluming their wings: and here we may be allowed to advocate the uses and delights of Poetry, that music of the mind; a music which once listened to by taste and feeling, never ceases to awaken its echo in the breast; whenever its strains are heard again, however distant may be the interval. A lady of our acquaintance, herself highly susceptible to poetic influences, was expressing to an aged female friend, her desire to hear again one of Shenstone's Elegies, which had been a favourite with her, in her girlhood; her Septuagenarian friend, equally to her surprise and gratifica-

tion, repeated it to her, without hesitation or error, from the first stanza to the last; though she had not either read or heard it for more than forty years, before she was thus unexpectedly called upon to shew, how tenaciously her memory retained the impressions made upon it, in the ductile period of early life.

How often, also, have we, ourselves, in our younger days, in our rural walks, with a dear and gifted sister, derived reciprocal pleasure, from repeating alternately, with each other, passages, from our favourite poets; how often beguiled with them the fatigue of lonely travel, and the sleepless hours of anxiety! Can we then do otherwise than recommend to others, the practice, from which we ourselves have reaped delight in the hours of prosperity, consolation in those of affliction, of storing, betimes, the mind with treasures which rust not, and of which no change of fortune can deprive us? And what our own eloquence may fail in effecting, we will trust to the accomplished pen of the historian of the Literature of Europe, to effect for us.

"Then the remembrance of early reading," says Mr. Hallam, speaking of Milton, at the time when the appalling fact of his blindness, was confirmed, "came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the

muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They, who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them,—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive, and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life." —*Literary Essays and Characters.*

Page 166, *line* 10.—The lady-emancipatresses, themselves, are not quite fair, in their statements of their grievances, or quite just in their views of the injustice which they, in some cases, imagine

and in others, it must be conceded to them, they actually do, labour under. There is "much to be said on both sides," as Sir Roger de Coverley wisely observed, on summing up, what appeared to him, conflicting evidence: his words have become an adage, ever since they were put into his mouth by Addison; and we would flank it with another, equally popular, if our readers will pardon what they may think its vulgarity; that, in most cases, we must "take the fat with the lean." This, the advocates for feminine emancipation do not appear very willing to do—they aspire to the great and the grand—the silk gown, the ermined robe, the gold-laced uniform; but they are no candidates for the fustian jacket and "clouted shoon" of the hedger and ditcher; the smock-frock of the dray-man, or the leather apron of the mechanic. If they think that the good of society calls for them to be admitted members of parliament, judges, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, generals, or admirals, let them also see the propriety of accepting, in due gradation, the subordinate duties belonging to each. Let the woman-judge, after passing sentence of death on a criminal, appoint a *hang-woman* to carry her sentence into effect; let the *lawyeress* employ a catchpole in petticoats to arrest the victim of poverty, or mischance, for debt, and haul him away to the comfortless

seclusion of the Marshalsea, or White Cross Gaol. Nor ought the scientific *medica* to present herself before her masculine examiners, as candidate for her *degree*, without due previous handling of the scalpel and the saw, in the dissecting room, amidst putridity and corruption; to all which she must enure herself, if she means to mingle among the wounded, the dying, and the dead, in a battle-field, or in the crowded cock-pit of a man-of-war; but once let the battle-field and the quarter-deck be trod, and who can answer for the further "visions of glory" that may appear before the rapt eyes of the fair emancipatresses—

"Vaulting ambition overleaps itself—"

they would be Generals, Admirals, any thing, in short, by which they might unsex themselves in this world, and, as it should appear from their actions, hope to remain unsexed in the world to come. An idea which seems to have taken hold of the fancy of one of our most gifted poetesses; one whom to wish "unsexed," would be to wish the disrobing of one of the gentlest, and most loving of intellectual forms; yet who, strange to say, has, amid much that is beautiful, much that is lofty, written two of the most absurd and most unpleasing sonnets in the English language, addressed to the

"——— large-brain'd woman, and large-hearted man,"

George Sand, as that epicene lady chooses to style herself, and whose soul, we are informed,

> "——— ——— amid the lions
> Of (her) tumultuous senses moans defiance,
> And answers roar for roar, as spirits can."

