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W O M A N

NOT INFERIOR TO

M A N:—

O R,

A short and modest Vindication of the  
natural Right of the *Fair-Sex* to a perfect  
Equality of Power, Dignity, and Esteem,  
with the Men.

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By *S O P H I A*,  
A PERSON OF QUALITY.

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*How hard is the Condition of our Sex,  
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man?*

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----- *Wherefore are we*  
*Born with high Souls, but to assert ourselves,*  
*Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,*  
*And claim an equal Empire in the World.*

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for JACOB ROBINSON, at the *Golden-Lion*  
in *Ludgate-Street*. M.DCC.XLIII.

[Price One Shilling.]





# W O M A N

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## C H A P. I.

### The INTRODUCTION.

**I**F a celebrated Author had not already told us, that *there is nothing in nature so much to be wonder'd at as THAT WE CAN WONDER AT ALL*; it must appear to every one, who has but a degree of understanding above the idiot, a matter of the greatest surprize, to observe the universal prevalence of prejudice and custom in the minds of the *Men*. One might naturally expect to see those lordly creatures, as they modestly stile themselves, every where jealous of superiority, and watchful to maintain

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tain it. Instead of which, if we except the tyrannical usurpation of authority they exert over us *Women*, we shall find them industrious in nothing but courting the meanest servitude. Was their ambition laudable and just; it would be consistent in itself, and this consistency would render them alike imperious in every circumstance, where authority is requisite and justifiable. And if their brutal strength of body entitled them to lord it over our nicer frame; the superiority of reason to passion might suffice to make them ashamed of submitting that reason to passion, prejudice, and groundless custom. If this haughty sex would have us believe, they have a natural right of superiority over us; why don't they prove their charter from nature, by making use of reason to subdue themselves. We know we have reason, and are sensible that it is the only prerogative nature has bestow'd upon us, to lift us above the sphere of sensitive animals. And the same reason, which points us out our superiority over them, would light us to discern the superiority of *Men* over us; if we could discover in them the least degree of sense above what we ourselves possess. But it will be impossible for us, without forfeiting that reason, ever to acknowledge ourselves inferior to creatures, who make no other use of the sense they boast of, than basely to subject it to the passions they have in common with Brutes. Were we to see the *Men* every where, and at all times, masters of themselves, and their animal appetites in a perfect subordination to their rational faculties; we should

should have some colour to think that nature design'd them for masters to us, who cannot perhaps always boast of so compleat a command over ourselves. But how is it possible for us to give into such a notion; while we see those very men, whose ambition of ascendancy over us nothing less than absolute dominion can satiate, court the most abject slavery, by prostituting reason to their groveling passions, suffering sense to be led away captive by prejudice, and sacrificing justice, truth and honour to inconsiderate custom?

How many things do these mighty wise creatures hold for undoubted truths, without being able to assign a reason for any one of their opinions! The cause of which is that they suffer themselves to be hurried away by appearances. With them, what seems true must be so; because the light, in which they eye things, stands them in the stead of conviction. Where they want evidence in the principles, fallacy helps them to fill up the vacancy with seemings in their inference. In a word, as they suppose without reason, so they discourse without grounds; and therefore would have as strongly maintain'd the negative of what they assert, if custom and the impression of the senses had determin'd them to it after the same manner.

But a few ages ago, the belief of the *Antipodes* was a heresy in philosophy. Ignorance, dignified with the prerogative of custom and supported by the seemings of reason, justify'd the contrary Opinion; and the gravest Philosophers were, or af-

fected to be, so well convinced of it, that it was an argument of the utmost arrogance to attempt to set them right. And yet the matter has been since so unquestionably proved, that nothing but the height of madness, or the depth of ignorance can now countenance a doubt of it.

The constant revolution of days and years determin'd the wisakers of old to assert, that all the celestial orbs move round the earth: And custom, ever prevailing custom, drags the major part of our cotemporary book-worms to follow their opinion. Whereas the very same *Phases*, if we maturely consider, may equally incline us to think, that the earth itself is a planet and moves with the rest of the planets round the sun. What mighty superiority of reason then have these over-grown boys over lesser children? Both argue alike from appearances: The former see, from the diversified positions of the earth and sun, that there is motion in one of them; and, because they feel not the agitation in the earth they stand upon, therefore precipitately conclude that it is the sun moves round them, and not they round the sun. The latter, insensible of the motion of a coach, fancy, when in one, that the houses pass by them, and not they by the houses. Are not both led in their judgments by like principles? Yet with this difference still, that these are less obstinate in error and more ready to be set right, than they.

In like manner the wild savages in the *Indies*, (who, by the bye, are nevertheless of the same species

species with our domestic ones at home) for want of knowing the mechanism of a clock, are apt to attribute it's movements to invisible spirits within it; while your blind followers of *Des Cartes* blush not to take upon religious trust, from him, that the whole animal creation are but different kinds of *Automata*, or self-moving clock-work; notwithstanding it's being pretty well known, that their master himself had too much sense to believe his own system, having invented it only to amuse and impose upon fools.

The *Men*, who have taken care to engross the affairs of *Religion*, as well as others, to their own management, are no more guided in that than in any thing else by the dictates of reason. The religion they were bred up in they blindly prefer to all others, without being able to give any stronger proof of it's being the best, than that it was the Faith of their fore-fathers. Upon the strength of this prejudice, they adhere to it as the only true one; and, without ever examining into it, or comparing it with others, they condemn all beside it as erroneous. Is not this the case with most of the *Men*, our clergy not excepted? No country pleases a man so well as his own; nay, so far is he apt to carry prejudice, that he can seldom be induced to do justice to any other nation, even where truth is on it's side, if the honour and interest of his own is at stake: And this is a foible the very best *Men* are equally subject to. Nay, such is the imbecillity of *that sex*, as well as ours, that even professions

professions are a matter of prejudice. And a fool of our own is often more acceptable in company than a wise-man of another calling. The very inequality of stations, which constraint and confusion have introduced among *Men*, has deceived multitudes of them into a notion that the same inequality is in *Men* themselves.

If we allow ourselves but time to trace this diversity of vulgar errors up to the fountain-head; shall we be able to find them any other source than *interest* and *custom*? And yet such is the prevalence, which custom, ever so wrongly introduced, has over the minds of the *Men*, that it requires much less difficulty to wean them from sentiments, which they themselves have built on the most convincing evidences of *reason* and *truth*, than to draw them from the *prejudices* which *custom* has instill'd into them.

I should never have done, was I to reckon up the many absurd notions the *Men* are led into by *custom*: Tho' there is none more absurd than that of the great *difference* they make between their own sex and ours. Yet it must be own'd, that there is not any vulgar error more antient or universal. For the learned and illiterate alike are prepossess'd with the opinion, that *Men* are really superior to *Women*, and that the dependence we now are in is the very state which nature pointed out for us. So that to advance the contrary doctrine, after so long a prepossession, must appear as great a paradox as it did some years ago to assert, that on the nether surface



face of the globe there were men who walk'd with their heads downwards to us; and whether the one be not as agreeable to truth as the other, will best be found on a fair trial. But what judge shall we have recourse to, or what evidence can be admitted in an affair of so delicate a nature as this, on which depends the right of one half the creation, which ever side may prevail?

All the *witnesses* we desire to be allow'd, is plain, *undisguis'd truth*; and if the *Men* have but generosity enough left to admit this evidence, we shall have no room to fear any they can bring. We are willing, at least for charity's sake to hope, that, however they may be dispos'd, they will at least blush to make any exceptions against so unquestionably impartial a witness.

But who shall the matter be tried by? We ourselves are too nearly concern'd in the decision, to be admitted even as witnesses in the trial, much less then as judges; and the same consideration equally excludes the *Men* from acting in it in either capacity. And yet so far are we from having any thing to apprehend from the defect of justice in our cause, that if the *Men* were ever so little more just and less corrupted in their judgments than they really are, we would readily subscribe to their own sentence. But as the case now stands, we must appeal to a more impartial judge.

Hitherto the *difference* between the *sexes* has been but very slightly touch'd upon. Nevertheless, the *Men*, bias'd by custom, prejudice, and interest,  
have

have presumed boldly to pronounce sentence in their own favour, because possession empower'd them to make violence take place of justice. And the *Men* of our times, without trial or examination, have taken the same liberty from the report of other *Men*. Whereas to judge soundly whether their sex has received from nature any real super-eminence beyond ours, they should entirely divest themselves of all *interest* and *partiality*, and suffer no bare reports to fill the place of argument, especially if the Reporter be a *party* immediately concern'd.

If a *Man* could thus divest the partiality attach'd to this self, and put on for a minute a state of neutrality; he would be able to see, and forced to acknowledge, that *prejudice* and *precipitance* are the chief causes of setting less value upon *Women* than *Men*, and giving so much greater excellence and nobility to the latter than to the former. In a word, were the *Men Philosophers* in the strict sense of the term, they would be able to see that nature invincibly proves a perfect *equality* in our sex with their own.

But as there are extremely *few* among them capable of such an abstracted way of thinking, they have no more right to act the judges in this matter than ourselves; and therefore, we must be obliged to appeal to a more *impartial judge*, one incapable of siding with either side, and consequently unsuspected on both. *This* I apprehend to be *rectified reason*, as it is a pure intellectual faculty elevated above the consideration of any sex, and equally concern'd

concern'd in the welfare of the whole rational species in general and in particular. *To this Judge* we leave our cause; by the decision of this we are prepared to stand or fall; and if, upon the evidence of *truth, reason* should declare us inferior to *Men*, we will chearfully acquiesce to the sentence. But what if we obtain a decree in our favour, upon impartial examination? Why then all the authority, which the *Men* have exerted over us hitherto, will appear an unjust usurpation on their side; for which nothing can make a tolerable atonement, but their restoring us to the state of equality *nature* first placed us in. And till they do That, the fancied wrongs they charge upon our whole sex, tho' but applicable (*if at all*) to a very small number among us, whom I don't pretend to justify, can only be looked upon as very moderate reprisals upon theirs.

To set this whole matter then in as clear a light as possible, it will be necessary to clear our ideas from all that is huddled and confused, by separating the fictitious from the real, the obscure from the evident, the false from the true, supposition from matter of fact, seemings from entities, practice from principle, belief from knowledge, doubt from certainty,—and *interest* and *prejudice* from *justice* and *sound judgment*. To this end therefore we must examine, in order, what are the *general notions* which the *Men* entertain of *our sex*; on what grounds they build their opinions; and what are the effects to us and to themselves of the treatment

we receive from them, in consequence of their present opinion. In the course of this little treatise, I shall also occasionally examin, whether there be any *essential difference between the sexes* which can authorize the *superiority* the *Men* claim over the *Women*; and what are the causes of, and who are accountable for, the seeming difference which makes the sum of their plea. And if, upon mature consideration, it appears that there is no other difference between *Men* and *Us* than what their tyranny has created; it will then appear, how unjust they are in excluding us from that power and dignity we have a right to share with them; how ungenerous in denying us the equality of esteem, which is our due; and, how little reason they have to triumph in the base possession of an authority, which unnatural violence and lawless usurpation put into their Hands. Then let them justify, if they can, the little meannesses, not to mention the grosser barbarities, which they daily practise towards that part of the creation, whose happiness is so inseparably link'd with their own.

## C H A P. II.

*In what esteem the Women are held by the Men, and how justly.*

WAS every individual *Man* to divulge his thoughts of our sex; they would all be found unanimous in thinking, that we are made only for their use, that we are fit only to breed and nurse children in their tender years, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve and please our masters, *themselves* forsooth. All this is very fine, and, amidst a seraglio of slaves, could not but sound mighty big from a mussulman's mouth. Yet I cannot help thinking it of a stamp with all those fantastical expressions which are more easily advanced than proved.

*Men* seem to conclude, that all other creatures were made for them, because they themselves were not created till all were in readiness for them. How far this reasoning will hold good, I will not take upon me to say. But if it has any weight at all; I am sure it must rather prove, that the *Men* were made for our use than we for their's. That the province of breeding children belongs solely to us, is as certain as that the office of getting them is wholly their's. And if the latter entitles them to any degree of public esteem and respect, surely the former entitles us to an equal share of both;

since the immediate concurrence of both is so essentially necessary for the propagation of human nature, that either without the other would be entirely useless. Where then is the reason for underrating us, or claiming a superiority over us, for an office in life, in which they bear so equal a proportion with us? It is too well known to be dissembled, that the office of nursing children is held by the *Men* in a despicable light, as something low and degrading. Whereas had they nature for their guide; they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a common-wealth which deserves more honour, or greater thanks and rewards. Let it but be consider'd, what are the advantages accruing to mankind from it; and it's merit must stand immediately confess'd. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render *Women* deserving the first places in civil society.

Why, or to what end, do the individuals of human species associate together, but for the better preservation of life and the peaceable enjoyment of every thing conducive to that purpose? Do not such then as contribute the most to these public advantages deserve the greatest share of public esteem? And who are these but the *Women*, in the generous disinterested employ of nursing the *Men* in their infancy?

It is from this principle that princes are consider'd as the chief persons in the state, and in quality of such receive the first honours of it, because they are at least supposed to have the greatest share  
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of toil, care and foresight for the prosperity of the public weal: So in proportion we pay more or less of that respect to such as are under him at a lesser or greater distance from him, because the nearer or farther off they are from sharing with him in the fatigues of serving the public, the more or less useful to society they must be consider'd. For the same reason, we are apt to prefer soldiers to gownsmen; because they are supposed to stand as a bulwark between us and our enemies. And all mankind give to persons such a degree of respect as they suppose them to merit by being useful. And since this is the case throughout life, are not the *Women*, by the very same rule, entitled to the greatest share in public esteem, who are incomparably the greatest contributors to the public good? *Men* can absolutely dispense with princes, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. as they did in the beginning of time, and as savages do still. But can they in their infancy do without nurses? And since they themselves are too awkward for that important office, are not *Women* indispensably wanted? In a peaceful, orderly state, the major part of *Men* are useless in their office, with all their authority. But *Women* will never cease to be useful, while there are *Men*, and those *Men* have children. Of what other use are Judges, Magistrates and their dependent officers in the execution of justice, any more than to secure their property to persons, who, if they were not forbidden, wou'd perhaps be able to do themselves justice in a more exact

exact and expeditious manner? But *Women*, more truly useful, are employ'd in preserving their lives to enjoy that property. Soldiers are esteem'd and rewarded because engaged in defending full-grown *Men*, who are equally and often more capable of defending themselves. How much more then is our sex worthy their esteem and gratitude, who labour in their defence, when as yet they know not what they are, are unable to distinguish between friends and foes, and are naked of every defence but that of tears! If princes and statesmen sometimes exert themselves in the service of the public; ambition is their motive, and power, riches, or splendor, the point in view. But our more generous souls are bias'd only by the good we do to the children we breed and nurse: daily experience reminding us, that all the gratification we can hope for from the unnatural creatures, for the almost infinite pains, anxieties, care and assiduities to which we subject ourselves on their account, and which cannot be matched in any other state of civil society, is ungrateful treatment of our persons, and the basest contempt of our sex in general. Such the generous offices we do them: such the ungenerous returns they make us.

Surely then nothing but a corrupt imagination can make *Men* look upon an office of such high importance to them as mean and contemptible, or as less valuable than it really is. How largely are they rewarded who succeed in taming a tyger, an elephant, or such like animals; and shall *Women*  
be



be neglected for spending years in the taming that fiercer animal M A N? If the source of this unjust partiality be examin'd into; we shall find, that the only true cause, why these important services done by our sex have so little value set upon them, is their being so frequent and usual.

However, as the pleasure, which the generosity of our sex makes us take in that office, is sufficient to make us discharge ourselves of it with the utmost tenderness, without any view of reward; I do not here mean to complain of our receiving none. I wou'd only beg leave to say, that our being so much more capable than the male kind to execute that office well, no ways proves us unqualified to execute any other. Indeed, the *Men* themselves seem tacitly agreed to acknowledge as much: but then, according to their wonted disinterestedness, they are still for confining all our other talents to the pleasant limits of obeying, serving and pleasing our masters. That they are our masters, they take for granted; but by what title they are so, not one of them is able to make out. And yet so universally received is this notion among them, that it every where prevails, from the prince to the peasant. Nay, I myself was accidentally witness to the diverting scene of a journeyman taylor's beating his wife about the ears with a neck of mutton, to make her know, as he said, her *sovereign lord* and *master*. And yet this, perhaps, is as strong an argument as the best of their sex is able to produce, tho' convey'd in a greasy light.

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But be this as it may, whether nature design'd them for our masters or not, if their injunctions were the sober dictates of sound reason, we shou'd find the yoke of obedience an agreeable weight; since obeying them we shou'd but submit our will to *reason*, and act like those intelligent beings we know ourselves to be. And that, generally speaking, the *Women* are more inclined so to do than the *Men*, where every circumstance is parallel, is too well known to admit of a doubt. But then it wou'd be putting ourselves upon the level with brutes, to descend to a compliance with the generality of their commands; since That alone wou'd suffice to degrade us, and render us as despicable as the upright unfeather'd animals who lay them upon us.

Masters then, or not masters, they have but one of these two means to chuse in exerting their pretended authority: Either let them, as usual, suit their commands to their *passions*, in opposition to *reason*; and then none but *Women*, as irrational as themselves, will obey them, a pre-eminence which no *Woman* of sense will envy them: Or let *reason* speak in their orders, and all *Women* of *sense* will listen to it; tho' the *Men* shou'd tickle themselves with the notion, that our obedience is paid to them.

Were the *Men* to make choice of the *latter*, we wou'd indulge them the innocent liberty of fancying themselves masters, while we, pleas'd with seeing all the authority placed in *reason*, where it  
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should be, must know that each sex wou'd have the privilege of conveying it's influences to the other in their turns: And if *Man* had steadiness enough to conform all his injunctions to *Woman* to the dictates of *reason*; the same steadiness wou'd induce him to yield to those dictates when *Woman* was the means of conveying them. No matter by what mouth *reason* speaks: If *Men* were strictly attach'd to it; whether we or themselves were the vehicles of it's influence, we shou'd on both sides be equally determin'd by it. But the case is at present quite otherwise. The *Men*, who cannot deny us to be rational creatures, wou'd have us justify their irrational opinion and treatment of us, by our descending to a mean compliance with their irrational expectations. But I hope, while *Women* have any spirit left, they will exert it all, in shewing how worthy they are of better usage, by not submitting tamely to such misplaced arrogance.

To stoop to some regard for the strutting things is not enough; to humour them more than we cou'd children, with any tolerable decency, is too little; they must be served forsooth. Pretty creatures indeed! How worthy do they appear of this boasted pre-eminence: To exact a servitude they want the courage themselves to submit to, from those whom their vanity stigmatizes with the character of weaker vessels; and to require Us to be their drudges, whom they are forced to court and decoy into their power by the most pitiful cringes! Upon what title do they build their claim to our

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services,

services, greater than we can shew to theirs? Have they half so plausible a plea over Us, as over those hapless Savages, whose unsuspecting innocence has robb'd them of the power of guarding against unnatural violence and injustice? Are not the generality of our sex, when weak enough to yield ourselves, in pity to their fawning, affected despair, a prey to their dissimulation, made the dupes of our credulous good-nature and innocence? Where is there a *Woman*, who having generously trusted her liberty with a husband, does not immediately find the *spaniel* metamorphos'd into a *tyger*, or has not reason to envy the lesser misery of a bond-slave to a merciless tyrant?

If brutal strength, in which we acknowledge their pre-eminence, is a sufficient plea, for their trampling upon Us; the lion has a much better title over the whole creation. But that is a more generous kind of brute than those we are speaking of, though not quite so fierce and ungovernable; and therefore scorns to exert it's strength, where it finds too great a disproportion in even an adversary.

I allow indeed, we ought to make it part of our business to please the poor things, if the attempt were likely to succeed. It would be quite barbarous to let a child cry, if a rattle would keep it quiet. But the misfortune is, that it is a study for life to find out a means of pleasing these greater, more stubborn brats. I have heard, it is a vulgar proverb, that *the Devil is good-humour'd when he is pleased.*

*pleas'd*, and if this proverb, like others, be founded on experience, it is a proof, the Devil can be pleas'd sometimes. I wish as good an argument cou'd be brought to prove that the *Men* can ever be so. But such is the fantastical composition of their nature, that the more pains is taken in endeavouring to please them, the less, generally speaking, is the labour like to prove successful; or if ever it does, the reward never pays the expence. And surely the *Women* were created by Heaven for some better end than to labour in vain their whole life long.

I foresee it may be urged, that we cannot be said to spend our lives in vain, while we are answering the end of our creation: And as we were created for no other end than for the *Men's* use, our only business is to be subject to, and please them: Neither shall we be answerable for neglecting every thing else, because God has not given us a capacity for more. But this must appear, from what I have already said and shall hereafter more fully shew, begging the question; and supposing what shou'd, but cannot be proved.

There are some however more condescending, and gracious enough to confess, that many *Women* have wit and conduct; but yet they are of opinion, that even such of us as are most remarkable for either or both, still betray something which speaks the imbecillity of our sex. Stale, thread-bare notions, which long since sunk with their own weight; and the extreme weakness of which seem'd

condemn to perpetual oblivion; till an ingenious writer, for want of something better to employ his pen about, was pleas'd lately to revive them in one of the weekly \* papers, lest this age should be ignorant what fools there have been among his sex in former ones.

To give us a sample then of the wisdom of his sex, he tells us, that it was always the opinion of the wisest among them, that *Women* are never to be indulg'd the sweets of liberty; but ought to pass their whole lives in a state of subordination to the *Men*, and in an absolute dependance upon them. And the reason assign'd for so extravagant an assertion, is our not having a sufficient capacity to govern ourselves. It must be observ'd, that so bold a tenet ought to have better proofs to support it; than the bare word of the persons who advance it; as their being *parties* so immediately concern'd, must render all they say of this kind highly suspect. However, since we are as suspect on that account as they are, it must be to as little purpose for us to deny it; unless it be to put them upon the proof. And doubtless, creatures of such profound wisdom as these *Men* are, if we take their own word, wou'd never attempt to assert any thing so positively, without being able to back it with the best of proofs. Let us see then upon what grounds they build these extravagant notions of our sex, and how far they will stand the test of *truth* and *reason*; that we may give into their opinion or reject it.

\* *Common-Sense*. September 1, 1739.

## C H A P. III.

*Whether Women are inferior to Men in their intellectual capacity, or not.*

I N the first place then, according to them, “ the  
 “ greatest part of our sex have but short,  
 “ lucid intervals ; — but sudden flashes of reason  
 “ which vanish in a minute ; — we have a re-  
 “ semblance of that planet, which is dark of itself  
 “ and only shines by borrow’d light ; — our  
 “ wit has but a false lustre, more fit to surprize  
 “ admiration than deserve it ; — we are enemies  
 “ to reflection ; — the majority of us only reason at  
 “ hazard, think by fallies, and discourse by rote.”  
 A heavy charge this, to be laid against the majori-  
 ty of *Women*. But granting it, for argument’s  
 sake, to be literally true, is it not as undeniably  
 true, that the very same charge may be equally re-  
 torted on the majority of *Men* ? And yet would  
 they not triumphantly alledge it as a proof of our  
 weak sense, were we wisely to conclude, in their  
 way, that therefore all the *Men* ought to be per-  
 petually under guardianship to Us ? A little expe-  
 rience is sufficient to demonstrate how much fitter  
 we are to be guardians over them, than they are to  
 be such over us. Every young *maiden* is qualified  
 to be the mistress and manager of a family, at an  
 age when the *Men* are scarce susceptible of the  
 precepts

precepts of a master. And the only sure expedient to reclaim a young fellow from his excesses and render him useful to society, is to give him for *guardian* a *Wife*, who may reform him by her example, moderate his passions by her prudence, and win him from his debaucheries by her engaging behaviour.

So far then are the *Men* from proving their principle by practice, where their interest is concern'd, that, when their own profound wisdom is too weak to curb the more unruly among them, they have no other recourse than to shelter them under our tutelage: Thus contradicting in fact, what they advance in words. But is it not the fear of making us too proud of ourselves, which makes them contend, that we have neither solidity nor constancy, much less that depth of judgment which they very humbly ascribe to themselves? Wherefore else do they so wisely conclude, that it must absolutely have been a joint effect of divine providence and their own sovereign sense, which debarr'd us of *sciences*, *government*, and *public offices*?

Whether there be any solidity in this, will best appear upon an unprejudiced examination. To know then, whether the *Women* are less capable of the sciences than the *Men* or not, we must consider what is the *principle* by which *sciences* are attain'd; and if That be wanting in *Women*, or less perfect, there will be no more required to demonstrate that the *Men* are in the right. But if that *principle* should appear to be as perfect in the *one* as it is in the

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the *other*, then there will be great reason to suspect the *Men* of *jealousy*; and it cannot be rash to say, that their only reason for locking up from us all the avenues to knowledge, is the fear of our excelling them in it.

It is a known truth, that the difference of sexes regards only the body, and That merely as it relates to the propagation of human nature. But the soul, concurring to it only by consent, actuates all after the same manner; so that in *this* there is *no sex* at all. There is no more difference to be discern'd between the souls of a dunce, and a man of wit, or of an illiterate person and an experienced one, than between a boy of four and a man of forty years of age. And since there is not at most any greater difference between the souls of *Women* and *Men*, there can be no real diversity contracted from the body: All the diversity then must come from *education, exercise* and the *impressions* of those external objects which surround us in different Circumstances.

The same Creator, by the same laws, unites the souls of *Women* and *Men* to their respective bodies. The same sentiments, passions and propensions, cement that union in both. And the soul, operating in the same manner in the one and the other, is capable of the very same functions in both.

To render this still more evident, we need only consider the texture of the head, the seat of the sciences and the part where the soul exerts itself most. All the researches of Anatomy, have not  
yet

yet been able to shew us the least difference in this part between *Men* and *Women*. Our brain is perfectly like theirs; we receive the impressions of sense as they do; we martial and preserve ideas for imagination and memory as they do, and we have all the organs they have and apply them to the same purposes as they do. We hear with ears, see with eyes and taste with a tongue as well as they. Nor can there be any difference pointed out between any of our organs and theirs, but that ours are more delicate and consequently fitter to answer the ends they were made for, than theirs.

Even among the *Men* it is universally observ'd, that the more gross and lumpish are commonly stupid; and the more delicate, are on the other hand, ever the most sprightly. The reason is plain: The soul, while confined to the body, is dependent on it's organs in all it's operations; and therefore the more free or clogg'd those organs are, the more or less must the soul be at liberty to exert itself. Now it is too well known to need any support, that the organs in our sex are of a much finer and more delicate temperature than in theirs; and therefore, had we the same advantages of study allow'd us which the *Men* have, there is no room to doubt but we should at least keep pace with them in the *sciences* and every useful knowledge.

It can only then be a mean dastardly jealousy in them to exclude us from those advantages, in which we have so natural a right to emulate them. Their pretext for so doing, that study and learning wou'd

wou'd make *Women* proud and vicious, is pitiful, capricious, and of a piece with their practice. No: false knowledge, and superficial learning only can produce so bad an effect. For true knowledge, and solid learning must, cannot but, make *Women*, as well as *Men*, both more humble and more virtuous. And it must be own'd, that if a little superficial knowledge has render'd some of our sex vain; it equally renders many of theirs insupportable. But that is no reason, why solid learning should be denied, or not instill'd into, either; rather ought the greater pains to be taken to improve, in both, every disposition to the sciences, into a true relish for, and a deep knowledge of, them; according to the advice of one of their brightest writers, as applicable to any science as to poetry:

*A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.*

It is a common received notion that mankind need not be knowing to be virtuous: Which proceeds from this, that we see many persons, who are reputed men of sense, of very immoral characters: And therefore is it falsely concluded, that knowledge is not only unprofitable in itself to virtue, but even frequently destructive to it: Whereas it wou'd be no arduous task to prove, that the knowledge of ourselves and many other things is highly requisite

to corroborate our persuasion of our moral obligations. Since the chief reason which is to be assign'd for so many persons falling into vice and folly so precipitately, or practising virtue so faintly, is their being ignorant of themselves, and the objects which strike them: And how shall they remove this ignorance but by *science* and *study*?

If then there have been some of our sex so affected with their learning as to become assuming; their fault carries it's excuse with it. Either they have been such as had not drank deep enough to learn to be humble: Or the uncommonness of this advantage in our sex, and the difficulties they must have surmounted who have attain'd to it, will apologize for the little vanity they may have shewn. As a person of low rank, whose merit and industry have rais'd him to an unusual eminence, may be excused, if, seeing himself advanc'd above the sphere of his equals, he shou'd be seized with some degree of giddiness. Besides that, if it be a fault, as it's wanting an apology proves it to be, it is a fault which the *Men* themselves daily fall into. And yet neither in the *Men* nor in the *Women* ought it to be imputed, as a blemish, to the *sciences* they may possess. The real cause of it is, that they who are versed in any science look upon themselves as possessors of something, which is a mystery to the generality of the World. But let the matter be how it will, it is more than probable, that, since the vanity of the learned *Men* greatly surpasses that of the learned of our sex, as appears from the frothy titles

titles the former arrogate to themselves: If *Women* were admitted to an equal share of the sciences, and the advantages leading to, and flowing from, them; they wou'd be much less subject to the vanity, they are apt to occasion.

It is a very great absurdity, to argue that learning is useles to *Women*, because forsooth they have not a share in public offices, which is the end for which *Men* apply themselves to it. *Virtue* and *Felicity* are equally requisite in a private, as well as in a public station, and *learning* is a necessary means to both. It is by that we acquire an exactness of thought, a propriety of speech, and a justness of actions: Without that we can never have a right knowledge of ourselves: It is that which enables us to distinguish between right and wrong, true and false: And finally, that alone can give us skill to regulate our passions, by teaching us, that true happiness and virtue consist not so much in enlarging our possessions as in contracting our desires.

Besides let it be observed, what a wretched circle this poor way of reasoning among the *Men* draws them insensibly into. Why is *learning* useles to us? Because we have no share in public offices. And why have we no share in public offices? Because we have no *learning*. They are sensible of the injustice they do us, and are reduced to the mean shift of cloaking it at the expence of their own reason. But let truth speak for once: Why are they so industrious to debar us that learning, we have an equal right to with themselves, but for

fear of our sharing with, and outshining them in, those public offices they fill so miserably? The same sordid selfishness which urged them to engross all power and dignity to themselves, prompted them to shut up from us that knowledge which wou'd have made us their competitors.

As nature seems to have design'd the *Men* for our drudges, I cou'd easily forgive them the usurpation by which they first took the trouble of public employments off our hands, if their injustice were content with stopping there. But as one abyss calls on another, and vices seldom go single, they are not satisfied with engrossing all authority into their own hands, but are confident enough to assert that they possess it by right. Their reason for this assertion is what I have already hinted, because we were form'd by nature to be under perpetual subjection to them, for want of Abilities to share with them in *government* and *public offices*. To confute this *mannish* extravagance, it will be necessary to sap it from the foundation on which it is built.

## C H A P. IV.

*Whether the Men are better qualified to govern than Women, or not.*

**I**F you are doting enough to hold upon trust what the *Men* themselves say, you are to take it for granted, that *Women* are such senseless mortals by nature, as to be absolutely incapable of taking the least care of themselves. “ It is therefore, say they, a cruel tenderness, a false complaisance, to abandon the fair-sex to their own conduct. The more they are made to please and charm, the more it imports them to fly from those dangers, to which they are exposed by being so.” A plain proof of their speaking from their hearts is their imagining us weak enough to be wheedled out of our liberty and property, by such jingling empty stuff. But where have they proved that we are not as capable of guarding ourselves from dangers, as they are of guarding us; had we the same power and advantages allow’d us, which they have? Again, are we safer under their conduct than our own? Is it not manifestly launching from *Scylla* to *Charybdis*, to fly to their protection from danger? There is scarce an instance in a million among *Women*, of one *Woman* of a middling capacity, who does not, or would not, govern herself better than most *Men*  
in

in parallel circumstances, if the circumvention, treachery, and baseness of that sex did not interfere. Whereas for *one Woman* who is better'd in understanding or morality under their tuition, many millions are betray'd into inevitable ruin. As this is undeniable matter of fact, it needs no proofs to support it. Neither will it bear retorting upon us. For granting some few *Men* to have suffer'd by petticoat-government, the number is extremely small in proportion. And were it equal; the *Women's* conduct in this case is to be charged wholly to the *Men's* account, who robb'd them of those advantages of education, which wou'd have enabled them to act better; which they were susceptible of; and which they had a natural right to. The same apology cannot be made for the *Men's* misconduct in governing us: They have all the advantages requisite to qualify them; and, if, spite of all, we are worse under their government than under our own; the consequence speaks itself, that either they have a natural want of capacity, or want of honesty. They are at liberty to chuse which imputation pleases them best: Tho' without judging rashly, I might venture to say, they have a right to both. If they imagin they can elude the force of this truth, by saying that the *Men*, whom this accusation regards, have not made use of the advantages which their sex in general has, and therefore might as well have been without them; that no ways lessens the truth of what I have advanced; that most *Women* are ruin'd, instead of being improved



proved in heart or mind under the conduct of the *Men*. And therefore, since we are at most in no greater safety under their government than our own, there can be no solid reason assign'd why we shou'd be subject to it.

But it seems we are already condemn'd to it by a judge of their own erecting, a blubbering dotard, too conceited of his own sense, to be improved by that of his wife; *Cato*, the *wise Cato*, who grown obstinate in wrong by age and humour'd prejudice, chose rather to die a fool of his own making, than live a man of sense by a wife's advice: This *Cato* has pronounced sentence against us. And so disinterested a judge, we cannot surely except against. Let us hear then what this oracle says.

“ Let us treat *Women* as our equals, (*says he*)  
 “ and they will immediately want to become our  
 “ mistresses.” 'Tis *Cato* says it; and therefore, it  
 seems, there needs no proof. Besides, to oblige men  
 to prove all they advance by reason, wou'd be impos-  
 sible upon them; a grievance to which they are  
 perhaps full as unequal as they pretend we are. But  
 granting *Cato* to be infallible in his assertions, what  
 then? Have not *Women* as much right to be mis-  
 tresses, as the *Men* have to be masters? No, says  
*Cato*. But why? *Because they have not*. Such con-  
 vincing arguments must make us fond of hearing him  
 farther. “ If we make the *Women* our equals, (*adds*  
 “ *he*) they will demand that to-morrow as a tribute,  
 “ which they receive to-day as a grace.” But  
 where is the grace in granting us a share in what  
 we

we have an equal right to? Have not the *Women* an equal claim to power and dignity with the *Men*? If we have; the wise *Cato* nods: if we have not; *Cato* wou'd have been wise indeed, to convince us of it. But supposing it to be a favour, a grace, what he pleases to call it; wou'd not the *Men* reap the chief benefit of it? The *reserve* peculiar to our sex proves, that knowing how to curb ourselves, we are qualified to govern them; and the meekness and tenderness, which make part of our characteristic, are sufficient to persuade them that our yoke wou'd not be heavy. But no, *says Cato*, "we may thank ourselves for that sweetness and reserve which they shew in our presence. — This shadow of virtue is owing to the necessity we impose upon them of dissembling." Then *Cato* is forced at last to own that the subjection we are kept under, by that arrogant sex, is the effect of violence and imposition? This he does to compliment his own sex with attributing all our merit to them. A sorry compliment, considering the ungrateful truth it extorts from him. And yet how against the grain does he own any merit in us! No, we have but the shadow of virtue, and all their impositions and violence can only induce us to dissemble. Is not this calling all his own sex fools? For surely nothing can be a greater proof of folly in the *Mens* than to use violence and imposition, and to take perpetual pains to support both, only to make us act with affectation; when much less labour wou'd make us shew ourselves in a more natural light:

Especially

Especially since it is impossible ever to govern subjects rightly, without knowing as well what they really are as what they only seem ; which the *Men* can never be supposed to do, while they labour to force *Women* to live in constant masquerade. So that either all the *Men* are downright changelings, by *Cato's* own confession, or this mighty oracle himself is a driveler, and to be heeded by none but such.

I shou'd not myself have thought him worth so much notice as I have here taken of him, but that the *Men* are weak enough in general, to suffer their sense to be led away captive by such half-thinking retailers of sentences. Among whom, This in particular, was he worth the pains, might be easily proved to have been often grossly in the wrong in other matters as well as in the present case ; and therefore, when he happens to be in the right, the merit of it is more to be imputed to blind chance than to his wisdom : Since the greatest fools, when active, may blunder into the right sometimes : And great talkers, among many absurdities, must here and there drop a good saying, when they least design it. Of this stamp, are the generality of evidence brought against us. Men averred to the labour of thinking ; who find reason a drudgery, and therefore, rather chuse to prostitute than wed it ; who have gain'd all their reputation by a pretty gimnesh of expressions, which wou'd no more bear examination than their heads, their hearts, or their faces ; and who (to mimic this sage) wou'd rather see *common-*

*sense* in confusion, than a *word* misplaced in one of their *sentences*. Yet these are sages among the *Men*, and their sentences are so many divine oracles; whereas perhaps, had we lived in their own times, to have heard the many more foolish things they said than sensible ones, we shou'd have found them as oassish as the dupes who revere them. And tho' perhaps we might have been more surprized to hear such dotards talk sometimes rationally, than we now are, to read their sayings; we shou'd have had reason still to think them more fit to extort our admiration than deserve it. Care has been taken to hand down to us the best of their sentences, many of which are still weak enough: But had the same care been taken to register all their absurdities; how great a share of their present applause wou'd they have lost! As the infidel observed to the priest of *Neptune*, when proving the god's divinity from the trophies in his temple.

*'Tis true their pictures who escaped you keep,  
But where are they who perish'd in the deep?*

GARTH.

But we have a more formidable set of enemies than these laconic gentlemen; *Men* who pretend to build their assertions upon very good grounds, and who wou'd scorn, *say they*, to exclude us from power, dignity and public offices, if they cou'd not shew us the best of reasons. It will be proper therefore to hear their reasons, before we undertake to say they are in the wrong.

C H A P,

## C H A P. V.

*Whether the Woman are fit for public Offices,  
or not.*

**I**T is enough for the *Men* to find a thing establish'd to make them believe it well grounded. In all countries we are seen in subjection and absolute dependence on the *Men*, without being admitted to the advantages of sciences, or the opportunity of exerting our capacity in a public station. Hence the *Men*, according to their usual talent of arguing from seemings, conclude that we ought to be so. But supposing it to be true, that *Women* had ever been excluded from *publick offices*, is it therefore necessarily true that they ought to be so? God has always been more or less resisted by ungrateful man, a fine conclusion it wou'd be then to infer that therefore he ought to be so.

But why do the *Men* persuade themselves that we are less fit for public employments than they are? Can they give any better reason than custom and prejudice form'd in them by external appearances, for want of a closer examination? If they did but give themselves the leisure to trace things back to their fountain-head, and judge of the sentiments and practices of *Men* in former ages from what they discover in their own times, they wou'd not be so

open as they are to errors and absurdities in all their opinions. And particularly with regard to *Women*, they wou'd be able to see that, if we have been subjected to their authority, it has been by no other Law than that of the stronger: And that we have not been excluded from a share in the power and privileges which lift their sex above ours, for want of natural capacity, or merit, but for want of an equal spirit of violence, shameless injustice, and lawless oppression, with theirs.

Nevertheless, so weak are their intellectuals, and so untuned are their organs to the voice of reason, that custom makes more absolute slaves of their senses than they can make of us. They are so accustomed to see things as they now are, that they cannot represent to themselves how they can be otherwise. It wou'd be extremely odd they think to see a *Woman* at the head of an army giving battle, or at the helm of a nation giving laws; pleading causes in quality of counsel; administering justice in a court of judicature; preceded in the street with sword, mace, and other ensigns of authority, as magistrates; or teaching rhetoric, medicine, philosophy, and divinity, in quality of university professors.

If by oddity they understand something in it's nature opposite to the genuin unbiass'd rules of good-sense; I believe the *Men* will find it a difficult task, to prove any oddity in such a sight, or any real inconsistence in it with *rectified reason*. For if *Women* are but consider'd as rational creatures, ab-

fracted from the disadvantages imposed upon them by the unjust usurpation and tyranny of the *Men*, they will be found, to the full, as capable as the *Men*, of filling these offices.

I must own indeed in this age, to see a *Woman*, however well qualified, exert herself in any of these employments, cou'd not but as greatly surprize us as to see a man or woman drest in the garb in vogue at the time of *Queen Bess*. And yet our wonder in either case wou'd be the sole effect of novelty, or of the revival of an obsolete custom new to us. If from immemorable time the *Men* had been so little envious and so very impartial as to do justice to our talents, by admitting us to our right of sharing with them in public action; they wou'd have been as accusom'd to see us filling public offices, as we are to see them disgrace them; and to see a lady at a bar, or on a bench, wou'd have been no more strange than it is now, to see a grave judge whimpering at his maid's knees; or, a lord embroidering his wife's petticoat: A *Schurman*, with a thesis in her hand, displaying nature in it's most innocent useful lights, wou'd have been as familiar a sight, as a Physician in his chariot, conning *Ovid's Art of Love*: And an *Amazon*, with a helmet on her head, animating her embattled troops, wou'd have been no more a matter of surprize than a milliner behind a counter with a thimble on her finger; or than a peer of *Great-Britain* playing with his *garter*. Not reason then, but error and ignorance cas'd in custom,  
makes

makes these superficial creatures think it an unnatural sight.

There are few nations, beside our own, which think *Women* capable of holding the scepter; but *England* has learn'd by repeated experience, how much happier a kingdom is, when under the protection and rule of a *Woman*, than it can hope to be under the government of a *Man*. Matter of fact then plainly points out the absurdity of the contrary prejudice. How many ladies have there been, and still are, who deserve place among the learned; and who are more capable of *teaching* the *sciences* than those who now fill most of the *university chairs*? The age we live in has produced as many, as any one heretofore; tho' their modesty prevents their making any public shew of it. And as our sex, when it applies to learning, may be said at least to keep pace with the *Men*, so are they more to be esteem'd for their learning than the latter: Since they are under a necessity of surmounting the softness they were educated in; of renouncing the pleasure and indolence to which cruel custom seem'd to condemn them; to overcome the external impediments in their way to study; and to conquer the disadvantageous notions, which the vulgar of both sexes entertain of learning in *Women*. And whether it be that these difficulties add any keenness to a female understanding, or that nature has given to *Woman* a quicker more penetrating genius than to *Man*; it is self-evident that many of our sex have far out-strip'd the *Men*. Why then are  
we



we not as fit to learn and teach the sciences, at least to our own sex, as they fancy themselves to be ?

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## C H A P. VI.

*Whether the Women are naturally capable of teaching Sciences, or not.*

**O**F *Rhetoric* we must be allow'd to be by nature design'd mistresses and models. *Eloquence* is a talent so natural and peculiar to *Woman*, that no one can dispute it her. *Women* can persuade what they please ; and can dictate, defend, or distinguish between right and wrong, without the help of laws. There are few judges, who have not proved them the most prevalent counsel ; and few pleaders, who have not experienced them to be the most clear-headed equitable judges. When *Women* speak on a subject, they handle it with so delicate a touch, that the *Men* are forced to own they feel what the former say. All the oratory of the schools is not able to give the *Men* that eloquence and ease of speech, which costs us nothing. And that, which their mean envy call loquacity in us, is only a readiness of ideas, and an ease of delivery, which they in vain labour, for years, to attain to.

