

senseless to the soft, eager kisses of her own children? Is she less valuable as a wife, affectionate as a daughter, or faithful as a friend, because she has blended thought with the kindly impulses of her nature, and exalted instinct by reason? Is she in reality less beloved than her sister women, or an object of sentimental commiseration from any cause which may not be applied with equal justice to the whole sex? If the exercise of her mental faculties has a tendency to refine her intellect 'till it becomes discontented with the mean and common-place; if her feelings are rendered more acutely sensitive, and are thus exposed to some degree of suffering which is unknown to the generality of her sex, she has a beautiful equivalent in the exquisite sensation which makes the exertion of thought "its own exceeding reward," and though the excitement of composition may sometimes amount to pain when pictures of suffering and distress pass through the imagination, and become vivid and almost real in their intense effect on the mind which has created them; although the hand may sometimes quiver and tremble on the page it writes, the cheeks grow pale and tear-drops fill the eyes unconsciously, the pain so endured is far outbalanced by the new beings of interest which the mind has created for itself, and work of genius becomes an object of regard—nay, almost of affection which enlinks the author with her ideal world by a thousand pleasant sensations which are but rendered the more intense that pain is sometimes mingled with them. But allowing the exercise of genius to be productive of far more suffering than it really is, there is a doubt if any woman possessing the glorious power of mental creation would exchange it for all the pleasures of mediocrity, though pampered by wealth, and luxuriating in earthly splendor. The very suffering which genius knows is preferable to the happiness which slumbers in the mind and feelings too sluggish for a painful or intense sensation.

But in this age authorship has a more substantial reward than attends female exertion in any other walk of life, and the privileges which a successful writer commands, are among the highest in the gift of society. The position which genius secures to its possessor among the great and good of any land is in itself a benefit worth half the labour of a lifetime. It is a position so exalted, that even the aristocratic and titled woman of Great Britain are struggling and toiling for it amid the luxuriance of their palace homes, and in the full

enjoyments of hereditary honours. If any thing can prove the respect which female genius commands, it is, that woman who can trace the blood which damasks their cheeks through a titled line back to William the Conqueror, will submit to study and labor that a higher title may be engrafted on those they have been taught to consider so important. A title rendered aristocratic by the King of kings, and republican by the acclamation of a thinking people.

But distinction is not the only privilege conferred on genius; power and affection are equally its inheritance. It is a slight power which the author asserts in that communion which her thoughts hold with thousands and thousands, whom she may never see, who have linked her name with fireside conversation 'till it has become a household word? Is there not a heart-thrilling pleasure, in the tribute of esteem and affection which flows spontaneously to her feet, from the nooks and humble corners of society where her thoughts have lingered to bud and blossom?

Is it no privilege that she can turn to her own thought for honourable support, and that the very feelings which should render her sensitive to pecuniary obligations are those which make her independent of them? Is there any thing connected with the profession of Belles Lettres which should render the woman who follows it an object of groundless and morbid compassion? or which should make her insensible to the sweet domestic pleasures which are the sunshine of a woman's life?

Is genius a quality which should render her less domestic and useful in her home, or can that really be called genius which does not extend itself to *all* properties of the mind, and shed a light over the entire of duties which surrounds the possessor? Can the woman who justly appreciates that which is pure and beautiful in her sex, fail to be domestic and kindly in her habits? Has she not reason to be firm in the dignity of her own power, and conscious that no occupation can degrade her which will give happiness to the most lowly of human beings? Genius must be limited indeed if it cannot be joined with the useful, and it would in truth unsex woman if it precluded all knowledge of household duties and home thoughts. The lady's hand that is unfamiliar with the needle, in its most humble task, ill becomes the pen which should persuade females to be useful, kind, and "only great as they are good."

There is no reason why the woman of genius