Now our friend Bottom, he with the "long smooth ears," Titania's "gentle joy," tells us, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" that he can play "the lion's part," and

> "——— roar you, an' 't were any nightingale,"

but for a lion "to roar as spirits can" is far beyond our zoological knowledge, with respect to the roar of the king of beasts himself, or with any connection between it and "spirits;" save from a region with which we do not imagine our poetess meant to insinuate the spirit of the

> "Large-brain'd woman, and large-hearted man"

held any affinity; but let that pass, along with other great mistakes by great geniusses. The large heart is next advised to "beat purer and higher,"

> "Till God *unsex* thee, on the spirit shore,"

where of course it would meet many other unsexed large-brained women, and, by parity of reasoning, large-hearted men. But we now come to a more solemn view of the question before us. It is

well worthy of serious note to remark, that the advocates, whether male or female, for what is called the emancipation of woman, are generally infidels; or, to use a term more courteous in sound, though the same in sense, freethinkers—that is to say, they deny the truth of revealed religion; consequently can feel no reverence for its sanctity, no obligation to obey its commands.

To them the words of Jehovah Himself, the One God, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God," (Deut. xxii. 5.,) convey no other meaning than the outward one, that it is unbecoming in either sex to assume the garb of the other; the interior and solemn sense that the attributes, and consequently the habits of the Masculine Soul, are not to be confounded with the attributes and consequent habits of the Feminine Soul, they do not perceive, and would not venerate, if they did. "In how many shapes," says a late powerful preacher, "does the demon of infidelity, that is of the rejection and denial of the Word of Divine Truth, lift his horrid form! Sometimes he comes in the shape of direct revilement, and atrocious blasphemy, against the Scriptures of Truth, and all which, from them, we learn to hold sacred.

Sometimes he appears in visionary schemes for the formation of a new state of society. . . . Sometimes he is seen in extravagant plans for what is called the *emancipation* of woman, by freeing her from all dependence on the man; by opening to her all the offices, professions, and employments which have hitherto been supposed to be exclusively suited to the genius of the male: and especially by liberating her from what is treated as the *servile yoke* of an indissoluble marriage; though, no doubt, it is their own liberty, in this respect, which is mainly looked to, by the male advocates for such an emancipation."—*Noble, Sermon* 3.

It stands to reason that if a number of women take upon themselves the offices of men, in time a proportionate number of men must endeavour to fulfil the offices of women,—we say *endeavour*, because, assuredly in the attempt alone they would prove themselves the weaker sex. We can see, too plainly, in mining districts, and manufacturing towns, the deplorable consequences accruing from the lamentable system of women going out of doors, to earn the means of subsistence, at the expense of their morality and religion, and the men remaining at home, to supply the place of mothers to pining babes, and instructresses to elder children; too often neglecting all alike, to spend the earnings of the

wife at the public-house, in order to indemnify themselves by a return to masculine society, for the unnatural metamorphosis to which the upside-down system of things has for a time condemned them.

Our theme widens before us as we proceed; but we must close our remarks for the present, by observing that the evil of the day is the cultivation of the intellect, to the neglect of the affections,—society is threatened with a moral hydrocephalus,—the head expands to giant size, and the heart dries up for want of healthy supplies. The disease begins in early youth, and will assuredly bring on premature old age. It is not the best child that is rewarded at school, but the cleverest; it is not the honestest man that is chosen for public functions, but the cleverest—he who can help a party at a pinch, and

"——— make the worse appear the better reason."

It is the same with the female sex, talent is the cry; public notice the object of aspiration. Still, happily, the voice of nature will be heard,—her dictates obeyed, by the majority, in the performance of domestic duties, the fulfilment of sweet companionship; and still will they find their reward in the grateful and admiring love of those whom it is at once their duty to serve, and their delight to please.