With

With what hesitation, confusion, and drudgery, do not the *Men* labour to bring forth their thoughts? And when they do utter something tolerable; with what insipid gestures, distortions, and grimaces, do they not murder the few good things they say? Whereas, when a *Woman* speaks; her air is generally noble and preventing, her gesture free and full of dignity, her action is decent, her words are easy and insinuating, her stile is pathetic and winning, and her voice melodious and tuned to her subject. She can soar to a level with the highest intellect without bombast, and, with a complacency natural to the delicacy of her frame, descend to the meanest capacity without meanness. What is there we are unfit to reason upon, which does not offend against decency? When we discourse of good or evil, it is well known we are capable of winning to the one and weaning from the other the most obstinate *Men*, if they have but minds susceptible of reason and argument: And that character of integrity, which is imprinted on our countenances while we speak, renders our power of persuasion more prevalent. Sure then, if we are endow'd with a more communicative eloquence than they are, we must be at least as well qualified as they to *teach* the *sciences*; and if we are not seen in *university chairs*, it cannot be attributed to our want of capacity to fill them, but to that violence with which the *Men* support their unjust intrusion into our places; or at least to our greater modesty and less degree of ambition.

If we were to apply to the *law*, we shou'd succeed in it at least as well as the *Men*. The natural talent we have undisputed, of explaining and unraveling the most knotty intricacies ; of stating our own and other people's pretensions ; of discovering the grounds of a dispute, with the means to set it right ; and of setting engines to work to do ourselv's justice, is sufficient to prove that, were we to fill the offices of *counsel*, *judges*, and *magistrates*, we shou'd shew a capacity in business which very few *Men* can boast of. But peace and justice is our study, and our pride is to make up those breaches which the corruption of that sex renders them industrious to make.

Our sex seems born to teach and practise physic ; to restore health to the sick ; and to preserve it to the well. Neatness, handyness, and compliance are one half of a patient's cure ; and in this the *Men* must yield to us. Indeed in our turns we must yield to them in the art of inventing hard names ; and puzzling a cure with the number, as well as adding to a patient's grievance with the costliness, of remedies. But we can invent, and have invented, without the help of *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*, an infinity of reliefs for the sick, which they and their blind adherents cou'd neither improve nor disapprove. And an *old woman's receipt*, as it is term'd, has often been known to remove an inveterate distemper which has baffled the researches of a college of graduates. In a word, the observations made by *Women* in their practice, have been

so exact, and built upon such solid reason, as to shew more than once the useles pedantry of the major part of school systems.

I hardly believe our sex wou'd spend so many years to so little purpose as those *Men* do, who call themselves *philosophers*; were we to apply to the *study of nature*. But I believe we cou'd point out a much shorter road to the desired end. We shou'd scarcely do like some *Men* who waste whole years (not to mention many of them who dwell for life) on mere *Entia Rationis*, fictitious trifles, no where to be found but in their own noddles. We shou'd find more useful employments for our inquiries, than idly plodding to find out whether beyond the utmost circumference of the universe there be any imaginary space, and whether that infant of our own dream be infinite or finite: whether an atom be splittable into infinite parts, or how a column of air upon a man's head, reaching to the sky, shall feel less heavy than a hob-nail.

Were we to exprefs our conceptions of God, it wou'd never enter into the head of one of us to describe him as a venerable old man. No we have a more noble idea of him, than to compare him to any thing created. We conceive that there must be a God, because we are sensible that neither we nor the objects which surround us can be the works of chance, or of self-production. And as we daily see that the success, which attends our undertakings, is scarce ever the natural effect of the means we made use of to attain to it, we are convinced

convinced that the conduct of our affairs is not the consequence of our own prudence; and therefore conclude that it must be the effect of a superior, general, providence. We shou'd never take it into our heads to run divisions upon our own chimerical *hypotheses*, and to fill a volume to answer an impossible: as *whether, if Man had not sinn'd, the Son of God wou'd have died*: or *whether by supernatural power a stone cou'd be lifted to the beatific vision*. And yet we might without vanity aspire to being as able *philosophers* or *divines* as the *Men*, perhaps better: If I understand rightly the sense of those words. And surely *philosophers* and *divines* according to the acceptation of the words, are such as are perfectly versed in the secrets of nature and mysteries of religion. If so, as we know that the chief fruit of all learning is a just discernment of true from false, and of evidence from obscurity, we are equally capable of both. And were we to aim at being both, we shou'd make it our business to form as just ideas of the divinity and it's revelations as the weakness of human nature wou'd permit, and to trace nature up to it's true source in all it's effects. And as we are sensible that the knowledge of ourselves and the objects about us, is absolutely necessary to render the aforementioned knowledges useful; we shou'd, instead of losing time in the trifles, which engross the studies of the generality of *male philosophers*, apply ourselves to the observation of ourselves and the different objects which environ us, in order to

find out in what they relate to or differ from us; and by what applications they may be beneficial or obnoxious to us and to the end they were given us for. Might we not then by this means be both as learned *philosophers* and as able *divines* as the *Men*; as capable of being taught, and as successful in *teaching*, at least, as they are?

Practice sufficiently speaks us no less *christian* than the *Men*: We receive the gospel with reverence and humility, and submit to its doctrines and precepts in a more exemplary manner than the generality of them. I own, some of our sex have carried their *worship* to *superstitious* lengths; but have not many of the *Men* done so too? And yet the *latter* are the most culpable: Since the ignorance in which the *former* have been bred reflects all the reproach on the *Men* themselves, for not giving them the means to avoid *superstition*. Wherefore if their zeal has been indiscreet, their intention has been good: And we may venture to affirm, from the eagerness they shew'd in embracing religion and cleaving so close to it under all the disadvantages it appear'd to them in, they wou'd have as firmly adhered to true piety had they obtain'd a clearer light of it.

What shou'd hinder us from regulating our minds by the faith and disciplin of Christ and his church? If we lay'd the foundation of *philosophy* and *scholastic divinity*; shou'd we not be as able as the *Men*, in the progress of our studies, to  
under-

understand, compare and interpret the holy scriptures, the writings of the fathers and the sacred canons? Might we not qualify our minds and hearts to compose religious works, to preach, to confute novelties, to regulate ourselves and others, to remove their scruples, and to resolve cases of conscience, as well as the most learned casuists living?

Thus far I insist, there is no *science* or *public office* in a state, which *Women* are not as much qualified for by nature as the ablest of *Men*. With regard however to divinity, our natural capacity has been restrain'd by a positive law of God; and therefore we know better than to lay claim to what we cou'd not practise without sacrilegious intrusion. Though, by the bye, let it be observed that the bar which our *Divine Saviour* has put to our exercising any religious functions, neither bars us from any other public offices, nor proves us unworthy or naturally incapable of exercising even them. That he forbid us those functions proves us naturally apt for them. But why he forbid us, it would be presumptuous to enquire. However if it is lawful to reason at all upon the divine precepts; we may assign a reason, which carries it's own probability with it and rather redounds to the honour than disrepute of our sex. God undoubtedly knew the general tendency of the *Men* to *impiety* and *irreligion*; and therefore why might he not confine the functions of *religion* to that sex,

sex, to attract some of them at least to those duties they have such a general apathy for? Especially since the natural propensity of our sex to *virtue* and *religion*, made it unnecessary to add any of those external helps to his divine grace, in order to win us to what our hearts lead us to.

If then we set custom and prejudice aside, where wou'd the oddity be to see us dictating *sciences* from a *university chair*; since to name but one of a thousand, that foreign young lady, whose extraordinary merit and capacity but a few years ago forced a *university* in *Italy* to break through the rules of *partiality*, *custom*, and *prejudice*, in her favour, to confer on her a DOCTOR'S DEGREE, is a living proof that we are as capable, as any of the *Men*, of the highest eminences in the sphere of learning, if we had justice done us.

It is not so much to do justice to my own sex, that I quote this instance, as to favour the *Men*, by shewing that it is not absolutely impossible for them to be sometimes just, without a miracle. Indeed it might require, in all probability, the labours of a wandering Jew, to produce a few more instances of the like equity towards us in that jealous, ungenerous sex. But to find many ladies nothing inferior in merit to the last mention'd, we need neither the pains of running back to antiquity, nor the expence of a voyage to foreign climes. Our own age and  
country



country may boast of more than one *Sappho*, numbers of *Cornelias*, and no scarcity of *Schurmans* and *Daciers*. If I chose to unite the several excellences of all these illustrious names in one, I might quote an *Eliza* not more to be envied for the towering superiority of her genius and judgment, than honour'd for the use she makes of them. Her early advances in ancient and modern learning in general having raised her above the imitation of the *Men*, as the many excellent virtues, added to her extensive knowledge, have secured her the esteem of the *Women*; it is no wonder that, while the former are forced to admire her in spite of prejudice, we are at liberty to do justice to her merit without fearing the suspicion of partiality towards her. However, as her own excellence has extorted her just praise from the mouth of prejudice itself, I shall forbear to characterise her; content to see the work already done to my hand, by that sex itself: and therefore refer my readers for a farther account of this true *Woman* to what the *Reverend Mr Birch* says of her in the *History of the Works of the Learned* \*: which is so much the more to be relied on as it come from a *Man*; one of that sex which seems to pique itself with no other degree of equity, than that of never praising any of ours beyond their desert. If the comparison, this candid gentleman there makes between the talents

\* For *June*, 1739.

talents of our sex and his own, thou'd prove too galling for their innate jealousy; let the men excuse him at least, and pacify themselves with the reflection on the thanks they all owe him for giving us this fresh instance, in his own person, of the possibility of finding a *Man* who can throw off passion and prejudice, for the sake of truth and honesty.

We may easily conclude then, that, if our sex, as it hitherto appears, have all the talents requisite to *learn* and *teach* those *sciences*, which qualify *Men* for *power* and *dignity*; they are equally capable of applying their knowledge to practice, in *exercising* that power and dignity. And since, as we have said, this nation has seen many glorious instances of *Women*, severally qualified to have all public authority center'd in them: why may they not be as qualified at least for the subordinate offices of ministers of state, vice-queens, governesses, secretaries, privy-counsellors, and treasurers? Or why may they not, without oddity, be even generals of armies, and admirals of fleets? But this will be more proper to consider separately.

## C H A P. VII.

*Whether Women are naturally qualified for military offices, or not.*

I Must confess, I cannot find how the oddity wou'd be greater, to see a lady with a truncheon in her hand, than with a crown on her head ; or why it shou'd create more surprize, to see her preside in a council of war, than in a council of state. Why may she not be as capable of heading an army as a parliament ; or of commanding at sea as of reigning at land ? What shou'd hinder her from holding the helm of a fleet with the same safety and steadiness as that of a nation ? And why may she not exercise her soldiers, draw up her troops in battle array, and divide her forces into battalions at land, squadrons at sea, &c. with the same pleasure she wou'd have in seeing or ordering it to be done ? The military art has no mystery in it beyond others, which *Women* cannot attain to. A *Woman* is as capable as a *Man* of making herself, by means of a map, acquainted with the good and bad ways, the dangerous and safe passes, or the proper situations for encampment. And what shou'd hinder her from making herself mistress of all the stratagems of war, of charging, retreating, surprizing, laying ambushes, counterfeiting marches, feigning flights, giving false attacks, supporting

real ones, animating the soldiery, and adding example to eloquence by being the first to mount a breach. Persuasion, heat, and example are the soul of victory: And *Women* can shew as much eloquence, warmth and intrepidity, where their honour is at stake, as is requisite to attack or defend a town.

There can be no real difference pointed out between the inward or outward constitution of *Men* and *Women*, excepting what merely tends to giving birth to posterity. And the differences thence arising are no ways sufficient to argue more natural strength in the one than in the other, to qualify them more for military labours. Are not the *Women* of different degrees of strength, like the *Men*? Are there not strong and weak of both sexes? *Men* educated in sloth and softness are weaker than *Women*; and *Women*, become harden'd by necessity, are often more robust than *Men*. We need go no farther than *Cbelsea* for a proof that *Woman* may be enured to all the hardships of a campaign, and to meet all the terrors of it, as well as the bravest of the opposite sex.

What has greatly help'd to confirm the *Men* in the prejudiced notion of *Women's* natural weakness, is the common manner of expression which this very vulgar error gave birth to. When they mean to stigmatise a *Man* with want of courage they call him *effeminate*, and when they would praise a *Woman* for her courage they call her *manly*. But as these, and such like expressions, are merely arbitrary,

arbitrary, and but a fulsome compliment which the *Men* pass on themselves, they establish no truth. The real truth is, That humanity and integrity, the characteristics of our sex, make us abhor unjust slaughter, and prefer honourable peace to unjust war. And therefore to use these expressions with propriety, when a *Man* is possess'd of our virtues he shou'd be call'd *effeminate* by way of the highest praise of his good-nature and justice; and a *Woman* who departs from our sex by espousing the injustice and cruelty of the *Men's* nature should be call'd a *Man*: *that is*, one whom no sacred ties can bind to the observation of just treaties, and whom no blood-shed can deter from the most cruential violence and rapin.

But be this as it may, certain it is, that bare strength intitles the *Men* to no superiority above *us*, as I have already remark'd. Otherwise brutes wou'd deserve the pre-eminence of them. And among themselves, the strongest man ought to be the chief in power. Whereas we plainly see that, generally speaking, the strongest are only fit to make drudges to the rest; and particularly in armies, they who have most of brutal vigour are often useful only for fascines to men much weaker than themselves to mount a breach. On the other hand, men who have less strength have very often the most brains. The wisest *philosophers*, the ablest *poets*, and the greatest *princes* have not always had the best constitutions. *Henry* was no match in strength with Sir *John Falstaff*. And

a *Marlborough* perhaps might have routed an army with more ease than he cou'd have wrestled with the meanest of his soldiers.

It is quite idle then to insist so much on bodily strength, as a necessary qualification to military employments. And it is full as idle to imagin that *Women* are not naturally as capable of *courage* and *resolution* as the *Men*. We are indeed charged, without any exception, with being timorous, and incapable of defence; frighted at our own shadows; alarm'd at the cry of an infant, the bark of a dog, the whistling of the wind, or a tale of hob-goblins. But is this univerversally true? Are there not *Men* as void of courage as the most heartless of our sex? And yet it is known that the most timorous *Women* often make a virtue of necessity, and sacrifice their own fears for the safety of a husband, a son, or a brother. Fearful and weak as they are, they often behave more courageously than the *Men* under pains, sickness, want, and the terrors of death itself.

Fear is almost an inseparable attendant on virtue. The virtuous are ever timid more or less; their own inoffensive disposition and the knowledge they have how much vice abounds among *Men*, are sufficient to incline them to fear on every appearance of danger. 'Tis a passion natural to all: Princes fear the rebellion of their subjects; generals the surprize of an enemy; and the very man who draws his sword to resent an injury,

fears

fears the shame of it, fears his adversary, and fears the law.

Nay fear is even a virtue in those who know themselves incapable of resisting what they fear; and is only blameable in such as have the power to repel the evil which threatens them. A lawyer, who has spent his whole life in poring over *Coke* upon *Littleton*, can no more, with reason, be accused of want of courage for refusing a challenge from an officer of the Army, than a soldier can be call'd a coward for refusing to stake his fortune against a lady at *quadrille*. The manner *Women* are bred in gives them room to apprehend every thing. They are admitted to no share of the exercises which wou'd qualify them to attack or defend. They see themselves helplessly exposed to the outrages of a sex enslaved to the most brutal transports; and find themselves victims of contempt to wretches, whose prevalent strength is often exerted against them with more fury and cruelty than beasts practice towards one another. Can our fear then be imputed to want of courage? Is it a defect? Or ought it not rather to be alledged as a proof of our sense? Since it wou'd be rather fool-hardiness than courage to withstand brutes, who want the sense to be overcome by reason, and whom we want means to repel by force of arms?

And yet it is far from being true that all *Women* want courage, strength, or conduct to lead an army to triumph; any more than it is that all *Men* are endow'd with them. There are many of our sex as  
intrepid

intrepid as the *Men*; and I myself cou'd, with more ease and less repugnance, dare the frowns and fury of an already victorious army which I had forces to resist, than I cou'd stoop to court the smiles of a corrupt minister whom I had reason to despise.

Need I bring *Amazons* from *Scythia* to prove the courage of *Women*? Need I run to *Italy* for a *Camilla* to shew an instance of warlike courage? Wou'd the wife of *Petus*, who stabb'd herself first to encourage her desponding husband to do to the like, have been afraid to mount a breach? Wou'd not she, who cou'd snatch the knife from her bleeding breast and serenely give it to *Thraseas* with a—*strike, PETUS! it don't smart*: Wou'd not she, I say, have been equally capable of animating with persuasion and example an army in the defence her country? Let *France* boast it's *maid of Orleans*; and other nations glory in their numberless store of warlike *Women*. We need not go out of *England* to seek heroines, while we have annals to preserve their illustrious names. To whom did *England* owe it's deliverance from the tyrannic yoke of the *Danes*? But to pass over the many instances of warlike bravery in our sex, let it suffice to name a *Boadicea*, who made the most glorious stand against the *Romans* in the defence of her country, which that great empire was ever a witness to. And if her endeavours did not meet with the success of an *Alexander*, a *Cesar*, or a *Charles* of *Sweden* in his fortunate days; her courage and conduct were such,



as render'd her worthy to be consider'd equal, if not superior to them all, in bravery and wisdom; not to mention the nicer justice of her intentions.

Thus far I think it evidently appears, that there is no *science*, *office*, or *dignity*, which *Women* have not an equal right to share in with the *Men*: Since there can be no superiority but that of brutal strength shewn in the *latter*, to entitle them to engross all *power* and *prerogative* to themselves: nor any incapacity proved in the *former* to disqualify them of their right, but what is owing to the unjust oppression of the *Men* and might be easily removed. With regard however to warlike employments, it seems to be a disposition of *Providence* that custom has exempted us from them. As sailors in a storm throw overboard their more useless lumber; so it is but fit that the *Men* alone shou'd be expos'd to the dangers and hardships of war, while we remain in safety at home. They are, generally speaking, good for little else but to be our bulwarks: And our smiles are the most noble rewards which the bravest of them all ought to desire, or can deserve, for all the hazards they encounter, and for all the labours they go thro' in our defence during the most tedious campaigns.

## C H A P. VIII.

## C O N C L U S I O N.

W H A T I have hitherto said has not been with an intention to stir up any of my own sex to revolt against the *Men*, or to invert the present order of things with regard to *government* and *authority*. No, let them stand as they are: I only mean to shew my sex that they are not so despicable as the *Men* wou'd have them believe themselves, and that we are capable of as much greatness of soul as the best of that haughty sex. And I am fully convinced, it wou'd be to the joint interest of both to think so.

This is plain from the ill consequences attending the opposite error. The *Men*, by thinking us incapable of improving our intellects, have entirely thrown us out of all the advantages of education; and thereby contributed as much as possible to make us the senseless creatures they imagin us. So that, for want of *education*, we are render'd subject to all the follies they dislike in us, and are loaded with their ill treatment for faults of their own creating in us, and which, we are denied the helps necessary to avoid. And what is the consequence of this tyrannic treatment of us? Why, it finally reverts on themselves:

selves: The same want of *learning* and *education* which hurries *Women* into what displeases the *Men*, debars them of the virtues requisite to support them under the ill treatment they are loaded with by the *Men*, in consequence of their indiscretions: And for want of those virtues they often run very unjustifiable lengths to be revenged on their tyrants. Thus does it arrive generally speaking that both *Men* and *Women* hold one-another in sovereign contempt, and therefore vie with each-other, which shall treat the other the worst. Whereas how happy might they be, wou'd both sexes but resolve *each* to give the *other* that just esteem which is their due!

However, if truth may be spoken; it is undeniable that the blame lies chiefly and originally in the *Men*. Since if they wou'd but allow *Women* the advantages of education and literature; the latter would learn to despise those follies and trifles, for which they are at present unjustly despised. Our sex wou'd be enabled to give the *Men*, a better opinion of our capacity of head and disposition of heart: And the *Men*, in proportion to the encrease of their esteem for us, wou'd lessen, and by degrees reform, their ill-treatment of us. *Women* wou'd make it their study to improve their parts, and with encrease of knowledge they must grow good. Their pleasure and study wou'd be to entertain the *Men* with sense, and to add solidity to their charms. By

which means *both sexes* wou'd be happy, and *neither* have cause to blame the *other*. But while they lock up from us all the avenues to knowledge, they cannot without reproach to themselves blame us for any misconduct which ignorance may be mother of: And we cannot but accuse them of the most cruel injustice in disesteeming and ill-using us for faults they put out of our power to correct.

It wou'd be needless to say any more on this subject, if it was not in answer to some weak people who are vainly persuaded, that there is a real difference between *Us* and the *Men* with regard to *virtue*: Whereas nothing can be more absurd. It is undoubtedly true, that there have been, and are, many very good, and as many very bad, people of both sexes. And if it shou'd be supposed, tho' it cannot be proved, that some *Women* have been more flagitious than any *Men*; that will no ways redound to the dishonour of our sex in general. *The corruption of the best is ever the worst*: And shou'd we grant that in quality of vices some of our sex have exceeded the *Men*; It must be own'd that their numbers wou'd at least balance the account. I believe no one will deny but that at least, upon the most moderate computation, there are a thousand *bad Men* to one *bad Woman*. But to know whether either Sex be naturally more vicious than the other, we must observe that there is nothing but the soul capable of virtue, which consists in a firm resolution of doing

doing what we judge the best, according to the dictates of *reason* and *religion* compared with the different occurrences we meet with in life. Now the mind is no less capable in *Women* than in *Men* of that firm resolution which makes up virtue, nor of knowing the occasions of putting it in practice.

Weak as the generality reckon us *Women*, we can regulate our passions as well as the *Men*; and are no more enclined to vice than to virtue. We might even make the scale turn in our own favour in this particular, without doing violence to truth or justice. However, upon the whole, if there be equal occasion of finding fault in both sexes; That which accuses the other offends against natural equity. If there be more evil in the *Men* than in us, and they are too stupified to see it; they are guilty of rashness in finding fault with our sex. And if they do see and maliciously conceal their own greater faults; is it not base in them to blame us who have less? If there be more good in *Women* than in *Men*; ought not the *Men* to be accused of ignorance or envy in not acknowledging it? When a *Woman* has more virtue than vice, shou'd not the one atone for the other? This is especially true when our defects are insurmountable, and when we are deprived of means to rid ourselves of them; which is generally the case with most of the faulty of our sex, and ought to merit them compassion rather than contempt. Lastly,

when our failings are only seemingly such, or at most but trivial in themselves, it is imprudent, malicious, and pitiful to insist on them. And yet it is easy to prove, that such are the generality of the faults we are charged with, which can any way affect us all.

Thus then does it hitherto fully appear, how falsely we are deem'd, by the *Men*, wanting in that solidity of sense which they so vainly value themselves upon. Our right is the same with theirs to all *public employments*; we are endow'd, by nature, with geniuses at least as capable of filling them as theirs can be: and our hearts are as susceptible of *virtue* as our heads are of the *sciences*. We neither want *spirit, strength*, nor *courage*, to defend a country, nor *prudence* to rule it. Our *souls* are as *perfect* as theirs, and the *organs* they depend on are generally more *refined*. However, if the bodies be compared to decide the right of excellence in either sex; we need not contend: The *Men* themselves I presume will give it up. They cannot deny but that we have the advantage of them in the internal mechanism of our frames: Since in us is produced the most beautiful and wonderful of all creatures: And how much have we not the advantage of them in outside? What beauty, comeliness, and graces, has not heaven attach'd to our sex above theirs? I shou'd blush with scorn to mention this, if I did not think it an indication of our souls being also in a state of greater delicacy; For I cannot help thinking that

that the Wise Author of nature suited our frames to the souls he gave us. And surely then the acuteness of our minds, with what passes in the inside of our heads, ought to render us at least *EQUALS* to *Men*, since the outside seldom fails to make us their absolute mistresses.

And yet I wou'd have none of my sex build their authority barely on so slight a foundation. No: Good sense will out-last a handsome face: And the dominion gain'd over hearts by reason is lasting. I wou'd therefore exhort all my sex to throw aside idle amusements, and to betake themselves to the improvement of their minds, that we may be able to act with that becoming dignity our nature has fitted us to; and, without claiming or valuing it, shew our selves worthy something from them, as much above their bare esteem, as they conceit themselves above us. In a word, let us shew them, by what little we do without aid of education, the much we might do if they did us justice; that we may force a blush from them, if possible, and compel them to confess their own baseness to us, and that the worst of us deserve much better treatment than the best of us receive.

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Candidus imperti; si non, bis utere mecum.* HOR.

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---

*By a GENTLEMAN.*

---

Fools they must have, or else they cannot sway:  
For none but Fools will *Womankind* obey.  
Some Few with Beauty may subdue the Strong;  
A mighty Empire! but it lasts not long.  
Th'obsequious Lover, when he lowest lies,  
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise. DRYDEN.

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# DEDICATION.

To the LADIES,

*I*F openly to attack so fair and favourite a Part of human Society as you are, should seem a confident Attempt; it will appear a much bolder one, to lay at your Feet, for Approbation, the very Instrument of your Pain, still warm and reeking from the Wound it has given you. Methinks I see some pretty Lady pouting with an Indignation so amiable, that a Man would almost, for the sake of beholding, purposely study to pique her. What! says the charming, peevish Thing, is not striking at our Honour in every tender Part, an Injury great enough, unless the Aggressor insult us with the very Weapon which has just executed his cruel Purpose? Must we not only feel the barbarous Edge of his ungenerous Satire, but be taunted with a Dedication of it?

And truly, I must own, if we are to judge of Things by their first Appearances, the angry Fair-one's Transport is not quite unreasonable. But still, Ladies, if you allow yourselves Leisure to reflect, you will not only be far from considering me as an insolent Enemy, but will look upon it as your common Interest to acknowledge me a generous Friend. Examine but the Nature of the Operation I have performed, and the Disease which made it necessary, and you will consider me in the true Character I act in; which is not that of a merciless Assassin, whose End is Destruction, but that of an honourable Surgeon, who makes no Incision but to let in a Cure where it is wanting.

As I have employed a good deal of Time in the Study of your fair Beings, I could not help discovering, in several of you, many visible Tumours, in Mind and Heart, which, like Pimples on your Faces, were injurious to your real Charms, and obstructive of the rational Delight you were born to receive and bestow. Nevertheless,

vertbeless, the same tender Respect, which made me anxious in wishing you an effectual Riddance of them, restrained me from attempting to remove them myself; I saw no probable Means of succeeding to my Wish, but by such an Operation as must give exquisite Smart to some, however beneficial it was likely to prove to all. But when I saw a rash \* Hand front among your fair Selves indiscreetly busied in clogging your Evils, already too dangerous, with the more dangerous Poullice of Pride and Ambition, I thought it high time to spare you the threatening Gangrene, at the Expençe of some Anguish, by applying, where necessary, the Lancet of Satire, to let out those Imposthumes, which the pretty, undesigning Traitress was labouring to render incurable.

I would beg fair Sophia's Pardon for giving her the Title of Traitress, if I did not think the Epithet undesigning sufficient to compensate for Apologies. I am far from imagining, she had the least sinister View in the Work she has published: On the contrary, I am inwardly convinced, her Intentions were excellent. For though I have not the Honour or Happiness to know the charming Creature, however I wish for both, the noble Sentiments and virtuous Dispositions she discovers in that ingenious Essay, oblige me to consider her as another Angelica, at once her Sex's noblest Ornament, and liveliest Reproach, as well as the most illustrious Example their virtuous Ambition can aspire to copy after. If all Women were like her, we should have little Danger to apprehend from coming into her Ladyship's Notions; and I might have spared the Pains of a desperate Remedy to try to make them such. But as the Case is quite otherwise, and their dangerous Evils call for a dangerous Cure; I flatter myself, lovely Creatures, that she, and all such of you as are like her, will approve me for attempting one. How much more concerned I am for your Happiness than my own Safety, must appear from my entering the Lists against a Lady so formidable as Sophia must be, if the Charms of her Person are equal to those of her Soul.

\* Sophia's Treatise, entitl'd, *Weman not inferior to Man.*

## D E D I C A T I O N. vii

If my Zeal for your Felicity and Safety has rendered me eager to rescue you from imminent Misery, it has equally tempered that Eagerness with a Regard for your natural Delicacy in the Manner of doing it: So that wherever I found Amputation necessary, without sparing proud Flesh, I have been sparing of the Quick. But if, nevertheless, I have not been able to pursue the honest End of my Wishes without giving Pain to some of you, let your Resentment be levelled, not at the Instrument of your Cure, but at the Evils which called for it; not at the Hand which directed it, but at that which provoked it. Instead then of frowning on me as an Enemy who has a Design on your Honour and Happiness, if you have either at Heart, you will exert all your Industry, to shew how far you are from being incurable in your Evils, by reaping the Benefit of a Cure offered you, and how little you are averse to that Cure, by receiving into your Graces the Person who has generously endeavoured to perform it at the Risk of displeasing you.

Or otherwise, lovely Creatures, if you are insensible of being, or unwilling to own yourselves, in Need of a Cure, let that natural Love of Change which is so bewitching in you, justify my presenting to you this little Love-gift in a different Shape, by changing the Allegory. The Transition, however unconnected, is no Impropriety in an Address to such pretty variable Things as you. Fancy then that it is a useful Pocket-mirrouer. I present you with: It is at least capable of answering the best Ends of one, if consulted with the same Attention as the Glasses on your Toilets. Indeed you will find it less flattering than most of those are; but perhaps it may prove the more useful for being so; and therefore ought to be, at least, equally agreeable to you. By shewing you to yourselves in a true Light, it will, I hope, enable you to improve the real Excellencies, and to remove out of Sight all the Blemishes you may discover in yourselves. And as Patches and Paint will be useless to hide the Defects which this will point you out, it may possibly set you on finding out  
better

*better Expedients to prevent the ill Effects of them, than the daubing Disguise of Affectation.*

*Accept then this little Token of my Regard to you in the Light I propose it in, and I am confident you cannot be out of Temper with the Donor. For, should any of you chance to see yourselves in a Salacia, an Uberia, a Pavonia, or some other as little pleasing Figure, it is not the Truth of the Representation, but yourselves, you must fall out with, for being so like what you are so unwilling to be thought like. And such of you as may applaud yourselves in the Merit of an Angelica, can have no Reason to be angry with me, for placing you in Company which can only serve to set your Charms in a more conspicuous Light.*


*If I have not represented all Women in that amiable Character, it is not my Fault, but theirs, who refuse or neglect to assume it: For, if you are not all Angelica's, yet many of you have the Power to be such. And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, you are still resolved to consider me as an Enemy, for exposing the Deformity of some of you, you have a fair Opportunity of taking an honourable Revenge, by immediately assuming Angelica's Character.*

*By this Means you will condemn me to the Infamy of a scandalous Libeller, and make all I have advanced, to the Disgrace of your Sex in general, be branded by future Ages with the ignominious Title of impudent Falshood. And should this Undertaking be happy enough to provoke you to such a noble Resentment, I shall think my Labour amply rewarded by the Fruit it produces: For such is the ardent Zeal I have for your real Felicity, that I would gladly fall a Sacrifice to the worst Effects of your Indignation, to have the Merit of contributing towards making you the most perfect, as you are the most lovely Beings in the Universe.*


I am,

LADIES,

Your most humble Servant,



# INTRODUCTION.


**T**HE very great Tenderness I have always expressed and really felt for the Fair Sex, would by no means suffer me now to exert my Pen against that delicate Part of the Creation, which has hitherto engrossed my best Wishes, if Justice to my own Sex, a disinterested Zeal for the Prosperity of the other, and an invincible Love of Truth, did not oblige me to render them a Service by opposing them. Nature, ever reminding me that I was born of a *Woman*, bids me respect that endearing Name; yet Honour, not allowing me to forget by whom I was begotten, forbids me to derogate from the Dignity of *Man*. However Generosity then may incline me to favour the *Women*, by overlooking their real Imperfections, and putting an advantageous Gloss on their little Merits; yet it is an Act of Justice I owe to my own Sex, to defend its Prerogatives, when openly attacked by the too daring Ambition of the other.

From the Beginning of the World till now, *our Sex* has enjoyed an undisputed Sovereignty over the *other*, and their joint Consent in all Ages sufficiently proves our Possession not usurped. Hitherto the *Women*, conscious of their own Inabilities, have cheerfully acknowledged the Authority which Wisdom gives the *Men* over them; content with the soft Dominion which Love secures to them over our Sex. In a Word, the little Glimmering of Reason,

son,

son, which Heaven bestowed on them out of Compassion to us, that they might be in some Degree a sort of rational Amusement to us, was sufficient to convince them of the Justness of their Subjection. And so far from accusing Nature of Partiality in making them Vassals to us, they were sensible that she had been but too bountiful in bestowing on them the Privilege of reigning in the Hearts of their Lords: A Privilege which we have hitherto been too generous to grudge them; having no Danger to apprehend from leaving our Hearts in the Keeping of *Women*, while the Heads of the Fair Keepers themselves were in due Subjection to our own.

But the Case must necessarily alter from the Minute that Sex forgets its Allegiance to us. If once the *Women* presume to call in Question the great Duty of Vassalage to us, it must be Time to withdraw our Hearts from their Power. They can no longer be safe in the Custody of such *Women* as refuse to submit themselves to our Authority.

The joint Industry of the *Fair* at all Times, in labouring to make themselves agreeable to us, is a standing Proof, that that is the great Business they were created for, and that the Acquiring our *Love* and *Esteem* is the highest End their Ambition ought to soar to; as the Possession of *both* is the great and sole Happiness they are capable of enjoying in this Life. But how can they hope ever to reach *either*, without persevering in the Use of those Methods which alone can render them worthy to obtain what they aim at? How shall they appear any longer agreeable in our Eyes, if once they throw off that Modesty and Subjection which alone can give even their native Charms the Force to please us? What Title will they have left to our Favour and Indulgence, from the Moment they begin to dispute our Power and Prerogative over them? In a  
Word



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Word; If, instead of making use of the little Complaisances we have for their Weakness, to redouble their Obedience and Fidelity to us, they aspire to become our Equals; ought we not, in Justice to ourselves, and for Instruction to them, to shew them, that it has been owing to our own Generosity, more than to any Right they can claim, that we have not hitherto treated them only as our less useful Slaves?

However, one should be apt to imagine, that *Women* had their own Interest more at Heart than to reduce us to this Extremity. Who could conceive, that any one of that Sex would be so much an Enemy to herself and the rest, as to risk the Forfeiture of that Liberty which the *Men* have so graciously raised them to, merely for the sake of grasping at a Power which they are sure of never attaining? And yet, inconceivable as it is, our own Times can shew a very recent Instance of it in a Lady, who, perhaps for the Sake of becoming an Author, has taken abundance of Pains to convince us, that there is no Excess of Extravagance which that Sex cannot attempt, and no Presumption in them which merits our Surprise.

Every one will be able to guess that I am speaking of SOPHIA, that enlightened *Lady*, who has surprisngly found out, that *Man* is not superior to *Woman* in any thing but what she pleases to call *brutal Strength!* So extravagant an Assertion cannot but be attended with very fatal Consequences to both Sexes, if listened to by the *Women*: And what will not *Woman* listen to, which flatters her Vanity, Ambition, Curiosity, or Love of Change?

*For, Women have fantastic Constitutions,  
Inconstant as their Wishes, ever wav'ring,  
And never fix'd.* Ven. Pref.

Safe in the Paradise of our protecting Love, they are sure of Happiness, while, conscious of the Blessing, they persist in deserving it by their Fidelity and Obedience! But if once they give ear to this fair fallen Angel, like true Daughters of their first fickle Parent *Eve*, the flattering Bait of Power, Dignity, and Knowledge, will cheat them of that Happiness; and, by exciting them to disobey, will banish them the Sanctuary of our Hearts, their only Asylum from Scorn and Wretchedness. So (if we may compare great Things with little, the Sacred with the Vain) the darkest Angels once were happy; till *Lucifer*, the *noblest*, brightest of them all, not content to be the Almighty's favourite Creature, and next in Glory to the Deity, vainly aspired to be the eternal Sovereign's *Equal*, rebelled against his *Lord*, and drew whole Legions into the Revolt. But what was the Consequence of their Presumption? They justly incurred their Maker's Indignation, were banished Heaven, and fell the unpitied Victims of their rash Ambition. Infinite as the Distance is between God and Man, it is easy to see the Analogy between the Revolt of these ambitious Spirits against their heavenly Sovereign, and the Rebellion to which *Sophia's* Doctrine may excite the rest of her Sex against the natural *Lords*, to whom God made them subject here on Earth. But let the fair Copies of those fickle Beings, cautioned by their Fall, avoid the least Appearance of their Fault; lest, aspiring to be our *Equals*, they should lose our Affection, which alone entitles them to the little Condescendences we have for them, and fall irrevocably to the low Condition into which our Disregard is capable of sinking them.

To shew them how much I am their Friend, and how sincerely I wish to preserve them in that Degree which the Generosity of the *Men* has lifted them

them

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them to, I shall here render them all the Service their tender Capacities will permit me to do, by endeavouring to open their Eyes to the Discovery of the gay Illusions of this aspiring Lady; that they may not become the Dupes of her friendly but mistaken Zeal for them, which might otherwise do them more Mischief, than their greatest Enemies could wish done, or than their native Charms could possibly repair.

This dextrous Female, to give us a Sample of the Expertness of her Sex at Invention, has artfully enough thrown in a *Caveat* against any *Man's* being Judge of the *Equality* or *Inferiority* of Merit in *Women*, as compared with *Men*; because truly the *Men* are to be considered as Parties concerned, and therefore must all be partial in their Judgment. However, I must beg Leave to observe, that though it is true, that the Generality of both Sexes are weak enough to give Prejudice and Interest the Preference to Truth and Justice; yet even *Sophia* herself cannot be so rashly censorious as to imagine that all are unjust alike. And therefore she must own that some few *Men* may be found among us, who, supposing their Interest to be ever so nearly concerned, would nevertheless be honest enough to acknowledge the *Women* for their Equals, if there was the least Appearance of Reason in their Favour; and to make them every Concession they had a Right to demand.

For my own part at least, I have so indefeasible a Right to be ranked in the Number of those few, that the most jealous of their Sex cannot dispute my Title. For, on one side, I can have no Interest to bias me; having nothing to hope or fear from my own Sex, and expecting as little from the opposite: and on the other, if I have received any Partiality from Inclination, it is all for the *Women*. I do not say this out of any Ambition of being Judge

in so unthankful an Affair, in which it will be impossible to do Justice to one Party without giving the other Offence. And I, of all *Men*, have the least Reason to court the Occasion of displeasing those amiable Creatures, who cannot myself give them the slightest Pain without sharing with them in it.

Instead therefore of taking upon me the Office of deciding on the Merit of the Fair Sex, and the Degree they ought to stand in comparatively with the *Men*; I shall leave it to themselves to be Judges in their own Cause, after I have fairly stated what is worthy Observation on both Sides of the Debate. For I can by no means apprehend any thing from their Partiality, or Prejudice, when I consider how much it is to their own Advantage to be just to the *Men*, and how seldom they are guilty of disregarding their own private Interests.

The more judicious Part of our Sex may perhaps think it dangerous to trust the *Women* as Judges of any thing where Reason is concerned, on account of the Weakness of their Intellects, which seldom can reach higher than a Head-dress. But to remove all Objections of this Kind, I shall endeavour to make the Matter plain to them, by treating it in the most familiar Manner; not only to prevent their weakening the little Understanding they have, by keeping it too much upon the Stretch, but to save them from exposing their light-pinioned Fancy to the resistless Beams of Scrutiny, by soaring above their Capacity: I shall do my utmost to make *Reason* stoop to their Comprehension, by confining myself intirely to their Sphere. In doing this, I know it will be expected that I should take notice of whatever may seem worthy of *any* in the pretty whimsical Treatise with which *Sophia* has thought fit to divert the Public: And therefore I shall follow the Method she has pointed out

to me. However, I must beg to be excused from being accessary to her losing herself and her Partisans in the Maze of *Theory*; a Ground too holy for Female Feet to tread with Impunity. No; Practice is the Boundary of their Province; and therefore I shall wholly confine myself, in this little Treatise, to practical Reasoning; except where I am obliged to step aside to recover my bewildered fair Antagonist from the Danger of straying out of her Latitude.

It will be a needless Repetition, to say, that my only Motive in opposing this Lady is, the Desire of seconding her good Intention, by doing effectual Service to her Sex; as my only View in laying open their Foibles is, the Hope I conceive of rendering them less pernicious to themselves. However, tender as I design to be in handling the Faults of these delicate Creatures, I am sensible that an Operation of this Kind cannot but give them some Smart. Nevertheless, resolved, like an honest Surgeon, to conquer the little Reluctances of a Heart disposed to Compassion, I shall rather choose to give them a little momentary Pain, than suffer them, out of false Tendernefs, to risk a more fatal Mortification. The little Uneasiness, which the Probing of their Blemishes may occasion, will be amply attoned for by the Gangrene it will prevent; especially since natural Propensity towards them will incline me to use them as gently as possible. Not that I expect my Fair Patients to be reconciled to the Cure, while they are under the Operation, any more than I can think of seeing a delirious Man fond of the Hand which trepanns him. I only flatter myself, that when once they have received Benefit enough to be sensible of the Necessity of it, they will thank me for my Labour: A Labour in which neither Passion nor Prejudice, and much less Interest, could have any Share, with one  
whose

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whose Age and State of Life raise him from being  
biaſſed by the Smiles of their Sex, or the Frowns  
of his own. So that even thoſe pretty Incurables,  
whom nothing will be ſufficient to prevail with to  
conſider me in any other Light than that of an  
Enemy, cannot, without Injuſtice, deny me to be  
a generous one: Though how far I am from being  
one at all, will beſt appear in the Conclusion of  
this little Piece. And therefore, relying on the  
Uprightneſs of my own Intentions; and the Man-  
ner of executing them, I ſhall confidently proceed  
to the Subject in Queſtion. But, before we deſcend  
to Particulars, it will not be improper to make the  
following general Examination.



M A N



# M A N

SUPERIOR TO

# W O M A N.

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## C H A P. I.

*Whether the Superiority of the Men over the Women is not founded on something more solid than Custom and Prejudice.*



I T cannot be denied that the ingenious Lady, whom I have to contend with, is, for a Woman, no despicable Adversary. The Cause indeed she has undertaken to defend is none of the best. But bad as it is, she has

been cautious enough to make use of all the Means practicable to render her Arguments, in the Support of it, unanswerable. She could not, without a Degree of Blindness, possibly overlook the irrefragable Authority of a Practice founded upon a Prescription as ancient as human Nature. She knew that the Superiority of *Man over Woman*

was no Novelty to either Sex ever since *Adam's* Time; and therefore imagined, as well she might, that it could be no easy Matter to invert this Disposition of Things, so venerable from the single Consideration of its Antiquity, without removing the Obstacle which Custom put in her Way, by lessening the Regard which the most Considerate are inclined to pay to it. This she has endeavoured to do, but how? Why truly, by enumerating some few Instances, in which Mankind of both Sexes have been led into Error by a blind Prejudice in Favour of habitual Ignorance, and not of practical positive Custom: And those too Instances of a particular Nature, and in which all *Men* were not concerned, as the Disbelief of the *Antipodes*, the supposed *Spirits of Machinery*, and the fancied *Machinery of Cartesian Animals*. Whereas to convince us that *Custom* is never to be regarded, she should have instanced some one Custom as universal with Relation to Place and Time, as that of *Woman's* Subjection to *Man*, in which Mankind had confessedly found themselves in Error.

