source, unloosed their long closed points, and given their waters sent. Hence too romance by coloring draws—her airy ministers—their brilliant images and tender sentiments—her world of jadeely flowers and crystal skies. Hence, poesy, thy inspiration comes! Woman is the poet's theme. She flanks on this page the rich golden lines of fancy—strews in wild profusion the flowers that embellish his works and fills his ears with the sounds of fairy land. Even the poor student feels her influence—and warms his heart and tasks his mind to join her smiles. That enervated frame—that pale eye—that pallid cheek—that furrowed brow—that thoughtful countenance—bespeak the toils of intellect—the fire that burns upon his heart felt but unseen. The vest of youth is gone. His energies impaired, and flickering is the vital flame. Oft does he turn his midnight lamp, and at his dimming eyes do wander from his book and page on misty vacancy as he had rather die a martyr striving for the palm of woman's smiles, than live a life of indolence and ease, unhonored and unloved.

The condition of woman varies in different lands and different stages of society, and may be taken as an infallible index of the degree of civilization to which any nation has arrived. Among the savage tribes no envious lot is here, she has no kneeling worshipers to swear her eyes are like twin stars, her cheeks like the morning skies, and breath like fragrant airs. The slave of him whose passions