Page 176, *line* 15.—"I would fain find a gentle girl," says Jean Paul, pining in single blessedness, "who could *cook something for me*, and who would sometimes smile, and sometimes weep with me." How many young men, like him, rich in talent, poor in pocket, delicate in health, languishing for sympathy, have breathed the same wish, in the ear of some confidential friend, or to the echoes of their own solitary hearts! and how many "gentle girls" might be found willing to rejoice with them when they rejoiced, and weep with them when they wept; to eke out their moderate income into competence, by cheerful management; and provide little delicacies for their weakened appetites, at even less cost than the unsavoury fare which may form their accustomed solitary meal, were it not for the artificial barriers raised by the ostentation and folly of the age, against young people seeking their mutual happiness in assisting each other, and making their mutual love supply the place of the luxuries which for themselves they would be well contented to forego; or, at least to wait for, provided they might wait for them *together*, rather than pine in separation until they might be secured to them!

Page 180, *line* 2.—"O mothers!" says our favourite Jean Paul, "above all other things, im-

plant in your daughters a love and reverence for their own sex. . . . Teach them to regard in their maid-servants, not merely their humanity in common, but their fellowship with them, in sex." He says, which is too true, "women love their own sex little; and judge its weaknesses more harshly than they judge the roughnesses of men." *Levana*, v. 2, p. 233. This fact, for such it is, may appear something unnatural, to those who have never made psychology a subject of their reflection; but to those who have at all considered the nature of the Feminine Soul, it is easily to be accounted for. Women, by this special gift, which we have already mentioned, of penetrating, almost at a glance, into the minds of others, of course see into those of their own sex more clearly and deeply than men can do—hence the little coquetries and artifices, the small deceits and cajoleries which they detect in each other, in order to gain the admiration or effect the subjugation of the opposite sex, inspire them with the liveliest disdain, generally tinctured with a proportion of envy. They are impatient of the success, in others, of the very manœuvres they yet feel conscious they would themselves practise, the very next minute, if opportunity allowed it; and are angry with the men for falling into the same snares, spread by others, which they would not

scruple to spread themselves. The predominant instinct of the Feminine Soul being to conjoin the Masculine one with itself, the individuals of the species rarely look upon each other in any other light than as rivals in this common object, unless attached by peculiar ties of consanguinity or friendship. Where the actual spirit of rivalry does not operate, its place is supplied by the torpor of indifference—in no instance more fatally felt than between mistress and female servant. Mothers who would tremble at the thought of their daughters being exposed, even with all the armour of good education and refined example, to promiscuous familiarity, and unrestrained converse with the opposite sex—can see a young female, perhaps only seventeen or eighteen years of age, enter their family, exposed, like flying fishes, to double danger, from their equals, and from those above them, yet never take any pains to ascertain how far their moral feelings, or religious instruction may fit them to remain unscathed, in such a perilous situation—but let the consequences happen that prudence ought to foresee, and kindness would instinctively dread, then what is too often the behaviour of the mistress towards the unfortunate, whom, from the moment of entering her house, she was bound to instruct, to warn, and to protect? Her *delicacy* will

not allow her to ascertain the truth of her suspicions, whether grounded on her own observation or the communication of others, by frank and friendly enquiry, though that enquiry, put in a true spirit of Christian charity, might be the means of saving an unhappy girl from despair, and the miserable sin of infanticide—the shortest way is to send her away, adrift, it may truly be said, and leave her to struggle as she may, without character, without means of support, for either herself, or the helpless burthen she has to bear in her arms. There is no error, no crime against which women are so severe with each other, as a breach of chastity—they seem to think it includes all other sins. Yet, however valuable the preservation of it is to the purity of the individual, and the interests of society at large, there are crimes of a much more direful nature, spiritually considered; but which lying hidden in the interiors of the mind and heart, escape censure. But surely few objects are more pitiable, than a young woman deceived in the character, betrayed by the artifices of the man to whom she may have given her sincere and unsuspecting love; in return for which she has to encounter suffering alike in body and in mind, anguish, remorse, disgrace, and want—surely to a fellow-creature, thus plunged into the depths of misery, it is a duty to hold out a helping hand, so far