As this is past her Skill to do, it is plain she has run beyond her Mark, and contrary to her Design established an Argument in Favour of *Man's* Authority over *Woman*, on the very Principle of *Custom*, which she with so much Industry and Artifice laboured to undermine. For it cannot without Rashness be doubted, but that Mankind being rational Creatures, and therefore not only directed, but even of themselves inclined, to do nothing without Reason, they must have consulted Reason for the Introduction of such Practices as have been universally received by both Sexes in all Places, and at all Times. Inasmuch that it is impossible for any in their Senses to conceive that right Reason and Prudence had no Hand in establishing the Customs, which both oblige us to conform to, and which we cannot



cannot deviate from, without breaking in upon Order and Decency.

Of this Nature is the Custom, if *Sophia* chooses to call it so, which directs the *Women* to be subject and submissive to the Heaven-derived Authority of their natural Sovereign *Man*: A Custom, which, whether right or wrong, must so nearly concern every Individual of human Nature, that neither Sex could be supposed so indifferent to their Happiness, as not to consult Reason before they established or rejected it. And therefore, since both Sexes from the Creation unanimously established this Practice, and handed it down thro' all Ages to our own, it is the Height of Temerity to impute the Power of the *Men* over the *Women* to inconsiderate Custom, or to any Cause inferior to Reason and Prudence.

Have not the *Women* ever been, and are they not at this present Time, in every Country, in absolute Subjection to the *Men*, and wholly dependent on them in all Things? Where was, or is, the Nation in which the former were considered, even by themselves, as equal with the latter? It will not do, to quote upon me the Virago Tribe of *Scythia*: For let it be consider'd, that it can be no Wonder that the *Women* should not be subject to *Men* in a Nation wholly made up of such *Women* as the most ignoble of our Sex at that Time scorned to rule over. No, let any one affirm, if Truth will permit, that the *Women* were ever treated in any one Nation made up of both Sexes, upon a better Footing than inferior Subjects; fit at best only to be the upper Servants in their Families.

This is the Light in which they have always been viewed here in *England*; the Place in the World where the Fair Sex is the most regarded, and perhaps deserves most to be so. And every one knows how much worse they are looked upon in some Countries, where they are esteem'd absolute Slaves.

In *China* they are confined to see no one but their Husbands and Children; and have their Feet kept small on purpose to prevent their gadding. In *Turkey* they are pamper'd Prisoners at best: Almost throughout *Asia*, *Africa* and *America* Wives are but House-maids for Life: In most Parts of *Europe* indeed they are treated a little more gently; tho' the Difference is but little in *Italy*, and scarce discernible in *Spain*. In a Word, they are every where employed in nothing but what is low and servile. Their highest Dignities are limited to Housewifery, and their common Use is to be kept for Breeders. In *England* alone it is, that they are raised to the Office of Dissipators of our more intense Thoughts, amusing Lullers of our Care and Application, and a kind of Under-Companions to us, when Reason is disposed to relax. Nor is it easy to comprehend how it is possible to raise them higher, with any Shew of Reason, considering their natural Incapacity for every thing above the Sphere they actually move in. So that, however the Men might be disposed, and whatever Endeavour they might make use of, to alter the present Disposition of Matters with Regard to the Fair-Sex, it is absolutely impossible to succeed in it.

It is doubtless for this Reason that the wisest of Law-givers, in founding their Common-Wealths, have never once established any thing in Favour of an Equality between both Sexes. Their Laws, on the contrary, have tended only to confirm the *Women* in an intire Subjection to the *Men*. The Generality of the Learned of all Ages have advanced many Things to the Disadvantage of *Woman*: But not one has ever thought of adding the least Privilege to those we have in general agreed to allow them. Nay, the Wife of all Times and Places are so unanimous in the Establishment of the *Men's* Sovereignty over *Women*, that one should be apt to  
 imagine

imagine they had conspired together; but for the evident Impossibility, that so many Persons of different Ages, distant Climes, and opposite Interests, unknown to each other, should be able to combine with one another. Whence it is plain to a Demonstration, that the State of Subordination, which *Woman* is in to *Man*, must have been dictated to both Sexes, by Nature, and establish'd by *Reason* and *Prudence*.

This alone might suffice to shew how greatly the Lady my Antagonist is overseen in imputing the Power of our Sex over her own, to blind Custom and inconsiderate Prejudice. But what will confirm it still more, is the universal Ease with which the *Women* of all Ages have supported this their Condition. The general Content with which they submit, is a plain Proof, that they look upon Submission as a natural Duty they owe to us; and that, conscious of the Legalness of our Authority, they pass the same Judgment on their Dependency as every Man does. Infomuch that both Sexes appear convinced that their Souls are as different as their Bodies, and that there ought to be as great Distinction between the two Sexes in all the Functions of Life, as there is in that of instrumentally producing it. All which consider'd, no *Woman* in her Senses can doubt of the Subjection of that Sex to ours, being founded on the Laws of Nature and Reason.

But as *Sophia* seems not to have any Disregard for Religion, it will not be a difficult Matter, I presume, to convince her, that the divine Providence had a special positive Hand in fixing *Women* in their present State of Subjection. Let her but look into the third Chapter of *Genesis*, and she will there find that *Man* has his Charter of Superiority from God's own Mouth. For, speaking to *Eve*, he tells her, *Thy Desire shall be to thy Husband, and he shall rule over thee*. *St. Paul*, in many Places, confirms this Charter to *Men* in the repeated Precepts he gives

to *Women* to be subject to *them*; but particularly in the *fifth* Chapter to the *Ephesians* he says, *WIVES submit yourselves unto your own Husbands as unto the Lord; for the Husband is the Head of the Wife.*---- And to shew the Justice of this Law, in another Place he gives a substantial Reason for it, *to wit,* that *the MAN is not of the WOMAN, but the WOMAN of the MAN.* In which last Words he plainly alludes to the Manner and Occasion of their Creation; which, if rightly consider'd, will indisputably prove, how much the *Woman* is inferior to the *Man* from the very Source of their Being. Almighty God, we are told, created *Man*, a good, noble, and intelligent Creature, to lord it over this vast Universe; and therefore created him last, that nothing might be wanting to his Wishes from the Minute of his Production. But having form'd him of the Dust of the Earth, that he might have something in common with the Creatures he was made to command, the Lord found that Alloy too strong for the Perfection he design'd to give him: And therefore extracted from the rest of his Body whatever he found of mean, imperfect, and favouring too much of the Animal, and confined it to a single Rib; which had undoubtedly been annihilated but for the Wisdom of this all-powerful Contriver, which is capable of assigning a Use to the most uselefs Things in themselves. The Creator then, loth to destroy any thing, however despicable in itself, which had any Relation to this his favourite Creature, and knowing that *Man* was as yet unprovided of a proper Vehicle to convey his Being to Posterity, took from him his Rib, this Sink of his Defects, and shaped it into *Woman*, little concerned about any Perfections in the Soil, but such as immediately tend to the Production of that noble Fruit for which it was saved from Reprobation. It is true, indeed, to invite Mankind to make the Use  
of

of this pretty Expletive of Nature, for which it was design'd; he made it *fair*; but then like all other beautiful Vessels he left it *frail*, and full of Foibles, as he first found it when he ridded *Adam's* noble Composition of it. Such then is *Woman* traced up to her Origin :

—————*Her All is but a Show,*  
*Rather than solid Virtue; all but a Rib,*  
*Crooked by Nature. Oh! why did God,*  
*Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven*  
*With Spirits masculine, create at last*  
*This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect*  
*Of Nature! and not fill the World at once*  
*With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,*  
*Or find some other Way to generate Mankind.*

MILTON.

But here we are lost, and have no other Refuge from the Doubts of human Imbecillity than the unsearchable Wisdom of him who had it in his Power of *the same Lump to make one Vessel to Honour, and the other unto Dishonour.* God had his Reasons, tho' to us incomprehensible: His Wisdom knew it right to do the Thing he did, and therefore not to tempt Man to withstand his Will, he consulted him not: No,

*Heav'n took him sleeping when he Woman made,*  
*Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented.*

DRYDEN.

But I'll dwell no longer on an Argument which has too much Truth in it, not to give some Pain to the most insensible among those fair Mischiefs, which furnish the Matter of it. Let it suffice that I have shewn how much inferior to us they are, from their Creation, if considered in themselves. And now I shall proceed to discuss the Matter a little farther with *Sophia*.

C H A P.



## C H A P. II.

*In what Esteem the Women are held by the Men, and how justly.*

**M**Y Fair Adversary is undoubtedly right in saying, that “ the *Men* are unanimous “ in thinking *her Sex* made only for their Use, “ fit only to breed, and nurse Children in their tender Years, to mind household Affairs, and to “ obey, serve, and please the Masters appointed “ them by Heaven.” And would not all *Women* be as right in thinking the same with *Men*? Can it be doubted by the Christian *Sophia*, that her Sex was made for our Use, after *St. Paul* has told her in his *Epistle* to the *Corinthians* that the *MAN* was not made for the *WOMAN*, but the *WOMAN* for the *MAN*? A Text sufficient of itself to prove that all other Creatures were made for him, if *Woman* may be allowed to be superior to all but him. To which if we add the Circumstances of God’s bringing *Woman*, with the rest of the Animals and inanimate Creatures, to him to receive a Name, and afterwards subjecting them to his Authority; it is impossible to doubt of their being created purposely for him.

So that tho’ the Consideration of *Man’s* not being created till all Creatures were in Readiness for him, be no contemptible Argument of their being created for his Use, yet it is far from being the only one on which he builds his Authority. It is the only one, indeed, which *Sophia* thought to her Purpose to alledge; tho’ had she allow’d herself Time to reflect, *Woman* as she is, she might have been able to see how little it suits the Purpose she has applied it to. For she is certainly mistaken in saying, that,

“ if

“ if this Argument has any Weight at all, it must  
 “ equally prove that the *Men* were made for the  
 “ *Woman*’s Use rather than she for theirs.” And  
 her Mistake, it is plain, arises from the vulgar Er-  
 ror of imagining that *Woman* was created at all :  
 Whereas, any Understanding, even inferior to that  
 of *Woman*, if such a Being could exist, would be  
 capable of discerning, that the Production of that  
 weak Sex was no distinct Creation from that of  
*Man* ; but only a mere Refinement of his noble  
 Composition, by purifying and separating it from  
 its Dross. So that tho’ *Woman* be, with Regard to  
*Man*, a Sort of after-produced Being, *Man* is still  
 the last compleat Creature which issued from the  
 Hands of God. And therefore, tho’ the Autho-  
 rity of *Man* over the rest of Creatures may be de-  
 duced from the Circumstance of his being created  
 last, this Circumstance can by no Means be wire-  
 drawn to countenance any Superiority over, or even  
 Equality to us, in the *Women*, who can be at best  
 but mere half-Creatures. Let not *Sophia* then nor  
 any of her Sex glory any more in their Disgrace :  
 Let them not be vain of the Title of Creatures,  
 with which our Sex is so generous as to compliment  
 them ; rather ought they to reject it as Flattery,  
 since they cannot themselves but be convinced, that  
 we can look upon the most perfect of their Sex in  
 no better a Light, than as a Kind of amphibious  
 Thing, between a Creature and no Creature at all.

After what I have just now said, Good-breeding  
 obliges me to add, that whenever I let the Word  
 Creature drop in the Course of this little Treatise,  
 it neither is nor will be my Meaning to offend, or call  
 them Names; but a Desire of complying with *Fashion*;  
 a Goddess ever sacred in their tender Eyes. How-  
 ever, to shew more fully my Aversion to abusing  
 them, whenever I may chance to give them the  
 Title of Creatures, I shall take the Precaution of

adding the softening Epithets, *pretty, charming, beautiful, &c.* which, unless I am more unfortunate than others before me, would, I know, be looked upon by the Generality of them as a sufficient Atonement for the grossest Invectives.

Tho' I must allow the *Women* to deserve that some Care should be taken of them, in Consideration of the Part they have in the Propagation of human Nature, as a Field does on Account of the Vegetables it produces; yet I cannot see the Reason why they are to be considered on a Level with the *Men* they bring forth, any more than that the Mould in a Garden is to be equally valued with the Fruits it produces; unless the Ladies place a Merit in the superior Propensity they have above *Men* to this Office of Life. But however they may value themselves upon this Score, I am apt to believe that they, who have the most of this Sort of Merit, are so unfortunate as to attract the least of our Esteem.

To name but one Instance of the many which this one Town affords, *Salacia* is undeniably rich in this Kind of Worth, and too much so to obtain the Esteem of the more moderate even of her own Sex. It is true she is fair, most exquisitely fair; but not more fair than wanton. The Charms of her Person can be excell'd by nothing but the Brightness of her Wit; which bears so near a Resemblance to Sense, that any Man would be liable to mistake it for such, who should forbear Reflection but for a Minute. Her Good-nature is boundless, and her Evenness of Temper not to be ruffled. In short, she possesses all the Blemishes which compose the Perfections of her Sex, in so high a Degree, that we could not but acknowledge her worthy of something very like our Esteem, if all these feminine Accomplishments were not eclipsed by one more, which absorbs all the rest: She is sensible that the chief End she was made for is to breed;

and



and therefore is unweariedly solicitous to answer that End. The good Man she pitched on for a Husband, as the most likely to second her procreative Zeal, is indeed every Way qualified to answer the Expectations of any Woman less public-spirited than herself; and is rather industrious than indolent in the Duty she requires. But the Misfortune is, that his Industry to forward the Lady's good Intentions serves only to point out his Inability, and to convince her, that all *Mankind* are scarce a sufficient Match for one *Woman*, whose Zeal nothing less could gratify than being the immediate Mother of all Men. If she herself is not so, it is more to be ascribed to the Obstinacy of Fate than any Slackness in her capacious Disposition, which takes in the whole Creation of the Species. And if she is not incessantly employ'd in this important Office, it is for Want of a perpetual Succession of Help-mates: Tho' to give her her Due, Nature itself is not more active in multiplying, than she in procuring them. As she is never tired with labouring towards the Preservation of the Kind, no Assistant comes amiss to her: Her Taste is as little nice, as her Appetite is far from being sated or fatiable. In the Act of gratifying it, like a true Woman,

*No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast;  
Every rank Fool goes down:* Otway.

And in the few short Intervals of bodily Inactivity, her Mind is ever busied in preparing for Action. Awake she is ever conceiving in Body or Soul; and her very Slumbers are so many rough Draughts of future Embryos. If nevertheless none of them are brought to Maturity, it is not for Want of manuring the Soil which should produce them: In this so far from being sparing she is pro-

use; for, as the polite Lord *Lansdown* says of another Heroine of the same Class, I may say,

*She's mine, or thine, and, strolling up and down,  
Sucks in more Filth than any Sink in Town.*

It is true, indeed, that all this extravagant Merit in *Salacia*, intitles her or no Degree of Esteem from our Sex to her own. Her too eager Desire of being serviceable to human Species renders her useless, nay destructive to it. What Colonies might not the motley Nation of Foetusses within her have peopled, if properly dispersed! Which are now too busy, in struggling for Room, to aim at Maturity; and too much taken up in their intestine War, with destroying each other, to add one perfect Individual to the decaying Numbers of Mankind. In a Word, what Esteem can we have for a *Woman* made barren by Excess of Fertility, and lavish of the choicest Fruits of the Creation by an insatiable Lust of monopolizing them?

*Clavia*, it must be own'd, has been more cautious, tho' not less criminal. Disposed from her Cradle to become a common *Reservoir* of human Nature, she took Care not to launch out into wholesale Lechery, till she furnished the World with a Breeder in her Stead. Indeed, she makes ample Amends in her old Age for the little Time she lost in her Prime, by converting her House into a publick Stew, and making herself the Sewer of it. All *Men* are welcome there, from the tall Apothecary to the lusty-limb'd Porter. Tho' neither the purchased Roses on her Cheeks, nor the borrow'd Ivory in her Gums would have any Power over the most rampant, even of her powdered, pamper'd, parti-coloured Stallions in Keeping, if the yellow Charms of all enchanting Gold, which the God of Waste has lavish'd upon her,  
did

did not fill the deep-indented Furrows of Seventy. 'Tis by this she is impowered, in the last Stage of Life, to vie with her Sex in the favourite Commerce of their Youth, and to convince the World, that tho' there are some *Women*, whom the whole Collection of Mankind would be an equal Match for, there are others again of more extensive Inclinations, who, but for the short Date of their Existence, could indefatigably weary a new Creation of *Men* in the Business of Enjoyment. Not that she herself is capable of reaping any thing from Fruition but the Guilt of it: Too old and batter'd to produce even a Monster, and too inanimate for any Sensation, she has nothing to enjoy but Sin: And this her eager Soul has such a Talent for, that, like the Dæmon who inspires her, she can take in an Eternity of Lust into one single Minute: And multiply one libidinous Act into an Infinity. Such are the pretty Creatures we are to esteem for the Talent of Breeding.

This general Character however will admit of some Exceptions: And *Sprucilla* in one. Form'd by Heaven a perfect Vehicle of human Nature, she has every Qualification requisite to reap the Fruits of Fruition, and no Dislike to the Pleasure of it. The Graces have combined to enrich her with every Endearment capable of charming the Man she is married to, and making him to forget himself, to stoop to the low but necessary Office of rendering her really useful. But Pride, predominant Pride, is so prevalent in her, as to make her prefer the empty Praise of a fine Shape to that of being a Mother of Children. And if, in complying with her Husband's Wantonness to gratify her own, she is at any Time made a Mother before she is aware, so careless is she of the only Good she is fit for, as rather to risk the Loss of an Heir to his Estate,

thaa

than to miss an Opportunity of gaining new Admirers at a Ball or a Play.

Among the unmarried *Women*, what numberless Tribes of useleſs Things are there not, whose Pride, Avarice, Fickleneſs, or icy Conſtitutions, rob human Nature of the Individuals they were intended to bear; and by not anſwering the Uſe they were given to him for, become a dead Weight upon *Man*? Indeed, if there are ſome among them leſs ſqueamiſh than the reſt, who atone out of Wedlock for their Slowneſs to engage in it, how few of them is human Nature yet the better for? How many of them ſtiſle the Fruit of their Pleaſure before it is ripe! not to ſpeak of thoſe Diſgraces to the ſoft Shape they wear, who only delay Deſtruction to make it more cruel.

Nor can it be deem'd a ſufficient Amends to the Creation, for the many Particles of human Nature waſted and deſtroy'd in their Paſſages through theſe quick-ſanded baneful Channels, that there are a few married *Women*, fertile enough to forward the Propagation of *Man*, and modeſt enough to forward their pregnative Zeal. Eſpecially, if we conſider, how dearly their Whims, their Vanity, their Extravagance, and fantaſtical Humours, make us purchaſe the Service they do us. *Uberia* has bleſt her Husband with a numerous Offspring, all his own. But ſhe wou'd ſcarce be a *Woman*, if ſhe did not take Pains to make him ſenſible how expensive and troubleſome a Thing is a fruitful, faithful Wife. Every Lying-in coſts him more than would make a handsome Proviſion for the Infant; beſides an Eſtate ſpent in the Time of her Breeding. Indeed, ſhe has Economy enough to loſe him no Time between her bringing forth one Child and preparing him another. The Reaſon is, that there are two Conditions in which her Ladyſhip can bear no Contradiſtion, that is, before Delivery and after: And therefore, ſhe is in the perpetual Poſſeſſion of her own

own Will, because ever *with Child or in the Straw*. However, the happy Father might be very well content to sell her a Wood for every Longing, to mortgage a Manor for every Lying-in, and to sell another for every Christening, nay, to make her over, by Deed of Gift, the everlasting Property of her own Will, upon the bare Condition of her leaving him the undisturb'd Possession of his. But nothing less can reward the prolific Merit of this Lady than her Husband's Peace. He must not so much as look civilly on any other Female: And such a Miser is she of his Manhood, that while she takes Care to hoard up the Principal to herself, she is as sollicitous to secure even the Interest. He must not have even the Use of a single Smile at his own Disposal. His Company must be such only as her Ladyship approves of; and then he must converse with no longer than his pretty fond Thing of a Wife can spare him from her Embraces. At Home, it is true, he never wants Amusement: Sure in the Day Time to be entertain'd with seeing his Children either humour'd into Impertinencies, or chastised into Faults, and render'd incorrigible by the Folly, Passion, and Caprice of their fond, fickle, foolish Mother; to contradict whom, would cost nothing less than the Price of another Child. Then that he may not grow tired with such Entertainments by daily Repetition, they are ever succeeded by an Evening Interlude of Vapours, Ratafee, and Tears, till Bed invites him to Repose; where, after he has glutted the kind Creature's fonder Fits, he is generally lull'd to Sleep, and awaken'd from it, by the Melody of a Curtain-Serenade. Now, can it be denied, after all, that *Uberia's* Husband is a happy *Man*; and that all *Men* have Reason to esteem the *Women* for their prolific Merit?

But that they should be entitled to any Part of our Esteem, for nursing the Children they bring forth

forth for their Pleasure, I see nothing in it. What is it they do for Infants, which would not be much better done by the *Men*, if they were not call'd away from that meaner Task, to provide for the Safety and Sustainance of them and their Mothers? Indeed, they may save the Expence of Milk, which we cannot: But how much more cheaply might this Defect be supplied from a Cow, a Goat, or an Ass, than from them? And how few *Women* of any Condition of Life have *Œconomy* enough to save us this superfluous Expence! Too delicate themselves, to bestow on the Fruits of their own Bowels the Nutriment which Heaven and Nature design them, don't they force us to hire a mercenary Wretch to starve her own Babe that She may give Suck to ours? Pretty Nurser indeed! Happy for Man that the Life of an Infant does not intirely depend on the Liberality of *Woman* in this Particular! And how much happier would it not be for all Infants, were they snatched from the Arms of the *Women*, in the Instant they are born! How much more healthy, wise, and comely would they grow! For 'tis notorious, that the longer a Child sucks, the more weakly and stupid it turns out; and that those which suck at all are never so wise, so strong, or well form'd, as those which are brought up by Hand. The Reason is plain: With the Milk they suck in, they generally imbibe a Tincture of the Follies, Passions, and Imbecillities of that Sex, besides having their various Distempers entail'd upon them.

However, as this is a Means of Humiliation pointed out to us by Nature, we are not to condemn it, but to apply to it, when not to be avoided without Danger to the Infant. The greater Mischief is that which comes from the Weakness of *Women* in their Manner of educating us. With what innumerable Follies, Vices, and Impertinencies do they not fill Childrens Heads, by their Example and Precepts,

Precepts, during the Time of their nursing them! To what secret Crimes do they often make them privy; and to what shameful Inconsistencies do they not publicly expose and encourage them!

I can forgive a Mother for putting a Dol into the Hands of her Daughters as soon as they are able to hold it. As the great End of their Semi-Creation is the getting Children, it may not be absolutely improper to follow their natural Propensity to that Duty, while they are but Children themselves. But for this Diligence in an industrious Parent, here and there one of them might be so awkwardly innocent as not to know the essential Difference of her own Sex from the opposite, till the Period of her passing from a Maid to a Mother. Whereas, by this and other Helps they are generally supplied with, they often are as well versed, as the most skilful Matron, in the Theory, if not in the practical Knowledge of Propagation, long before they are ripe for the Fruits of it. A very useful Science to some young Ladies, who have been able to instruct an ignorant Booby of a Husband in the sacred and secret Rites of Wedlock, in a much more familiar Manner than the modest *Albertus* could pretend to.

But I can by no Means be reconciled to their training up our Boys, as they do, from their earliest Infancy, to Folly, Foppery, Effeminacy, and Vice. If little Master must be humour'd into Pride, Idleness, or Mischief; why should he be taught to lye, cajole, dissemble to all above him, and domineer over all beneath him? If it is thought so necessary to acquaint him with the Greatness of his Birth and Fortune, with the Handsomness of his Person, or the Acuteness of his Understanding, or any Advantages he possesses above others, design'd by Nature for his Equals; why must he be taught to make no better Use of them, than to disregard the Authority of those above him, to envy his Equals, to despise

his Inferiors, and render himself the Contempt of all who know him, by an unlimited Gratification of his lawless Passions? Let his fond foolish Mother think it wonderfully pretty to initiate the young Urchin in the Mystery of intriguing with the little Misses his Companions: But let her not expose him to the Danger of practising those Intrigues in her Absence, by abandoning him to the corrupt Company of the wanton Wenches her Servants. And yet how many of our Youth, by such shocking Education, have been utterly debauch'd, at an Age when we should scarce think it possible for them to have parted with Innocence! Have we not then the greatest Reason to esteem and revere that Sex on Account of the Obligations we have to them for our early Advances in the Knowledge of Good and Evil? Must not we be lost to all Reason, if we are not pleas'd with these eminent Services which the pretty Creatures are so industrious to do us? Or if not; must not *Sophia* be lost to all Shame, should she again repeat, without a Blush, what she has so inconsiderately advanced, "that their Office of nursing our Children, intitles them to the *first Places in civil Society?*" If I had a Mind to be severe, I could tell them, that it is owing to our own Generosity that we give them any Place at all; and that nothing, but the Want of Power to annihilate them, or to create a lower Degree for them, can excuse our leaving them in Possession, even of the lowest Place in Society. But I choose to drop a Subject so much the more disagreeable as we are daily made sensible of the Truth of it. I shall therefore immediately pass to another Consideration.





## C H A P. III.

*Whether Women are equal to Men in their Intellectual Capacity, or not.*

**I**F the Business of the Mind were nothing more than to contrive a Dress; to invent a new Fashion; to set off a bad Face; to heighten the Charms of a good one; to understand the Œconomy of a Tea-table; to manage an Intrigue; to conduct a Game at *Quadrille*; and to lay out new Plans of Pleasure, Pride, and Luxury: the *Women* must be owned to have a Capacity not only *equal*, but even superior to us. But, as the Understanding of *Man* has infinitely higher Objects to employ its Speculations on, Objects beyond the very Aim of the ablest of *Women*; their intellectual Faculties are so evidently inferior to his, that I should think it an Impertinence in me to take up any Time to prove it, if my fair Adversary was not *Woman* enough to call so palpable a Truth in Question.

Need we look any farther than their soft, simpering, silly Faces, to fathom the perceptible Depth of their Understandings? View the whole Sex round:

*Eternal Smiles their Emptiness betray,  
As shallow Streams run dimpling all the Way.* Pope.

A thoughtless Stare, a wild Vivacity, a sleepy Pertness, giddy Gravity, or some such other Sense-defying Look, betray, in *all*, the narrow Space between the Surface and the Centre of their mimic Wit. How well the masterly Limner knew them, who snatched from them the Graces he so skilfully bestowed on *Sporus*, that Copy of themselves, in-

spired too by them, as they by *Satan!* As nothing can shew the finished Mastery of that excellent Piece in a fairer Light, than giving back to its pretty Originals whatever is borrowed from them, it cannot be amiss to do it, considering it requires but little Alteration: A Presumption, I dare say, that ingenious Author will excuse.

*Whether in florid Impotence they speak,  
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppets squeak;  
Or, Eve's true Spawn, and Tools of th'ancient  
Toad,*

*Half Froth, half Venom, spit themselves abroad;  
In Puns, or Politics, or Tales, or Lyes,  
Or Spite, or Smut, or Rhymes, or Blasphemies:  
Their Wit all See-saw, between that and this;  
Now high, now low; now forward, now remis;  
And each herself one dull Antitbesis.*

*Amphibious Things! that, acting either Part,  
The trifling Head, or the corrupted Heart,  
Bullies at Cards, and Flirts when at the \* Board,  
Now jilt like Dames, now swear like any Lord.  
Their Tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest;  
A Cherub's Face, a Reptile all the rest:  
Beauty that shocks you; Parts that none will trust;  
Wit that must creep, and Pride that licks the Dust.*

In fact, what is all their Discourse but *Froth*? What inspires it but *Venom*? In what does their Sprightliness appear, but in empty Puns, Conundrums, Rebuses, trifling Politics, or mischievous Lyes? They, who shine most amongst them, are such as have nothing to entertain you with but Scandal, Indecency, Hypocrisy, or Impiety. What is their Wit, but a mere See-saw from one Inconsistency to another? Their Conversation is ever skrewed up to Bombast, when it should be familiar; or sunk into Meanness, when the Subject they presume to

\* The Tea board, not the Council-board, which *Sophia* contends for.

to meddle with is sublime. Where they should be silent, they are as forward to prate, as they are remiss in speaking on proper Occasions. In short, their Talk, like their Persons, is one continued insipid Antithesis. Amphibious Things indeed! whose impotent Eagerness to be like *Man* serves only to shew, that they are but mere mechanic Rote-repeaters of *his* Words, and unsuccessful Mimics of *his* Sense. How unlike are they at their Tea-tables to the sensible Things they would be thought; and at the Card-table how short of the Spirit of the noble Creatures they would be! There is nothing of a Piece in them, but the Corruption of their Hearts, and the low Cunning of their Heads. If ever they succeed in aping us, it is in what is a Disgrace to Understanding. Whenever they attempt it, they can swear as well as the greatest Libertine among us; though still without excelling the Parrot in any thing but the Guilt. Thus ever actuated by Perversity, they are never truly like *us*; and are never *themselves*, but when they jilt us: Though in that, Thanks to their native Talents, they seldom fail to be *true Women*. How ill-bestowed then on these fantastic Things is the Beauty we admire in them! And if it was bestowed on them by Nature, to decoy us into a Commerce with them, for the Benefit of Propagation; must it not still shock our Reason, when we consider it accompanied only with Parts which we can reap no Benefit from, nor place any Confidence in? And what Assistance can we hope from their false Wit, as groveling as the Pride it inspires them with?

But *Sophia*, it seems, would fain make a Handle of the Beauty of her Sex to impose upon us an Opinion of their Sense; and because “the Organs of the  
“Body are more delicate in them, therefore they  
“must be fitter to answer the Ends they were made  
“for.” True, in one Sense, the Organs of *Women*  
were

were designed for finical Amusements; and therefore were made more delicate than *ours*, in that Sense of the Word. But if by *delicate* she means more perfectly or exactly formed; I must insist, that Experience in the Use proves *ours* to be more solidly and exactly formed than those of the *Women*: And it is fit they should be so, considering the more noble Uses they were designed for, and are employed in. But, granting for a Minute, that the Organs of Sense are as perfect in *Women* as in *Men*, and yet more delicate; what can *Sophia* infer, but that they are more liable to be thrown into Disorder; and therefore the less to be depended upon? As the Mechanism of a Watch, the more minute, gim, and delicate it is, the more is it subject to Inconstancy. A Consideration which I willingly mention, to apologize, as much as the Nature of the Thing will bear, for that otherwise unaccountable Inconstancy in which alone the Fair Sex are ever constant.

Not that I intirely come into my soft Antagonist's Opinion, that the Organs in *Women* are any more adapted to the natural Functions of the Mind than in *Men*; perhaps they are less so: For the external Sleekness of their pretty Forms is no Proof of the internal Perfection of their Organization. And to imagine a *Woman* must have Sense because she is handsome, would be as absurd as to think, that a House must needs be finely furnished within, because the Outside is beautiful; An Error to be excused in none but a *Woman*.

What Angel can Imagination paint more beautiful than *Pavonia*! What Reptile more insensate! To reason by *Sophia's* Rule, our Eyes would cheat us into a Belief, that she surpasses all the Sages Time has yet produced. And yet hear her but speak, you will almost doubt if Heaven had any Hand in making a Thing at once so fair and foolish, though so like a *Man*. Never guilty of Design, she never

never looks like it. Her Smiles and Frowns, alike Effects of Accident, want Power to please or displease. Her Words, mere liquid Sounds of half-articulated Nonsense, gush from her pretty coral-spouted Mouth with such unmeaning Energy, or drip with such deliberate Drawl, that even Ridicule is robbed of all its Zest. Frequent in Blunders, she excites no Laugh in others; but often laughs herself, when she should be most serious. Her Misbehaviour moves no Anger; and her Favours lay no Obligations but upon such as are little wiser than herself. Every Motion, every Air, betrays the Fool; whom they who have Sense can scarce stoop to pity, and they who have none scarce condescend to envy. In a Word, gazed at by all, she is admired and conversed with by none but Ideots and *Women*; amidst whom, while she alternately reigns the Idol of Flattery, and slavishly sinks the Dupe of Deceit, she is still looked down upon, by all *Men* of Sense, with the same Contempt as the comely Peacock: Though worthy greater Scorn in this; that the more beautiful Bird bears all his Blemish in his Feet, while her Disgrace is seated in her Head: his Deformity abates his Pride, while hers but serves to make her more incorrigibly vain. Must it not be owned then, that Beauty is a convincing Proof of Sense in its fair Possessors! But *Sophia* perhaps will answer, that one black Feather makes no Crow. Let us then see how much wiser the rest of her Sex are than pretty simple *Pavonia*.

It is a common Rule, and liable to very few Mistakes, to guess at People's Genius by their Company. To know then the Capacity of the Fair Sex, let us but survey their favourite Companions: Eye them, and you will find them the very Dregs of our Sex; Fops, whose whole Merit is made up of Dress and Drivel, Shew and Emptiness; mere Jack-daws and Parrots; nay, rather, gawdy Screech-owls  
made

made fine with plundered Plumes ; laced Waist-coats, smart Toupees, light Heels, and lighter Heads, are all they have to recommend them to the Ladies ; yet they are sure to please, because eminently qualified to discuss the weightiest Argument on Country-dances, to decide the Fate of Fashions, square the Round of a *Woman's* Petticoat, and take the Latitude of a Nightcap from the Equinox of her Noddle, or the Longitude of two Lappets by the Meridian of her Whims. Not that I the least blame the lovely female Triflers who are pleased with them : It is but natural for Birds of a Feather to associate ; and since Likeness ever begets Liking, why should they not be fondest of those *Men* whose Follies are nearest to their own ? But then I would not have them boast of an *Equality* of Sense with those *Men*, whose superior Understanding is all they have to find fault with.

It will be to little Purpose for *Sophia*, to quote me the illustrious Names of many of the greatest Wits of all Ages who have admired, and been admired by, the *Women*. Has not the Success they have met with been more owing to their being *Men*, than to their having Sense ? *Anacreon*, the polite, the witty *Anacreon*, with all his fine Parts, reaped nothing from his Pursuit of those unsettled Things, but the Contempt of his Agedness : And *Theocritus* himself makes no Secret of the little Encouragement he met with. The lesser Poets indeed, as well as *Ovid* and *Horace*, received some Marks of their Favour ; but what were these mighty Favours, if you will believe their own Boasts, but the sharing the Lewdness of their Mistresses with half the Town ? If I leave the Classics, it will be an endless Toil to enumerate the many Instances that thought-aborring Sex have, at all Times, and on all Occasions, furnished, of the Preference they give to Fools before *Men* of Parts. But where is the  
Neces-

Necessity of recurring to other Times and Countries for what our own can produce? Of all our fine Ladies, industrious in adorning the Brows of their Husbands, where is there one who does it with a Man of true Wit? Of all our pretty Widows, ruin'd by second Adventures, where is there one who does it with a *Man* of any Merit? Search but the Registers of the Fleet, and you shall find Numbers of our fairest, brightest Heiresses, charm'd away from their Guardians by Lacqueys, Valet-de-chambres, and powdered empty Coxcombs; but scarce one stoln Match with a really rational Creature. In short, who are the Persons who can boast of the Favours of all our finest *Women*, but Wretches too low for the Jest of our Sex, and too much like theirs to differ from them in any thing but one single Circumstance. Let the amorous Billets they scribble be produced; and for every one that is directed to a Man of Sense, I will allow them a Grain of Understanding more than they are intitled to.

But surely they are not all void of Understanding. No; but to fathom the Depth of their Understandings, remark only the Objects which employ them. Frequent their Drawing Rooms, and listen to their Conversation: What is that filled up with but cloying Repetitions of stale Impertinencies to every new Visiter? One Part of the Week, the Day is wasted in visiting and contriving Visits to Persons they hope not to find at Home, and the Night in receiving Visits from Persons they would rather be almost blind than have the Sight of: The other Part, their Mornings, are laid out in interrupting some Tradesman whom they know to be busy, and lulling their own Time as well as murdering his, in rummaging his Shop for Goods they neither want nor purpose to buy; and their Evenings are eked out with Tea, Slander, Operas, and Quadrille, when the Intrigues on their Hands

are not interfered with. In a Word, upon Examining them thoroughly, it must be owned, that not all the Bloom on their Checks, nor the Washes they owe it to, can make any tolerable Amends, in the Esteem of a wise *Man*, for the Folly, Vanity, Affectation, Malice, Deceit, and Impertinence, which appear in all they say, and inspire all they do.

And yet it must be granted, there are *Women*, who employ their Understandings on higher Objects; who can try to reason; and almost succeed in it. Nay there are some can write, can even spell; and, what is more, can turn a Sophistry to look not altogether unlike an Argument. And therefore it would be quite ungenerous not to allow a Brilliancy of Wit (however false) in some of them. Especially since my pretty smooth Antagonist has given so late a Proof of it in herself. And yet even she

*Had she been blest with only half her Sense,  
None could admire too much her Excellence.  
But since she can make Error shine so bright,  
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.  
With Understanding she is quite o'er-run;  
And, by too great Accomplishments, undone.  
With Skill she vibrates her unwearied Tongue,  
For ever most divinely in the Wrong.* Young.

So dangerous is a little Understanding to that tender Sex! How happy is it then, that Learning but seldom molests them! What strange Distraction would it not create in their poor tender Heads! Is not *Sophia's* Self a living Demonstration, that to them

*A little Learning is a dangerous Thing?*

And they, alas! poor pretty Creatures, have neither Breath nor Brains to *drink* of Knowledge deeply.  
Good



Good Sense and Tea they are forced to sip alike: Their Heads and Stomachs, of equal Delicacy, can best digest the shallowest Draughts of all but Mum and Mischief. Let thus much then suffice to shew *Sophia* how little Room she has to complain of Want of Learning in her Sex; and how much less, for any Parallel between her Sex and ours in Point of Understanding; when her own Essay plainly proves, how short the brightest of them fall of *Man's* superior Wisdom. Is there nothing less will serve the *Women's* Turn than having an equal Share with us in Government and public Offices? Let us then weigh their best Pretensions to so extraordinary a Privilege,



#### C H A P. IV.

*Whether the Women are equally qualified with Men, for Government, and publick Offices.*

OUR female Champion is in a very great Passion with *Cato*, for excluding her Sex from all Government; and, I must own, not without some Appearance of Reason. For it is certainly true, that *Cato* was not the most well-bred Man who ever spoke of them. He had too little of the Courtier in him to flatter; and spoke too plain Truth not to set a pretty Lady, who wants to wear the Breeches, on pouting. But *Sophia* would have much more Reason to be angry with him, if he had been the only one of Opinion that *Women* are to be ever kept in Subjection. Whereas, unluckily for them, all the greatest Sages of Antiquity, as well as the wisest Legislators of all Ages, have been of the same Mind. The greatest *Poets*, the most eminent *Divines*, the brightest *Orators*, the ablest *Historians*,

the most skilful *Physicians*, and the profoundest *Philosophers*, in a Word, all who have been famous for excelling in Learning, Wisdom, and Parts, have condemn'd the *Women* to perpetual Subjection, as less noble, less perfect, and consequently inferior to *Men*. The Laws of all Common-wealths are so many Confirmations of the Subjection they have ever been in. Neither can the *Men* free them from this Subjection, without revolting against the Decree of Heaven, which appointed them Masters, as I have already shewn, and therefore need not repeat. There are not wanting other Texts of Scripture to confirm this Matter: *Ecclesiasticus*, Ch. vii. absolutely forbids the *Men* to give *Woman* any Power over their Minds; and the Prophet *Micah* positively says to them, *Keep the Doors of thy Mouth from her who lieth in thy Bosom.*

Agreeable to this are the Sentiments of the most eminent *Divines* and *Fathers* of the Church, "*Woman*, says *St. Augustin*, can neither teach nor testify, and is alike unqualified to give Evidence or Judgment, how much less then is she fit to govern?" And elsewhere he assigns the plain Reason why they ought to be subject to the Authority of the *Men*: "*Natural Order*, says he, among Mankind requires, that the *Women* should serve the *Men*, and Children their Parents; Justice demanding, that the *lesser* should serve the *greater*." *St. Ambrose* carries Reason yet farther, to prove the Justice of the Authority which *Men* exert over them: "*Adam* was deceived by *Eve*, not *Eve* by *Adam*; the *Woman* inticed him to Sin, therefore is it but just that she receive him for her Master whom she made to be her Accomplice, that she may no more be liable to fall thro' feminine Frailty." Among the primitive Christians it was customary for the *Women* to be married in Veils; and *St. Isidore* gives us the Reason for

for it, “ that they might remember always to be  
 “ *submissive* and *humble* to their Husbands.

How exactly of a Mind are the *Divines* and the  
*Poets*? *Euripides* tells us, that of all Animals, especially intellectual ones, *Woman* is the poorest Thing. Therefore, says *Pittacus*, “ keep *Womankind* sub-  
 “ ject.” *Tibullus* says, “ they are a cruel Genera-  
 “ tion, void of all Faith.” *Menander* says almost  
 the same; and adds, that “ when a *Woman* speaks  
 “ with most Affability, it is then she is most to be  
 “ dreaded.” And, if we believe *Plautus*, “ When  
 “ once a *Woman* has any Mischief in her Head,  
 “ Sickness, nay, what is worse, old Age, is less  
 “ insupportable to her, than being thwarted in the  
 “ Pursuit of it: Either let her complete it, or you  
 “ make her completely miserable. But if by Chance  
 “ or Whim she attempts any thing that is good,  
 “ How soon is she tired and sick of it! Whatever  
 “ you do, if she begins any thing tolerable, never  
 “ be afraid of her hurting herself; she will be sure  
 “ to do little enough: For *Women* have a natural  
 “ Genius for exceeding in Mischief, but are never  
 “ guilty of Excess in what is right.

The greatest *Orators* are not the most favourable  
 to them; and the best Character *Cicero*, one of the  
 ablest, had to give them, was, that they are a co-  
 vetous Race, sovereignly ruled by the inordinate  
 Love of Lucre. Nor are the *Physicians* a Jot more  
 in their Interest: We are assured by *Philo*, that the  
*Women*, according to the common received Opini-  
 on of the Faculty, “ are but a kind of imperfect  
 “ *Men*; that their Understandings are naturally  
 “ weaker than ours; and that they are incapable  
 “ of comprehending any thing but what immedi-  
 “ ately falls under the Jurisdiction of their Sensa-  
 “ tion.

If we credit *Historians*, whose Opinions are the  
 less to be suspected, as being founded on the irre-  
 fragable

fragable Evidence of Experience, we shall find them every where a weak and inconsistent Generation, ever irresistably led away by some predominant Passion, which enslaves and engrosses them. “ The Fair Sex (says *Tacitus*) is not only weak and unequal to Toil, but, if Truth may be spoken, cruel, ambitious, and greedy after Power.” *Valerius Maximus* goes yet farther, and assures us, that the Practice of Poison had still been unknown, if the cruel Artifice of that Sex had not made it necessary to enact Laws against it.

