

nature? When following the ordinary concerns of life, or engaged in its more active businesses, many of the better faculties of our minds seem overlaid: there is little of feeling, and nothing of fancy; and those sympathies which should bind us to the good and fair of nature lie repressed and inactive. But in the society of an intelligent and virtuous female there is a charm that removes the pressure. Through the force of sympathy, we throw our intellects for the time into the female mould; our tastes assimilate to the tastes of our companion; our feelings keep pace with hers; our sensibilities become nicer and our imaginations more expansive; and, though the powers of our mind may not much excel, in kind or degree, those of the great bulk of mankind, we are sensible that for the time we experience some of the feelings of genius. How many common men have not female society and the fervor of youthful passion sublimed into poets? I am convinced the Greeks displayed as much sound philosophy as good taste in representing their muses as beautiful women:

Thomson had formerly been but an admirer of the poets. He now became a poet. And had his fate been a kindlier one, he might perhaps have attained a middle place among at least the minor professors of the incommunicable art. He was walking with Lillias one evening through the wooded ravine. It was early in April, and the day had combined the loveliest smiles of spring with the fiercer blasts of winter. There was snow in the hollows; but where the sweeping sides of the dell reclined to the south, the violet and the primrose were opening to the sun. The drops of a recent shower were still hanging on the half-expanded buds, and the streamlet was yet red and turbid; but the sun, nigh at his setting, was streaming in golden glory along the field, and a lark was carolling high in the