at any rate as to save her from falling into absolute vice, through necessity and despair. Surely some words of kindness might be ventured upon, to breathe hope into her fainting soul, some means pointed out to her, of retrieving her error, and still becoming a worthy and useful member of society.

Page 188, *line* 7.—Perhaps the annals of virtuous friendship between the sexes, can shew none more constant or more pure, more beautiful and self-sacrificing, than that which existed twenty years between the poet Cowper and Mrs. Unwin; a friendship which knew no separation till that of death.

The public have not to learn that the mind of this most amiable and gifted man, was early shadowed over by insanity, in one of its most difficult shapes to minister to,—that of religious melancholy. It was after partially recovering from one of its attacks, that he was providentially guided to take up his abode at Huntingdon, to be near his brother, then at Cambridge, to whom he was affectionately attached; and of whom, surviving him, he says, in his delighful poem of "The Task,"

"———————— I had a brother once,
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,

A man of letters, and of manners too:
Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles."

The dejection still visible in the poet's countenance, blending with the gentle and benevolent expression of his nature, so interested William Cawthorn Unwin, the son of the Rev. William Unwin, rector of Grimston, and at that time residing at Huntingdon, that he called upon him, and persuaded him to return his visit. From the moment of entering the house, though a horror of strangers was one of the distressing accompaniments of his malady, Cowper felt himself at home—he was soon prevailed upon to make it his home entirely, until the death of Mr. Unwin; when he removed, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, to Olney, where, for six years, he enjoyed at once the tranquillity of retirement and the delight of that domestic harmony and happiness which he appreciated so fully, and has described with a simplicity, yet fervour, in which he is hitherto unequalled, and which was presided over by her whom he describes as having "read much to good purpose; as possessing an excellent understanding; more polite than a duchess; and one from whose conversation he had derived more good than he could have done, from an audience of the first

prince in Europe." But, alas! his fearful malady again overtook him, in a darker form even than before; and for thirteen years wrapped all his finer faculties in more than midnight gloom. All this dreary period, in which he alternated from the torpidity of unconsciousness to the anguish of despair, Mrs. Unwin watched over him, with an unwearied tenderness and a constancy of *friendship*, "which" says one of his biographers "*man never yet shewed to man*. The friends, whom the *eclat* of his poetry, or better motives, drew around his latter years, appear to have thought very little about him, during the many dark years that Mary Unwin kept by his side, in a situation which *only a woman*, and that a very uncommon one, could have endured, for the object of her fondest affections." "How she has supported herself as she has done," says his cousin, Lady Hesketh, herself a most amiable and affectionate woman, in a letter to her sister Theodora, "the constant attendance, day and night, she has gone through, for thirteen years, is to me, I confess, incredible; and in justice to her, I must say, she does it all with an ease that relieves you from any apprehension of its being a state of suffering." Under such tender and ever-watchful care, the poet's mind again gradually recovered its tone: but that of his unwearied nurse began to show symptoms of

decay, under the effects of a paralytic stroke, which being repeated six years after, terminated her mortal existence. Cowper summoned resolution to contemplate her remains, a moment, in the dusk of the evening; "started away, in a paroxysm of grief, after which he never mentioned her name during the remainder of his life:" but he has left an imperishable tribute to her memory in lines "the most touchingly pathetic that ever the pure spirit of tenderness and affection dictated. They were written after her first attack of illness. They were addressed to a then helpless, paralytic, and very old woman. "They sprung from neither youth, beauty, passion, nor the softening recollections of any early charm; not even from the sympathy of kindred blood: yet they breathe the etherial essence of the love that is indestructible." Nor can we conclude these our remarks on friendship with females, better than with some of the stanzas which so feelingly testify its value; though we are aware their beauty must long ago have made them familiar to most of our readers.