*Cato* then was not the only wise Man who thought the *Women* unfit to govern. The *Sacred Writers* tell us, they are not to be trusted, *Divines, Poets, Orators, Physicians, and Historians* agree, that they are weak, silly, poor, fickle, cruel, ambitious Things, ever forward in Mischief, ever Sluggards in Good. Pretty Qualifications truly to intitle them to Government and public Offices!

But let us suspend our Judgment till we hear what the *Philosophers* think. *Aristotle* tells us, that “ a City must needs be wretchedly governed which is governed by *Women*.” And well may he think so, who tells us, that “ the Judgment of Boys is only imperfect, but that of *Women* is absolutely impotent.

To which if we add their natural Itch of Tattling, their invincible Curiosity, and their innate Aversion to Secrecy, it can no longer be doubted that they are absolutely unfit for public Government, and every Office connected with it. Nothing is more requisite in one who is intrusted with Government, than a Steadiness which no Curiosity can make giddy; and nothing is more powerful, to make a *Woman* give up the most important Interests of her own or others, than Curiosity. Secrecy is the very Soul of public Administration: Which to require from that tongue-punished Race, would be downright

downright Barbarity. The wise *Romans* were thoroughly convinced of the natural Incapacity of *Women* for keeping a Secret; and therefore were kind enough to them, never to intrust any of them with one. Every one knows the Stratagem young *Papirius* was forced to make use of to satisfy his Mother's Curiosity, without betraying the Secrets of the Senate. Being one Day extremely solicted by her to reveal the Subject of that Morning's Debate, to rid himself of her Importunities, he was reduced to the Necessity of feigning, that a Law was proposed to allow the *Men* a Plurality of Wives. There needed no more to alarm the whole Sex. *Papirius's* Mother, spite of her solemn Engagements, divulges it to all the *Women* she knew, and they to as many more; till the whole Tribe of Wives, acquainted with it, formed themselves into a League, and began to make open Opposition to a Law so odious to them. How safe would the young *Senator* have been, had he been indiscreet enough to trust his tattling Mother with a real Secret as he did with a Fiction.

*Plutarch* tells us of another *Senator*, who, teased by his Wife, on the like Score, beyond all Power of Toleration, and unwilling to mortify her, told her, that a Lark being seen to fly over the Senate-house with a golden Helmet on his Head, and a Spear in his Claws, the *Augurs* had been consulted, to know what it could portend. To make it appear the more like a real Secret, he had had the Precaution to exact from her the most solemn Vows of Privacy; assuring her, that nothing less than his Life could atone for his divulging it to her, should it be known he had done so. But what Force could the Fear of a Husband's Death have to make a *Woman* keep a Secret, who must herself burst, or vent it? No sooner had her Husband taken Leave of her, to return again to the Senate, than she

eased

eas'd herself of the intolerable Burthen; and the Tale flew so swiftly about the City, that, before he got to his Journey's End, he had it whisped in his Ear, as a profound Secret, by one who supposed him to have been absent from the Senate. At his Return home he charges his Wife with having undone him. But she, with a Confidence peculiar to that Sex, flatly denies her having divulged what he intrusted her with; and to silence him at once, Of three hundred Senators in the House, why should the Secret be supposed to come from you alone? says she. She had carried her Boldness yet farther, but for his stopping her Mouth, by telling her, that it was a Fiction of his own making.

*Fulvius* was far from coming off so well; but he must blame himself for knowing *Womankind* no better. We are obliged to *Plutarch* for the Account. *Augustus* displeas'd with *Fulvius*, for disinheriting his own Nephews in Favour of *Livia's* Children, blamed him for it; and he, like a silly Dotard, was weak enough to tell his Wife: She immediately tells the Empress of it; and the Empress upbraided the Emperor with it; so that the next time *Fulvius* went to Court, he received a severe Reprimand from *Augustus*, and had the Pleasure to find himself ruin'd. And what did he get by returning home to tell his Wife what she had done, and that he was resolv'd to stab himself? Why, no other Satisfaction than to be answer'd, that he was a Fool, and deserv'd no better Fate, for living with her so long without finding out that she was a true *Woman*, and could not keep a Secret.

What shall we say after this? Shall we agree with *Sophia*, that the *Women* are fit for Government and public Offices? or, shall we not rather conclude them absolutely unqualified for them; and that the Ancients were undoubtedly right in saying, that *WOMEN are no more to be trusted than their*

WOMBS: These being not more liable to miscarry of their Fruits, than they of the Trusts we deposité in them?

If *England* has been so wise as to admit these Evils to reign over us, when necessary to avoid greater Evils; is that any Proof that they are qualified for it? No, 'twas not their Capacity, but our Prudence placed them on the Throne, to remove Occasions of Blood-shed, and other ill Effects of civil Dissention: And tho' it must be confess'd that during the Reign of some of our *Women*, this Nation has been in its most flourishing Condition; yet to which should we attribute it, the Capacity of the soft Cyphers placed over us, or the Wisdom of the Ministry which made them of some Account. Mere Adjectives of Nature; what Use could they have been of but for the substantial Support of their Counsel and Parliament? Into which none, even of themselves, ever thought it worth while to introduce a *Woman*.

However, I am apt to think, that the pretty fawning Faces of these fair Creatures would go a great Way, towards wheedling us into the Folly of admitting them to a Share in publick Offices, if we could but discern in them the least Talent for governing their own Families. Whereas, without much Study, we need but step into the next House we can think of, where the *Gray Mare is the better Horse*, to find a *Babylon* of Anarchy and Confusion.

*Belluina's* is the first in my Mind; let us then pay her a Visit. To do her Justice, nothing can be more decent than her Apartments; her whole House, from the Cellars to the Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Closet, are so many varied Scenes of finished Neatness; not the meanest Piece of Furniture owes its Situation to the Hand of Chance; every Table has its proper Post; every Picture its Fellow; there's not a Chair a Hairs Breadth from its Place;

not a Carpet but what is mathematically spread ; nay, woe to Mrs. *Betty*, if the very *China* is not as regularly disposed as the Features in her Ladyship's Face. From such an orderly Economy in Trifles, who wou'd not expect to find a little Commonwealth, where Peace and Decorum have taken up their Residence ? But a Moments Patience, and the all-divulging Tea-Table will set you right. An insufferable Troop of ill-trained Brats are called in to expose their Want of Manners, and put yours to the Trial. Pretty Miss must throw your Hat about, Master *Jacky* must put his Fingers in your Eyes, *Charly* in your Dish, and if *Tommy*, her Favourite, for never doing what his Father bids him, should offer to wipe his greasy Fingers on your Coat, you must suffer him to do so, or be as much in her Disgrace as *John*, who had his Head broke but an Hour ago, for hastily setting *Veny* upon the bare Ground, to save my Lord from falling down Stairs. Happily for *John* he is in her Ladyship's good Graces, or he had fared no better than *Fanny* the House-maid, who had Warning given her, for letting a Tea-cup fall to hinder the House from taking Fire. But this lucky Fellow, who is too much used to his Lady to be often guilty of such Mistakes, has absolutely rooted himself into his Post, by once leaving a Butt of Wine to run about the Cellar, rather than let the Parrot call him twice. So despotic is *Belluina* in her Family ! Her Children, sure never to be corrected but when they behave well, are incessantly rude and unruly ; and her Servants, never sure that her Ladyship will think what they do right, are always doing wrong, with as sedate a Confusion as the Workmen of *Babel*. If you call for a Tea-spoon, a Saucer is brought you ; and if you have a Mind for Sugar, you must call for the Milk-pot. But it's Time to leave this orderly Lady, Miss's Cap you see is the tenth Part  
of



of an Inch awry; the Lightning in her Mother's Looks are portentous of a Storm, and once it breaks out, the House will be too hot for every one in it. Her Ladyship can bear any thing but Disorder in Trifles; but that, like a true Woman, she is so averse to, that she'll rather throw herself, her Family, and even her Country into Confusion, than suffer the Symmetry of a Curl or a Cap to be broken with Impunity. Whence it appears, that all this excellent Lady's Qualifications for Government, are owing to her happy Want of Sense to set others right, and of Temper to curb herself when wrong.

*Litterinda* has a great deal more Temper, but much less Sense than *Belluina*. She can with incredible Calmness see her House a perpetual Dunghill, for want of Brains to reflect how ill it becomes the Fortune she has, and the Figure she affects. She has a Number of Servants, every one of which is too busy, in helping their Mistresses to litter the Rooms, ever to be clean themselves: Neither is it fit they should disgrace their Superiors by being less dirty than they are. About seven Months ago, before she was a Widow, I went, for the first and last Time, to breakfast with her and her gouty Husband and Family. The dirty Disorder of the Room I was introduced to, offended me less, than the Rankness of my Company poison'd me. It is true, I was forced to stand for some Time, every Chair in the Place being taken up with some greasy Heap; one with foul Plates, another with the Lady's Stays, and the rest with miscellaneous Dirt. At length however I was help'd to a Chair, and a Dish of excellent Coffee from a Silver Tea-board, placed on a large Table near my old gouty Friend, and jumbled together with a mangled Piece of Beef, a Woman's dirty Night-cap, a Comb-brush, an old Stocking, and a Urinal. The Conversation I was entertain'd with, was of a Piece with the Persons

who held it: 'Twas an Argument between the Lady and her Husband, who wou'd fain have persuaded her that one clean Shift a Week could not prejudice her Health. But with all her Meckness she had been put out of Temper, if Mamma's own Daughter had not taken up the Argument, and insisted that the Trouble was needless, when a Pair of Sleeves wou'd do as well. It must be thought I cou'd not be fond of staying in such a disorderly Jakes: Accordingly I took Leave, never to return thither again. My old Friend follow'd my Example not long after: He died in about two Months, and was sent to rot in a decent Tomb, after having lived many Years buried in a disorderly Sink of Sluttery. However, I have been lately inform'd, that this Lady has put her Children in a terrible Fright, by turning cleanly at last. They are under dreadful Apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some Reason: For she has washed her Hands and Face twice since my Friend's Death, has the Dining-room swept once a Week, and has shifted her no less than three Times in one Fortnight. Whatever might be said of *Litterinda* the Wife, it cannot be disown'd that the Widow discovers a tolerable Disposition for Government, and publick Offices. For if outward Cleanliness is any Proof of inward Neatness, and if an ordinary Outside is an Indication of no Confusion within, why may not she be at least advanced to the Dignity of Mistress of the Ceremonies to the Court?

*Priscilla* is akin to neither of the former: Not finically nice, nor carelessly sluttish. She loves Neatness, and knows when she sees it, but has been too genteelly bred to be able to give any Directions towards it. For the very Œconomy of her Table, she is forced to depend upon the Discretion of her Servants: And if her Housekeeper shou'd desert her, she wou'd be as much puzzled to order a Dinner,

ner, as a blind Man could be to find his Way without a Guide. This was a Secret to her Husband, till an unlucky Accident brought him acquainted with it. One Day, when he was without a Housekeeper, he came Home, and desired his Wife to add another Dish to the Table, because he shou'd have an Acquaintance or two at Dinner with him. She did as he order'd her, and the Gentlemen, when they sat down, had the solid Satisfaction of two Legs of Mutton and Turnips to feed on at the first Course.

In Justice to that Sex, I must not put an End to this Subject, without taking Notice of *Prudentia*. She is one of your notable *Women*, a tip-top Housewife I assure you. There's not a Secret in domestic Management unknown to her. She can metamorphose a Leg of Mutton to a Haunch of Venison, make the *Lark* transmigrate to an *Ortolan*, and transform *English* Hogs Flesh, into as good *Westphalia* Ham as ever was imported into *Great-Britain*. She is perfectly acquainted with the Mystery of making Butter and Cheese, Jellies, Conſerves, Sweet-meats, Cordials, and what not. Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the Needle she is perfect Mistress. Nay, she is a good Accomptant too. In short, nothing which relates to *Æconomy* comes amiss to her. And yet she is not vain of all these Accomplishments; for tho' she often plagues us with her Dissertations upon these Subjects, 'tis ever with the commendable View of learning what she knows not, or shewing us how much she does know. So far is she from being proud, that she has stoop'd to the humble Office of boiling an Egg; and, to shew how fit she was to govern, she submitted once, in her Husbands Life Time, to boil him a Pig, pursuant to his own Request. But, such is the Fatality of that poor Sex, she has forfeited, since a Widow, all her Reputation of Wisdom, in  
the

the Management of her Children; tho' she has but two to manage. Possess'd of a thousand Pounds a Year, at her own Disposál, she has withstood the Temptation of a second Match, to lay up all for them; and has made no better Use of it than to ruin one by Excess of Extravagance, and the other by extreme Niggardlines. By giving her Daughter a Profusion of Mõney and Liberty, she has afforded her the Means to gain the Title of Mother independent of Wedlock; and to make Amends for that Error, in the Care of her Son, has kept him so short of Money, that to get rid of a Twelve-penny Dun, he has married a Fritter Woman. Strange as this Circumstance is, 'tis not more strange than true. Nevertheless *Prudentia* cannot be charged with want of Love. All the Defect lies in that Want of Talent for Government, which is so evident in that tender Sex. It can no longer then be doubted that those poor pretty Creatures must make a very sorry Figure in Government and publick Offices, who appear so universally unqualified for the Administration of private Œconomy. But I fear I have proved this Matter too plainly to them; and therefore, not to give them the Pain of more ungrateful Truths on this Head, I shall follow whither *Sophia* leads me, that is to consider,





## C H A P. V.

*What Capacity the Women have for Sciences.*

I Cannot help being of the same Mind with the Duke of *Britany*, quoted by *Montagne* in his *Essays*; and every one in their right Senses must think with us, that a *Woman* is learned enough in Conscience, if she can distinguish between her Husband's Shirt and his Breeches. A severer Imprecation cou'd scarce be utter'd against the lovely Sex, than to wish them Science-mad. 'Tis their pretty Fluency in Nonsense, and their bewitching Confidence in Ignorance, which give their Charms the Power of pleasing us in the soft Moments, when, unbending the Mind from Study, we seek in their native Folly a Respite from Sense and Speculation. But why shou'd we put them to the Pains of Learning, to entertain us with that Nonsense and Ignorance in several Languages? Why should they be suffer'd to distract their poor tender Brains with hard Words and technical Terms: Is it not enough that they can clip and carve their own Mother Tongue into a Variety of Dialects, without obliging them to confound others into a Kind of mix'd Jargon, as unintelligible as the Conversation of *Negroes*?

I don't, however, pretend to dispute their natural Genius for Words. It is undoubtedly to them we owe the Preservation of that ancient and venerable Language, call'd *Gibberish*, which had long since been utterly lost, but for their Care and Assiduity in cultivating it. It wou'd therefore be highly ungrateful,

ful, not to give them the Praise due to their excellent Talents in this Branch of Learning, especially since we reap such important Advantages from their Excellence in it. Without the Instructions of those pretty jabbering Creatures, we shou'd be at a Loss to converse with our own Infants. Our Ignorance wou'd run us into the Dilemma of either frightening them with plain *English*, or reducing them to the Necessity of learning it much sooner than the usual Time, and even before they had gone through the politer Language of the Nursery. How vulgar wou'd it be to hear an Infant say, *Pray Mother give your little Boy a Plumb!* Is it not infinitely more elegant to say, *pay Mamma div eeky Boy a Pum.* And how shou'd a Child ever be able to learn the latter preferably to the former, if the *Women* were not more industrious in teaching them than we are? Besides, we are such natural Dunces when put out of the Road of Sense, that we shou'd never succeed in making Children reach the eloquent Unintelligible; so soon as they do under their present Teachers. For my own Part, I have been often in a Nursery of young Children, and, tho' ever so attentive to their Conversation with one another, cou'd understand no more of their Meaning, than if they had been so many *Hottentots*: Tho' every *Woman* who came in, I found, was perfectly versed in their Language. Well for me and them that they were so; or I am afraid I shou'd often have done Mischiefs; but particularly once: Being where two or three Children were at play, on a sudden I heard one of them cry, and more good natured than wife was offering to pacify it with these barbarous Words, *pretty Thing, what do you cry for?* But the Children were terribly frighten'd, and for aught I know had all fallen into Fits, at the Cannibal Sound, if a learned *Woman* in the Room had not interpreted my Meaning in familiar *Gibberish*, which it seems

runs thus : *Peety Sing ! did um ky, did um vets it, fall um beat paw paw Man, div me a Bow den, dare, doe paw Man doe.* These mellifluous Sounds quite tranquillized the little peevish Gentry, and quite convinced me of how great Importance it is to Mankind, that this feminine Science should be kept up.

So far then from thinking the Ladies incapable of teaching, at least this Branch of Knowledge, I am for moving the Legislature for the Establishment of a Female University for that Purpose : And if I were not afraid of offending my fair Antagonist's great Modesty, I would, with all due Submission to higher Powers, propose her for Chancellor. One of the Professors I have already in my Eye ; 'tis a Lady who keeps a Female Academy in *Black-Fryars*. I was agreeably surprized, some Time ago, to find her excellent Talents, for such a Purpose, display'd on the very Board over her Door ; where was written in golden Capitals these elegant Words, *Yong Ladis taut to spill and imbrawther.* Which by the nicest Critics is translated thus, *Young Ladies taught to spell and embroider.* But I have since had the Satisfaction to hear, that this Piece of antique Learning has brought her such a Number of Scholars, that she thinks it now beneath her to keep out a Board, convinced of the old Proverb, that *good Wine needs no Bush.*

Nevertheless, I would not have *Gibberish* the sole Affair of this University. No, I would have some taught to lisp a little *Englisch*, and write it, however askew and unintelligibly. If I am not misinform'd, there is a Lady now at work upon a new *Englisch* Grammar, for the Use of the Fair-Sex ; which in all Probability will take very much, as her chief View has been to save unnecessary Trouble, by reducing the Work to a very concise Compass. Still she has spared no Pains to make it of univereal Use

to the *Women*, and by the Strength of her Genius, and continued Application, she has abridg'd the whole Art of Grammar to four Parts of Speech, *Lisping, Misspelling, Noise, and Nonsense*. If my Scheme should take Effect, what a considerable Figure would this Lady make in an University-Chair!

I can by no Means however consent to the *Women's* losing any Time in the Study of the Law. To complete a *Man* a Knave, it is absolutely necessary to make a Lawyer of him. But every *Woman* from her Cradle is by Nature a Lawyer in this Sense. They have all such finished Talents for lying, dissembling, cajoling, undermining, equivocating, and barefacedly cheating, that there is no Law, profane or sacred, which they cannot argue away or brazen out. 'Tis rather then a woful Shame, their Knowledge of this Kind has no Bridle put to it, than any Ways likely they should improve us or themselves by further Advances.

What a Disgrace to her Sex, and what a Bane to ours, is *Lotta*, with all her Jurisprudence. There is no tricking Attorney she has not out-trick'd, no sharpening Counsellor she has not bit, and no both-sided Serjeant she has not outwitted. There's not a Court in *England* but she is versed in the Practice of it, and not a Quirk in it but she has made Use of. She has cozen'd a J——ge into open Perversion of the Law, and bilk'd him after all of the Premium of his Iniquity. She has forged away an eminent Knave's Ears without risking her own, and married away the Estate of an honest Dupe of Rank from his lawful Issue, to squander it away upon her own lawless Mongrel Offspring. Her greatest Praise is the having utterly ruined many, and greatly injured all she ever had to do with: The never having built upon one honest Plea, the numberless Suits she has had upon her Hands, and the having gain'd



gain'd many Causes without using any honest Means; tho' she never lost a single one for want of any knavish Artifice in her Power. To sum up the litigious Merit of this Machiavelian Lady in few Words; without ever poring over *Littleton* or *Coke*, there is no Law so plain which could any Ways concern her, but what she has baffled by the Sanction of the Laws themselves. So idle and needless is it for that Sex to study the Chicaneries of the Law, so easy is it for them without Study to be perfect in the Practice, and so pernicious is this Perfection in them to all who have any Concerns with them! I would therefore, for *Lolia's* Sake, have all Matters of Law banished the Female Province under Pain of Death.

Indeed they may, if they think proper, erect a Faculty of their own, to give a Grace to the Mischief they do with their *Noftrums*. To qualify them for *Physicians*, there is nothing wanting but a Solemnity of Phiz, the Use of Spectacles, and a Profuseness of unintelligible Jargon; tho' for the latter, Thanks to their propitious Stars, their natural Glibness of Tongue, and Fondness for hard Words, give them an admirable Disposition.

For *History* I think they have an uncommon Capacity: At least one of the most noted Productions in that Kind, is thought to be the Work of a Female Genius. For though a Reverend Bishop, in Compliance with the Modesty of its real Author, was so kind to lend his Name to the celebrated History of his own Times, it is believed by many that his Chaplain's old Grandmother had the chief Hand in it. In Politics and Novels too they are remarkable for excelling: Their Propensity to intriguing qualifies them for the latter, and the former they are assisted in, by Curiosity and the Gift of Tattle.

*Novilia* is an excellent News-Paper, which neither tires your Eyes, nor sounds your Purse: Your Ears are at all the Expence of your Information. There is not a Thing happens or can happen but she knows or invents, unless there be too much Probability in it. She can settle the Affairs of all *Europe* with as great Facility as the Grounds in her Coffee-Pot; can carry on War with equal Resolution; and has actually taken more Ships from *France* and *Spain* since the Rupture, than our Admirals and Privateers had Time to take, nay than those Nations had to lose. She has often communicated to me the important Conferences a certain Monarch had in Bed with his Wife. And if she is not always right in her Accounts, it is owing to the impolitic Proceedings of the Ministers of State. For to give her her due, in telling you what is done, she only means to acquaint you with what she thinks ought to be done. I would by all Means therefore have a Chair erected in the Female University, for the Instruction of such *Women* as discover a Genius for Politics: But that they may be of some Use to the Public, I would humbly propose to the Government, to take off the Duty from all other News-Papers, and lay it upon these living *Gazettes*.

In the Chair, for the Education of such as have a peculiar Talent for *Novels*, I would have the Works of the learned Authors Mrs. *Behn* and Mrs. *Manly* read, as the Standard of that Science; and as Impiety and Smut are considerable Branches of it, I would have those Passages, which are the most remarkable for either, particularly enforced to the fair Students. I know no one happier for a communicative Faculty, in that Part of Literature, and therefore none likely to make a more able Professor of it, than the witty *Saphira*; that surprising Genius, the first Essay of whose incomparable Pen was

was closed in the sprightly Parentheses of Bawdy and Blasphemy. The Lady, you must know, is a Freethinker by Profession; but most firmly believes there is a God, because Folks will have it there is none: Tho' she can with a becoming Ease talk of him in as careless a Manner as she does of the Devil, whom she looks upon as a mere Fiction, and wishes she had nothing to trouble her more than the Fears of Hell: For she is very sure God is too good to make such a troublesome Being, or such a dismal Place. As she has, besides these Accomplishments, a tolerable Taste for Poetry, she may give her pretty Scholars a little Tincture of it, by reading to them Mrs. Barber's FAMILY POEMS, unless she should think it more instructive to paraphrase Mrs. Behn's Piece upon *Enjoyment*.

If I mistake not, *Sophia* disclaims, in the Name of her whole Sex, the Privilege of interfering in Matters of Divinity: Tho' she still contends hard for their natural Aptness for it. What Commission she may have from her pretty Clients, to give up so considerable a Claim I know not. However, I am absolutely of Opinion, that it becomes them full as well to hold forth on the Subject of Religion in a Church as in their Drawing-Rooms, in a Pulpit as at a Tea-Board; and both are as graceful in them as riding astride would be. What Schism ever rended the Church, which they have not had a principal Hand in? What Error ever crept in among Christians which they have not been industrious to forward? What Point so abstruse in Religion which they are not for deciding? If they must be Chamber-Divines, why do they not even go farther, and seize the Church and Pulpit to? Why do they not copy after that female Pattern of Consistency, *Dromonia*? This fleshly Tabernacle of the Spirit hath wisely thrown off all idle Forms, to preach the outward Man into the Arms of the inward one. Convinced of the Light within her, she hath not  
buried

buried it under a Bushel, at her Levee, but hath placed it on a Candlestick in the House of the Lord, that it may give Light unto all that are in it. And the Lord in Return hath so replenished her with the Light of his Knowledge, that she expoundeth the Scriptures without ceasing, and bursteth not, albeit she knoweth not how to read them. He hath made her a Picklock of Wisdom, and given unto her a Key to open the greatest Mysteries of the Revelations, and shew that there is no Mystery in them; to unfold the Prophets as she unfoldeth her Apron; and to expose the Evangelists as she exposeth herself. Nay, he hath given her a two-edged Tongue for a Snare, two rolling Eyes for a Bait; he hath added Claws unto her Fingers, and behold she goeth forth like unto a Fisher of *Men*, and spreads her snowy Arms like unto a Net. But the Spirit bloweth where it listeth; and the Sons of the Flesh will not bite at the Bait, nor be caught in the Net.

However unsuccessful the Industry of this Female Divine is, I think she is a living Proof of the Ability of that Sex for the Study of *Theology*. And therefore I am not against their erecting a Chair to teach, and appointing her the Professor.

But I can by no Means give into their puzzling their little delicate Heads, with the more intricate Study of *Philosophy* of any Sort. Every Branch of that is built upon Reason, and Reason they have nothing to do with. However as they have some faint Glimmerings of it, I don't pretend to say there will be any Harm in their gaining a little superficial Smatch of some Trifles dependent on Philosophy: Such as a few mysterious Terms, a small Number of detach'd Sentences, and here and there a trite Experiment. These will suffice to make any *Woman* as learned as she need be, and these any *Woman* may pick up without much Cost.

I was lately entertain'd by one of your very learned Ladies in her Study, where I had the Opportunity, during a short Space she left me alone there, to take a Survey of her Library, and the choice Collection which had contributed to make her such a Scholar. As I found it very curious, I was at the Pains of writing a Catalogue, which I shall here transcribe for the Benefit of all the Fair Lovers of polite Learning: So far am I from envying them any Opportunity of improving their Talents.

Her Books then stood in the following Order.

The *Atalantis*; a *Common-prayer-book* — *Robchester's Poems*; *Preparation for Communion* — *Love's last Shift*; *Meditations on Death* — *A Patch-Box* — *Paradise lost*; *the Art of being easy at all Times* — *Behn's Novels*; *Whitefield's Sermons* — *Ovid's Art of Love*; *Advice of a Mother to her Son and Daughter* — *Petronius in English*; a *Bible* — *A Paper of Pins* — *A Thee-and-Thou Almanack*; *the Moral Philosopher*; *the Pilgrim's Progress* — *Geography of Children*; *the Tatlers* — *A pocket Looking-glass* — *Dacier's Homer, English*; *Persian Tales*; *the Merry Jester*; *Essay on Midwifry* — In a Vacancy lay *Swift's Dressing-Room*, with a Housewife upon it stuff'd with Silks, and a Paper with *Spanish Wool* — *The Plain Dealer*; *Law's Serious Call to a devout Life* — *Tale of a Tub*; *Dyche's Spelling-Book* — *The Whole Duty of Man*; *the Art of getting beautiful Children* —

After having given an Account of her Library, it is fit I should give some Idea of its fair Owner. She has read a great Deal, and has a very good Memory; can talk incoherently in five several Languages; has translated and even composed; is a Critic in Prose and an Author in Verse. But with all

all this deal of Learning and Memory, she neither knows how to set her Cap straight, nor can remember to buckle her Shoes; and is so blinded with poring over Books, as not to be capable of discerning the Difference of Shades, between a dirty Smock-fleeve and a clean Apron. In short, she is too much taken up with the Dead, to mind any Decorums to the Living; and, but for the Sake of informing the latter, would scorn to converse with them. While I was with her, a sudden Itching in her Head put her in Mind that her Hair wanted combing. She submits to the greasy Task: But no sooner had she drawn the Comb half a dozen Times through her Hair, than a learned Flight seized hold of her Senses; she tucks up her Locks with irregular Haste; and, taking Leave of me, hurries along the Street, without so much as taking Notice of the Surprise and Ridicule of the People she pass'd by, till she came to her Bookseller's, who could not have seen she had been dressing her Head, but for the Nightrail she had still on her Shoulders. It must be owned, that if this Lady is a Scholar she is a very sluttish one; and the much she reads is to very little Purpose, since it can make nothing better of her than a *bookish Slattern*. It is happy for her, and much more for our Sex, that she is unmarried. A Man of Sense must undoubtedly prefer to such a learned Negligence, an ignorant Wife who can condescend to be cleanly, and stoop to be a little well-bred. For my Part, after seeing such an Instance of the ill Consequence of Literature in Women, I cannot but be of *Juvenal's* Mind, as *Mr. Dryden* translates him,

That of all Plagues, the greatest is untold;  
 The Book-learn'd Wife, in Greek and Latin bold.  
 The Critic-Dame, who at her Table sits,  
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their Wits;  
 And pities Dido's agonizing Fits.

*She has so far th' Ascendant of the Board,*  
*The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:*  
*The Man of Law is nonpluss'd in his Suit;*  
*Nay, ev'ry other female Tongue is mute.*  
*Hammers and beating Anvils, you would swear,*  
*And Vulcan with his whole Militia's, there:*  
*Tabors and Trumpets cease; for she alone*  
*Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.*  
*Ev'n Wit's a Burden, where it talks too long:*  
*But she who has no Continnence of Tongue,*  
*Should walk in Breeches, and should wear a Beard,*  
*And mix among the philosophic Herd.*  
*O what a midnight Curse has he, whose Side*  
*Is pester'd with a Mood and Figure Bride!*  
*Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my Fate)*  
*No Logic learn, nor History translate;*  
*But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:*  
*I hate a Wife to whom I go to School,*  
*Who climbs the Grammar Tree, distinctly knows*  
*Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows;*  
*Corrects her Country Neighbour; and abed,*  
*For breaking Priscian's, breaks her Husband's Head.*

Neither *Juvenal* nor I deny that *Women* may acquire some superficial Learning: All we contend for is, that it is ever ill bestowed upon them, inasmuch as it renders them useless to their own Sex; and a Nuisance to ours; of which the Lady whose Portraiture I have just given is a signal Proof. If *Sophia* should bring me a few Instances out of the common Rule, what will she get by it? I grant, that *Greece* has shewn its *Sappho*, *Rome* her *Cornelia*, *France* has produced a *Dacier*, *Holland* has brought forth a *Schurman*, *Italy* a *Doctress*; and, more blest than all, *England* now boasts an *Eliza* and a *Sophia*: What then? Are seventy Instances, though seventy times seven times doubled, in upwards of five thousand and seven Years, sufficient to

prove a general Capacity in *Women* for Knowledge and Learning? Would my fair Antagonist think *Horses* a fit Party for her at *Quadrille*, if I should instance some of that Species which have been Dabs at *Put*? Or, would she like to be confined to the Conversation of Parrots, because many of them can talk a great deal? No: Neither can we deem the *Women* fit Associates for us in the Study of Sciences, because a few have had a tolerable Smattering of them. But let us proceed to view them in another Light in the following Question.



## C H A P. VI.

*Whether Women are naturally qualified for Military Offices, or not?*

**I**DLE as I think this Question, it is necessary to take it into a Minute's Consideration, in Complaisance to my fair Adversary, who is disposed to think it of Importance. Indeed, in one Sense, I am of her mind: for I cannot help wishing, for the Good of my own Sex, that the *Women*, however unqualified for military Exploits, were obliged to engage in all the Wars, Civil Dissentions, Family Feuds, and bloody Broils, they are the original Authors of; since, in all Probability, their natural Aversion to Danger would have made them less forward to expose us to it. I would have every jilting Coquet, who prides herself in measuring the Love of her Dupes by the Length of their Swords, be compelled to act the Part of a *Second* in the Fray. And as for those Ladies who have Pride and Pretiness enough to set their Families on cutting one another's



another's Throats, to involve their Country in Civil Discord, or to set Nations at a bloody Strife; I would have them singled out, like so many *Curatix* and *Horatix*, to decide the Dispute with their own Blood, and spare unnecessary Slaughter. Thus, knowing themselves doomed to heal at their own Cost the Mischiefs of their own making, they would be less fond of Discord, or we should be less the Victims of it. But to expect them to expose their pretty Carcasses to Perils or Hardships for the Safety of their Country, the Good of the Public, or the Defence of Virtue, would be requiring Impossibilities from them. Magnanimity, as an illustrious Author observes, was never expected from that pusillanimous Sex. Each Sex, indeed, has its Perfections; but Greatness of Soul was never numbered among feminine Accomplishments. Nature from the Beginning fixed an essential Difference between *Man* and *Woman*, not more in Strength of Body than of Mind; and, though she gave them both some Virtues not unlike in Appearance, yet she distributed those Virtues between them in very unequal Shares. What is the utmost Strength of *Woman*, but the Struggle of Imbecillity? What her greatest Bravery, but Cowardice made desperate?

And yet I will not pretend to say, that every *Woman* is a Coward; or that any of them are always such: No; *Women* can be sometimes fearless; but that is only when Vice inspires their Valour. And then what is it they cannot do or dare? For, as Mr. *Dryden* says after *Juvenal*,

*Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold;*  
*But Womankind in Ills are ever bold.*

*Tremula* is as tender a Lady, and as easily scared, as any I know of her whole Sex: Too pretty to tread the Ground in a vulgar Manner, she cannot

stand, though it should be to save her Husband from Ruin; much less can she walk the enormous Length of a Room, unless she has a *Man* to lean upon, or the Happiness to forget herself. Music, indeed, has a miraculous Effect on the harmonious Creature: it can solidate her too supple Sinews, and give her Force to foot it, without fainting, for four and twenty Hours together; though her Joints are naturally so very weak, that she can seldom succeed to take two Steps and a half without tripping. I myself have known her laid up with a Cold for the whole Winter, by rashly venturing cross a boarded Entry to her Coach, before the Maid could spread the Carpet, for all her Husband had warmed her Clogs very carefully: And at this very Time is dangerously ill of a Toothache, which she got by inconsiderately going one Night to the Play without Ear-rings. What makes the Danger greater is, that she cannot be bled: The Sight of a Lancet would throw her into a Swoon; and her Fits are frequent enough, without seeking Occasions to make them more so. She is always in a Panic at best: For, conscious to herself of being something very precious, she never thinks herself thoroughly safe. The Buz of a Gnat will awake her from the profoundest Dream of Tranquillity; the Rustling of her own Silks has often set her on trembling; and, in another Person's House, she has fainted away at the Sight of her own sweet Self in a Glass, before she had Time to recollect the dear Idol's Features. All edge Tools she has an utter Dread of; two cross Knives are sufficient Matter at any time to metamorphose the fearful Thing into an aspin Leaf: Her Husband's Sword, though as harmless as *Harlequin's* Sabre; she can tolerate no where but at his Side; and one Day finding him, as she came into his Closet, with a Razor in his Hand, she fairly fell back into the Arms of the Footman; and what

would have been the Consequence I cannot say, if *Richard* had not unlaced her, while his Master went after the Housekeeper for her Lady's Drops. So delicate and fearful is pretty *Tremula*: And yet, averse as I am to Hazards, I would venture an even Wager of a small Matter, that if *Richard* had the Sense to feel her Pulse, and guess at her Constitution, he might enable her to walk three or four Miles to an Assignment of Mischiefe, in the darkeſt Night, without Fear of meeting in the Way a Bear, or a Bug-aboe; if I may be allowed this female Elegance.

And why not? *Viragina* is as slender and delicate to Appearance as herself; and yet she can do that and more. Strong and stout as the tallest Officers in our Standing Army, Horse or Foot, she can leap a five-barr'd Gate, keep at the Heels of a Fox, and set a Buck at Bay, with the best of them. She can turn her Horse adrift, take her Dog and her Gun on a Winter's Day, and, without Fear of Colds or Catarrhs, ramble Miles in the Dirt, to a solitary Coppice, in Pursuit of her Game. No Weather can keep her at home, and no Dangers can fright her from venturing abroad. In the Country she can strole a whole Day, from Cover to Cover, after a Brace of Woodcocks; and, Moon or no Moon, can trapes all Night through thick and thin, from Village to Village, after a single Fidler. In Town she is as undaunted; can swagger at a Card-table, riot at a Tavern, and ramble through the Streets from Bagnio to Bagnio, with as much Security in a Hack as in her own Coach; and that at Hours when the honeſter Part of Watchmen are scarce safe. Nevertheless, it cannot be said, that this Lady is vigorous and undaunted alike in every thing: No; in every thing that is good and commendable, she is all Impotence and Panic; and would be full as feeble and fearful as *Tremula* herself,

self, even in these her favourite Amusements, if the Toil and Danger of them should once assume the Face of Virtue. It is Mischief then, dear, dear Mischief, which inspires *Viragina* to be so vigorous, and act so valiantly. Vice and Mischief alone are capable of making that Sex summon all its latent Strength, and forget all its Fears. Instigated by Evil, what will they not hazard? Vice shall make a *Thalesfris* equal to the Labour of rambling after an *Alexander*; make *Sheba's* Queen overlook the Dangers of a long and unknown Road; and humble an Empress, *Messalina*, a Roman Empress, to walk the Streets. Every *Woman* is a *Hippia*, prest in the Lifts of Virtue; slow, impotent, and heartless, scared by an Atom, fainting at a Rose. But place the Goal of Vice, or Standard of Iniquity, within their Reach, all Volunteers of Sin and Lust, they will hurry to it with the utmost Eagerness; forsake their Husbands, the tenderest of Husbands, forget their Children, Parents, Blood and Friends, dare foaming Seas, snuff Pitch and Tar, feed on Carrion with a Gust, lie hard, work harder, and go through all sufferable Woes, to gain the Point in View.

Can it then be denied, that some *Women* have Strength and Courage enough to qualify them for military Offices? And yet what *Paschal* says, in his Political Maxims, is still true. “ Nothing is more certain, than that the Fair Sex is not only weak and unequal to Toil, but even, if Truth is no Treason, as impotent as they are cruel-minded, ambitious, and greedy of Power; which they are to such an Excess, that they know no Moderation in their Disorders, when, shameless enough to herd with Warriors, they expose themselves to public View at the Head of Armies, range Troops, march with a Regiment at their Tail, and value themselves upon their own Dexterity  
“ in

“ in all military Exercises : Though, when I see  
 “ any such forward *Woman*, I cannot help think-  
 “ ing I see a Monkey aping the Actions of a  
 “ Man.” And, in reality, what can be more ri-  
 diculous or indecent ? Is it not full as unseemly a  
 Sight, to behold a *Woman* giving the Word of  
 Command to her Troops, leading them up to  
 Combat in Battle Array, and giving them the Signal  
 of Onset, as to see a *Man* knotting, knitting, hand-  
 ling a Distaff, or embroidering his Wife’s Petti-  
 coat ? The Reason is, that every thing unnatural  
 and out of Character is offensive, and therefore  
 wrong. And what appears and is, in a valiant  
*Man*, Gallantry, Bravery, and Sturdiness, is, in a  
 forward *Woman*, Madness, Arrogance, and Cruelty ;  
 as, on the contrary, what makes a *Woman* elegant,  
 makes a *Man* deformed ; as the Dress and Orna-  
 ments which add Grace and Dignity to her Beauty,  
 but serve to make him a finical, pragmatic, enervate  
 Coxcomb. It is no Praise then, but rather a  
 Disgrace, to any of that soft Sex to be qualified for  
 military Offices. For, as the same learned Writer  
 observes, the more their natural Weakness is a Curb  
 to their violent Sallies of Imagination and Whim,  
 so, when they give a Loose to Libertinism, the  
 greater Lengths are they sure to run, and with the  
 more Difficulty are they brought back to their former  
 Modesty, if ever they are. And such of them  
 as are something more robust and dauntless than the  
 Generality, are but the more dangerous Evils for  
 being so ; inasmuch as their Impetuosity of Temper  
 is ever more furious. So that when once a  
*Woman*, impatient of her Sex, throws off the soft  
 Character which is properly hers, she will never fail  
 to carry her Insolence beyond the Bounds which  
 even *Men* of any Sense fix to their Boldness.

And yet I do not believe it absolutely impossible  
 for a *Woman* to have a true Courage, animated by  
 real

real Virtue ; but I look upon such a *Woman* as a Miracle, out of the common Course of Nature. As such I consider the immortal *Boadicea* ; and as such I profoundly revere the more immortal *Sophia*, when she tells us, that she *could, with more Ease, and less Repugnance, dare the Frowns and Fury of an already victorious Army, which she had Forces to resist, than she could stoop to court the Smiles of a corrupt Minister whom she had Reason to despise.* Sentiments so like my own compel me to believe her, though a *Woman* ; and I admire (I had almost said adore) her for them. Words are but Words at best, and hers are no more : But the Spirit they are uttered with is a Proof to me of their being the Overflowings of a Heart capable of the Execution. But will *Sophia* pretend to say, there are many *Women* like her in this particular ; or that the Bulk of *Womankind* are not pusillanimous Things ? If the Sun halted once at the valiant *Joshua's* Word of Command, must its Course be interrupted for every impertinent Bully ? And if virtuous Courage has taken a Seat in one *Woman's* Breast, shall all the heartless Generation lay a Claim to the Extra-privilege ? No ; Miracles allowed for, Timidity, like all other Defects of *Men*, is an ornamental Perfection in *Women*, and inseparable, in some Degree or other, even from those *Virago Dames* who launch out of Nature into Affectation.

I will agree with my fair Antagonist so far, that *The Virtuous are always timid* ; but can draw no Conclusion thence in Favour of her Sex, till she makes it appear, that *the Timid are always virtuous.* The contrary to which I have already so plainly instanced in those little heartless pretty Mischiefs, that I need add nothing more to convince a rational Creature, that the *Women* are as little qualified for military Employments of Honour, Trust, or Importance, as they are for every other Office in Life,  
except

except that for which they were given us, that is, the Propagation of human Nature.



## CONCLUSION.

FROM what I have hitherto said it must appear, to all who have the least Degree of Understanding, that if the Merit of *Women* be weighed by the End of their Production, and the Circumstances attending it, by their natural Capacity, and the Practice they have applied it to in all Ages, by the living Variety of Instances of their Folly, Inconsistency, Impotence in Good, and Propensity to Evil, they are not only wide of the Perfection of *Man*, but even almost infinitely beneath him. So that far from having any just Title, or even plausible Pretence, to claim an Equality of Power, Dignity, and Esteem with him; the very Privileges they enjoy, can only be looked upon as so many Instances of his Generosity to them.

If we trace their Conduct through every Age, and consider it in all Lights, we shall find them every where, even in their seeming Differences, the same; emptily vain, foolishly conceited, and ambitiously groveling; at once covetous and extravagant, to Extremes; restless even to Indolence, and false in their very Fits of Fondness; in their Hatred cruel, in their Love lascivious; and then most treacherous, when most industrious to shew Sincerity. What else do we find in *Women* but the Bane of Friendship, an inevitable Pain, a native Temptation, a desirable Calamity, a domestic Snare, a flattering Mischief, the very Essence of Evil, under the Semblance of Good? If then there is a heinous Crime in dismissing them when ours, it

must surely be own'd as heavy a Grievance to be forced to retain them, though uncertain of their being only ours. And yet such the hapless Dilemma *Man* is reduced to, when tied to that frail Toy a *Woman*: In danger of becoming an Adulterer if he dismisses her, or of harbouring an Adulteress if he keeps her.

