are his guide. She suffers wrongs untold from his caprice and turns to death alone as a release from toil. Her tender frame was never meant to bear. Her tyrant throws his well-strung bow across his knobby shoulder and decked in all the gorgeous of painted feathers serves the worthless wilds free as the winds that round them blow or streams that have their pronged flowering banks, while she degraded, sunk, must till the soil, and unsocial meals prepare for his return, and when they meet no smile is on his brow no pleasure in his eye. No savage ornament doth glitter round her neck or wanton in her hair. She is too low to feel a pride in decoration.

As man emerges from that savage state the condition of woman is improved. Still all lonely does she live, secluded from the world and doomed to feel herself the most abject, the whom Heaven designed should be the paragon of creatures.

It is only where man has risen to refinement, where the arts and sciences are known, that woman attains her elevated station her softer qualities are suited to adorn. Here in beauty's light and freedom's pride she moves along enchantings of the scene. Pure are the stars that sparkle beams, cerulean vault. Pure are the dews, the evening air distils; and the moon as she walks her path of light so wildly beautiful and bright is pure.

So are the vermil eyes of woman and these are lovely too. But purer than all is the flush that supplies the modest maiden's cheek, that slight vermillion tinge, the rainbow token of a future covenant. More lovely than these are the bright eyes of woman - her eloquent eyes. The universe is full of beauty. It waves in the green leafed trees, blooms in the...