"The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah, would that this might be the last,
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

* * *

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight,
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

* * *

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
To me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

* * *

Page 189, *line* 4.—That diversity of character no impediment to perfect harmony of friendship, w may see in Goethe and Schiller; one the represent

tive of the real, the other of the ideal. "It is in this very distinctiveness," says Weiss, the able translator of "Schiller's Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays," "with which they developed, respectively, those two great elements, that we ought to discern, not only the *special mission of each*, but the still higher mission of both united. It is striking to notice how their diversity produces a unity; it would be instructive to analyze their characters, in order to perceive their capacity for creating a third character, which is the idea of Humanity; the result of the two tendencies which make a man. . . . "Where Goethe was deficient, Schiller abounded; Schiller yearned to express that which is absolute, where Goethe fulfilled definite and ascertained limits. Both were earnest seekers after Truth: it was for both, the very condition of their existence, a demand of their consciousness, which they never once evaded." To this we may add the remark of Geurinus, in his admirable "History of German Literature;" after making a statement of the different genius of each, "Who," says he, "would choose between them? Who would blindly lose sight of the fundamental doctrine of both, which we find so repeatedly, so expressly in their writings, the doctrine of the *united totality* of human nature? Who would esteem either as the One, *per excellen-*

tiam, when they, themselves, refer us to a *Third*, which is greater than both? There is only one point of view from which a preference for either is admissible; the recognition we make of that in our own nature, which is narrow and incomplete; and which leads every one, after the very example of our two poets, to that one of both, who is foreign to him; that merged in the excellence of an antagonistic nature, he may repair his deficiency, and learn, from the counterfoil of his being, to make the acknowledgement which Goethe made with respect to Schiller—he is what we ought to be! For not unless we recognise wherein our own existence is deficient, and also strive to be that which we are not, need we hope to become, in some measure, what we really ought to be."—*Introduction*, p. 3.

It is the same in that most perfect of all friendships, married friendship. It is the wise order of Providence, that exact similarity of character should not be so attractive to parties seeking each other in union for life, as a slight admixture of opposite qualities. Two persons of a generosity bordering on profusion, coming together, would be encouraging each other in a quality a virtue in itself, but becoming a vice, if carried to excess; would turn spendthrifts, fall a prey to imposture and knavery, become penniless themselves, and leave

only beggary for the inheritance of their children. On the contrary, two avaricious persons, joining their miserly propensities, would starve their household and themselves, stop up their ears against the appeals of charity, join more and more closely in the worship of mammon, and estrange themselves more and more widely from the worship of God. Again, two irritable spirits would be in a perpetual state of ignition and detonation—two sullen ones in a lasting one of fancied injuries and silent resentment. The same remark may apply to all manner of prejudices, peculiarites, and individualities; better they should be combated, and perhaps finally conquered by judiciously timed and affectionate opposition, than nursed into unchangeable obstinacy, by affected meekness of submission to them. Well is it observed by an admirable writer, whose keen view scans at a glance the different features and attributes of the Masculine and Feminine Soul, in speaking of the alternate flatteries or subservience of the German ladies, towards the male sex;

"Man requires the resistance, as well as the co-operation of his female partner in life—profits as much by the difference, as by the sympathy in her nature: negatively therefore, he is sufficiently the sufferer by the withdrawal of her own peculiar character; but, positively, incalculably more so, if

she carry it over to strengthen those temptations to selfishness, which may be already too strong in his own, by confirming him in errors of judgment, as the more intellectual German women have done, or flattering him by the mere animal devotedness which the mawkishly sentimental of them practice; and into these two classes the German women are divided. . . If the barbarity of old times erred in considering man and woman intellectually *unequal*, the false enlightenment of modern Germany has erred far more in supposing them to be intellectually alike."—*Quarterly Review*, 1843.