Nevertheless, it must be owned, that *Woman*, though essentially an Evil, is a necessary one; but then so much the more burdensome is she for being so; since what is most endearing in her, makes our Danger the more imminent, and our only Security is in what must render her intolerable. The *Man* who weds a beautiful *Woman*, measures a Mark for every *Libertine's* Lechery; but he who marries a plain one, marries Lechery itself: The former will find it an arduous Task to preserve inviolated his private Property in the Object of public Lust; and how wretched must be the Fate of the latter, to be confined to the Society of one, whom none else wou'd condescend to couple with! However, upon the whole, there may be, perhaps, much less Misery annex'd to the Possession of a homely Wife, than to the Difficulty of keeping a handsome one chaste: But still it is plain there is a Misery in both.

Well then might *Cato* say, that "but for *Woman* the World wou'd be without Woe, and the celestial Beings wou'd delight to mingle their Conversation with ours." It is well remark'd by a learned Author, that *Cato* spoke not by guess, but from his own fatal Experience. And who better qualified to give a proper Idea of the Artifices of those common Mischiefs, than one who was himself the Dupe of them? Their Vices and Follies alike are carried to such an Excess, that nothing cou'd make them credible but Conviction; and nothing but Experience cou'd justify the Belief of it.

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But *Cato* had the Trial; and, to his Sorrow, found the fair delusive Flower of *Venus* like the soft, silky, touch-ensnaring Rose, beneath whose beautiful baneful Blossom lies many a pointed Thorn.

But I forget, *Cato* is no Oracle with *Sophia*: Nor would he be such with me, was he particular in his Opinion of the Fair Sex. But surely all can never be mistaken: And do not all, who bear the Character of wise, agree, that *Women* are the Shuttlecocks of Vice and Folly, Impotence and Eagerness; the Dupes of others Passions, and jilted by their own? Do not all Writers, sacred and profane, without comparing Notes, combine in painting them false as they are fair, and silly as they are sweet; artful in modest Guise, and impudent when lewd; treacherous, ambitious, Slaves to Avarice, the Foes of Reason, and never Friends to Thought, but when they think on Mischiefs. If *Seneca* may be believed, *A Woman never muses by herself, but she is musing on some Wickedness*. And if we discredit him, we must discredit all who have ever stooped to write about them: For all are of his Mind, and all consider them at best as flattering, pleasing, desirable Evils. *Democritus* was so convinced of this, that, being questioned, *why he, who was himself so big, had married a Wife so little*; he answered, *Metinks*, says he, *as it is, I have chosen too big a one, when all I had to choose was Evil*. But *Protagoras* went farther still; no Evil, according to him, exceeds that Evil, *Woman*. What made him give his Daughter in Marriage to his mortal Enemy? Ask him, and take his Reason from himself: *I gave her to him, says he, because I could give him nothing worse*.

I should never have done, were I to give a List of all the Sages in every Age who have thought like them. But what Occasion have we for the Authority of others to confirm a Truth our own Eyes

are daily Witnesses to? Let us look round the Female World; what shall we find but Weakness of Head, and Corruption of Heart, intolerable Trifling, or destructive Industry? A giddy Tribe of useless Things, made up of Noise and Nonsense, Envy, Malice, Impertinence, and Shew; mere Murderers of Time, averse to all that is good, and prone to all that is naught; proud only of what serves to humble them, and never humble but when it is base to be so; and but a fairer Kind of Fiends disguised in Angels Dresses, whose Actions are the best Antidote to the Poison of their Charms? Here their insatiable Incontinence renders their Beauty shocking; there their Modesty is meant a Cover to their own Lust, and an Incentive to yours; in one House, you see a pretty, foolish, lifeless, moving Statue, in another, a homely, bookish, pert, prating Doctress, a Retailer of Criss-cross Sentences, whose Brain is a mere Lottery-wheel of Sense and Nonsense, drawn alike by Chance, five hundred Blanks to one Prize, of no Worth when examined; in a third, you meet with a housewifely Shrew, a sober Slut, an ignorant Cypher, a gossiping Politician, or a learned Slattern; in a fourth, a litigious Cheat, a Virago, Bully, or Phantom frightened at the Crow of a Cock: And every where you are sure to find an inconsistent Set of fickle Creatures, never for a Minute themselves, but when most unlike us, and nearest being unlike themselves, and never steady in any thing but Folly, Vice, and Fickleness.

How unlike are these pretty Little-more-than-nothings to that lordly Creature, whose Superiority of Merit, as well as Power and Prerogative, their impotent Ambition to be like him might alone suffice to convince them of, had they but one Degree of Understanding more than they have! *Man*, created by God to rule this vast Universe, was by  
his

his Maker endowed with a Soul equal to the Task. His Body is strong, his Mind vigorous, and his Heart resolute; his Understanding is fitted for the most sublime Speculations, and his Person for the most hardy and important Exercises. He can dive into the inmost Secrets of Nature without losing himself; and has Art enough to copy her noblest Works, and to improve the great Original. He wants neither Fancy to invent, nor Genius to contrive. With Quickness to apprehend, and Memory to retain, he has Judgment to discern; and can, by distinguishing and comparing different Ideas, form the greatest Designs. Happy in a Genius for the most glorious Enterprizes, he has both Courage and Conduct sufficient to execute them. For he is not only qualified by his intellectual Capacity to be greatly wise, but naturally prompted to be truly good. In short, Virtue and Wisdom are the Epitome of his Character, where *Woman* interferes not to corrupt it. If there are a few degenerate Creatures, who answer not this Character, they are such only as by conversing with *Woman-kind*, putting on their Foibles, and, affecting to be like them, degrade themselves of Manhood, commence intellectual Eunuchs, and deserve no more to be reputed of the same Sex with us. But still the Bulk of Men were designed by Nature to be both greatly wise and eminently good. And there are as many Instances to prove these Characteristics in the *Men*, as there are in *Women* to prove their Want of them, and natural Incapacity for them.

How many *Men* might we not point out, whom but to name would force that daring Sex to own the little Claim they have to equal Merit with that noble Creature, though all the female Train should club their several Worthy to match it. To know what *Man* is capable of being, examine what he really is when perfect: And to gain a true Idea of  
all

all *Mens* real Merit, view any *Man* in whom all manly Virtues are blended.

*Philanthropus* is such; admired, esteemed, beloved by all who know him, and loving all Mankind. Majestic in his Person, of a lively Understanding, and of Manners gracious, affable, and sincere, he is ever cheerful, never light; ever present to his Company, never absent to himself; his Voice all Harmony, his Words all Sense; his Actions answer to his Mien, and what he looks he is; discreetly daring, modest with becoming Boldness, sprightly sedate, easy without Levity, solid without Solemnity, good by approved Principle, and wise by Parts anticipating Experience; his Virtue not stiffened by Austerity, nor his wisdom foiled by any Fondness of shewing it; never elated by Prosperity, Adversity cannot depress him; always serene in every Vicissitude of Life, not from Insensibility, but from Thought, Resolution, and conscious Worth; grateful to his Maker, he has nothing so much at Heart as the true Interests of Religion, which he is incessantly studious to cultivate in himself, and frequently happy enough to promote in others. His unblemished Conduct proves him the Christian he professes to be: In him, Faith free from Bigottry and Superstition, Zeal according to Knowledge, Godliness without Ostentation or Severity, and Devotion without Enthusiasm, give Piety such an amiable Aspect, as makes the Practice of it inviting. Thus blest, thus happy, thus worthy to be so, so far is he from taking Pride in any Advantages he possesses above others, that he looks on them as the common Property of all. Nor is he more anxious to communicate those Advantages to others, than sure to share in their Miseries, by a generous Fellow-feeling of their Misfortunes. The Widow has a Protector in him, the Orphan a Father; the Wretched find him their Relief,

Relief, and all who are in Distress, or under Oppression, their Advocate, Support, and Defence. He never thinks himself so rich, as when a poor Man shares with him his Fortune. His Endeavours to surpass others in Goodness, never hinder him from labouring to make them even better than himself; and he never approves his own Wisdom, but when it helps him to make others wise, or to discover some Excellence in them. The Good are ever sure of his Esteem, the Sage of his Admiration, and both of his Love and Praise: For no Merit escapes his Acknowledgment which reaches his Knowledge, as no Demerit incurs his Scorn or Hatred, though it cannot elude his Penetration. To the Gift of knowing how to applaud the Deserving, without putting them out of Countenance, he joins the Talent of reasoning or laughing others out of their Follies and Foibles, without exposing or offending them; ever sure to gain a Friend by the Worth he rewards, never in danger of making an Enemy by the Vice he discountenances. The Foolish he is industrious to direct, and is indefatigable, as well in informing the Ignorant as in reforming the Wicked. Those whom he can better, he always encourages; and those whom he cannot, he pities, but never condemns; not more liberal of just Commendation, than sparing of deserved Censure. He is just to the nicest Point of Honour, and sets no other Bounds to Benevolence than Prudence prefixes. Glad of Advice, he is not forward to give it, nor conceited enough to offer it unasked, but where it is a Charity to do so: And when he does give it, his Counsels are honest, open, and persuasive, the Torch of Reason, and the Flame of Friendship; his Encomiums are pathetic, emulative, and insinuating, the Spur of Virtue, though the Curb of Pride; and his Reproofs gentle, yet piercing, calm, but resolute; serious, though soothing;

soothing ; candid, and yet so piquing, that every Haughtiness must stoop, and Obstinacy itself submit to Rule. Skilled in every Science, versed in many Languages, and Master of every Elegance, his Learning serves not to make him arrogant, nor his Eloquence to make him talkative. In a Word, such Judgment, Propriety, Energy, Dignity, and Grace, combine to dictate all he says, and inspire all he does, that Envy itself considers him as a finished Pattern of manly Perfection ; a good Christian, a complete Gentleman, a useful Friend, a prudent Person, and indulgent Husband ; good even where Goodness seems fruitless, and wise even in a Choice where Wisdom has but the left Hand of Chance, the Election of a Wife.

*Angelica*, the fair, the charming, lovely *Angelica*, is the blessed Object of this happy Choice. In her Person is all Beauty, Softness, Ease, and Delicacy. Nature, in a Strife of Grandeur, fashioned her, to shew how far the Charms of ocular Perfection could be carried. And then, she is good beyond what Fancy can conceit of *Woman*, and wise enough to copy from her Husband such Accomplishments as may be molded into female Virtues : Yet her Virtue neither renders her formal nor censorious ; and her Sense but serves to make her easily reserved, and modestly free. Her only Pride is, to enrich her Mind with such useful Knowledge as may complete her a perfect Mother, Wife, and Friend. Without the Ambition to appear learned, she has gained a sufficient Tincture of the Sciences, to make herself an agreeable Companion to her Husband and all who converse with her : Though, whenever she treats of Learning, it is in a Manner which shews rather a Desire of receiving Information, than a Consciousness of being able to afford it. The Books she reads are such only as can assist her Judgment, and refine her Morals, the Choice

of which she ever depends upon her Husband for ; And then she never suffers to break in upon the essential Duties of her Station ; for Study is only the Occupation of her leisure Hours, not the Business of her Life. Her chief Care is, to please and be useful to her Lord ; to nurse her Children, to educate them in Virtue, and to instill into them, by her Precepts and Example, an early Aversion to Vice, Folly, Idleness, and Trifling. And the next to this is the Œconomy and Government of her Family ; in which, with sensible Subordination to her Husband, she is absolute Mistress, without being imperious, frugal without Meanness, hospitable without Prodigality, and neat without Affectation. She can manage her domestic Affairs without neglecting the Service of her Friends. Ever assiduous to oblige, she has the Art of doing it without making an Obligation a Burden. The Poor, the Sick, the Imprisoned, and Distressed, all look upon her as a common Mother ; and that truly Christian Piety, which gives Life to all she does or thinks, inspires her with Means to assist them all, which she does without the least exterior Ostentation or inward Vanity. Thus free from every Vice, she is deficient in no one commendable Quality her Sex can be capable of, but that of Forgiving Enemies ; which she cannot practise, for want of Foes to forgive : For, respectful to those above her, courteous to her Equals, affable to her Dependents, and beneficent to all, she reigns the Object of just Admiration, Respect, and Esteem, in every Heart, and forces Envy itself to wish for her Friendship.

Such is *Angelica*, and such the Height of *womanish* Perfection, as near to that of *Man*, as *Women's* lovely Faces in a Glass appear to *them*. All that is wanting is the Life, the Truth, the Reality. Still lifeless and feeble as their Merit is, compared

with manly Worth, how happy might not *Man* esteem himself, if each *Philantropus* among *Mankind* had an *Angelica* to match with! But such a one is too delicate a Work for Nature to produce in every Century: It is like a Phoenix, the Prodigy of an Age; and such a Miracle of Completeness but serves to make the rest of the Sex more contemptible by Comparifon, as *Michael*, painted with the rebel Angels, shews the Fiends more frightful.

Let *Women* then give up their Claim to an Equality with the *Men*, and be content with the humble Station which Heaven has allotted them. If their Souls are great enough to aspire to our Esteem, let them learn from *Angelica* to be more deserving, and less assuming. And since neither their Capacity of Head, nor their Dispositions of Heart, can lift them to emulate, let them apply their little Talents at least to imitate us; that, pleased with the pretty Mimics of ourselves, we may venture to place them in our Bosoms, without Fear of cherishing a Viper there. Let them remember, that *Man* holds his Superiority over them by a Charter from Nature in his very Production; a Charter confirmed by Heaven; to annul which a bare Equality of Perfection with him would not suffice, could they prove it. And nothing can justify their calling that Charter in Question, till they are able to prove even a Superiority over him.

F I N I S.



W O M A N ' S

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Superior EXCELLENCE over

M A N :

O R,

A Reply to the Author of a late Treatise, entitled, MAN SUPERIOR TO WOMAN. In which, the excessive Weakness of that Gentleman's Answer to WOMAN NOT INFERIOR TO MAN is exposed; with a plain Demonstration of Woman's natural Right even to Superiority over the Men in Head and Heart; proving their Minds as much more beautiful than the Men's as their Bodies are; and that, had they the same Advantages of Education, they would excel them as much in Sense as they do in Virtue.

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with a plain Demonstration of Woman's partial  
Right even superiorly over the Man in that  
Point; proving that I think as much more than  
for than the Man's in their Bodies and; and that  
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# W O M A N 's

Superior Excellence over

# M A N.

**W**HEN first I began to examin into the real talents of my sex in general, it was purely from a desire of improving them in myself, to the full extent of the capacity I might possibly find myself gifted with by heaven. And tho' the prejudice I had imbibed from vulgar error falsly convinced me, that I should find the sphere which *Women* are capable of acting in extremely narrow ; I thought it, nevertheless, a duty in us all to make ourselves perfectly acquainted with all our obligations, by a full discovery of the province of our abilities. In reality I don't yet see how any *Woman* (or *Man* either) can answer the end of their creation in the faithful discharge of all they ought to do, without first being perfectly apprised of all they can do. Upon these principles I began my enquiry ; and as I can with utmost veracity aver, that I enter'd into it without the least pride, or partiality to my own  
A sex,

sex, so I can with equal safety say, that all the prejudice I set out with was in favour of the *Men*: Tho' the honesty of my intentions soon help'd to undeceive me. I was not long in my pursuit before I discover'd a much wider fairer field of female glory to expatiate in than I expected; and upon the nicest, most unpassionate comparison of my own sex with the opposit, to my great astonishment, I found *Woman* by nature form'd no less capable of all that is good and great than *Man*.

Once I got the better of pre-possession, I was thoroughly sensible of the prodigious advantage which education gives that arrogant sex over us, and cou'd not help being provok'd to scorn and indignation at the little mean artifices which most of them practice to deprive us of the same benefit: But what incens'd me the most was to consider the immense fund of knowledge, and useful discoveries, which their groveling jealousy has by such means rob'd the world of. If two heads are better than one; two thousand enquiries must in course be better than one thousand, and in all probability make at least double the discoveries. So that, if it be but allow'd that the *Women* are equal in numbers to the *Men*; we may very modestly conclude that, at the lowest computation, one half the profitable knowledge which human species might by this time have been possess'd of is irreparably lost, through the indolence of some *Women* in not exerting their talents, and the mean tyranny of most *Men*, in putting it out of their power to improve those talents.

The impossibility of concealing with any honour such reflections as these, which so nearly concern the whole human species, and more particularly my own injured sex, was the grand motive which set me on writing the little piece I lately communicated to the public, under the title of *WOMAN not inferior to MAN*.

MAN. When I had finish'd, examin'd and measured it by all the rules of unbias'd truth and rectified reason, I resolv'd to publish it; not from any ambition of commencing an author, as the writer of *MAN superior to WOMAN* wou'd ungenerously insinuate; but from a disinterested desire of contributing to the benefit of others, at the same time that I was seeking information myself in an affair, in which I was not vain enough to think it impossible for me to be mistaken. I was not insensible that such an undertaking must meet with some opposition, this however I was fully persuaded of, that whether what I advanced was right or wrong, I had but two sorts of adversaries to apprehend, *Wise Men* and *Fools*: The approbation of the *Latter* wou'd be an infamy to possess; and the *Former*, to act like such, must either at least tacitly give me their approbation, or confute me with such instructive arguments as wou'd largely over-balance to me the mortification of having expos'd my own ignorance.

But it seems I have been grossly mistaken, and in consequence of my mistake find myself unawares attack'd from a quarter I the least expected opposition from: It is one of your amphibious things between both, which I think they call a *WIT*. Every one will guess from these outlines, that I am speaking of the anonymous author of the above-mention'd Treatise, entitled *MAN superior to WOMAN*, who has taken abundance of pains to give us under his hand that he is none of your rigid sticklers for truth and sense call'd *Wisemen*, and yet, to do him all the justice he deserves, sufficiently appears to be no Fool.

It must be own'd indeed that this gentleman wou'd have been a very formidable adversary, had his strength been equal to his courage. For my own part, I no sooner saw his first solemn strut to-

wards the lifts than I dreaded all for my self and *Sex*, apprehended nothing less than destruction to all our pretensions, and was upon the point of surrendering at discretion, with a submissive address *As you are big be merciful*. But how great was my surprise, when I beheld at his approach the giant dwindle to a dwarf, the *Achilles* to a *Heſtor*, nay, the *Heſtor* to a *Therſites*! He has omitted nothing to shew himself a zealous champion of his own sex, and as implacable an adversary to ours; but then his attacks are as void of generosity as his *Zeal* is without *Knowledge*. What thanks his good-will to serve them may deserve from the *Men*, I shall leave to them to determin; but I am very sure they owe him none for the manner of expressing it: And for my own sex I dare answer, that, however incensed those few may be whom he has painted in so odious (and perhaps native) colours, much the major part of us must be indebted to him for the eminent service he has effectually, tho' undesignedly, done us in his impotent endeavours to wound us. Had he, like the rest of his sex, remain'd silent, all the harm he could have done them, and all the service he could have render'd us, would have been merely negative, and amounted to no more than a tacit confirmation of all I advanced, according to the common received notion that *Silence is a plea of consent*. And the vainer part of the *Men* might have still triumph'd in the trivial bravado, that their silence was the effect of their contempt for their adversary. Whereas by attempting to support their pretensions, without proper materials, he could not fail of corroborating ours, since a weak defence is ever the surest way to make a bad cause worse. How excessively weak is the answer he has endeavour'd to make to my former piece I shall find no difficulty to make appear; and every one who but reads that answer will

will be able to see that if he has not been able to make a better, it was not for want of inclination or genius, it must then be for want of materials. But where is the honesty, or generosity, in endeavouring to crush innocence and equity to palliate palpable fraud and falshood? As where is the wit in labouring to stifle truth with fallacious witticism, merely to countenance bare-faced oppression and tyranny? Does he imagin all the *Men* to be so perverse as not to be reason'd into justice and generosity, while they may make use of the mean methods of fallacy and evasion? Or does he take all the *Women* for such easy ideots that they are to be coax'd out of their natural right by every fawning sycophant, sneer'd out of it by every word-retailing witling, or braved out of it by every wise-beating bully? No, I hope, he is mistaken; at least I would believe there are some among that corrupted sex capable of soaring above prejudice and passion, to discern truth and honesty from fiction and fraud, and to give justice and reason the right hand of usurpation and fallacy. And for my own part I am resolv'd to shew my adversary, and all his sex, that there is at least one *Woman* capable of preferring truth to flattery, sense to sound, and who dares assert her right in the face of usurpation, tho' harden'd by custom into tyranny: And if one is so, why may not all, or at least as many of them as of the *Men*, be so too? They have understandings capable of proving that right which the generality of *Men* want the heart to acknowledge; and they have hearts capable of resolution enough to assert that right against such of the opposit sex as want the sense to do them justice.

But these are truths I have already made sufficiently appear in my first Essay upon this subject; and experience has made them so trite that I should  
blush

blush to repeat them, was it not to answer the much triter reflections on our sex, which my adversary blushes not to make use of: Tho' frequent repetition has made those reflections so rank, and reason has render'd them so obsolete, that the little modesty which still subsists among the more sensible part of his sex has shamed them out of such stale meaneffes.

However the gentleman I have to oppose is not so easily put out of countenance, I find; resolved to omit nothing which cou'd possibly answer his purpose of decrying the *Women*, he has ransack'd all the rubbish of antiquity, and plunder'd all the *Men* of note, who have in any ages distinguish'd themselves by their mannish spleen against us, of all the ribaldry they have so liberally bestow'd upon us. But of what use can all this be to raise the merit of his sex, or depress that of ours, unless he can produce better reasons to justify the repetition of their scurrilities than they cou'd bring to vindicate their advancing them? To make them of any weight, he should have shewn the reasonableness of them; for till he does, they can have no other weight than that of voluntary assertions. And with me, nay with every one who will be at the pains of thinking justly, every man, whether ancient or modern is a *Cato*, and every *Cato* a fool, as often as he advances more than he can prove, or believes more than he has sufficient grounds for believing. And no assertions unback'd with reason can be sufficient motives of credibility to any one in possession of common-sense. Now I wou'd fain ask any one of my impartial readers who has perused the answer of my antagonist, what one solid reason, which can justify belief, has he given throughout that piece, for all the voluntary assertions of his own, or any of the authors he has quoted?



quoted? And lest I shou'd seem upon the catch; I will even entreat them to peruse it a second time and till they can satisfy me, all I desire is that they suspend their belief of any thing they find there merely asserted.

However the better to guard the candid part of my judges from every surprize of fallacy, let me beg leave to attend them in the perusal of that extravagant piece, a favour which no polite man can with any decency refuse a young lady when ask'd.

The first method then which our author makes use of to prove the superiority of his sex over ours, is to overthrow what I have so fully proved in the introduction to my former Treatise, *that all their pretended superiority is only the blind effect of prejudice built on inconsiderate custom.* And how does he go about this? Why truly, to prove that custom not to be groundless, he is reduced to the humble shift of pleading it's antiquity; as if any thing was more ancient than prejudice and error: But it seems that prejudice can have no share in this custom, according to my adversary, because, forsooth, it is universal, and I am challeng'd to name any one custom as universal, as to place and time, in which mankind have confessedly found themselves in an error: As if too *Man* must needs be so besotted an animal that he cannot be grossly mistaken in one considerable point without being so in others. And yet upon second thoughts we shall find him but too much so; and without attempting impossibles may oblige our adversary with many instances in which mankind have been universally in the wrong. If we except *Noah* and his family, not one of all mankind cou'd be brought to believe the possibility, much less the future fact of an universal deluge, till they felt the fatal effects of their universal error: Which error if it was not as universal in point of

time as that of *Man's* tyranny over *Woman*, it was owing to the early extirpation of the whole race of *Men* who were enslaved by it. For had the divine providence been pleased to suspend the threaten'd deluge till this age, or the next; it is more than probable that mankind wou'd have continued in their prejudices till this very time, and wou'd now have been as little disposed to give into the belief of it, as the *Antediluvians* were, who were confessedly in the wrong. Tho' this mistake then happen'd to be removed by the destruction of all who gave into it, it was equally universal while it lasted with that by which the *Women* are rob'd of their natural right; and wou'd in all probability have been full as universal in point of time, had the deluge been placed as far forward as the general conflagration is.

With regard to this last period, the errors and prejudices of mankind are full as universal, as to place and time, as that of the deluge had been if put off to the like period; or as the pretended superiority of the *Men* over us. From the beginning of the world mankind have placed the consummation of things at a prodigious distance off, at this time it is eyed from very far; and the very day before it will happen the surviving part of human species will continue in the same error we are in. Indeed if we consider only the real duration of things hitherto; we cannot say that as matters have happen'd, the ancients err'd in thinking the end of the world to be far off. But if we reflect that they had no more foundation in reason for their opinion than we have for ours; we shall be forced to own that the principles they reason'd upon were as much the effects of vulgar error and universal prejudice as ours are, or as theirs will be who shall be living at the time when the conflagration shall take place. And if there have been a few inspired persons free from

from this universal error; it must be own'd that upon a fair average the exceptions are not more numerous in proportion in this than in the case of the *Ante-diluvians*, or of the tyrants who plead universal prescription to subject us. Nevertheless it will be, I presume, but a very barren comfort for those unhappy mortals who shall live to see themselves as grossly in an error as we perhaps may be in the very same particular: It will be, I say, but a solitary consolation to think on the universal prevalence which this prejudice has had over the minds of almost all mankind, and in every age. When they see themselves confessedly in the wrong, and upon the point of being absorb'd in the destruction they were inconsiderately accustom'd to consider as something at a great distance off; the antiquity of their error will appear to them a very sorry excuse for not having lived in perpetual preparation for it's approach, as they, as we, and as all mankind from the beginning of the creation ought to have done: Considering that none knew the *day* or *hour*, much less the *age*, which the *eternal Father* has kept in his own power. And is it not as sorry an excuse which my adversary brings for the injustice of his sex, in usurping an authority over *Women* which they can assign no reason for, to say that it is *venerable from the single consideration of it's antiquity?*

Indeed for want of more substantial arguments to render the antiquity of this unjust practice venerable, we are told, that it has been follow'd by the wisest *Law-givers*, and approved of by the *wise-men* of all ages. But what is this to the purpose? Where is, or was the *Man*, or *Body of Men* actuated by mere human wisdom, who cou'd shew such a uniformity in wisdom

as not to have parted from it in many considerable matters? And to prove that all the pretended *wise-men* and *law-givers* whom this gentleman lays such a mighty stress upon, acted like *wise-men* in their concurring to keep *Woman-kind* subject, it will not suffice to say that they enter'd into no deliberate confederacy. For in the first place, if they did not consult each-other; then it is strongly to be presumed that all their steps to that end were taken without sufficiently debating upon or weighing the justice and prudence of such a procedure. And next, if they did not in person combine with one-another, they may truly be said by their example and books to have combined with one-another in that usurpation which their concurring passions agreed to promote at all times, and in all places. Besides let it be remember'd that their *law-givers* and *wise-men*, so unwisely introduced to support a bad cause, were themselves *Men*, and consequently interested in the usurpation they are quoted to ascertain. What weight then can their evidence have against the rights and liberties of *Women*, which they had a prior interest in violating? Shou'd a receiver of stolen goods bring the evidence of the felons he had them from, to prove them his property; shou'd we have reason to admit of his claim?

The case is clear, and therefore needs nothing more to illustrate it: However, for the sake of such as are apt to be prejudiced in favour of the Ancients, I shall hereafter more fully examin what weight their authority can have in the present subject, to counterpoise the reasons which justice truth and common-sense establish to the contrary, by considering in what light their writings  
 against

against us ought to be taken. At present let us follow my adversary.

The pacific disposition of *Woman-kind* and the universal ease with which they support their subject condition he brings as a plea to authorize the *Men's* unjust usurpation of superiority over them, and to prove that superiority to be the dictate of nature and reason. So ungenerous is that assuming sex! And so dangerous is it for us to stoop to their weakness in any thing! Our complaisance but serves to make them more arrogant; our tenderness more savage; and every favour we bestow upon them adds fresh fuel to their ingratitude.

To vindicate their engrossing the advantages of education and learning to themselves, they must be able to prove that monopoly grounded on reason; and to warrant them to say it is so, they must be in a condition to prove that they have never communicated among themselves those advantages but to such as were susceptible of them; never admitted any to study but such as had talents for them; and never raised to a publick charge but such as had a capacity for it. In a word, they must never have set any one upon any thing to which his genius, as well as inclination, did not render him equal: Whereas we see nothing more common than the contrary practice, chance, necessity, or avarice, engaging the major part of the *Men* in the different states of civil society. Children are put to the trades which please their friends the most, tho' they suit themselves least; one is hurry'd into the gown, and his merit strangled with a scarf, who wou'd have made an incomparable beef-eater; another is dubb'd a physician, who might have excell'd in a *Clare-market* slaughter-house or *Oratory*; a third is buried

in contempt beneath the character of a statesman, whose native genius for making breeches for the public sufficiently appears from his unwearied assiduity in pulling up his own; and had not a fourth been made a politician what credit might he have acquired in making ragouts, who has but a sorry hand at cooking *Conventions*.

Wherefore do the *Men* fancy that we *Women* are less fit for such employs than they themselves are? Surely it is not nature, but *mannish* injustice, which debars us from playing our parts. I do not pretend to say that all *Women* are capable of all employments; neither can the *Men*, forward as they are, have the confidence to make any such pretension. No, all I intended in my first Essay was to shew that, considering both sexes in a fair light, it must be own'd that we have an equal aptitude to sense and virtue with the *Men*, and consequently an equal right to dignity, power and esteem with any of them. But since the *Men* are so ungenerous, as to disallow us this modest pretension, and the gentleman, my antagonist, is so weak as to dispute our equality with the *Men*, till we can shew a superiority over them; I think it but a justice due to my injured sex to accept of his challenge, and to prove, what is matter of fact, that *Woman-kind* are not only by nature equal, but far superior to the *Men*; which I shall not only make appear from rational theory, but even, to stoop to my adversary's method of arguing, consider in a practical light.

Our adversary seems to triumph mightily in the scriptural texts he has produced to authorize his tyrannic usurpation of authority over us. But surely he did not sufficiently weigh them, or he wou'd have found how little they are to his purpose.

Unable

Unable to justify their subjecting us from any laws of nature, he has recourse to divine laws; but happily for us these are as little favourable to his purpose as the others, which we shall see upon a fair examination. The first law he pretends to quote against us is from the words which GOD spoke to *Eve*, in *Gen. iii.* *Tby desire shall be to tby husband, and he shall rule over thee*, as our *English* translators have render'd this passage; tho' I think the Latin is *Et ipse dominabitur tui*, which may be equally translated, *and he shall domineer over thee*. But let the text be translated which way best pleases my antagonist: Who does not see plainly from the whole chapter, that these words were not utter'd by GOD in form of precept, any more than those to *Adam*, *In the sweat of tby face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground*. And if this had been a precept it must bind all *Men* to eat bread at the sweat of their brows, whether rich or poor, noble or ignoble. All then these passages can import is the curse which the ALMIGHTY declared our first parents to have entail'd on themselves and their posterity, in consequence of their joint disobedience: Which curse to the *Men* was perpetual drudgery, and to us *Women* that we shou'd stoop our easy tempers to the savages our husbands, till we taught those ungenerous creatures to take advantage from our meekness to enslave domineer and play the hectors over us.

Our adversary seems conscious himself how little this text is likely to answer his purpose, and therefore endeavours to support it with another from *St Paul* to the *Ephefians*, chap. v. where he says, *Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands, as to our Lord: for the husband is the head of the wife*. But the gentleman took care not to quote  
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the preceding verse, wherein the same St Paul directs both *Man* and *Woman* to submit to each other reciprocally, *submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.* Whence his meaning plainly appears to be nothing more than that the *Woman* is bound to obey the *Man*, whenever his requests are the dictates of *Reason*, or the *fear of God*: Which who can be impious enough to question? As who can doubt but the *Man* is equally bound to comply with those of his wife, when flowing from the same sacred sources? But what superiority is given here to the *Men* over the *Women*, which the latter have not an equal right to over the *Men*? If St Paul tells us in this Epistle that the *MAN is the head of his wife*; he tells us in *I. Corinthians*, chap. xi. that she is his *glory*, and therefore ought the *WOMAN to have power upon her HEAD.* Neither can what this Apostle says, that *the MAN is not of the WOMAN, but the WOMAN of the MAN*, without wretched trifling be wrested to prove any authority in the *Men* over *us*, more than *we* have over *them.* For in the very same chapter whence these words are quoted he adds, *neither the MAN without the WOMAN, nor the WOMAN without the MAN, in our Lord.* For as *the WOMAN is of the MAN, so also the MAN by the WOMAN: but all things in GOD.* So that according to this divine writer, all the dependence which is in the one and the other sex is mutual on both sides, as both are equally subject to *GOD.* And yet what I have here said to overthrow the pretended superiority of *Man* and *Woman*, will by no means disprove the superiority which we have a right to claim over them. For tho' we neither have, nor pretend to have any sanction from the laws of *God*, or *nature*, to found that superiority



superiority upon, yet as no laws of either can be produced which disqualify us for any superiority our personal merit can raise us to; and as experience has demonstrated that, whenever we are possess'd of the advantages we have an equal right to with them, we generally make a much better use of them than they do; it cannot be denied that our personal dispositions to what is good and great are much superior to any they make appear, and consequently ought to entitle us to a much superior degree of dignity power and esteem than they have any right to.

The pretty whimsical flight of imagination, with which our adversary diverts himself, concerning the creation of both sexes, may for ought I know supply the place of demonstration with the wittlings of his own sex, who seldom think any thing so convincing an argument as prophanity. If I had less compassion than I have for the gentleman's weakness; I cou'd laugh along with him: Or if I cou'd think it lawful to be merry with scripture subjects; I wou'd make bold to retort his joke upon himself. I cou'd easily shew him how very forced is the jest he labours to divert us with, and how much more natural it is to conjecture that *Man* being form'd a mere rough draught of that finish'd creature *Woman*, GOD snatch'd from the lumpish thing the few graces and perfections he found in it, to add them to the many he design'd to enrich her with. And if he did entail upon her a rib of that stupified mortal, it was out of pure pity to him, that *Woman* bias'd by the sympathetic tie might with less repugnance stoop her exalted soul to some regard for him. I will not, however, carry the jest so far as my adversary thinks proper to do. I am not so weak to think  
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the Creator, in order to make *Woman* the compleat being she is, had any need to produce that rude sketch of her, *Man*: Neither do I trouble my head whether the production of him can be justly deem'd a compleat creation in the strict sense of the word or not. This I know, there need but five senses to compare them together, to perceive that *Man* among the works of nature is as much beneath the perfection of *Woman* as those rude half-shapen blocks, which the first *Egyptians* erected into deities, were short of the beauties of those masterpieces of art which the ablest statuaries have since produced. And why heaven has been pleas'd to place so wide a difference between creatures of the same species, I can best answer by retorting the text quoted by this gentleman, and recurring to that unsearchable wisdom of him who had it in his power *of the same lump to make one vessel to honour, and the other to dishonour.*

It is a very poor shift then our adversary is reduced to, to overthrow the proof taken from her after-production, of *MAN's being rather created for WOMAN's use than she for his.* What tho' *St Paul* seems to say the direct opposit; yet it is plain from his own words a very little lower, that he was too divinely inspired to think, *Man* as he was himself, that *Woman* was in any other sense made for *Man* than to be his glory, if he copied after her, as she is his shame while he does not. It is still true then, that the only argument *Man* has for his being created superior to the rest of his brother brutes, and their being created for his use, is that of his not being created till they were all in readiness for him: And it is as true what I observed in my former Essay, that if this argument has any weight it must

must equally prove that the *Man* was made for the *Woman's* use and not *she* for *his*. This appears sufficiently from the miserable come-off which that gentleman is reduced to of denying the *Women* to be created; tho' without being able to give any better proof than that of horse-jest: An argument which, did I not scorn to retort it, might sufficiently shew what wretched *poor creatures* they must be, who are glad to lay hold on any evasion capable of screening them from the truths their injustice dare not face.

Our adversary, however, is honest enough to own "that the *Women* deserve some regards from the public, in consideration of the part they have in the propagation of human nature." But then lest those very generous creatures the *Men* shou'd exceed in their regards for us, he adds, "that there is no reason why we shou'd be consider'd on a level with those of his own sex whom we bring forth." Nay, we are all to be vilified, and ill-treated, because some few among us are so little like *Women* as to forfeit their native modesty and continence. But if I may ask a fair question; upon a just and unbiased computation, which of the two sexes is the most notorious for lewdness and libertinage? If there are among our sex, as it cannot be denied but there are, some few wretches (tho' too many by all) who are as infamous as this gentleman paints them; are they not more the abomination of the generality of us, than they are of the *Men*? Are not we ourselves the first to condemn and give them up? On the contrary, how few among the *Men* prescribe any bounds to their lust and brutality! Do they not openly glory in their iniquity? Where is there one among them who, if he is not himself a profligate lecher, scruples to

Keep company with another *Man* who is so? Nay, so little are they ashamed of the vice they so unjustly and basely ascribe to us, that the wretch who either wants spirit, money, or parts to gratify his libidinous appetites to their utmost extent, is forced to add to his real vicious practices the borrow'd guilt of feign'd adventures, merely to recommend himself to the rest of his sex as a *polite Man*. Whereas the most notorious rakes are so convinced of the natural love which our sex in general have to modesty and continence, that, spite of all the vehemence of their corrupt inclinations, they are forced to put on the reserve of decency, to recommend themselves to our esteem and to save themselves from being shamefully banish'd from our presence. What horror, foulness, and confusion, must not the world be over-run with; were not *Women* in general infinitely more chaste than the *Men* are!

Observe but *Fiddius*, the noble, the exalted *Fiddius*: What a rampant wretch he is! What has his youth been wasted in but an uninterrupted series of shame-daring pursuits? As if born to people a new world with vice, and strip the old one of all the virtue remaining in it, he has let no modest *Woman* he cou'd come at, escape with her chastity untried; and has suffer'd no prostitute to repent whom he could make an accomplice in leudness. His own sex have no other way to be admitted into his graces than that of becoming panders to him: And no one of our's can hope for justice or charity from him, without purchasing it at the enormous price of her honour. Above the fear of human laws he has often trampled under foot the divine: And spite of all the drubbings he has been forced to submit to, so little is  
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he tamed that his fascinating looks dart a rape on every innocent virgin he sees, no young widow can pass him unviolated by his wishes, and no wife who has a tooth in her head can be secure from his adulterous attempts. In a word, all the merit of this pretty creature is summ'd up in the rapes, fornications, and adulteries he has committed, which if they are not in reality infinite, are as much so in his wishes as his puny soul can make them. And yet so little are the most prostitute of harlots obliged to his lustful inclinations, that it is neither their persons nor qualities, but their caps and their aprons which provoke his brutal appetite; and wou'd have the same effect if tied upon a baboon or a monkey. Nor is his lust more universal than his industry in it. That he may lose no time or opportunity which can second his flagitious inclinations, like the unclean dæmon who actuates him, he has a band of under-fiends ever out upon the scout, and prying about in search of innocent victims for him to devour.

Captain *Bluff* is at the head of this virtue-hunting tribe. And none more fit for such an office than such a wretch, whose very features look the soul of sin; whose pamper'd carcass, fatted with mangled innocence, riots in foul obscenity and breathes destruction to the friends of modesty. Virgins in cradles shrink at his approach, the baleful sounds of his uncleanly tongue make infants tremble for their safety, and one leud glance of his can stare the chastity of sucking babes into convulsions. No place so sacred but he dares prophane with base attempts against unguarded purity: No stew so common which he has not ransack'd to fate the lustful cormorant he serves; and no vile method has he left unpracticed to gratify his beastly passions, which villainy could dictate or impudence succeed

in. Such are the wretches *Fiddius* loads with favours, such the objects of his inglorious profuseness; while those unhappy victims his leudness has devoted to ruin, are left by him a prey to want and infamy: Witness the hapless still pitied *Gloriana*, who too unpractic'd in the baseness of his sex sacrificed her person, peace, and honour to his unwearied artifice. And what was her fate at last? Why, if for a while he loaded her with all her vanity could wish or his fantastic prodigality could purchase, how dearly did he make her pay for it in the end! After her providing him with several lovely children, after her having fix'd her affections and happiness wholly in him, after her having given up the just pretensions of her high extraction for his sake, did he not, when fated with her, abandon her helpless and friendless to shame and penury; and by a neglect, so much more keen as his extravagance of pretended passion had made her less expect it, hurry her despairing soul to seek by hasty steps, an azylum from present misery, in death?

What horror then, I say, what foulness and confusion, must not the world be over-run with; were there many *Women* vicious enough to match this illustrious lecher and his pander!

I do not pretend to palliate or protect the viciousness of those scandalous creatures who depart from that modesty and spotless virtue, which make an avow'd part of the characteristic of our sex, and ought to be the ornament of both sexes. I only mean to insist, that it is as barbarous as unjust to charge the innocent part of us with their shame, especially since much the major part of our sex are averse to their guilt and have them in detestation. And much less ought their irregular conduct to rob the spotless majority of *Woman-kind* of the respect which is confessedly their due, on account of the  
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virtuous and painful part they have in the continuating human posterity.

If among these there are some few odd tempers, are there not as many among the *Men*? If there are jealous wives; are there not many more jealous husbands, with much less appearance of reason? Are there not more profuse *Men* than *Women*? And where there is one *Woman* makes her husband justly uneasy, or spoils her children by her management of them; are there not hundreds of husbands who are industrious in making the former wretched, and the latter useless to society? I myself know several instances of this kind.

*Heſtorinus* is one: The only wise action he ever was guilty of in his life was that of marrying an agreeable, virtuous, careful and sensible wife; which, however, he atones for every day of his life by a thousand means he has to make her wretched. For the first years of their wedlock he was as industrious to be troublesome to her, by an extravagance of ill-exprest fondnesses, as he has since taken pains to load her with every ill usage. The whole study of her life is to please him, and the whole pleasure of his to torment her. If he is in a good humour; his manner of expressing it is by calmly finding fault with every thing she does, or her servants have done, tho' by his orders: And if he is in an ill one; plates, cups, knives, or whatever things come first to hand, are the vehicles by which he conveys his ideas to her. It is true indeed he will allow her a belly-full if her back and her heart pay for it: For he forces her to keep a tolerable table, tho' he neither affords her money for the purpose nor the liberty to go upon trust. It is not that *Heſtorinus* is really poor, but the tyrant's dear self is so exorbitantly expensive to him, that he can illy spare his wife money to send  
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to market, much less cloaths to appear in. And yet he can be generous at times: For notwithstanding the late expence which a new suit of black, a mourning sword, and other grief-trappings which the death of her father has put him to, to ornament his sweet person with, he gave his wife t'other night in a fit of fondness three whole shillings to buy her a pair of new shoes; and has promised her that when the last gown of all she brought with her from home when she married him is worn off her back, he'll buy her a fresh one of some handsome stuff. For this transient sun-shine the lady may thank a lucky accident which just happen'd to humble him. For such is the dastardly spirit of this narrow-soul'd wretch, that humiliation alone can render him as meanly tractable as he is haughty, insolent, and over-bearing, wherever the least success lights a link before him. In short generosity and affection have so little power over him, that nothing can make him act as becomes a Man of goodness or sense, but what will make him afraid: Thus he who makes such an insufferable tyrant to a kind wife, wou'd make an excellent slave to a merciless master.

*Umbrosus* is not of this sort of tyrants; this gentleman loves his wife to excess, and I dare say is strictly faithful to her. But well he may be so: For her person is a master-piece of beauty, and her soul is made up of virtue, sense, and softness. And yet if we shou'd reason by *Aristotle's* rule, that *Every one judges of others as he feels himself affected*; we must believe *Umbrosus* to be a very *Fiddius*. No men can approach this lovely creature, speak to her, or look at her, but he thinks her virtue tottering. A kind of perpetual itching in his forehead makes him ever fearful of horns when awake: And no *Turk* or *Spaniard* dreams more of antlers than he



he does. If his lady welcomes to the house a friend of his own bringing; she has an intrigue in her head: If she curtsies to him at departing; 'tis an appointment. If she is silent in company, there is mystery in her silence; if she talks, every word is a *double-entendre*. When by themselves, if she smiles; he fancies she is contriving to make a fool of him: And if she looks grave, it is for want of love for him. Her very servants she scarce dares be commonly civil to: And such is the fantastick delicacy of this extravagant admirer of his wife, that he once fell sick of a fit of jealousy he conceived against a figure in his own tapestry; because forsooth his wife's admiring the beauty of the work, made him apprehend, *that if that figure had been a real man, she would have liked it preferably to him.*

Now I would fain know, if one instance of like extravagance was ever seen among *Women*. That there are some *Women*, and valuable ones too, who are jealous of their husbands, cannot be denied: But then that, generally speaking, their jealousies are too well grounded, is as much beyond dispute. I don't take upon me to say that there are no mothers who contribute to the spoiling their children, by false tenderness and a foolish manner in bringing them up: And indeed if we consider the industry which the *Men* in general take to confine all our sex to a narrow way of thinking, it must appear a kind of miracle that all *Women* are not guilty of the same fault. Yet if the *Men* dared be honest they would find themselves under a necessity of confessing that, where there is one young person prejudiced in mind or heart by the tenderness of a mother, there are many hundreds absolutely devoted to ruin by the rashness, whims, brutality, and ill example of a hasty, fantastical, surly, vicious fool of a father.

*Molybditis*

*Molybditis* is one of your happy *Men* whose fathers were born before them; a kind of silver froth extracted from the quintessence of city-lead; and of the number of those wise creatures who think education useles to *Women*. Wherefore fortunately for his daughters he has left them wholly to the care of his wife, and took upon himself the education of the boobies his sons. But what has been the issue? Why the young ladies, without ever stirring from home, by the example as well as precepts of their mother, and other useful helps she has procured them of books and proper teachers, are become compleat ornaments of civil society. Their minds are as enrich'd with useful knowledge as their persons are with charms. Their hearts are as fortified with virtue and noble sentiments, as their native beauty is heighten'd by modesty, ease and every winning grace. As if the world had pass'd in review before them, they are perfect mistresses of whatever is worthy observation in other countries, and no strangers to any thing proper for ladies to know of their own. To a taste for the sciences they join such a happiness in the use of them, whether conversing or acting, as is sufficient to excite others to the study of them. All they do has in it a dignity which seems to speak a finish'd education; tho' accompanied with such a facility as if it flow'd alone from unconstrain'd nature: And all they say is utter'd with such an easy eloquence as violating no rules seems above all. How unlike to these ladies are the coxcombs their brothers! Their father has spared no expence in the bringing them up; but has rather been profusely lavish of the money he has misapplied in their education, if it can be call'd such. Indeed he took care to send them betimes to the University, and kept them there even longer than was necessary for their improvement: But at the

the same time was more sollicitous about the figure they shou'd make in their garb and equipage than in their studies. And yet even in this his prodigality was without judgment. Extravagant to a height in every thing else he was niggardly to an excess in the choice of tutors for them: And while he grudged not to waste hundreds of pounds yearly to promote in them the spirit of luxury, he had not the soul to part with one annual hundred to a gentleman capable of training them up in sentiments suited to the external grandeur they set out with. *Tinsel* the elder, without seeing any thing of his own country was sent on his travels into foreign ones. A gentleman of undoubted probity and versed in the knowledge of men and books might nevertheless, by attending him abroad, have greatly improved him; might have made useful remarks to him, and, laying hold of every incident, taught him to make such wise observations himself as wou'd have served to bring him home a finish'd gentleman. But then such a tutor would have required, in gratuity for his labour, loss of time, and the great trust reposed in him, such a salary as should place him in a virtuous independence, above the necessity of acting meanly, and doing pitiful things unworthy the character he appear'd in or capable of injuring the morals of his pupil. Wherefore our wiseaker very sagaciously pitch'd upon a mean-spirited hireling to attend on Master for forty pounds a year. This fellow without genius or experience, accompany'd him abroad: And as he had neither virtue nor sense to govern himself, it is not strange that he shou'd want art to keep the awe over his pupil, which is necessary to guard young people from the vices and follies juvenil warmth is apt to hurry them into. It was not to be expected that a young fellow shou'd be under any restraint

to a man whom he saw giving an unbounded loose to his own passions. In fact, he ran into every excess of debauchery and extravagance: And the mercenary wretch of a governor, whose salary was too narrow to answer the extent of his libertinous appetites, had no other way to render himself useful to his pupil, than to become an accomplice with, and a pander to, him; that he might have a share at free-coast in his criminal pleasures. Balls, plays, drinking, gaming and debauchery were all their pursuits in every town they pass'd through: Players, sots, sharpers and harlots were all their company; and *Tinsel* is at length return'd home, with a journal of most ignominious intrigues, to shew what successful apes our *English* fools can be, when they undertake to copy the fopperies and vices of foreign nations. Screw'd up in a pair of *Paris-stays* and an *a-la-mode* coat, strangled in a *solitaire*, and daub'd over with *point* and *paint*, he struts the very monkey in *Gay's* fable. He can lisp a little leud *French*, swear in bad *Italian*; knows by rote who are the best actors on the several stages, has a list of the most noted courtezans in *Europe*, and can give you one of all the inns where the best wine and eating is to be had between this and *Rome*. Such are the glorious fruits of this young fellows travels! Without this expensive progress, by the help and industry of such another tutor, his brothers are return'd home from the University as compleat debauchees as himself. The education their wise father has lavish'd so much money to give them has answer'd no one end, but to forward them in wickedness; they are as ignorant almost as when they first set out, in every thing commendable; and much greater fops than ever. If they had any breeding or sense; the former they have lost by what little studies they apply'd to, and  
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the latter they have forfeited by the use they have put it to. In short all goes against them, and they against all things: So that one would be apt to imagin they had spent their whole youth, the one abroad, the rest in *England*, in a society of savages. All they have learn'd is the mere acquisition of smugglers, which they either cannot or dare not vend: And before they can venture into the world, with any honour or safety, they must be forced to go to school to their sisters for all the qualifications requisit to make them fine gentlemen.

If we consider this; where is the mighty wisdom these *Men* have to boast of in the education of their children; and what room have they to find fault with *Women* for their manner of bringing them up when left to their care? Instead of undervaluing our sex for spoiling youth, they ought to esteem us for the many we save from ruin. Instead of contemning us for want of learning, they ought rather to admire such of our sex as are possess'd of it, or at least think those happy who are without it. Since, on one hand, if they are thence render'd destitute of means to set off their parts; on the other hand, they are less in the occasions of depraving them, and notwithstanding that defect, make quicker advances in virtue, wit, and graceful behaviour, than any of the opposit sex.

It is true indeed, that all our sex are not brought up with the same happy care: But why is it? Because, generally speaking, few mothers are left at liberty to educate even their daughters as they please. I am as much against putting a doll into a girl's hands as I am for substituting books in the place of it. And, I believe, were all *Women* mistresses of their own will in this particular, they wou'd be of my mind. But the malice of the

*Men* who first invented this pitiful artifice to confine us to trifles, and now meanly turn it to the basest reflections on us, are too absolute in their usurp'd dominion to leave a wife so much as the choice of the toys to divert her daughters with, much less the means for their instruction. And for the boys, they are so much out of their mother's jurisdiction from their infancy that it is much if they are not taught to shew her contempt instead of respect, as soon as they are capable of expressing either. Before little master is well breech'd, he is taught to lord it over his sisters; before he can well know what an estate is, he is made sensible of being heir to one; and all the relation he is taught to consider his sisters in, is, that he is to have the payment of their fortunes at his own mercy, if his parents should die before they are of age. Nay, it is a hundred to one if he is not inform'd too, that when his father dies, his very mother will be in some measure dependent upon his honesty and good nature for the punctual payment of her jointure. What great power then can the example or precepts of a mother have over a son thus tutor'd; even when she is allow'd the liberty of reproving? Tho' how much oftner is she snub'd before his face for finding fault with his unluckinesses? Let the *Men* therefore blame themselves for all the extravagancies which the minds of their children are fill'd with from their earliest infancy: Since the case wou'd be quite different was their education left to *Women*. For it cannot be doubted but that those mothers to whom it cost so much anguish to bring them into the world, and so much care and fatigue to preserve them in it, wou'd be in general as anxious for the good of their minds as they are tender of their persons, and as sollicitous

tous to supply them with virtuous sentiments, as to nourish them with their milk.

But what honest concession have we reason to hope for from that ungenerous sex, when their barbarity can, contrary to all evidence, dispute our goodwill even in this? If there are some *Women* so extremely weaken'd by their child-bed pains as to require a respite from suckling their infants; is not the suffering they endure exquisit enough to deserve the pity rather than insults of our adversary, if he had a grain of humanity in him? And even where this is the case, is it not with utmost reluctance they submit to it, and often merely to comply with the resistless instances of a husband? Where then is the crime for a healthy young creature, who has milk enough for two children, to take another to her breast, for the sake of gaining necessaries to support an innocent babe which the sottish brute of a father would suffer to go naked? Nothing surely but an extremity of savage heartlessness could induce this gentleman to argue as he does. But it is no wonder he should rail so unmercifully at us, when he dares accuse nature itself of a crime. For surely nature must be to blame to furnish *Women* with milk merely to suckle their infants, if that milk served only to render them stupid and sickly. If those children who are brought up by hand are wiser stronger and better form'd than those who suck at all; then nature has been bountiful in vain, nay mischevous in her bounty. And if all the *Men* who suck imbibed a tincture of the follies, passions, and imbecilities of the *Women* who suckle them, how must the *Men* come by the strength they make such a bustle with? Have not the strongest of them all been suckled by their nurses, excepting here and there an accidental case? Or will they rather chuse to  
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pafs for puny poor things and fools than not have the pitiful fatisfaction to lay their follies and imbecilities upon us? Let our adversary then be as fevere as he can, till he and his sex are able to prove what they want not the courage to assert, nothing can reduce them lower than the place they at present deserve in our love and esteem but annihilation: Which the scorn, they will, I hope, be henceforth treated with by all unmarried *Women*, may make them the more eagerly covet, the longer pursuing vengeance preserves them to be their own worst punishment. "But I chuse, *in the gentleman's own terms*, to drop a subject so much the more disagreeable, as *we* are daily made sensible of the truth of it;" and proceed to examin how our antagonist disproves our *intellectual capacity* to be *equal* with that of the *Men*.

Our author, indeed, sets out with acknowledging that "we shew a superior genius to the *Men's*, in the business of dress; in the oeconomy of a tea-table; in the management of intrigues; in the conduct of a game at *Quadrille*, and in plans of pleasure, pride, and luxury." Indeed, with regard to dress, the *Women* have sufficiently shewn their prudence and skill, in laying hold of this little advantage in their favour. For observing the fickleness of the male creatures they had to deal with, and finding that external ornaments added to their native charms, and render'd their condition more supportable by making them appear more lovely and dear to the *Men*, they have neglected nothing which cou'd furnish them with new beauty and graces of body in the eyes of those headless heartless wretches, who want the sense to set a just value on their inward worth. But this instead of being mention'd as a reproach to *Women* ought to be consider'd as a matter of panegyric.



panegyric. And our adversary instead of reviling and under-rating us for so doing, ought to acknowledge it as a proof of our superior sense. Since if we are capable of improving to so surprising a degree every the least advantage they have the honesty to allow us; how infinitely shou'd we not surpass them, had we the free access to all the advantages we have a right to in common with them?

And surely if the *Men* are so stupid as not to have genius enough to manage the trivial affair of a tea-board with a dexterity equal to *ours*, can their parts be equal to *ours* in any thing? Nothing but a spirit of cruelty can make the *gentleman* give us any preference in the management of intrigues, if by *intrigues* he means the contrivance of lawless pursuits; in this there are very few *Women* who take either pride or pleasure: And the few who do are no less our aversion in general than they are made a reproach to us all. It is too glaringly known to need any proofs, which of the two sexes is the most faithful to the marriage-vow, and by shewing the most constancy in bearing with opposite treatment, make appear the greater share of wisdom and virtue. But perhaps this writer means by intrigues, the art and industry the *Women* often exert in extricating their wileless dastardly husbands from many difficulties their folly and vice involve them in, and to free themselves from which they are forced to have recourse to that *Womanly* capacity they so much affect to despise. And is he so blind as not to perceive that, by acknowledging the *Men* to be inferior in judgment to us, with regard to private life, he sufficiently shews how much superior our talents are to theirs for the management of public affairs? The superiority of genius he allows us at *Quadrille* is no less to the disadvantage

disadvantage of his sex. There are many sciences which require less time and pains to become perfectly acquainted with than that, and some other games at cards. How much more then may not the *Women* surpass the *Men* in those, when they avowedly transcend them in these? I will forbear, in pity to my adversary, ungenerous as he is, to make any observations on the ascendent he gives us over his own sex in the plans of pleasure, pride, and luxury. Since if the *Men* are such intolerable dunces in their favourite pursuits, as to allow themselves inferior to such of our sex as tread the same paths in complaisance to them; how little right must they not have even to an equal capacity with us in all that is great and good, which is as much against the grain to them as it is natural to us!

Our witty gentleman seems mightily pleased with the invectives he heaps upon the malkin of his own sex, he has so miserably metamorphos'd into a *Woman*, by spoiling the excellent original piece of one of the best authors his sex has to boast of. But let him reflect that his calling it a *Woman*, and covering it with a coif, will not hide the impudent empty phiz of it's true owner. Indeed the great pains he has taken to ornament this picture shew his genius for making fools-caps: Wherefore I have too much kindness for the *Men* not to advise them to beware how they try any one of them on, for fear it shou'd fit.

If my adversary has such a paper-skull that he cannot distinguish between thinness and subtilty, minuteness and delicacy, let me inform him that true delicacy consists in polish'd solidity join'd with accurate proportion; in which as the organs of *Woman* have the undoubted advantage over those of *Men*, it cannot without a mixture of weakness and obstinacy be denied that our organs  
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are more adapted to the functions of the mind, and our intellects consequently more elevated and lasting than theirs. My antagonist, indeed, doubts of their being *equally*, and says, “perhaps they are less so.” But till he supports his perhaps by some appearance of reason, none but persons as weak and prejudiced as himself can be bias’d by what he says. For to argue in his own way, let him answer me one civil question. What induces him to think the *Men* endow’d with more solid lasting sense than the *Women*? Because *their* bodies are more hardy robust and bulky than *ours* are? Idle reasoning! The clumsy strength of their awkward outsides is rather an argument of inward grossiery, and a proof of no other perfection in their organization than that of weight, which we do not dispute them. But to imagin that a *Man’s* skull must needs be fill’d with lasting sense, because it is strong, wou’d be as absurd as to have thought that the mountains of ice which were lately upon the *Thames* must needs be durable because they were thick: When let but truth and sun-shine break forth, either error will appear to gross for any, but a *Man*, to give into.

What beast of burthen can vie with *Morio* for muscular strength? What insect has a more trifling head or puny heart? To reason by our adversary’s rule, we must believe him possess’d of resolution enough to conquer a world, and wisdom enough to rule one, while at the same time every word he says betrays the sot, and every thing he does points out the coward. He has nothing in common with *Men* of any wit or sense but their misfortune, the defect of memory, which providence mark’d him with, to guard us from his lying tongue. His gravity and mirth are both in extremes, and never adapted to time or place. The one renders him

either silently sulky or snarlingly waspish: And the other makes him noisy, impertinent, abusive, or immodest. His itch of appearing sprightly in spite of his sturs makes him excessively talkative; tho' the best of his conversation is but a dull repetition of other people's wit, which, however genuine in itself, comes from him like stale second hand coffee, without relish or spirit. In cracking ever so witty a joke he is always sure to drop the kernel; and whenever he attempts to repeat a humorous jest, he puts me in mind of a stupid fellow of a water-man I once saw, who, after taking abundance of pains to draw his boat to shore that he might get into it, leap'd over it into the *Thames*. In dress, as in conversation, he is entirely directed by the rules of absurdity in every particular but one, *that is*, if I may be indulged a *mannish* piece of wit, the covering his enormous noddle with a *Tete-de-mouton*. \* The wisest action he ever did, was that of subscribing himself a minor for life, after having spent in less than two years an immense sum of ready money he was worth when at age, besides encumbering his estate, which is of some thousands per annum. The next to this was his being able to account for the going of so much money, all but the trifling sum of about thirty thousand pounds: Which was no very foolish thing in him, considering that players, panders, fiddlers, and gamesters, who had the greatest benefit from his profuseness, seldom keep a cash-book. However, if you cannot admire his wisdom, you may, at least, his fortitude. He has given ten guineas at a time to a stouter *Man* than himself, to stand a horse-whipping from him; and has nobly gone a-begging to his own gate, in the guise of a strol-  
ler,

\* *Sheep's head*. A name given to the little perukes worn by some ladies, who are forced to cut off their own hair.

ler, with such a generous anxiety to be horse-whipt himself, that any servants, who were absent enough to know him for their master, were as sure to lose their place, as they were sure to be the most amply rewarded who abused him the most, and shew'd the least disposition to mistake him for a gentleman. Such is his industry to laugh, and be laugh'd at. And yet so strange a fool is he in every circumstance, that nothing he says or does can provoke us to be merry or sad. His words and actions are as much beneath the dignity of a jest, as his person is below that of love or hatred. So that tall and lusty as *Morio* is, all his bulk and strength are good for, is, to shew the folly and malice of fortune, in loading him with exorbitant riches, merely to rob the town of a notable porter.

But, as my adversary justly observes, one black feather makes no crow; and the character of *Morio* would be no reproach to his sex in general, if the generality of them were not guilty of as great follies. And if his rule will always hold good, that peoples genius is to be guess'd at by their company; what a motley set of changlings will not the major part of *Men* appear? what are their favourite companies made up of, but pipers, actors, jockies, fox-hunters, and gamesters, at best, and often of prostitutes, fots, and debauchees? What are their places of *rendezvous* but bear-gardens, cock-pits, gaming-tables, taverns, and stews? And what are their darling topics of conversation but racing, sporting, gaming, drinking, and riot? How often are our ears stun'd by them with this kind of impertinencies! Not the aversion they know we have for such empty nonsense can hinder them from perpetually entertaining us with it.

Will all the contempt we shew for miss *Prelatino* make him less busy to buzz his empty non-

sense in our unattentive ears? If we are silent; he'll ask us impertinent questions: If we return no answer, he will coin one for us; and with a simpering silly face quote us for the authors of the gossip's tale he whispers to the next lady he visits. He can extract her ladyship's meaning from the dress she has on; can guess who and who are to be married, by the necklace of one, and the golden-headed cane of another; and can tell who and who are at odds, by the quantity of snuff miss *Such-a-one* took last night at the play, the number of flirts her grace gave her fan, in the drawing-room, and the many times lady *Betty* and miss *Fanny* nodded their heads, whisper'd together, and look'd, the lord knows how, upon the honourable Mrs *Somebody*. No undertaker has earlier informations of deaths, no milliner has speedier intelligence of the birth of a new mode, and no wholesale haberdasher of small news has quicker accounts of town-chaer, than he has, nor is half so industrious in vending his stock. How then shall we avoid this inundation of froth, which is ever at our heels? To affront him we are too well bred; to laugh at him we have too much pity; and to look grave, as Mr. *Pope* happily expresses it, *exceeds all power of face*. As therefore it is past his skill to be silent, and past our's to be attentive, what have we to do with such a silly creature, but either in complaisance to him, to laugh, look silly with him, and let him run on; or, in compassion to ourselves, to wedge him to a *Quadrille-table*, where we may, at less cost to our patience, lose our money to him and pay it, or win his and not take it? But must we therefore be accountable for his follies, or be thought fools ourselves, because he is a fop we can get rid of? If he will prim up his mouth to mimic us; if he will put on our softer manners;

if

if he will dress as much like a lady as parliament will permit him; have we any legislative power to check him? No, all we can do is to contemn and divert ourselves with him, and all such fools as want the manhood to keep up to the dignity of their own *sex*, and grace to copy the better qualities of *ours*: Their incapacity of reaching which is plain to be seen in that vanity which makes them so assiduous in pilfering, however unsuccessfully, our most trivial talents.

So if lord *Thimble* prefers our company to the *Men's*, let them blame themselves for it, but not fall out with us. It is neither likeness nor sympathy makes him take refuge among us. He has no more of the *Woman* in him than he has of the *Man*: But a kind of species in himself of no one sex, he has just sense enough to distinguish which of the two sexes have the most temper and mastery over their passions to bear with him. And would it not be quite barbarous, as well as unpolite, not to bear with a poor good-natured inoffensive thing, and a lord too? Especially since he is not without his uses. But for him, we should perhaps never have thought of the advantages of a working assembly. Besides how convenient is it, as well as pretty, to have a nobleman, who understands the business of a tea-board, to take that trouble off our hands, while we mind our knitting! If we read a play to him, he knots a petticoat for us: And if we shew him some degree of condescendence, he pays us no less a degree of gratitude. Besides the perfection to which he is studying to bring the science of needle-work, for our improvement, he is drawing up a bill to bring into the house, to oblige all the sitting members to knot for their wives, while the rest are speaking: Which, if it should pass, will contribute no less to the ease of  
our

our fingers than the ornament of our toilets. However, little as he is obliged to the *Men*, to render this extraordinary genius as beneficial to that sex as to our own, as soon as ever he has finish'd the weighty business he is about, I design, as I am a sort of favorite with him, to set him upon writing a *Treatise* on the ART of FENCING with a NEEDLE. As he is quite master of the subject; I make no doubt but the piece will meet with universal approbation, and save a great deal of harmless blood, shou'd our war with the *Spaniards* be pursued for any time with the same warmth it is now carried on with. So industrious are *Women* to extract public benefit from the otherwise most useless fops they are forced to admit into their company. Instead then of being reproach'd with their follies, we are rather entitled to the thanks of the public in general: Especially since it is not from any pleasure we take in the conversation of such empty creatures, but from the necessity which the general insipidness of the *Men* reduces us to, of conversing with coxcombs, fops, or knaves, if we converse with any of the sex.

Our adversary then had little room to triumph over us, for keeping fools company, or to attribute to any liking of ours what is the mere effect of our good-nature and pity. However, if he will have it that none but birds of a feather associate, and that *we* are fools, because we keep company with such, what will he make of the generality of *Men*, among whom almost all of any worth or note have been signal for their courting our conversation? He is pleas'd to warn us, that "it will be to little purpose for me to quote him the illustrious names of the wits of all ages, who have admired the *Women*," and been done justice by them. But surely it will not be to as little purpose



pose to quote them to all other *Men*, unless all are as void of candour and solidity as himself: Which I am far from believing. My adversary is certainly out, in saying “the polite, the witty *Anacreon* met with nothing but contempt from “our sex.” On the contrary, he was honour’d with the regards of the greatest ladies at *Samos*, and all he complains of is the universal virtue he found among them, which obstructed his vicious gallantry. The charges of *Theocritus* are of the same kind; and if *Ovid* and *Horace* have rail’d at some *Women* for their infidelity to them, their own writings prove them to have set the example; both admire the good, as much as they bespatter the bad; and the latter allows excellencies in many, and sings *Palinodia* to one whom he had wrongfully aspersed. And why may he not as well be believed, when he does justice to injured merit and innocence, as when he abuses some for their being as wanton as himself, and insults others for being too old for his debauch’d taste to be faithful to any longer? Or rather why should he be believed in what he says against any of our sex, who has subscribed himself, upon record, the base calumniator of one virtuous *Woman*? Can it be supposed that *Horace*, who had such a lust of fame, would have subscrib’d to a lye, to record himself to posterity an infamous forger of slander?

Our adversary might have spared himself the great pains he has taken to invent a distribution of time for us; which is too senseless to fill the life of many *Women*. That modesty, which keeps us from prying into the indecencies of the *Men*, suffers me not to oblige him with a return. But wou’d this prying gentleman look into the pursuits which fill up their days and weeks, what a circle  
of

of vice and folly might he not discover! And what abundance of mis-placed invectives might he not excuse himself from!

Those invectives, indeed, have as little real force to diminish the superior merit of my sex, as his compliment to myself have power to affect me with vanity. Mean as the notion he entertains of *Women* is, I am *Woman* enough to prefer his false censure to his insidious praise.

*The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,  
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar:  
These I cou'd bear; but not a Thing so civil,  
Whose tongue will complement you to the devil,  
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie.  
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.*

*He spies me out: But tell me, gracious God!  
What sin of mine cou'd merit such a nod?  
That all the shot of dulness now must be  
From this his blunderbus discharged on me?*

POPE'S Dr Donne.

Let our adversary and his sex then reserve their compliments for such unhappy creatures as are reduced to the infamous necessity of wanting them; and be assured, that if all *Women* are of my mind, all their flattery to us will meet with a due scorn, till they shew some honesty in restoring us to the power dignity and esteem, we have a natural, equal, nay, superior right to. In the mean time let us see what arguments our author uses in his attempts to disprove that right.

What I have before said will suffice to shew how little succour our antagonist can expect from any of the texts of scripture hitherto quoted by him: And a very few words more will serve to convince the honest part of his sex, how little reason he  
has

has to expect favour from any part of it. The whole sacred scriptures are full of encomiums on our sex: and afford many instances of *Women* governing nations, and greatly governing them. *David*, a *Man* according to *God's* own heart, is well known to have been a constant admirer of the *Women* to his death: Nor can it be said his study of them was not sufficiently extensive to know them thoroughly. *Solomon* his son, wise as he was with inspired knowledge, thought it no stooping of his wisdom to have the greatest regard for *Women*. And even *Ecclesiasticus*, whom my adversary has the courage to quote, is full of sublime praises of *Woman-kind*. Nay, in the very passage this gentleman hints at, he says, *Hast thou a wife after thy mind? Forsake her not: but give not thyself over to a light woman.* All then which this writer says against bad *Women* hinders him not from doing justice to the good, or owning that there are good *Women*; nay, and *wise ones* too. For in the very same chapter he positively says, *Forego not a WISE and GOOD WOMAN, for her grace is above gold.* What then could infatuate this enemy to our sex to send us to a passage so much in our favour? The text of *Micah* is level'd no more at *Women* than *Men*; but at the general corruption of the *Jews* of his time, which was such, that the father was not safe with his son, the mother with her daughter, nor the friend with his friend; and the prophet subjoins that *a Man's enemies are the MEN of his own house.* But how does this affect *Woman* more than *Man*? Or what advantage can our adversary hope to draw from scripture, till he finds something more to the purpose?

The *Men* lay a mighty stress on the laws concerning *Women*; and because, hood-wink'd by custom, they blindly conceit that they are infallible decrees

which secure to every one their right, they as foolishly conclude that nature had a hand in the framing those laws which exclude us from power dignities and public offices. But how strangely should I puzzle them was I to press them hard upon this article, and oblige them to explain, in a manner to be understood, what they mean by nature in this case, and how it impower'd the *Men* to make such laws without consulting the *Women*! The *law-givers* were *Men* themselves; and therefore no wonder they should favour their own sex. Had the *Women* been in their place, they might possibly have done the same: Tho' their natural propensity to justice and generosity renders it highly improbable. But does the advantage the *Men* have laid hold of justify their usurpation? No: They themselves acknowledge dependence and servitude to be contrary to the design of nature, which made all *Mankind* equal. Dependence in itself is a mere civil restraint introduced by chance force or custom, and ought rationally to affect none but children, and that only till an age when they are capable of governing themselves. And if they lay aside for a minute the laws of their own making, they'll find it a difficult task to prove why a *Woman* shou'd obey her *husband* any more than *he* his *wife*. The *Woman* has, generally speaking, at least as much and often more wit and discretion than the *Man*; and if she ought to obey him when what he speaks is reasonable; there is no solid reason can be assign'd why he should not obey her when what she says is so: Unless my adversary pleases to recur to the old plea, the law of the stronger.

Next to the authors of *Holy Writ*, I have the profoundest veneration for those pious *Divines* and *Fathers*, who have taken so much pains to illustrate  
it

it with their learned comments. Yet I do not think myself obliged to believe all they say with the same implicit faith as I do the scriptures, especially where I see them carried away by popular prejudice to favour a cause themselves are parties in, and without being able to assign a reason for what they advance. It no ways concerns Christian faith, whether *Women* are qualified to govern or not: And therefore it wou'd be no great wonder that any of those reverend writers shou'd err in their opinion concerning it: Since all their inspiration related only to matters of faith. And yet the passages which our adversary has been at the drudgery to quote upon us, out of their works, are far from being so disadvantageous to us, as he would have his readers believe; of which he himself seems conscious, by his having recourse to the mean artifice of unfairly translating them.

St *Augustin* does not so much as insinuate in the text quoted by our author, that the *Women* are *unfit* to govern, to teach, or to testify: But only argues from the laws in force against their teaching or giving evidence, that much more may they be supposed to be forbidden by those to exercise any government: His express words are, *A Woman cannot exercise the office of teaching, appear as an evidence, nor even declare her opinion, how much less then can she give laws to an empire.* 'Tis one thing to say that *Women* are disqualified from power and public offices by laws, another to say they are naturally *unfit* for them. Now this Father does not so much as hint the latter; and tho' he does tell us what the *Women* are reduced to by the laws of usurpation, he does not take upon him to justify those laws. Indeed in the second passage he seems to insinuate something like it. But when he says, that "natural order among mankind requires that

“ the *Women* should serve the *Men*,” upon what does he build his assertion but the vulgar prejudice then in vogue, that the *Men* were the *greater* of the two sexes, which, without troubling himself to examin into it, he leaves as he found it: It not being so much his office as a divine to new mould the laws of the state, as to exhort Christians to conform to their duty, according to the circumstances which those laws subjected them to while unrepeal’d. What St *Ambrose* says, in the place quoted by my adversary, is undoubtedly sufficient to justify the divine equity in punishing *Woman* for her disobedience, by suffering her to become subject to the unjust usurpation of *Man*, whom she had made an accomplice in her crime: And this is all that Father proposes. For he neither proves, nor attempts to prove that usurpation lawful in the *Man*. And if one *Woman* must be own’d, in the single circumstance just mention’d, to have greatly injured the whole rational species, let it be also remember’d that another *Woman* has as greatly repair’d the injury done, by bringing a *Saviour* to the world.

All the invectives he has pick’d out from the *Poets* and *Orators*, will have as little weight with any, even of his own sex, who are disposed to be rational. The great end of these kinds of writers is to please and persuade; and every one knows that with the generality of *Men* probability and appearance of truth serve the same turns as well as truth itself could. No wonder therefore that such gentlemen should have recourse chiefly to exaggerations and hyperboles, as they are most likely to metamorphose good into evil, and evil into good, at their pleasure. One common trick with them is to attribute the properties of a part to the whole, a weakness not discernible to the superficial

part

part of readers for the ornaments of eloquence it is drest in. Thus is it sufficient for them to have known some few *Women* guilty of any one fault to attribute it to the whole sex: And as there are no *Women*, any more than *Men*, but what have some few defects, and there are no defects but what some few *Women* are tainted with; hence they very artfully, tho' basely, charge all *Women* with all defects. And the pretty smooth jingle of words they wrap their accusations in contribute not a little to gain them credit with the vulgar. Whereas let but their pieces be stript of the gaudy trappings of rhetoric which surround it, let the metaphors, quaint sayings, descriptions, similies, antitheses, and other flowers of eloquence, be sifted from them; in a word, let them be divested of all those glittering embellishments of speech, which are apt to dazzle the feeble eyes of the unskilful many, and how excessively empty of truth and argument will they not appear! How full of false reasoning and passion! And how stuff'd with prejudice and calumny!

How weak then is our adversary, to insist so much upon the opinion of *Poets* and *Orators*! If *Euripides*, by the snarling invectives he loads us with in his writings, gain'd the character of a *Woman-bater*; his life and conduct were sufficient to clear him of that imputation: The same may be said of poor *Pittacus*, and for *Tibullus* we know that if he was said to be jilted by his mistress, he gave so little credit himself to the report, that he himself begs it may be stifled. However let them laugh who win: If virtuous *Women* have had the pleasure of triumphing over the deceitful attempts of these peevish wits, these wits ought at least to be indulged the liberty of railing. Indeed *Menander* deservyes a better treatment, for if he has been

Severe

severe against some bad *Women*, it was no more than they deserv'd, as appears from the readiness he shews to do justice to the virtuous many, in the encomiums he bestows on them. He calls a *virtuous WOMAN* the stay of *MAN's* life, and so far is he from considering her as unequal to the husband, that he scruples not to say *she is the helm* (or *PILOT*) of *her* family. *It is beautiful*, cries *MENANDER*, to observe the beauty which appears in the conduct of *WOMAN*. Nay, in another place, he sticks not to add that *WOMAN* is the fairest plant in life. So little is *Menander* of the opinion of my adversary, who quotes him against us with as little reason as he does *Plautus*. For tho' this poet is pleas'd, in the passage quoted, to be a little witty at our expence, to humour the prejudice of a of his sex; yet he elsewhere shews himself of a very different sentiment, by putting into the mouth of one of his personages the following words :

“ In troth the laws are cruel with regard to *Woman*,  
 “ 'Tis base in them to make her life a misery :  
 “ And much more base to make *her's* so than *Man's*.”

Again to shew how much our sex has the start of *Men* in virtue and conjugal fidelity, he makes a contrast between the married of both sexes.

“ The wife thinks only on her own good man,  
 “ But every husband every woman craves.”

And lastly to stop his own sex's mouths entirely, he brings them a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*.  
 “ More widows, *says he*, are to be found than  
 “ widowers.” If this was true in *Plautus's* days, how much more so is it in ours! For one *Woman* who ventures her happiness in a second marriage :  
 How



How many *Men* think it no hazard at all to engage in wedlock a second, nay a third time! And how should this be true, if it were not true that the *Men* find greater choice of virtuous and good qualities among the *Women*, than *these* do among the *Men*?

If my adversary will excuse me for leaving him awhile, I will bring an instance or two to confirm the observation of *Plautus*. *Pulchrina* and *Cornelia* were both left widows in the prime of life. And yet neither the one nor the other have, in twenty years time, found one of all the opposit sex worthy their acceptance: Tho' it has not been for want of a number of suitors; nor for want of as much artifice and courage in the *latter*, as there appear'd virtue, sense, and beauty in the *former*. But *Pulchrina's* first luck was too bad not to deter her from trusting her children's happiness and her own peace to the mercy of a second tyrant. And tho' *Cornelia* had one of the highest tickets in the marriage lottery, it is plain she thought that more than her share, by her never venturing again to put into a bubble where there are so many blanks to one prize; nay, where the best chance is but a kind of blank. For as the polite lord *Lansdowne* says of his sex, and what a *Man* says must be true,

*The best most perfect  
Are so alloy'd, the good so mix'd with bad,  
Like counterfeit'd coin of mingled metal,  
The noble part's not current for the base.*

Not so the *Women*, they are a kind of genuin species, with little or no alloy, but what serves to make their virtues more truly and generally serviceable.

viceable. Else why shou'd the *Men* be so covetous of them as they for the most part shew themselves?

Did not *Hoar-frost's* experience of two wives encourage him, even in his old age, to marry a third? If he had not been practically convinced that there is a felicity in life which none but *Women* can give, and no *Man* can miss, who is once blest with a *Woman*; if his knowledge of *Woman-kind* had not been enough to secure happiness to him in any *Woman* he could pitch upon; would he have subjected a child he loved, and who was capable of being mistress of his family, to the novercal authority of her dirty maid? But the graces which glared through the slime on her face, and the extravagant merit of her homely attire, appear'd a sufficient argument to the widower that any wife is better than none. No wonder therefore that he shou'd be in a hurry to make a third match for himself before he made one for his daughter; since probably he might never have lived to enjoy the blessing of another wife, should he have resolved to wait till he could match his daughter with a *Man* who really deserves her.

It is the same way of thinking that makes *Redivivo* put on, at the decline of life, all the fopperies of a young fellow. It is now, indeed, upwards of three months he has burried an excellent wife, and he is still a widower. But if he did not try to mend his hand in a second, even before she was laid in the ground; it must not be imputed to any dislike he entertain'd of our sex. For tho' during her life time no *Man* was more fatirically arch upon second adventurers than himself, his conduct since her death sufficiently shews his archness to have been only a copy of his countenance. The beauty, wit, and discretion of a dutiful daughter

daughter would suffice to put him off all designs of marrying again, and even render the very thought horrible to him; if the merit he finds in the generality of our sex did not incline him to think that there is no true happiness for *Man* in this world without a wife, and no unhappiness with one. For this reason from a very sloven he is turn'd quite a prig; from a miser, profuse; and from a home-spun *Stoic*, a downright *Epicurean*. He can simper like a *Soupe mitonnée*, can gibe like a country justice, and affects nothing but gallantry, gaiety and politeness; tho' his gallantry is as aukard as an *Oxonian's*, his mirth as stiff as a *Spaniard's*, and his breeding as formal and out of date as that of an old-fashion'd courtier. However his good-will is the same, and the disadvantages he labours under from the deep-rooted habits of irrevocable years he endeavours to repair, or at least hide, with the fervor of his youthful inclinations, which make him an absolutely humble servant to the *Women* in general, from the polite lady to the girl in the kitchen. In reality he has tried his fortune with them in all stations; and has now, for some time, laid close siege to *Jandicia*, for this single merit that, of all the *Women* and *Wenches* he has purr'd about since a widower, she is the first who has return'd him a smile. And yet, did he but know himself, he must see that the same cause makes her pleasant which put the others out of temper. They shrunk with horror at the unnatural sight of a wanton lecher of fifty, and she cannot help tittering at the excessive extravagance of *mannish* pretensions to wisdom, while she sees one of that sex, after having at a very easy rate acquired the character of a wise-man in his younger days, take pains, for the sake of gratifying a fit of lust, to appear a fool in his old age. Still *Jandicia* thinks to have him: She has nothing

to trust to for a support but his wantonness or her own labour; and deems it more adviseable to play upon an old fool, than run the risk of working all her life time for a young knave. And therefore she designs to sell him a very great bargain, in her own person, on the *first* day of next *April*. As my maid is privy to this love affair, *Redivivo* has desired her to think of a posie for the ring, and by my advice she has given him the following one.  
*HO HO!*

It is pretty plain then, to return to my adversary and his company, that the *Men* find not such a dearth of sense and virtue among us as we do among them, any more in our days than in those of *Plautus*. If *Tully* accuses the *Women* of *Avarice*, he is very far from laying his charge so strongly as my antagonist makes him: Tho' *Cicero*, of all *men*, had the least reason to find fault with us. It is well known he was never suspected of the opposit virtue, nor indeed deserved to be so. However his failings would be no excuse for ours, as his bare accusation can be no sufficient proof to convict us of any. The *Orator* but copied from others, as this gentleman does from him: For

*Mankind* each-other's stories still repeat,  
And *Man* to *Man* is a succeeding cheat.

HOWARD.

I am not insensible that many gentlemen of the faculty, have been very long-winded on the different temperament of *Sexes*, to the disadvantage of *our's*. But it was no new thing, even in *Philo's* days, for those gentlemen to affect a great deal of wisdom, at the expence of sense and truth. But let their reasons be examin'd into, and what will they appear but light conjectures, form'd in the shallow

shallow heads of *Men*, guided by prejudice and simple appearances? If a *Man* of *sense* and a *Physician* were either synonymous or analogous terms, I should be cautious how I dissented from their opinion. But as the antipathy is notorious, which reigns between reason and the generality of that unintelligible race, no *Man* of *sense*, without hazarding the reputation of one, can copy any thing they advance. The *Ratcliffs*, the *Freinds*, the *Meads*, are as extraordinary *Phænomena* in the faculty sphere, as an *Atterbury* on the bench, or a *Murray* at the bar: Comets of a happy age which take many centuries in their revolution. To quote then the herd of graduates for judges of *sense* is as absurd as to appeal to the honest gentlemen of the law in a case of conscience.

How is it possible to look at *Pollyplems* and think of *sense*! How much less is it possible to depend on his opinion of it! If what an illustrious author says be true, that *solemnity is the cover of a sot*; his solemn phiz betrays one. A pompous strut, the smiles of self-approving confidence, and something of a tolerable person, set off with a look of consequence, stand him in stead of genius. And for learning, — a loll of state with eyes up-lifted and a leg stretch'd out, the head leant careless on this upright arm, while some important motion waves the other, big words, and faithful lungs stand proxy. *St Paul's* at noon strikes not with more deliberation than he speaks, tho' it gives over sooner. For not even bells can ring so long as he can talk. Yet ever inhumed in native want of thought, in vain he struggles to bring meaning forth. *Self*, big *self*, the constant burthen of the song, ever at odds with *sense*, forbids it elbow-room, and while he speaks so swells each puny tale, that like some huge unwieldy mount in labour,

the loud, slow, grave, mile-measured words his drawing tongue groans out, portend some mighty birth; till when the lengthen'd, irksome, tedious period ends, out pops the silly mouse, *great I*, and only makes you smile. With him every physician is a fool but one: And that must be *I*. *Great I* is statesman, poet, critic and divine. No wonder then if *Pope* and *Swift* should sooner cease to write than he to rail. Not but his doctorship could write as much as they, with the same ease he can out-puff a *Henley*. He'll tell you to a minute the crisis of a patient's death, without telling the dose with which he designs to dispatch him; can affect an intimacy with great *Men*, he neither knows nor is known by; and after walking a mile to save six-pence, can coach it from *Cheapside* to *Batson's* to save appearances. Now must it not be own'd that the doctor has all the qualifications requisite to make a figure in *Warwick-lane*; and yet where but at *Gotham* would *Men* of this stamp be set up for arbiters of sense?

But the *Historians* it seems are less to be objected against, as being *Men* of experience. I would fain ask my adversary whether all *Men* of experience are *Men* of sense, or judges of sense? And tho' it must be granted that a *Man* ought to be a person of excellent sense, who undertakes to write history, yet experience itself has shewn how little sense the major part of *Historians* have been possess'd of. Not that I want to wave the authority quoted against me. *Tacitus* is one of my favourites among this class of writers; which he would not be, if I did not consider him as a *Man* of sense. But still he was a *Man*, and like the rest of *Men* prejudiced in favour of his sex. And therefore I must beg leave to reject his authority, till some reason be alledged from him to support what he says. If  
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he gives some instances of cruelty and ambition in the degenerate part of our sex; he has given many more instances of tenderness, humanity, disinterestedness and other virtues. And tho' history in general can only be consider'd as a kind of tradition of vulgar prejudices, it is very notorious to all, who are in the least conversant in that kind of reading, how much better a figure the *Women* in general make in it than the generality of *Men*. All history, prophane as well as sacred, bears witness to the native greatness and goodness of *Women*, as it does to the infamy of the *Men*.