Anxious to strengthen our arguments, respecting the distinct and separate nature of the Feminine from the Masculine Soul, which, however, ourselves, interiorly satisfied of their truth, we should have felt reluctant to lay before the public, on no other conviction than our own, we now beg leave to present the view taken of our subject by the late Rev. Samuel Noble, whose strength of reasoning and lucidity of expression, we are aware are so well known to many of our readers as to ensure respect to his opinions.

"The difference between the male and female," he says in his "Appeal," "exists quite as decidedly in their minds as in their outward forms: so that if it were possible to abolish all difference in the shape of their persons, this would by no means be

sufficient to abolish all real distinction of sex. The sex is in the mind also, and can never be extirpated thence. On every subject whatsoever, one part of the species will ever think and feel as men, and the other as women. The minds, it is true, both of men and women are constituted both of will and intellect, affection and intelligence; but who does not see that the man takes his distinguishing character from the predominating strength of his intellect, and woman hers, from the predominating strength of her affections? Great disputes have been agitated on the question, whether there is an inferiority on the part of females compared with men: but as, unfortunately, both parties have looked on intellect as the distinguishing faculty of the human race, and have overlooked, as of minor importance, the no less essential and valuable attributes of will and affection, men, in asserting their pre-eminence, have relied on the former alone, and female writers, with some auxiliary males, in denying the superiority, have allowed the principle for which it is claimed, to be the right criterion of it: hence, instead of making good their claim, as they might have done, had they only asserted a general equality, they have failed, through claiming an equality in the same principle of intellect. Intellect is not a more excellent attribute than affection; and in affection,

undoubtedly, the superiority is all on the side of the female sex. The sexes were thus endowed with equal but distinct excellences, that they might not engage in rivalry, but combine in union; that female affection might both soften and exalt the intellect of the male, and that masculine intellect might guide and protect female affection. Affection without intellect is blind; intellect without affection is dead; when united, intellect is quickened with life, affection rejoices in light. The female mind, however, is by no means destitute of intellect, nor the male destitute of affection: but who can look at both, and not allow that the two principles exist in the two in unequal proportions, so that one only forms the predominating characteristic of each?"

In the same strain of reasoning, Grindon says, in his exquisite essay, "On the Sexuality of Nature," "Perhaps no question has ever been more actively discussed than the comparative value of man and woman; and throughout the dispute, the superiority has been arrogated to man. In many great departments of life and its employments, unquestionably he is superior; but fairly examined, the difference between the sexes is one which neither subordinates woman, nor aggrandizes man. Affection, or woman's prerogative, is a thing as excellent as intellect; and fulfils a part in the economy

of human life, if not so commanding, lovelier, and far less easy to be dispensed with. In all ages, however, it has been the mal-practice to measure nobility of spiritual nature by vigour of understanding alone. Setting aside the priceless qualities of the heart, as lower, and less worthy; good in themselves, but possessing none of the royalty of mind. Nothing could be more selfish, or unfair; for it is to confine the comparison to what is less conspicuous in woman, with what is chiefly so in man; and to neglect to continue it into those very points wherein man would lose, and woman transcendently excel. Man and woman ought not to be compared according to their relative wealth in one spiritual quality, in particular. By such a course each in turn is found wanting. That this should have been lost sight of by intending 'vindicators' of women, is not a little surprising, and very unfortunate for them; as they have failed, of necessity, to prove the *equality really existing*, by confining their attention to what only indicates *inequality*. It is quite as absurd to think slightingly of woman, because of her deficiency in man's peculiarities, as it would be to reverse the custom, and disparage man for his lack of the characteristics of the female. And for the same reason, it is vain to expect similar intellectual works from man and woman, unless as rare

exceptions. Not that woman's intellectual powers are dull or contracted. Quite the contrary. Woman has proved herself competent to unfold mental products of the highest beauty; but she cannot infuse into them that mighty vigour which would place them on a level with man's. It is with the minds of the two sexes as with their qualities of body. Man is bony, angular, rough, muscular, replenished with strength; woman is soft, whiter, exquisitely rounded. Beauty itself:—

Induitur formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est!