If here and there a surly philosopher (who by the bye are no less *Men* than my adversary and the rest of his company) is pleased to snap at us in a peevish fit; the froth of his spleen will never be able to tarnish our real glory, in the eyes of such *Men* as have any sense left. And yet *Aristotle* himself, tho' quoted in this number, says in his 8th book of *Animals* that, "*Woman* has more piety, and is of a nobler composition than *Man*." When this philosopher says then that *Women* are unfit and want judgment to govern, to be consistent with himself he must mean it only of *Women*, consider'd in their then and now present circumstance of ineducation. For he himself, while master of *Alexander*, thought it not beneath him to submit to the government of his mistress: Nay, attributes his doing so to the dictates of philosophy, not of love, and even goes so far, as to insist upon his wise-man's engaging in love before he meddles with ruling the state. Why so, but that he may learn of his mistress the art of ruling well? For the truth of this I appeal to *Diogenes Laërtius*. Neither was this great Man the only philosopher who admired our sex. *Socrates* was the ugliest, as well as the wisest *Man* of his time. I say not this in contempt

contempt to his person; for if a *Man* is but one degree above the devil he is handsome enough in conscience. I only mention it to shew that he thought it no breach of wisdom to aim at love in spite of nature. And *Plato*, the divine *Plato*, was not more assiduous in erecting states, than offering incense to the *Archeanassas* of his time; and what had either to do with *Women*, had they not found them capable of adding to their knowledge and philosophy. As why had St *Jerom*, that wise philosopher as well as orator and father of the church, such an esteem for *Women*, as to inscribe many of his works to them? It had been idle if he had not thought them competent judges, and by their judgment capable of adding in their names a lustre to his works.

Let our adversary's *anonymous* author then say what he will, we'll find another to match him on our side, with this addition, that our's cannot only say but give reasons for what he says. 'Tis the *anonymous* author of the Political Aphorisms. "*Women* (says he) in the greatest emergencies and most imminent perils are never at a loss to find a remedy, or to hit on sure expedients. Nay, their counsels are the best resource in all sudden cases. For such is the natural genius of that sex, that in impendent dangers their very first impulses of soul are greatly excellent and happy." Who then more fit to govern states than they. It was this, doubtless, made *Libanius* in his *Academics* say, that "Nothing more becomes a *Man*, who means to shine in state-affairs, than to make it his rule to go from his wife's closet to the Senate-house, and from the Senate to return again to her. For such as follow this rule will be enabled by it to add spirit to their counsels, discernment to their affairs, and reputation to  
" their



“ their administration.” And how could this be, if their counsels and conduct were not assisted and improved by the advice of their wives? Well then might *Plutarch* say, that “ he who takes a wife becomes a perfect master of a family: But he who loses his wife is not only an imperfect but a maim’d one.” For in reality what is he more than a half-headed ruler, who loses at least one half the understanding which help’d to govern?

One would hardly after this imagin it possible for my adversary to quote this very *Plutarch’s* authority to prove us unqualified to govern; if we had not already such flagrant proof of this gentleman’s shameless courage. And what is it *Plutarch* charges us with? Why, among many instances of the spirit of tattle in his own sex, he mentions some few in our’s: Tho’ he no where pretends to say that all *Women* are like them. Had my adversary been a faithful quoter, he would have added the opposit instance that author gives us of *Leena* of *Athens*, who, being engaged in a conspiracy against *Pisistratus*, and fearing lest the exquisit torture she was put to should extort any discovery from her, bit her tongue off. At least since he thought it necessary to reflect on *Fulvia* for her levity, it would have been but fair to do justice to that brave lady’s memory in adding the attonement she made, by poniarding herself to encourage her husband by the like means to avoid the fatal effects of their joint indiscretion. The very same *Plutarch* in another part of his works has recorded the *Women’s* talent for secrecy, in those of *Melita*, of whom, tho’ all were in the conspiracy with their husbands, not one disclosed the secret. And my adversary’s friend *Tacitus* has perpetuated the memory of *Epicbaris*, whom all the cruelties of *Nero* could not induce to betray any of the secrets she

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was privy to in the conspiracy laid against him; But where is the necessity of recurring to foreign climes and distant ages for proofs which our own country and almost our own times can produce. The *Saxon Wonten* were a counterpart to those of *Melita*. And such as have been engaged in plots in this kingdom have shewn as much fidelity to the trusts reposed in them, as any of the *Grecian* or *Roman* ladies recorded by *Plutarch*, *Tacitus*, or any other ancient historians. Let any one but look back into the State Tryals of some former reigns, and they will find what numbers of dastardly squeakers there have been among the *Men*; while neither pillory, whipping, nor hopes of life or fear of death could ever extort a discovery from the *Women* who were concern'd with them. Was there not one exposed to the outrage of the populace in one conspiracy? Were there not three executed in another, and no less than fifteen excepted in a general amnesty? And what lights or helps was the government able to get from any one of them, either by threats or promises? I say not this to commend them for their treason, or obstinacy in persisting in it, but only to shew my adversary that *Women* can keep a secret, tho' it be to their greatest disadvantage so to do. And tho' the being detected in a treasonable conspiracy is no reason why the person who is detected should add to his former guilt, by obstinately persisting in it, yet surely such mistaken *Women* as continue strongly possess'd with the lawfulness of the plot they have (however unlawfully) engaged in, and therefore rather chuse to die than betray their trust, are worthy pity, if not applause. Whereas what pity do those base wretches among the *Men* deserve, who without any remorse of conscience have sacrificed to their own safety the lives of their accomplices, and without any other sorrow for their criminal attempt

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than regret for it's having miscarried, aggravate their treason against their country with treachery to their friends. It is pretty plain that such wretches would have equally sacrificed the most honest cause they could have been concern'd in. As to the contrary it is very natural to believe that, if such *Women*, as we have been speaking of, had been happily embark'd in the true interests of their country, they would have as nobly sacrificed all their private hopes and fears to the faithful discharge of any trust pos'd in them. If *Homer* commends *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* for their steadiness in keeping a secret; he is no less eloquent in the praises of *Penelope* and *Euryclea*, the wife and nurse of *Ulysses*, for the same virtue. *Angerona* was so famous for it that the *Romans* worship'd her for the goddess of *Silence*. And while the mysteries of the *Good Goddess* were wholly in the *Woman's* keeping, the secrecy of them was so inviolably preserved, that the *Men* had no other way to come at the knowledge of them than by sacrilegiously intruding among them, disguised in *Woman's* apparel.

It is quite childish then in our adversary, to argue us incapable of government for want of a spirit of secrecy. It is notorious what gossips the ancients as well as moderns of the male sex have been, the voluminous tattle of many of them is a standing proof of it. *Simonides* and *Xenocrates*, so mightily cried up for their reserve of speech, were as arrant tattlers as any; and both allow that tho' they had never any cause to be displeas'd with having held their peace, they had often found room to regret their prating: A plain proof of their having as little government of their tongues as some of our sex, not one of whom, however, could pretend to vie with a *Ctesiphon*, who valued himself upon being able to chatter a whole day long, upon

any subject that could be started to him; as *Erasmus* tells us, who was not the least chatterer of his time, tho' perhaps one of the least tiresome ones. If the *Latin* editor of *Pindar* is not an idle prater, the *Men* of *Smyrna* are all gossips. The famous *Aristotle* was so egregious a one, that he confesses himself, that nothing seem'd to him less practicable than keeping a secret. Indeed *Pythagoras* was so in love with silence, that he obliged all his scholars to keep a five years taciturnity. But if we may credit gossip *Laërtius*, it was the silence of others that pleas'd him; insomuch that the lust of hearing himself prate made him use that stratagem, not to be interrupted by contradiction. The same *Laërtius* tells us, that *Zeno* thought it a wondrous piece of news to send *Ptolemy*, that there was one old fellow who had learn'd to hold his tongue.

It is surely therefore conscious guilt which makes our antagonist unwilling to trust the safety of his cause to this common-place stuff. No wonder then that after finding his stock of ridicule out, he shou'd have recourse to the mean expedient of arguing from particulars to the general, and, after the drudgery of hunting out three or four silly *Women* who know not how to govern their families, triumphantly conclude that all *Women* are unfit for public government. If we have here and there a *Belluina*, a *Muccabella*, a *Priscilla*, or a *Prudentia*, our adversary will not sure have the face to say we are all like them. At least he would think me very rash to say that every *Man* is a *Hæstorinus*, a *Molybditis*, a *Morio*, a *Hoarfrost*, or *Redivivo*, or to argue from their indiscretion in private life, that all his sex are disqualified from public government. Nay, I'll go farther,

Even *Anarchus*, for what I know, might make an excellent statesman, tho' a wicked manager of his

his private concerns. He is one of the most industrious *Men* living in ordering the affairs of other people, and that may be one reason perhaps why his own are so vilely neglected. The money he squanders, in strolling about collections for others, hinders him from affording a sufficient provision to his own family: And the liquor he guzzles, in making up breaches among his acquaintances, occasions his perpetually breaking peace at home. Abroad he is ever lavishing his substance with alacrity, on such of his fellow-brutes as deserve it the least, and in his own house is as sparing of necessaries to his wife, as he is heedless of the waste in his servants: When he is up he is for ever abusing her, and when a-bed frequently puking upon her. Tho' civil to all besides the public contempt he treats her with strips her of the authority requisite to put a remedy in his absence to the irregularities of her disorderly dependants, which his example when present serves to encourage them in. So that while he, at some tavern or ale-house, is drunk with wine, and sollicitude for every one but those he owes it to; she is struggling with a weight of misery, amidst a wreck of confusion at home, with no other comfort to buoy her up than the solitary solace of expecting a midnight visit from her dear monster, when he shall reel home to load her with ill-usage and filth.

Now tho' this picture be so very like the major part of the *Men*, that few will believe *Anarchus* was the only one who sat for it; yet I am far from arguing from it that all *Men* are unfit for public government. Nothing then but a creature as weak as my adversary, and some of his sex, can conclude from the weakness of some *Women*, a general incapacity in us all for government and public offices. But enough has been said of this

matter, and therefore it is time to proceed to the examination of what our adversary has to object against our capacity for the sciences.

Our adversary takes a great deal of unsuccessful pains to be witty in his common-place jokes upon gibberish; which, if the *Men* will but be honest, they must fairly confess are applicable to as many of their own sex as of ours, and therefore I shall take no trouble to answer or defend it in either. Neither can I be desirous to see any of my sex conversant with the matters of the Law; tho' I believe there are few who would not discharge any duty of it with much more honesty, clearness and dispatch, than the most irreproachable of those *Men* who make themselves so busy with it. I am very ready to give up flagitious *Lolia*, and the universal contempt she was treated with by all my sex, shews she was more the detestation of *Women* than she was of the *Men*. I agree with this gentleman "that to complete a *Man* a knave, it is absolutely necessary to make a lawyer of him." And therefore perhaps is it, that the surest way to advancement among the *Men* is the study of the Law. If they did not in general look on the perfection of dishonesty as a favourite accomplishment, why should they make this the readiest road to promotion? Or if a genius for tricking was not a title to esteem with most of them; why should they not set *Albone* at bay? Why should not their public resentment single him out to ridicule and contempt, as our's does *Lolia*?

*Albone* is no more a lawyer by profession than *Lolia* was, and therefore has no more licence to cozen than she could shew. His trade is that of a gamester: And yet it is hard to say whether he has enrich'd himself most by sharpening at *Mor-daunt's*, or by tricking with letters of attorney the persons

persons he has coax'd them from. He is so deeply read in those instructive books call'd the *Law-Quibbles* and the *English Rogue*, that he can teach a *Man* the art of becoming the latter without seeming such, and could set a *Bailiff*, a *petty-fogging Attorney*, or a *Justice* of the *Quorum*, right in any relating to the former. He has bought goods of a tradesman and arrested him for the money he paid for them; he has paid a fellow eighteen pence for mending his shoes, and then forced three shillings and four pence from him for writing a receipt for it, because the wretch was too poor to contend with him. And empower'd by a young lady to manage her affairs, he has appropriated her money without accounting to her, brought her in debtor to him for articles he had the impudence to forge, and the emptiness not to forge well, turn'd her out of doors in an abusive manner, for refusing to sign away her all to him, without advice of her council, in consideration of his faithful discharge of his trust, and arrested her when he had done for some hundreds he could shew no just right to. And yet *Albone* is a religious *Man* enough, all things consider'd: He no more misses prayers once a day, than he does the gaming-table once a night; a Bible is as familiar with him as a pack of cards; and he is as liberally impartial in distributing his devotions between the ladies and the church, as he is in dividing his *curses* between the poor and the clergy. However, the ladies despise him, the poor hate him, the clergy pity and pray for him in vain, and the church cannot but be disgraced by such a prophane out-law's pretending to be a member of it.

Now tho' I am very wide of thinking that there are many *Men* as base as *Albone*; yet I cannot think any of those who associate with him much better

better: And this I am pretty sure of, that were the *Women* executors of the laws, they would think it a justice due to their own sex, and the few honest persons of the other, to wed with an indissoluble knot him and *Lolia* together by the neck, was she still living, that they might add no more reproach to those laws, by using them as a screen to pervert the ends they were made for.

What I have already said, relating to physic, in my former Treatise, is sufficient to shew that we are no less capable of succeeding and shining in that branch of study than the best of the opposit sex: Nor does it appear that our adversary has any thing solid to object against this. And as for his sarcasm upon the middle-rated gentry of the faculty, let *Polypleme*, and such of them as it affects, fight it out with him.

Unable to say any thing solid against the *Women's* capacity for *History* and *Politics*, the gentleman attempts to be arch upon our sex, tho' at the expence of his own, by craftily calling a late celebrated *Historian* an *Old-woman*. As to this particular I agree with my adversary in his opinion, and if the founder part of his sex are not all as arrant old women as the *reverend* author of the *History of his own Times*, we may add to the catalogue of such an a *Baker*, a *Rapin*, and many others, ancient as well as modern. If *Women* have not been so industrious to signalize their talents in this way, it ought more to be attributed to their innate modesty than to any want of ability in them. The ancient policy was less refined than that of our times, and the interest of princes less inter-woven: So that it must require infinitely less pains to unfold a *Roman History* than one of our *Gazetteers*. Why then may we not be as complete mistresses of  
ancient



*ancient Politics*, as our antagonist seems to allow us to be of the *modern*?

Indeed he does it by way of sneer: Tho' if I have any reason to depend on the veracity of the *Men*, his own sex have less reason to be pleased with his wit upon this subject than we have. For one *Novella* who pesters our drawing-rooms, their coffee-houses can produce hundreds of *Verbosos* as incorrigibly impertinent: Wretches who, without organs for hearing, are perpetually talking of things they know nothing of, will run you over countries they never saw so much as in a map, and settle all *Europe* with the same facility they confound your senses with.

*Etcho* is one of this sort of mongrels, a kind of a half-pay spy, who has just impudence enough to thrust himself into every one's conversation, tho' not sense enough to gather the information necessary to make him useful to his pay-master. He is very intimate with my Attorney, to whom I am obliged for his character. At the *Old-house*, this extraordinary person was lately pointed out to me among the heroes of the pit; and proved at last to be my old acquaintance. I have several times been present when he has signalized the ability of his lungs at a cat-call; and, if I am inform'd right, he is as often busied in saving the drooping nation as in damning a new play. The creature has a good broad phiz of his own, which an uncommon share of self-content has plump'd into arrogance, and the redness of his coat, reflecting a flush on the lividness of his empty looks, gives him a settledness as unalterable as bronze. By the help of these Corinthian talents, he so happily clods into one solid mass, within his own *dura mater*, the seemingly jarring qualities of wit and statesman, that he can preface the fate of a farce before it appears on the stage

stage, and could foretel the event of the present War before it was declared. At *Slaughter's* he concludes a treaty with the *Emperor*, flogs *Don Carlos* for wearing the old breeches of *Broglio*, sails down the *Mediterranean*, sinks a fleet of *French* in a dish of coffee, and takes the *Havanna* when he has done; from thence proceeds to the *Pine-Apple*, with equal expedition enters into an alliance with the *Czarina*, gets a footing in *Florida*, and with one and the same knife hacks a *beef-stake* and a body of *Spaniards* to pieces. Some time ago hearing I had a pretty large acquaintance at this end of the town, he found means, without any personal knowledge of me, to solicit my interest at court for the post of *English* courier from the Prince of *Saxe-Gotba* to the author of the *Fartbing Post*. But *St James's* and *St Martin's* court happening to be divided in their politics, I had not the pleasure of contributing to the promotion of this ingenious gentleman. However as shaving mustaches has nothing to do with party, if he should happen to understand handling a razor as well as state affairs, I am in great hopes of getting him a patent for barber to the *Danish* troops, when they shall be landed in *England*.

In the mean time let the *Novellas* and *Ecchoes* couple together, if the number of the former be at all proportion'd to that of the latter. But let neither *Us* nor the *Men*, if they wish not to forfeit the little sense they have among them, pretend to conclude from such uncommon mortals a general incapacity on either side, for the study of *Politics* or any other useful sciences.

In like manner let not my adversary expose the littleness of his genius, by concluding *Us* all unfit for the study of poetry, philosophy, or any other profitable science, because a *Manly*, a *Bebn*, or a  
*Sapira*

*Saphira*, have shamefully misapplied their talents: For a few shameless *Women* who have prostituted their wit to wanton subjects, how many illustrious ladies have raised the dignity of writing to the highest pitch of sublimity, delicacy, morality, and piety! Whereas among the ablest authors the *Men* have to boast of, how rare is it to find one who does not shed his vicious thoughts on the most sacred subjects!

However great pains my adversary has taken to find out three or four silly *Women* as industrious to expose the levity of their heads or the corruption of their hearts, as the flood of *male* scriblers we are daily overwhelm'd with, I shall take no pains myself to give him a list of the many whose excellence in writing has forced their just praise from the mouth of envy. I shall send no express to *Greece* to fetch thence the nine *Muses*, nine *Sybils*, and nine lyric poetesses. Let *Vossius*, *Midas*, and *Lilius Geraldus*, inform you of *Megalistrate*, and the daughters of *Stesichorus*; of *Eritrean Sappho*, *Demophila* her mistress, *Erinna*, and the three *Theanos*, one the wife of *Pythagoras*, who improved his school after his decease; besides *Cleobulina* the poetess, *Praxilla* another, and *Aspatia Milesta* a poetess and teacher of rhetoric, if we may believe *Plutarch*. Let *Strabo* do justice to the talents of *Hestia*, and *Thesalian Antipater* to the genius of *Nyxis*, while *Tatian* labours for the immortality of *Anytes*. *Athenæus* thought it an ornament to his works to quote the poetess *Hedyle*, and *Diogenes Laërtius* deem'd it no disgrace to *Plato* to give him for company his fair disciples *Lasthemia* and *Axiothea*, besides the beautiful *Hipparchia*, whose life in particular he disdains not to write; in which he celebrates her as a lady equally excellent in dramatic poetry ethics and philosophy. We need but recur to *Diogenes Halicarnassæus* and *Longinus*, two of the ablest critics of  
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their times, to learn the merit of *Sappho*, whose odes, spite of their *mannish* prejudice, they prefer'd to any of their own sex's for a standard of wit and accuracy. But what will my adversary say, should I dare to mention two other *Grecian* ladies? The one is *Talesilla*, that famous Woman, who to an excellent poetess added the character of a heroin, and signalized her courage by spiriting up and heading her country-women to victory over the *Spartans*, who came to surprize them in the absence of their husbands: The other is *Corinna*, who five several times gain'd a compleat victory of wit over *Pindar*, the best lyric poet of his sex, as *Propertius* relates the story.

Was I but to name the illustrious ladies who have added lustre to the sphere of learning among the *Romans*, I should never have done. *Quintilian* has said enough of *Cornelia*, *Sallust* of *Sempronia*; and for *Sulpicia*, *Cornificia*, *Polla Argentaria*, and *Helpine*, the wives of *Lucan* and *Boëtius*, who had no small share in the works of their husbands, as well as *Proba Falconia* and others, I shall refer my adversary to *Vossius's* account of them. If this gentleman had travel'd through *Italy*, *Spain*, *France* and *Germany*, he might have heard of many of those learned names, which *Jacobus a S. Carolo* has been at the pains to register in his library of *learned Women*. Had he ever read *Voiture* and *Balzac* he would have found that there have been some *Men* of sense, who could both acknowledge and admire learning and wit in a *Woman*. Or was he at all conversant in the republic of literature he could not be unacquainted with the merits of *Made-moiselle Le Fevre*, afterwards *Madam Dacier*, and *Madam Scuderie*; to the former of whom we owe many excellent translations, and valuable criticisms on the *Greek* and *Latin* poets; and to the latter  
several

several curious essays, besides the share she had in those of her brother's. I don't suppose he has so much as heard of Signora *Cornara*, probably still living, who before she attain'd the age of thirty was perfect mistress of seven different languages, and all the branches of polite learning, besides having gone through a compleat course of every Science dependent on Philosophy, with such success as to attract the admiration and esteem of the greatest Princes and *Men* in *Europe*. Neither can I think he ever heard the least mention made of Madam *Gournay* of *France*, who publish'd a treatise on the equality of the sexes, or of Signora *Marinella* of *Italy*, who wrote another on the superior nobility of the fair sex: And tho' he has got by rote the name of Madam *Scburman*, sure he could not be acquainted with either her writings or her talents: Otherwise he might have spared me the pains of quoting the names of these illustrious ladies, who might themselves have spared the trouble of writing in defence of the *Women*, as they themselves were the best arguments of it's superior capacity. Tho' most people who know any thing know it, lest our adversary should not, I shall beg leave to inform him that this last mention'd lady was perfectly versed in the *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Chaldaic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *German*, *Spanish*, *English*, *French*, *Flemish*, and *Dutch* languages; was a pretty poet in them all, was mistress of every branch of *Philosophy*, and to her universal knowledge of the sciences added a delicate taste in the polite amusements of *Painting* and *Music*, and all this before she was completely thirty years old.

I might be expected to pay some compliment to the eminent ladies of my own country: But I cannot think it in the least necessary. Let it suffice that *Erasmus* has given us the account of Sir

*Thomas More's* daughters, without mentioning those of *Sir Nicholas Bacon*, not behind hand with the former for wit or learning. As for lady *Pembroke*, *Sir Philip Sidney* has immortalized her genius; and for the parts and extensive knowledge of *Mary* queen of *Scots*, lady *Winchelsea*, Mrs *Philips*, and many other *English* geniuses and poetesses of our sex, their best panegyric is the modesty with which they labour'd to conceal their abilities. But for this obstacle they have put to their fame, the *Women* of *Great Britain* might shine in equal numbers, and with the same lustre as those of *Greece*, *Rome*, or any other country, as the list of truly learned *Women* in general might for ought I know far exceed that of the solidly learned of the opposit sex. At least were the bare familiar letters of both sexes to be produced for a trial of wit between both, I fancy the *Men* would be the first to put in a demur.

It is more than plain then, that whenever the *Women* have been upon any degree of equal advantage with the *Men*, they have always run at least parallel with them in most things, and even outstript them in some particulars; and that there are almost an infinity of our sex, who had they had the like advantages would have made an equal progress with them in useful knowledge.

And yet tho' from the cradle the softest sex gives the fairest hopes, such is the unjust partiality of the *Men* to the blockheads of their own, that all the advantages of education are wholly reserved for them. The greatest care is taken to form and improve their minds; and the poor *Women* are left to loiter away life in indolence and ignorance, or at best are employ'd in such offices only as the *Men* think the lowest and most servile.

In fact nothing is omitted to give our sex a degenerate way of thinking, and to reduce them to as narrow a way of acting. All their science is confined to the needle; and the looking-glass is the great oracle they are taught to consult for their deportment. The industry with which the business of dress is inculcated to a young girl makes her give up her favourite hours to it. The ogles, the sighs, the love-tales, the encomiums on her beauty, and the fulsome compliments she is eternally pester'd with, decoy her unawares into placing all her happiness in being admired, and contribute to fill her mind with vanity and impertinence. Dancing, reading, writing, and playing a soft tune, are the sum of her compleatest education; the books her *Father* or *Guardian* stocks her study with are at best a treatise or two of devotion, a few play-books, and a set of romances; and all her entertainments are limited to balls, operas and fashions. Such of our sex as distinguish themselves by useful and instructive books they have seized with utmost difficulty, and often by stealth, are frequently forced to hide them from the eyes of the *Men*, whose envy is ever ready to sneer them out of the true knowledge of themselves and the world: Nay, they are forced to hide them even from such of their own jealous companions as have carlily lost a relish for the like entertainments, thro' the crafty practices of the *Men* they have been ruled by.

So that there is no wonder, if *Women* being bred in this limited manner should sometimes be guilty of oversights when they are engaged in a marriage state; which they are but too often inhumanly forced into against their inclinations, and even without so much as being consulted, like *Negroes* bought and sold at a *West-India* fair,

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And yet notwithstanding all the advantages which the *Men* have engross'd to themselves, and all the disadvantages they have laid *Women* under, there needs but a common degree of observation to perceive that the case of the two sexes is like that of two brothers of the same parents; between whom this is the only great difference, the elder got the start in coming into the world, and the younger makes the best figure in it. To be convinced of this we need only compare them together, or converse with them apart. The *Women* are stately and graceful in their carriage, uniform and prudent in their actions, reserved and yet easy in their conversations, and their words are generally a flow of sense and sincerity. The *Men* on the reverse are for the most part odd and antic in their gestures; rash and unsettled in their conduct; forward, loose, weak and vicious in their language. When *Women* express their thoughts, their words cost them nothing, order is ease to them, and fancy supplies them with inexhaustible funds. If a question is started to them, they have the point at once, they view it with one glance in all its lights; and, when they find it worth an answer, return such a clear, succinct and decisive one, as renders a reply often needless. They are neither fond of contradiction nor addicted to dispute, and are generally averse to those technical hard and scientific terms, with which the generality of pretenders to learning of the other sex stuff their works. Wherever they are free enough to give their own opinion, it is so squared with sense, so suited to time and place, and so mix'd with sweetness and decency that it seldom fails to insinuate into the minds of their company, like the genial warmth of temperate sun-shine into the bowels of nature. Whereas what the *Men* utter is mostly



mostly dry, rustic, barren, and obscure. What is most unintelligible first attracts their attention, because the nearest to mystery. In a word, the generality of *Men*, whom the world calls learned, are a species of over-topt mortals who seem to have stuff'd their heads with study only to confound their understanding. Nothing comes easily from them; and such is the labour they are at in digging for expression, that they either lose the thought, or throw it out, in a manner which makes them appear but like drudges, employed by the nicer artists of our sex to cut diamonds from a rock: The rough and shapeless things they hew out we are forced to polish and give lustre and play to. Nay, some of them have but just enough vivacity to distinguish them from rocks themselves; and whatever lustre and value they may intrinsically possess are but so many buried treasures till we take them in hand.

*Occiput* is one of these rough diamonds, a meer unpolish'd being, all brilliancy within, but so outwardly beset with awkwardness that every smooth coxcomb, tho' of less value than a *Bristol-stone*, appears with more lustre in public. With a lively penetrating genius he possesses solidity of judgment, both which the advantage of liberal studies has greatly improved; and thanks to his own industry and good taste, as well as to the assistance of reading and masters, he has acquired an extensive knowledge in books and *Men*: A lawyer by profession, by talent a poet; prodigious! He is the one without dishonesty and the other without vanity, and yet bids fair for raising his fortune by his business, and his reputation by his amusements. A modest candid and ingenious critic of other *Men's* works, he shews himself an accurate sprightly author in his own. Who would not think it an advantage to so  
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much personal merit for the person to be set in full view? But! if perusing his productions you wish to converse with the Man, when you view himself you are strangely tempted to fancy him incapable of conversing with you. With *Coke* and *Horace* he is all alive; but take him from both and he seldom appears half awake. In company he is ever sneaking behind, as if ashamed of his companions, or afraid they should be ashamed of him: And indeed, but for his head and his heart, his garb and his gait would almost justify their being so. His cloaths, which generally look the refuse of *Monmouth-street*, would fit any one better than him; and his wig made of the beard of old *Aaron*, which innumerable showers have wash'd all the oil off, and succeeding sun-beams have rectified into rushes, gives him such a felonious look, that without knowing something of him no one could well be mentally present where he is, for consulting the safety of the pockets. Then, he never erects his head but in making a bow and on other occasions when an easy bending of the neck is becoming; he walks as if he thought all joints useles but in the hips and shoulders; to guess by their motion you would take his legs for a pair of stilts, and either arm for the swing of a pump. But when he stands or sits, his whole body is bent like the stalk of a Poppy under the weight of it's flower, or rather like a collier's back under a bushel of coals. If he is silent, he looks as if he had nothing to say; and when he talks, seems afraid of what he says. Tho' what ever he utters is good in itself and quite to the purpose, it comes from him like counterband tea, with such confusion, false modesty, and so seemingly by stealth, as makes one almost cautious of dealing with him. The truth is he considers satire as a general excise upon wit, which, tho' no one has less

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cause to be uneasy about, a kind of intellectual avarice makes him unwilling to submit to. Wherefore, like a covetous trader, rather than pay the usual custom for the large creditable commerce of a fair dealer, he chuses to confine himself to the narrow sphere of a smuggler in conversation. No wonder then his conversation is without spirit, his delivery without grace, and his carriage without dignity: All which is owing to the want of that modest assurance which conscious worth ought to give him. Desirous of steering the mid-way between levity and dulness, the dread of falling into one extreme jostles him into another. In running at a break-neck rate from the ridicule of others, he stumbles into lampooning himself; forfeits in trifles the wisdom he pursues, and the fools he has the head to despise he has the weakness of heart to under-act for fear of seeming like them. Now must it not be own'd that, if *Occiput* has parts and learning, he has them to very little purpose; since they serve only to make him appear a *slovenly, formal, aukward Scholar*? And yet I will not, to mimic my adversary, say, that it is happy this gentleman is not married. I am rather disposed to think it a pity he should not be married before his outward coat of oddities be too much harden'd into habit for a wife to polish away. If any of our sex was to take him in hand, in all probability she might gradually smooth him into *ease*, laugh off his formal bashfulness, and at the small expence of a genteel suit of cloaths, a new wig, a little powder and oil, and a few lessons from *Glover*, mould the rustic scholar into a compleat gentleman, by finishing to convince him that it is no ornament to a *Man* of sense to make the figure of a fool; nor any blemish to the merit of an honest *Man* to dress like one.

If there be any truth in that prevailing notion that where both parents have sense, the children seldom have much; I would by no means propose a match between this gentleman and the learned lady my adversary's acquaintance. For tho' I give little credit to the library which he has been pleased to provide her with, and which could not contribute to make her what he confesses her to be; yet from the sketch he has given of her natural parts, it appears that her oddities and *Occiput's* are owing to the same cause, and a little matter would finish both the compleat persons they are capable of being: And therefore I think it highly unfit they should be *Man* and wife, however like one another; lest they should beget such another wit as our adversary.

However at his return to *England*, I think it would be very proper to publish the banns between *Campo-bianco* and my adversary's *Dromonia*. For if it be true that the wisest children are the offspring of a fool and a mad-man, why may it not be as probable that a cross breed of oafish fanaticism and wild enthusiam should produce an orthodox babe of grace. If *Dromonia* is silly to an extravagance of bigotry, *Campo-bianco* is frantic to the utmost fury of senseless zeal. Commission'd by a solemn squint of devotion, the swelling of self-applause, and the gnawings of envious want of merit, he can preach anarchy up to the eminence of Christian obedience, blow pride to the warmth of religious ardour, and deal out damnation by wholesale at the expence of the clergy. A zealous apostle of Satan, he can look the saint and put on the similitude of an angel of light, to make the good rebel and the wicked blaspheme through despair. He can thin Churches by Church authority, overthrow Scripture by its own words, cant virtue out of practice,  
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and religion into confusion. He has bilk'd the poor of their industry, the rich of their money; rob'd one half the people of their senses, the other half of their conscience; talk'd libertines out of all hopes of repentance, the virtuous into diffidence of their salvation, and deprived church and state of the means to rectify this disorder by the contempt he has rail'd them into. Nay, a meer ecclesiastical prig, by an odd kind of miracle, he has at once render'd venerable and ridiculous the most contemptible fopperies, by a formal coalition of jarring ones in his own grotesque figure: Has ranted a coxcomb's toupee out of buckle in a smartly frosted bob, puff'd away the powder from one young girl's locks without ruffling his own, and with his gold-watch in his hand preach'd poverty to another so pathetically, that he had melted the golden pride on her manteel into solid humility in his own purse, if he had not been unluckily defeated with a smart repartee by the serpent of her wit.

However if this solid Divine should have too high an opinion of his own country to entertain any hopes of gulling it a third time, and *Dromonia* too mean a one of *Pensilvania* to hazard a voyage thither; let her not despair of a husband, while *Puzzle-Conscience* is in being. This worthy personage without being a Divine has all the merit requisite to qualify him for a Mitre, as Mitres are sometimes bestow'd. He is one of your good sort of *Men*, whose goodness, not unlike some of our *English* country roads, is excellent at bottom; but (as the peasants express themselves) *there's a woondy woy to't*. Blest with an energetic corpulence of flesh and a happy broadness of visage, where native dulness ranges through every feature unhaunted by the shadow of meaning, he looks a very bishop for gravity. His brain the pasture-ground of folly, ignorance,

and bigotry, like a heath of fern and furz, is a kind of *vacant plenitude*, if I may call it so, of scriptural Texts and common-place arguments fitted for every religious topic; which by the help of an all-inspiring pipe of Tobacco and a pot of porter he often applies with uncommon success. The fairness of his wig, the smugness of his dress, which for an old beau is smart enough, and a fortunate settledness of phiz, add such force to his discourse, that after some hours talk he seldom fails to convince you that he is very earnest about something that is designedly good, tho' you cannot tell what. He is so eaten up with the zeal of the house of the Lord as to retain but little for himself; and therefore if he is impertinently forward in rebuking his neighbours for their conduct, they are the more obliged to him as his charity renders him solicitous to make others as good Christians as he thinks he is. If you copy not after him, he will be friendly enough to tell you of your mistake; and if you do, it is a hundred to one but he alters his practice, convinced that that cannot be lawful for him to do which he sees done by frail sinners. Nor is he more sparing in his pious reproofs to the clergy than to the laity; he has consulted a body of Divines about a lady's dropping asleep in Church, and the manner of their own behaviour out of it; he once ask'd me, piously staring me out of countenance, whether I ever said my prayers with sincerity; and to shew his own sincerity another time ask'd a reverend clergyman, with graceful seriousness, whether he ever committed fornication after he was in orders: Nay, I am told, he designs, if ever the Convocation should set again in his time, to propose for their advancement in perfection that all Church-men shall go cloath'd in sack-cloth, and wear linen a groat a yard cheaper than winnow-sheets.

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I must confess that such geniuses as these out-top the abilities of our sex for divinity, as most of the philosophic tribe of that sex distance us in trifling with the sciences. But however we may be excluded from the sacred studies by the laws of God, for the reasons I have already hinted in my former Essay; yet I defy the *Men* to prove from any arguments divine or human, that we are by nature unqualified for Divinity, or by any laws of God or nature prohibited or discouraged every other commendable science; or even that we are less or not more capable of succeeding in the study of them than any of the *Men*.

Indeed as I have already observed, we have no share with them in the external advantages leading to them; but are we therefore incapable of them. To convince us of this the *Men* should prove that the reason why we are not admitted to them is because we are essentially unable to reap any benefit from them. But this they will find an impracticable task. Whereas it would be no difficult matter to prove that the very reason why they themselves acquire so very little benefit from the sciences is the confused notion they have of them in general.

One grand vulgar error which has crept into *Philosophy*, thro' the extravagance of mannish learning, is the very great distinction made among the sciences. Infomuch that to follow their round-about methods of teaching them it is impossible to find any coherence in them; and hence perhaps it is that human understanding is consider'd in so limited a light, as to be thought incapable of excelling in many sciences. If we hunt this chimera up to it's source, we shall find it to proceed from the same cause with that which influences their weak opinion of *Woman-kind*, to wit, *Prejudice*: Which, confounding *Custom* with *Nature*, takes the disposition of different persons to different sciences for an effect

effect of natural temperament, when in reality it is more often the casual effect of necessity, chance, or education. So that would the *Men* once make a sacrifice of prejudice to reason, how plainly might they not see that there is in fact but one great science in the world, whence all the rest, like so many branches from their trunk, are natural emanations; which is, the knowledge of ourselves and all external objects according to their manner of affecting us. The rest of all our knowledges are dependent on this, and this well understood the others proposed in order and method have no greater difficulty, nor any thing in them which the meanest *Women* are not as capable of reaching as the greatest *Men*. The *Ideas* of natural objects are absolutely necessary, and these are form'd in all after the same manner. *Adam* and *Eve* had them, as we have: We first received them as children now do, and they have no other way of entrance into the minds of *Men* than of *Women*, both acquire them by the use of the senses.

There is nothing more wanting than sensation reflection and attention in observing the different appearances of nature, to discourse on their effects. By the help of these any one will be capable of remarking that the luminous bodies in the heavens are of an igneous nature, since they both warm and light us as our terrestrial fires do; and to judge of their motion and courses, there needs no more than comparatively to consider their different and successive appearances by the help of telescopes. Now whoever are able to contain great designs in the mind, and set the springs of them in agitation, may with equal ease and exactness turn there the whole machine of the world, if they are but careful to remark it's different appearances. The mind is always in action, and she who has once observed the



main springs of nature, and knows how it proceeds in one thing, may without much drudgery discover it's manner of operating in another: There are but different degrees between the impressiion made by the *Sun*, and by a spark of *Fire*; nor is there any other difference than that of more or less, essential or participative, in all the analogies of nature. So that to become perfectly versed in them all there is neither required excessive strefs upon the mind, nor violent exercise of the body.

In works of fancy there is much more industry and genius wanting, as they are arbitrary, and not to be perfected so much by rule as by strength of judgment and delicacy of taste; which is the reason perhaps why few *Men* succeed in them so well as the *Women*. This is evident in the works of the needle, the tent, and the loom: Where very great skill judgment and dexterity are required to distribute the threads, to mingle the colours, to diversify the shades, to observe the proportions on a canvas, and so place the figures as neither to join them too close nor place them too much asunder; to link the threads together and render the knots imperceptible; in a word to place no more in one rank than in another, neither to croud the scene nor leave it too bare, and so to play with art as to conceal it's assistance, and make the whole look with the easy air of one of nature's frolics. To arrive to any perfection in this there is need of invention; whereas to become mistress of the sciences, a *Woman* has nothing more to do than to inspect with order works already done, compleat in their kind, and ever uniform. And such *Women*, as fail of success in the study of them, miss their aim more from the want of skill and method in their masters, than from the obscurity of the objects themselves or their own incapacity. For if we  
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seriously consider we shall be obliged to own that every one of the rational sciences requires much less genius and time than is necessary to reach to any excellence in tapestry, point, or embroidery, in which the *Women* undeniably far excel the *Men*.

The cause then of the *Men's* thinking that so much trouble is necessary to acquire a few knowledges, is the tautology with which they crowd their methods of attaining to them. To make their pupils reach one necessary truth, they often lead them a wild-goose chase through many unprofitable ones. All their knowledge generally consists in a confused history of other *Men's* sentiments who have gone before them; hence most *Men* reposing on custom and the credit they give to their masters, few have the good fortune to gain a clear conception of things for want of a natural and concise method in studying them. And therefore perhaps one reason why *Women*, when they apply to the sciences, make so much greater proficiency in less time and with less labour than the *Men*, is their having a greater brilliancy of parts and solidity of judgment to enable them to steer the shorter way to truth.

The two great ends for which we apply ourselves to study are undoubtedly to attain to a true knowledge of things, and by that knowledge to soar to virtue. Now if one truth will not choak the *Men*, they must own that the major part of our sex are in possession of virtue, which they could not be, without sufficient knowledge to acquire and retain it. Wherefore since knowledge is the handmaid to virtue, and the *Women* in possession of this, it is the peculiar praise of most of them to have gain'd the principal advantage of all sciences without the opportunity of studying them, while all the study of the *Men* seems useful only to widen them from the great end they were design'd for.

It cannot then be doubted that the *Women*, who make such excellent use of the little knowledge they are allow'd, would infinitely surpass the *Men*, had they an equal share with them in the advantages of education: Since it is very visible that they have much more natural capacity and disposition for improving it. But as it is, granting an equal capacity in both sexes, 'tis a greater wonder that there ever should have been one learned *Woman*, than it would have been had all the *Men* been so, if we do but consider the inequality of education given to the two sexes.

It is commonly believed that *Turks*, *Barbarians*, and *Moors*, are not so capable of learning as *Europeans*. And yet should we once see half a dozen *Æthiopian* Doctors at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, eminent in the sciences they profess'd, we should entertain a better notion of them. And surely *Women* deserve at least as much justice from the *Men* as *Savages* do, and may claim as much right to their altering their opinion. Shou'd a *Man*, on account of the ignorance which at present prevails in *Greece*, tell a *Grecian* that all his countrymen are naturally incapable of studying the sciences; must he not blush if he had any grace left, to hear the *Grecian* quote him the illustrious names of a *Plato* an *Aristotle*, and many other ancients of equal parts and learning? And what would he have to reply, if the *Grecian* should add, that if his country is not as famous for learning now as it was formerly, it is for want of the same advantages? Let our adversary then say — may not the *Women* in general make use of the same reasoning? There have been many *Women* illustrious for parts and learning; and if there are not (which I very much question if the veil of modesty was thrown aside) as many now as there have been in former

ages, it is because they have not the same advantages they then had. But does their not having those advantages annul their right to them?

It has been deem'd necessary for the security of contracts and the peace of families, that such as with a good conscience have been in a long and immemorable possession of the goods of fortune should not be liable to the disturbance of after-claims. But it never was heard of that a person, who, by ignorance, neglect, or the surprize of others, has fallen from his just right, may not try all lawful means to recover his property; and his incapacity of possession was never consider'd as natural but only civil.

As the same goods of Fortune can not at once be possess'd by different persons, it is reasonable to maintain the actual possessors of them with a good conscience in possession of them to the prejudice of very ancient proprietors. But it fares not thus with the goods of the mind: Against them there can be no prescription; but however long we have been excluded from them, our right of *Replevin* continues inalienable. Every rational being has a right to good sense, and all that is intelligible. Reason is absolutely unlimited in her jurisdiction over mankind; we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us, and if some cannot use the objects of sense with the same facility as others, all have an equal right to them. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminish'd by communication. On the contrary the more they are participated the more useful and pleasing they are. The greater the number of persons employ'd in the search of them is, the sooner their enquiries will meet with success, and the more ample they must be; and therefore had both sexes been equally busied in them, how much  
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ampler would not their discoveries now have been than they really are! Knowledge and truth then are goods exempted from any prescription, and consequently so are the sciences by which they are to be attain'd! So that such of our sex as have been deprived of them hitherto have a right of re-entry without any injury to those *Men* who are in possession of them. And they only, whose interest it is to rule weak minds by opinion and shew, have any reason to apprehend our re-establishment in our right; for fear the sciences becoming as familiar to us as to them we should eclipse all their glory, and shew the littleness of their geniuses by the greatness of our own.