Not even if similarly trained, can woman's mind become like man's. No education can effect such a conversion, any more than it can womanize the masculine intellect. *The sexes* of their outer frames are not more distinct for outward life, than are the sexes of their inner lives. Indeed the latter are far more real; for even if it were possible to abolish external sex, the psychological constitutions would yet remain intact; seeing that it is on *these* that personality depends, and that they are born to an unchangeable immortality."

It is possible, that to some of our female readers, we may have appeared contracted in our views of feminine capabilities, and of the feminine position in society. We can only refer them to the

sentiments expressed on this subject by the pious and enlightened Monard, as fully coinciding with our own, and with which we think any woman of good feeling and fair judgment will be abundantly satisfied.

"When we come to that limited sphere," says he, "limited in *extent*, but vast in *influence*—to which we, with the Scripture on our side, exhort woman to confine herself, there she has faculties superior to those of man; or rather, she, alone, is adapted to it. There she is even with man; there she shews herself mistress of this territory; and there she displays those secret resources which I should call admirable, if they did not inspire me with a more *profound sentiment towards her, and towards Him who has endowed her with them.* That *practical glance, correct as it is rapid;* that survey, short as it is clear; *that power of penetrating the heart*, by I know not what subtle methods, *to us unknown* or *impracticable;* that ubiquity of mind and body upon all points and at all times; that vigilance, as exact as it is unperceived; those numerous and complicated springs of domestic administration always under controul; that ever-open access to all appeals; that listening attention bestowed on every one; that freedom of thought and of action, in the midst of severest troubles or accumulated embar-

rassments; that elasticity, or, shall I call it, that unwearied weakness; that exquisite delicacy of feeling; that *tact* so skilful, if indeed it be not an instinct; that perfection of fidelity in little things; that adroit skilfulness by 'which she worketh willingly with her hands;' that exquisite propriety with which she can remove a malady, cheer a fallen spirit, awaken a slumbering conscience, or re-open a long-closed heart, and, in short, every thing that she accomplishes in so many matters which man can neither *discern* nor execute without borrowing her hands and her eyes."—*La Femme.*

It must be confessed that the reverend writer gives us the reverse of this medal, so finely wrought, in which he shows us how all these fine qualities and graces may become vices, or weaknesses, if submitted to the dominion of self-love and vanity—but with this reverse we have nothing to do, in the present place. We have only to say that it must be remembered our own remarks have been solely applied to the characteristics and their effects, of our own sex. Had we ventured to dissect as closely the Masculine Soul, as we have the Feminine, we should doubtless have found as curious and as important a field of speculation. On the Feminine side we have had to guard woman against her weaknesses; on the Masculine we should have had to exhort man not to abuse his

strength. Power is at all times the most dangerous of possessions: the love of domination is inherent in the human breast, and when it is carried to the domestic hearth, it sweeps before it every tender and confiding feeling; banishes social cheerfulness and innocent enjoyment; and converts the sacred word *home*, meant to convey the idea of an abode of peace and love, a resting place from the cares of the outward world, into that of a gloomy tribunal, where accusation and defence are the order of the day. But we repeat, and gladly, that we only turn our discussions upon our own sex; and we will part with them, with the most affectionate wishes for their happiness; for their being admitted to the full participation in all the rights and privileges and enjoyments that may be good for them; and emancipated from every folly, vanity, or ignorance that may war against their own happiness, and the happiness of those connected with them in this world, and may impede their perceptions of, and capacities for, that which we are encouraged to hope is to be perfected, to those who fit themselves for it, in the world to come.

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