Their cowardice then in excluding us from the sciences is nothing inferior to their insolence in upbraiding us with the want of them. They first make laws and customs to deprive us of learning and then blame us for ignorance. They keep us from the conversation of *Men* of sense, and then are angry for our conversing with fools, tho' not from choice but necessity. Nay pretend to prove us fools ourselves, because we have none of their sex to entertain us but fools. I agree with my adversary that it is no bad rule to judge of people by the company they are fond of; but surely our judgment must be wrong, when we pretend to judge of their merit by the company which is fond of them. I have heard of a Taylor's being in love with queen *Bess*, but am not therefore convinced that she was so with the Taylor. Nay, once I was told of a Footman's being immoderately vain of having been treated very familiarly by the late king of *Sardinia*, when the whole familiarity amounted only to the king's having given him a kick with a *Sirrah* get out of my way. And were the fops and coxcombs, who intrude themselves among

us, capable of doing justice to us or themselves ; they would have little better favours to boast of from us. But granting some to be fond of their company, it is quite stupid to argue that all our sex are silly creatures, because those few are so. Let but a fair comparifon be made and the oppofit truth will appear.

What a prodigious deal of time and money is generally fpend to make the *Men* fit for fomething ; feven years of fchool, as much at college, and often half as much in travels : Which after all ferve only to compleat them clowns, fops, dunces or pedants ; while the *Women*, without any of thefe expenfive aids, make appear a fine understanding well improved, at an age when the others but begin to learn the neceffity of hiding their folly and ignorance. Whatever then our adverfary may be difpofed to fay or think, experience fhews that the generality of *Women* learn under all difadvantages to make a better ufe of fenfe than the *Men* do : And if there are fome incorrigible fools among us, I am fure they are fools at much lefs coft and pains than thofe of the other fex.

To prove the fuperior genius of *Womankind* it is almoft fufficient to behold them : Their look and air is more fenfible, ftately, and happy than the *Men's*. In *Women* the forehead is generally lofty and large, the eyes lively and quick, and the whole vifage full of vivacity, which are ufual marks with Phyfiognomifts of wit and judgment. And their brain being generally temper'd with heat and moifture, which renders the mind quick and piercing, they have moftly an excellent imagination, a ready invention, and an eafy difcernment. Their memory is for the moft part happy and their fancy fprightly ; they reprefent things with a pleafingnefs that is quite infinuating, they  
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are confessedly fortunate in their expression, and much readier than the *Men* in finding out turns and expedients the minute they are wanted. The natural wit of *Women*, with a little application, will suffice to acquire them a solidity of judgment: And many of them have shewn it with as much delicacy as the most learned of the opposite sex.

This is so true that the ablest authors have generally shewn more apprehension for their works, from the criticism of the ladies, than of any of their own sex. For my own part, I must confess I am much less concern'd about the judgment the *Men* will pass on this little Treatise and my former one, than I am about the fate they will meet with from judges of my own sex. I am sensible that the many defects which may be found in both cannot escape their penetration. The style is not equal nor the expressions proportion'd to the dignity of the subject. I have omitted, even purposely, many weighty observations, which might have greatly illustrated some points which I have touch'd upon but slightly, and many subjects I have totally neglected, which had been of themselves worthy consideration. But let the character I write in plead my excuse. Had it been possible for me to change sex and yet retain the honest impartiality which inspires me at present; I might have spoken much bolder truths. But as I happen to be a *Woman*, many noble things I might say to their praise, tho' I have not the least share in them, would be look'd upon as fustian compliments paid myself, if I spoke them; as they are generally taken for the excrescencies of gallantry in those *Men* who are honest enough to *Women* to do them justice.

Neither am I ignorant that some ladies will be angry with me for what I have said, however conscious they are of the truths I have advanced. That  
modesty

modesty which leads them into the mistake of concealing their own superior merit, and the fear they are in of incensing the irrational tyrants of the other sex to redouble their ferocity will make them look upon this as a rash attempt, which instead of healing their wounds will only be a pretext for their Butchers to gall them with fresh ones. But let them reflect that if the *Men* of sense and spirit can but be reason'd out of following the example of the fools and cowards they have to deal with; these will easily be shamed and scared into using *Women* better, to cloke that baseness which actuates them. For it is very remarkable that nothing is more subject to fear and shame than that bullying race who ill-treat their wives; as nothing could spirit a *Man* to lord it over a *Woman*, but that heartless cowardice which makes him fond of insulting the only creature he has a power over, from the single consideration of his having more brutal strength, and a legal authority to exert it. Besides let such of my fair readers, as may be disposed to think I have carried some things too far, reflect that I have no where gone beyond the strictest rules of truth; and if I have too strongly proved our right to an equal share of power, dignity and esteem with the *Men*, and our natural capacity of surpassing them, I have notwithstanding never aim'd at wresting the power they are in possession of out of their hands. On the contrary, let all I have advanced be candidly consider'd, it will be found that I have declared openly against it. I have indeed in my former treatise, and again in this, endeavour'd to spirit my sex to have that just esteem for themselves which is requisite to force the *Men* to pay them that esteem which is their due. If any blame me for this let them reflect on the advice of *Pythagoras*: *Above all things*



*things be sure to have a due respect for yourself.*  
 If we think meanly of ourselves; how can we be surpris'd if that ungenerous sex should lay hold of it to load us with the contempt we seem conscious of deserving. No, the only way to force those unjust creatures to do us justice is to be just to ourselves, by the improvement of our minds, the enrichment of our hearts, and such a conduct as may convince them that if we are content to be subject to them it is not for want of talents to command them. I am for shewing them that our submitting to act in a more confined sphere is only owing to the superiority of our virtue, and the want of that avarice, arrogance, and ambition which are the great inspirers of the best actions of most of them.

The only indulgence then I have to crave from my fair partners in oppression is, that such of them as modesty, humility, or contracted timidity, may have induced to be displeas'd with some strokes of mine, would favour the whole of what I have written with a second perusal; in order to qualify themselves for judging justly and unprejudic'dly. If they do this, whatever faults they may find with the method or expression, for being so short of the delicacy of their own talent and taste, I am confident they cannot disapprove of the reasoning and design. I have no where been for the *Women's* departing from their character: But have aim'd wholly at giving it it's true lustre, by shewing that the modesty, meekness, humility and reserve, which are so inseparably blended with it, are no arguments of their wanting sense, courage, conduct, and spirit, to act in a much superior sphere than they chuse to do. If I have not treated this subject in so compleat a manner as some of my sex now in being are capable of  
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doing, I frankly own it to be more owing to want of genius than of matter. I was conscious indeed from my first setting out, that among the infinite arguments I could produce of the superior talents of *Woman* the visible littleness of my own would appear a perplexing argument against me. Still an irresistible love of truth, spite of all disadvantages, made me resolve to do the rest of my sex all the justice I was capable of, however I might suffer by having it done to myself. If there be any rashness in this, I am content that such of my sex as are capable of excelling me in such an undertaking should blame my forwardness, provided they will give me leave to blame them in turn for their remissness, in not exerting their abilities in so just a cause. For the rest I shall regret no freedoms which any ladies may think proper to take with my slender productions, if they will but indulge me the innocent liberty of exhorting them to apply themselves to the sciences, without regarding the little reasons of the *Men*, whose jealousy is so industrious to divert them from the improvement they might thence gather. Truth and knowledge are the only objects worthy their being solicitous after; and these they have a mind capable of reaching in the most perfect manner. It is therefore an indispensable duty in them to put themselves in a condition to avoid that reproach, which the stifling truth and knowledge in ignorance and indolence would justly bring upon them. Neither have they any other way to guard themselves from the error and surprize to which they are perpetually exposed, whose knowledge is but a kind of collection of oral traditions, for the truth of which they have little better than *Gazetteer* authority. In a word they have no other certain means to

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secure happiness to themselves through life by a steady pursuit of virtue and prudence.

What advantages and delight may they not reap from a serious application to useful studies, as well when they are in company as in private. The satisfaction they taste in hearing others discoursing on elevated subjects may suffice to give them some idea of the exquisite pleasure they may reap by being enabled to treat upon them themselves. They might by such means render the most trivial topics of conversation sovereignly profitable and pleasant, by treating them in a more elegant manner than the vulgar do. And by joining to that delicacy of manners, which is their undisputed property, a fund of useful knowledges with a solidity of reasoning, they must affect their hearers with pleasure, improvement and admiration. What entertainment, delight and reputation then would not their drawing-rooms afford them, if changed into academies! And with what solid peace and recreation would not their very retirement be attended! Never less alone than when alone, how many solitary hours would they be able to fill with advantageous amusements! How many melancholy thoughts would be dissipated by the pleasing pensiveness of mind-engrossing study! How many griefs expell'd by the solace of philosophy! How many soul-dilating comforts might they inhale from the lecture of well-written books! How many diverting voyages and journies might they take over a globe! How widely might they range the world, penetrate to the very center of the earth and seas, or soar to the highest heavens on the wings of fancy, without danger, expence, or the pains of stirring from their closets! How little time would they then find occasion for means to assassinate! Or rather how sollicitous would they then be to

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multiply their minutes to hours, their days to months, and their years to ages! The thirst of learning which the bare taste of truth is capable of giving would make them live an eternity by anticipation, and grasp an infinity of knowledge in imagination and wish.

Such of my sex as have been early so far infected by the artifice of the *Men* as to have only an ambition to please may by the help of study gratify even that weakness, and render it both useful to others and un hurtful to themselves. The beauty of the mind, which is to be attain'd only by a proper application to study, cannot but add a double lustre to their native charms. *Women* of very ordinary persons, who are but witty and provided with useful knowledge, are generally esteem'd by both sexes; and however homely they may appear, their advantages of mind cultivated by study so amply supply the scantiness of natural graces and fortune, that we often see them talk themselves handsome and agreeable in the eyes of the nicest critics of beauty. What power of charming then may not those ladies without vanity hope for, who to all the endearments which nature and fortune could lavish on their persons add the superior graces of a mind and heart enrich'd with useful learning and virtue! By the authority of these, both the one and the other sort must attract the admiration and esteem of all *Men*, they will be admitted into the most refined entertainments of the learned of the opposit sex, and reign in their hearts on a double account. The *Men* will find it their interest to consult them in every affair of importance; and tho' the love of power may hinder those from admitting them to any share in government, they will at least treat them with deference, as they become sensible of wanting their advice and assistance to execute with  
safety

safety and honour the affairs they are charged with. There is then no one reason to be assign'd why the *Women* should not apply themselves to the study of the sciences; but there are many and weighty ones too why they should: The least of which is that properly methodised studies can be no injury to any of them, however little progress they should be able to make; and must be of eminent service to them and to all Mankind in general. Since if they take care, as they will when properly instructed, not to let their studies break in upon the immediate duties of their station, they cannot fail to turn out better children, better parents, better servants, mistresses, or wives, and better subjects to the state, than indolence and ignorance is capable of making them.

From what I said in my former treatise concerning the natural ability of *Women* for military offices, no one could well be so weak as to imagine I wanted my sex to be admitted to any share in them. The contrary must appear very plain from what I there said. I neither meant nor could mean any thing more than on one hand to expose the excessive silliness of the *Men* who force themselves to believe from the *Women's* being excluded from warlike exercises, that they are naturally cowards and therefore unfit for them; and on the other hand, to shew that the heart of *Woman* is no less capable by nature of that steady resolution which makes up virtuous courage, than her head is of that sense and discretion which is requisite to distinguish the proper occasions for exerting it. And I think I have already so fully proved that the *Men* have no more title to either than the *Women*, that it is needless to add much more on that subject. If the *Men* are more hardy than we are; that advantage, as I have already observed, ought greatly

to be attributed to their difference of education. Were both sexes equally exercised the one might possibly acquire as much vigour as the other. Nay, we have seen it verified in fact in many commonwealths, where wrestling and other exercises were common to both sexes; and if the accounts of our mariners be right, the same is still true among a sort of *Amazonian* race in the south parts of *America*; not to mention that virago breed among the *Dutch*, who are stronger and hardier than the stoutest *Men* among them. If many *Women* are shy and timorous even out of the neighbourhood of danger, they may thank the *Men* for the excessive industry made use of to inure them from their infancy to fear. A girl is taught not to think herself in security under the eye of her governess, nor under the wings of her mother; is perpetually frightened with stories of Hob-goblins in all the corners of the house, and ever provided with matter of fear against she is alone. In the streets, in the town, in the country, or wherever she is there is something to apprehend for her safety: And not even the church is to exempt her from perils if without her guards. What wonder then the greatest natural courage should be lost in fear, or that this should grow up with children thus educated? And yet it is undeniable matter of fact that *Women* can and often have surmounted all these fears, and dared the greatest real dangers on laudable occasions. If there are a few such inconsistent creatures as my adversary's friends *Tremula* and *Viragina*, as I never intended to espouse the cause of such, or any of the fools or bad *Women* he has been pleased to expose, I think it but little concerns me to plead any excuse for them; and therefore shall leave them to justify themselves as well as they can. Neither do I think it at all reflects any disgrace on

our sex, that there a few *Women* of bad or weak characters; considering how few they comparatively are, and how much the far greater part of *Women* out-shine the *Men* in sense, and virtue, while the worst characters of a few particulars among them are very short of the wickedness and folly of many general characters among these. The bringing a character or two of a few cowardly *Women*, bred up in the school of fear, can have but little force to prove that all *Women* are cowards by nature; while history perpetuates the memory of many who have sacrificed their lives for a good cause. The few instances I have produced in my former Treatise may exempt me from quoting the warlike bravery of *Deborah*, *Thalestris*, *Penthesilea*, *Camilla*, and many others, who have gallantly fought in the cause of their country. I might add a list of innumerable female martyrs, who have braved the acutest torments mannish brutality could invent, baffled the barbarous invention of the cruelest tyrants, and smiled on death for the sake of Christ. I might bring up the rear with a warlike maid of *France*, who freed her Prince and country from over-powering oppression, snatch'd conquest from a victorious enemy, and died as bravely amidst the flames, as she had fought intrepidly her way to glory through the swords of innumerable hosts. But what need is there for so many instances to prove an undeniable truth, that *Women* in general never want a heart to despise death, whenever it stands in competition with their honour or their conscience? Let the memory of the brave and virtuous *Mallonia* never be forgotten, whom all the promises and assiduities of *Tiberius* could never induce to suffer the least stain on her chastity; and yet when in consequence of his brutal revenge she was sacrificed to the violence of his domestics, as brave as she

she was chaste, so far was she from setting any value on life, or having any dread of death or pain, that she nobly wash'd off her disgrace with her generous blood, by lodging a dagger in her breast. The daughter of *Sextus Marius*, immortal *Rubellia*, avoided the like disgrace by timely dispatching herself. And *Eusebia*, the beautiful *Eusebia*, died on the same glorious account by her own undaunted hand, to escape the savage violence of the Emperor *Maxentius*. Nor was the death of *Venuna* a less glorious instance of the intrepidity of our sex where our honour is concern'd. This lady for her extraordinary beauty was promised to the Grand Signior *Selvin* by his general Mahomet, who was besieging *Nicossia* in which she then was. But her valour and virtue disappointed them both. She was inform'd of the design against her, and therefore as soon as ever the town was taken she threw herself into that part of it which was in flames, to preserve her chastity unfullied. *Adrochia* and *Alcidda*, the daughters of *Antipenus* Prince of *Thebes*, to restore peace and safety to their country, to which their exquisit beauty and extraordinary merit were like to be the innocent means of ruin and utmost desolation, generously kill'd themselves. But was I to rehearse a thousandth part of the glorious deeds of this kind done by *Women* I should never have done.

I do not pretend however, from any thing I have said concerning the valour of these illustrious ladies, to justify suicide. Even in them nothing but the ignorance and superstition of the barbarous ages they lived in could excuse self-destruction. But those were times when the extravagance of mannish wickedness was such, as laid them under a necessity of deifying the most horrid vices, as they had not yet the secret of our modern heroes of iniquity



iniquity to keep vice in countenance, by dethroning the powers of Heaven and treading religion into contempt. No wonder then that the *Women* of those times, who could have no other lights of religion to act by than they received from the *Men*, should rescue themselves from vice and corruption, by such means as they were taught to look upon as the most heroic of virtues. And however the action be criminal in itself, it was undoubtedly noble in them under such circumstances; and is sufficient to prove that *Women* have as much true courage as the *Men*, when their own virtue and honour or the public good calls upon them to exert it. Tho' independently of all these instances, there needs no greater argument of their courage and spirit than that they dare be virtuous, notwithstanding the little chance they have of being at all upon any equal footing with the *Men* while they persevere to be so.

The conduct of *Women*, whatever kind of life they embrace, is generally speaking remarkably virtuous; they who chuse to keep their freedom, seem born only for patterns and examples to others; Christian modesty appears in their countenance and dress, and honour and goodness seem to make their chief ornaments. In a word, their assiduity in works of piety and religion is a sufficient proof that their chief reason for not engaging in a matrimonial state was to enjoy such a liberty of mind and such a freedom of heart as might dispense them from attending to any other objects than heavenly ones. Humanity and Christian compassion are virtues so peculiar to our sex that they seem born with us. The miseries of our neighbours, our enemies not excepted, seldom fail to affect us with a concern little inferior to that with which we feel our own: And any suffering of others need but reach our eyes to penetrate to our souls. Is it not  
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the *Women* who in public calamities are the most lavish in their charities? Which of the two sexes is the readiest to melt into compassion for the poor, to visit the sick, or to relieve the imprison'd? Tho' I cannot think it a jot more absurd to ridicule and contemn such generous creatures as beneath the very miserable objects they voluntarily submit to serve, than it is to say or think that *Women* are inferior to the *Men*, because the *former* have virtue and fortitude enough, for the sake of peace and charity, to submit to the slavery of humouring the *latter*, tho' so very much in general below them in every consideration but that of bulk and strength.

It would be endless to descend to particulars: Otherwise was I to relate the several virtues which *Women* make appear in the different occurrences of life, I might say enough to strike envy itself dumb, and force jealousy to do them justice. I could shew to what a length they carry their temperance in eating, their sobriety in drinking, and their moderation in every innocent pleasure of life. How shining is their patience in trouble, their courage in dangers, their fortitude in affliction, their constancy under the sharpest pangs! How frequent their fatigues, their fastings, their watchings, for the ease of their husbands and the good of their children! What compliance do they not use that they may live peaceable with the former, submitting to their caprice, doing nothing without their consent, and laying a restraint on themselves in the most innocent freedoms, as well as depriving themselves of the most harmless pleasures, merely to free them from fantastick suspicions! But without enlarging on these truths, for a confirmation of them I need but remit my candid readers to their own observation. What I omit, to spare the modesty

modesty of my fair sisters, the honest part of the *Men* have continual opportunities of observing in public and private, at court as well as in the closet, at public assemblies, or domestic interviews, in the poor as well as the rich, and in *Women* of every quality rank and degree.

To draw then to a conclusion let it fairly be consider'd, what my adversary has done for the defence of his own sex, and the humiliation of ours. Why truly throughout his whole laborious drudgery of wit he has been able to sum up no better arguments than a few voluntary assertions, misapplied witticisms, disagreeable characters applicable only to a very few particulars, a heap of abusive quotations, and an idle collection of foul-mouth'd scurrilities from the Ancients as void of truth and appearance of reason, as those of his own advancing. But among all this congeries of impertinencies he has not been able to contradict one single argument I have advanced in my former Treatise; and tho' he has many times labour'd to do it, he has hobbled so in the attempt as palpably to point out the lameness of the cause he espouses. As to the learned on whose authority our adversary lays such a mighty stress, there cannot need much difficulty to rid us of them. Every one knows that as their profession does not oblige them to the strictest enquiries, probability and appearance to *Poets* and *Orators*, to *Historians* the testimony of antiquity however false, and to *Lawyers* custom and practice however senseless are generally sufficient for persuading, which is the chief end they propose to themselves. Indeed as to *Philosophers*, one might expect something more solid from them, as they are apt to lay a claim to abundance of wisdom. Tho' if we examin their writings, and compare the many absurdities they advance with the few tolerable

things they stumble upon, and again compare the best of their reasonings with the common of their actions; we shall find them for the most part a set of inconsistent madmen, creatures possess'd of as little just title to the name of *Wisemen* as our *Bedlam* pensioners, who probably might have acquired the title of sages too, had they lived in those ignorant bigotted ages, when their rants would have been taken for inspirations, and the rational things they utter in their lucid intervals for grave apothegms. Nevertheless I have plainly shewn that these gentlemen, whatever they might say in their delirious fits, have not fail'd to do the *Women* justice at their returns of reason. Tho' had they never said any thing in our favour, what they have said to our disparagement can have little weight in the eyes of the sensible part of Mankind, since they are not only to be consider'd as *Men* and consequently parties concern'd, but likewise as subject to the same humours, prejudices, passions, peevishness, revenge, &c. as the rest of that sex; and therefore as they have not strengthen'd their assertions with any stronger appearance of reason than our adversary has his, all they say or he says can amount to nothing in point of evidence.

The same may be said of those other classic authors my adversary has been so free with; if they have said any thing in some parts of their writings to the discredit of some *Women*, they have said more to their advantage in general; and none of them all have been half so severe on the fair sex as they have been on their own, but particularly *Juvenal*, whom our adversary quotes with so much pomp. For if in one of his surly fits he has fallen foul on the *Women*, and undistinguishingly abused them in one satire; he found vices enough among the *Men* to bestow all his other fifteen upon them.

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resentment as our adversary, or any of his sex can be for devoting them to it.

The question is not whether there have been and are any ill *Women* in the world, but whether there have not been and are not actually many more good ones. That there are is a truth so manifest that our antagonist will find it no easy task to disprove it. At least to carry on the attempt with success he must come a little closer to the point than he has hitherto done. For after all will the boldly advancing things without making them out, the cracking a joke, quoting a few sentences from *Men* in a passion or out of their senses, railing with abusive fluency, searching all history and ranging the whole nation for a few singular instances of bad *Women*, suffice to justify his singing victory as he does? Tho' I am not disposed to dispute the truth of the characters he has given, yet they are so very odd and uncommon that, however well each may suit the *Woman* it was drawn to resemble, they are so very unlike the generality of my sex, that few would be inclined to think that any *Woman* is affected by them. The same cannot be said of the portraits I have here given of the *Men*. I made but one person indeed set for each; and yet every one is a near resemblance of so many, that most people, I dare say, will be inclined to think them design'd for the outlines of the whole sex. So that like the famous piece of *Apelles*, once they are exposed to public view, I shall not be surpris'd to hear all the upright unfeather'd animals in the town braying to their likeness in some one or other of them. But however loud and ungrateful a noise this confusion of uncouth sounds may produce, it will only serve to divert me, as it can affect no otherwise than  
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with laughter any of that sex who have a just title to the character of *Men* of sense and virtue.

For I do not deny that there are some nay many who are such, though it must still be own'd that those many would dwindle to the appearance of a very insignificant number, if compared with the much greater number of *Men* who can justly lay no pretence to being either virtuous or sensible. Still I am willing to be just, which I could not be was I to follow my adversary's method of involving the innocent with the guilty. Tho' it may be perfectly agreeable to his principles, from the overstrain'd characters of a few particular bad and foolish *Women*, as much shun'd and despis'd by us as by himself, to draw in his conclusion a general odium upon our whole sex; I should think it both wicked and absurd in me to conclude that all the *Men* are knaves or fools or both, because much the major part of them are so. No, let the guilty of both sexes bleed, if my adversary will have it so, till their worthless lives ebb out: But let not the innocent feel the edge of satire's weapon. Since the major part of our sex are virtuous and discreet, what danger have the *Men* to apprehend from acknowledging them such? And if there are a few *Men* of sense and honour, exceptions from the general rule, why should we be ashamed to do them justice? I myself know some of this character and respect them as such; and tho' many of my sex have but too bleeding reason to be averst to the whole of the other for the little sense or virtue they have found in any; to speak impartially I may justly say that I have no personal reason to be offended with so much as one. Thanks to propitious providence the light of life it has plac'd me in has rais'd me above the reach of knaves, and blest me with the liberty of shunning fools. The little acquaintances I have chosen

chosen to cultivate with any of that sex has ever been with *Men* of sense, and those, for aught I have reason to believe, *Men* of virtue too. Indeed I have never had and hope I never shall have occasion to put to trial the honour and honesty of any but two, as I have never encouraged an intimacy with any but them, and their goodness is trial-proof. One is *Honorio* my guardian, and *Claudio* who was my writing-master is the other.

This gentleman has very good natural parts, and without any regular education has treasur'd up in his mind a great many very useful knowledges, by the help of which, and the excellent reflections which experience has taught him the art of making, he is qualified to afford solid entertainment to persons of the best and most improved understanding. It is difficult however to say which in him is best the mind or the will: Since if from the one we may guess that properly applied he would have been capable of shining in any sphere he had been placed in; the other discovers a propensity to every thing that is good. Not only a strict moral *Man* but an exemplary Christian, he has an universal benevolence for all Mankind. In short it may truly be said, that with regard to intential good his head and his heart are never at odds. And yet with all these virtuous and sensible qualities there are some visible defects in both. His desire of seeing all *Men* as good as he labours to be himself makes him insupportably peevish to those who are not so; and his love of truth, which makes him often mistake good-breeding for insincerity, and therefore hurries him into an offensive affectation of bluntness, puts it out of his power to make them otherwise. With goodness to a fault he is humble to inconsistency. For while he labours to enhance and raise his virtues in the sight



of God by his own mean opinion of them, he depresses and forfeits his sense in a thousand childish ways to the eyes of the world by rating it too high. Tho' a very good writing-master what he chiefly excels in is accompts. He has happily hit upon a new and easier way of working some few rules in arithmetic, and the vanity with which this little excellence is swoln in his heart, too narrow for every thing but naked piety, boils up to his very brain and intoxicates the whole *Man*: Infomuch that there is great danger, if I may be allow'd the metaphor, of his drowning a world of solid merit in a sea of froth. If you ask him a question on ever so important or indifferent a subject it is much if he don't answer you with a numerical problem. His consciousness of being a good figurist renders it difficult to convince him that<sup>is</sup> is not as good a Merchant, Lawyer, Physician, Soldier, Statesman, Philosopher and even Divine; when but for the hopes I retain of his recovery from this profound dream, I should fear that he will soon cease to be both a good companion and a good *Man*. And yet notwithstanding all these excrescencies I think no *Man* at present more worthy the respect esteem and friendship of all who know him than *Claudio*, if I except one.

That one is *Honorio*, whose extraordinary worth the happy years I lived under his wing afforded me frequent opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with. What is astonishing, for a nobleman, he has both excellent parts and a great deal of learning: And what is more astonishing still, he is possess'd of the quintessence of honour unborrow'd from titles. Not a great *Man* because a lord, the excellence of his understanding and probity led rather than raised him to the peerage: The first of his illustrious family rewarded with a coronet,

coronet, he is behind none of his ancestors in the worth which deserves one ; and the glory to which his great and good qualities have lifted his race and name in his own person can receive no other augmentation than that of additional ermin. And yet not all this tide of splendor can hurry him to pride or meanness : But safely steering from either extreme along the mid-stream of dignity, he can stoop with courtesy to the person the most abject who has virtue and sense, while with contempt he overlooks folly or vice in the highest eminence. Humanity seems to have taken up her favourite seat in his bosom ; and all other virtues in concert with wisdom seem to have entrench'd themselves in his heart to reign secure from the attacks or surprises of a vicious idiot world. It will seem an hyperbole in a peer when I add that he is not only a nice Christian in his own practice, but zealous in the propagation of the Christian name both at home and abroad in the way he thinks right ; and with the art of frequenting a court untainted by it's vices, he has the happy secret to make his own mansion a chapel of ease without the form of one, by the sanctity of his manners, the purity of his conversation, and the strength of his example. In short he almost excels my adversary's ideal *Philanthropus*, and is very near as perfect a being as human nature can aspire to : The best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of guardians, the best of subjects, and to every one, who has the least pretension to merit, the best of friends. Still *Honorio* has his foibles : He is a little disposed to carry politics to party, and suffers his religion to lean a little to bigotry. An excess of loyalty to the prince he loves make him backward to oppose the measures of a minister he disapproves ; and prejudice for the sect he was educated in makes him labour

labour rather to convince himself that the faith he professes is right, than to examin impartially whether it really is so or not. So that this excellent *Man*, with the most generous zeal for the good of his country and religion, trusts the one to fancy and the other to chance.

What a pity is it, and at the same time what a deplorable fatality on that sex, that the most amiable and the most glorious characters among them should be thus surrounded with oddities! But it is even so; and inconsistency is so inseparably blended with their nature that they would cease to be *Men* could they be all of a piece.

Where shall we find among the *Men* that uniform grandeur of soul which is so universally admired in *Clarilla*. Ever the same inflexibly good and always discreet, her wisdom and virtue know no alteration but the improvement which every day produces in her mind and heart. The beauty of her external frame is such as Angels would make choice of in an earthly embassy, to make themselves more welcome; and then her soul seems form'd of the same heavenly substance theirs are. All spirit life and intuition, her very look is sense, her words are emanations of intelligence, and all her actions thought. Mistress of every useful knowledge science can impart, and more the mistress of herself, tho' born to outshine the brightest geniuses the letter'd world is lit by, like cloister'd saints she courts obscurity behind the veil of modesty. Her beauty, sense, and learning contribute no more to make her forward or assuming than her reserve does to make her solemn, formal or affected. But gay with a becoming gravity, affable with dignity, and social with decorum, whether silent or speaking she is ever affording instruction while intent to receive it. Such grace and meaning animate her

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speech and practice, that all she says or does breathes out the wisdom she is big with and looks the faint she is. In her the very pantings of the heart are virtues: For every virtue has a mansion there. But still benevolence, Christian benevolence, like the noon-day orb gives life and light to all the rest, and like that too sheds it's unbounded influence on good and bad alike. For *Clarilla* is a Christian, and an observant one too, not by chance, caprice, or prejudice, but inspiration and conviction; and so close a copy of her Saviour that she is all to all to gain all, honouring the wise with esteem, distinguishing the good with her friendship, and treating the bad with tenderness, indulgence and mercy. It is enough to be poor, or afflicted to obtain relief from her; and more than enough to be sick, in prison, or distress, to merit the blessing of her sight and assistance. The widow the orphan and oppressed find made up in her the loss of a husband a father and a friend; and if all human nature feel not the effects of her unlimited bounty, 'tis for want of her having a fortune to supply all, and hands to distribute it. And yet she suffers not the money and time she bestows on the necessitous to injure the circumstances of her family, or break in upon her duties to it. She is as industrious in her œconomy at home as she is liberal in her charities abroad. And the prudence with which she distributes her pity enables her to be so. She has a time for the embellishment of her mind, a time for the affairs of her house, a time for conversation with her domestic friends and out-door acquaintance, a time for the relief of her neighbour, and a time for her innocent relaxation; and tho' the purity of her intention makes all these but so many varied scenes of prayer, she can still find a time to allot more especially to private devotion. By these

these sagacious means she has gain'd a happy facility of acting successively the part of a wife, virtuous, careful, tender wife to her husband, a discreet and indulgent parent to her children, a gracious mistress to her servants, an instructive entertaining companion to her friends and acquaintance, an universal benefactress to human nature, a judicious friend to herself, and not only a useful subject to the state, but a faithful servant to her God. All which she is without the least vanity or ostentation. Rather if she has any fault it is that of being too anxious to hide so much exemplary worth; which envy dares not blast nor suspicion call in doubt; which adversity could never affect but with fortitude, nor prosperity but with humbleness: So very humble that tho' learned and wise to admiration none can labour less to appear so, and tho' good to a perfection none can be less disposed to think so. In short, the lowliness of opinion she has of herself makes her construe the just praises she receives from friends into instructive reproofs, as the universal generosity of her wishes to others makes her soften into accident or oversight the injuries she receives from her enemies. For enemies she has, but they are such only as it would be a disgrace not to be at variance with, and such as Providence has provided her with on purpose to point out the excellence of her charity in forgiving; which she does with as much cheerfulness as if she stood ever so much in need of forgiveness; tho' at the same she is perpetually studious to live so free from faults and the want of pardon herself, as if she was determin'd never to grant it to others.

How many other illustrious ladies now living might I not name of no less shining characters than *Clarilla*. But I content myself with this one

noble instance of *Womanly* worth, sufficient of itself to make the whole opposit sex chafe with envy for want of souls capable of reaching so much real excellence. For real it is, however the narrowness of some *Men's* minds may dispose them to look upon it as a fiction. Have not the *Men* then the greatest reason to be ashamed of their unjust usurpation of superiority over us, who can shew so little title to even an equality of merit in head or in heart? What tho' by brutal strength of body they have distrain'd all the goods of it and appropriated all the power of them to themselves; have they thence sufficient grounds to believe themselves sole masters or even possessors of the riches of the soul? Are the *Women* therefore to be included in the lawless usurpation as creatures made only for their use? I am very confident, if they think so, they would be much more firmly convinced of the contrary were all authority lodged in our hands as it was amongst the *Amazons*. But after all, if the *Men* are obstinately bent on imagining that they are endow'd with a greater capacity for wisdom, and a greater propensity to virtue than our sex is; be it spoken to their never-ending shame, that they omit no industry to stifle their capacity, and give that propensity a contrary bias; while to their immortal glory the generality of *Women* improve their talents, whether great or little, to a much better use than the best of the other sex. And as for the few *Women* who make an ill use of the favours bestow'd on them by nature, let such of the *Men* as are guiltless throw the first stone of vengeance at them. But then as the *Men* have so much the power of revenge in their own hands, let them set down satisfied with glutting their cruelty at the expence of the few bad *Women* who merit their indignation,

indignation, without extending their undistinguishing fury to the wise and virtuous many who deserve their profoundest respect. Tho' let their provocation be ever so great, as I am apt to think that the noblest revenge a *Woman* can load the *Man* with who injures her is to expose him to infamy by such a greatness of behaviour as may attract her the admiration of the world; so I am satisfied that the wisest most effectual vengeance a *Man* could inflict on a *Woman* who wrong'd him would be to force by his conduct all the world to upbraid her while he forbore to do it himself. Tho' severity may sometimes seem absolutely requisite; it can never be consistent with either justice or prudence to apply it till mildness and good usage have been found by experience ineffectual to reclaim her. There are indeed some injuries a *Man* may and now and then does receive from a wife which scarce any satisfaction can atone for; but then before a *Woman* be charged with those let evidence appear against her; and let not dubious ground or the surmises of jealousy supply the place of conviction. If the vanity of some and the malice of others is made the rule of judgment what virtue can be safe? *Ariosto's* Bradamante, *Gonsalo's* Auristilla, and *Shakespeare's* *Othello* are sufficient to shew how prone jealousy is to give appearance the upper hand of truth, to the grievous and utter oppression of the most spotless innocence.

Was it possible for the *Men* to divest themselves of jealousy and malice; they would find as little room to complain of the virtue of *Women* as they have reason to under-rate our capacity. But for the prolixity of running thro' the records of time, it would be easy to make appear, that *Women* have never yielded to the *Men* in any thing that is good or great, but have often surpass'd them in both. They have

have on many occasions shewn a greater excellence of virtue and genius; and their wit as well as their judgment has ever shone with brighter lustre in parallel circumstances. Many have gloriously govern'd the greatest empires with a moderation dignity and wisdom not to be exceeded; and numbers have administer'd justice with an integrity equal to that of an *Athenian* judge, and a sagacity nothing inferior to that of a *Hebrew* monarch. How many have, by the intrepidity of their conduct and the strength of their parts, restor'd honour and safety to their nation, tranquility to their people, and a peaceful crown to their husband! And how many have rais'd the glory of Arms by their valour in the field, or with more than heroic bravery render'd the walls of a city impregnable, by the courage with which their presence and example has animated the champions who are defending it! I could mention legions of ladies whose immaculate purity has been proof against the most dreadful menaces and dazzling promises of tyranny and power; and who with astonishing greatness of soul have triumph'd over vice and infidelity amidst the most excruciating tortures. I could name almost an infinity of others who have surpass'd the *Men* in their erudition and familiarity with every laudable science, who have fathom'd the most useful and profound mysteries of nature, penetrated through the abstrusest secrets of policy, refin'd morality to it's nicest purity, and rais'd themselves to the highest peak of Christian perfection.

In a word, if it was not for the narrow limits this little Treatise confines me to, I could from the single evidence of History, which is so much perverted to debase us, throw such a dazzling glory round my whole sex, as would suffice to render their honour inaccessible by the most presumptuous  
and



and daring of the *Men*. However what I omit at present I may possibly make up hereafter, by giving a parallel History of the most eminent persons of both sexes in past ages, for virtue or vice. In the mean time what I have here barely hinted will suffice to convince the most obstinate of that sex who have any sense left, that if the *Men* have by fraud and violence gain'd a superiority of power over us; we still retain our original superiority of sense and virtue over them: And if they are not ashamed of truth they must own that the best qualities they are masters of give them no more title to an equality with us in the perfections of soul, than their homely aukward figures can justify their vyeing with us in the charm of personal beauty and graces.

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A

L E T T E R

O F

A D V I C E

T O

A favourite NIECE in her Sixteenth Year,

DEAR NIECE,



S I am now going to travel, and neither know what the Success of my Adventure may be, or whether I shall ever return or not, being determined to stay abroad some Years; I leave you this Letter of Advice as a Legacy until we meet again.

In my Absence peruse it often, and esteem it as a Token of my tenderest Regard for you. It is a Copy of my Mind in Reference to you, and ultimately designed for your Improvement; wherefore I hope its coming from so near a Friend will not make you the more indifferent in the frequent reading of it.

Enquire not whether he who left you those Lessons, observed the Practice of them. 'Tis sufficient for you to think that he, who could give them, was capable of following them; and rather imagine they came from a Friend, whose Tendernefs endeavoured to make you perfect, than from the Severity of his greatest Misfortunes.

If I have not a Place in your Esteem and Affection, I am much deceiv'd: and you know yourself to be my Favourite, and that I love you with all the Tendernefs of a Parent. I therefore expect, when you are reading those imperfect Instructions, that you will bestow a few kind Wishes and short Petitions for the Safety and Success of him that convey'd them to you.

B

I

I give you my Advice in Writing that, in what Place or Station soever you are, it may be always with you; and that when my Departure out of this Kingdom will deprive you of me, you may have the Pleasure of being accompanied with that which may be of greater Service to you than my Presence.

As for leaving my native Country in hopes of becoming useful to others, in Proportion to my small Abilities, and not lost to myself; I shall do it with all the Freedom and Unconcernedness imaginable: But I cannot overcome a Reluctancy of leaving you upon so great a Hazard of never seeing you more.

If Providence will make it convenient for us to meet again; and, if you by the Divine Grace are preserved from a Degeneracy of Spirit, from falling into any mean or irreparable Misbehaviour, from submitting to any Change of Life beneath your Birth and Education—then the greatest Comfort and Satisfaction I expect on Earth will be completed. Here do not imagine I suspect your future Conduct: I only mean it as an affectionate Caution. When Advice comes from the Heart, it is delivered in a certain Dress which cannot wear Disguise.

I am apprehensive of the several Cavils that may be advanced to the Prejudice of this Letter by the envious, ill-natured or censorious World; and that a general Inveective may be thrown upon the Author of being a loose or immoral Man. It may be offered, that there is a great Contradiction between his Precepts and Actions, and that he has pursued those Pleasures he condemns. To anticipate such Objections, though at my own Expence, I confess it all: But, if the Repentance of a Sinner occasions a Scene of Joy amongst the blest above, surely this Change on Earth should at least excite and soften the Breasts of Fellow Sinners into a Scene of Clemency and generous Approbation.

I own that I have pursued the Pleasures of the World ever since I knew them to be transient and worthless; that I have been uneasy with my Faults without correcting them, and in Love with my Duty without practising it; and that for some Years I acted contrary to my Reason, and turned Rebel to the Authority of my own Judgment. But all this has no Reference to the present Situation of my Mind; which I hope the Divine Grace will always influence and confirm the Purposes that are begun therein.

Since my Admission into the University, I have seen Indiscretion in all her Shapes; I have run over the Circle of all the  
Gaities



Gaities and Pleasures that are by the Perverseness of corrupt Nature suited to the giddy Humours of Mankind ; and I find them all to end in Anxiety and Remorse. Hence, after a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of such Pursuits, I conclude, that if Pleasure be the Lot of human Nature, it must lie in somewhat beyond this Life. It is natural hence to deduce a Confidence, that since in every Particle of Creation we trace an Almighty Power, and see the immense Divinity impress'd upon all his Works, this great Being must be the Source of Beauty, Love, Virtue and Pleasure. The Author of such Perfections cannot be defective in any of them, nor admit the least Increase of Happiness. His Glory is complete, his Power is infinite, his Nature pure, and whatever is defiled he must abhor. This Reflection being impartially digested, I began to form an Opinion of myself and the World. When I had fix'd my Soul in a Serenity proper for Meditation, 'twas easy to discover the Disguise that Vice puts on, and the Fallacies of immoral Pleasures ; which only delude us with a Dream of Happiness.

It is not my Design here to take up your Time with a particular Confession, or by the Severity of a Stoic to deter you from the Pursuit of innocent Mirth and Gaiety. Regular Pleasures are always allowed to the Young, and Cheerfulness to the Virtuous. They are the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. In Religion there is a great Tendency to Cheerfulness, and such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person : Whereas sorrowful Faces and gloomy Tempers are owing to mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding. In short, those who represent Religion in so disagreeable a Light, are like the Spies of *Moses* sent to make a Discovery of the *Land of Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Mirth was not for Reprobates, nor Pleasure for the Licentious ; but the Innocent and Virtuous are the only Persons who have a proper Title to either. The Duties of Religion are easy and pleasant, and have nothing terrible or forbidding in them. Being convinc'd of this, I am now in the Pursuit of what Wisdom and Philosophy can yield ; and I hope it will not be ungrateful to you to be told that I am greatly reconciled to myself, and find an ineffable Satisfaction in the silent Approbation of my present Amusements—a Satisfaction superior to all the delusive Pleasures in which my Youth was wasted ; and with Delight I reflect upon my happy Change ; and I hope that a sedate Review of this Let-

ter will not only convince you that the Remembrance of Folly is irksome and uneasy, but that the Pleasures and Advantages which flow from a well-ordered Life are intense and never to be removed.

Though I have been so bad an Oeconomist in the Management of my Time and Money, yet, by Experience, I am forced into a Persuasion that in the discreet Use of these two Talents the Art of well-living chiefly consists. These are the greatest Blessings we can enjoy on Earth, both for ourselves and others; and whoever has learned to husband them well, has made no small Advances in the Perfection of a Christian.

If you be not careful of your Actions, it is impossible you can propose to yourself your best Interest, because you neglect the Means to secure it; and if you are not careful of your Time, how can you be of your Actions? It is a melancholy Truth, that though among the Talents of our Stewardship Time is the most valuable, yet in general we are more profuse and regardless of it than any other. However, the surest Way to purchase Pleasure and Happiness is to let as little of our time as possible slip away unobserv'd or unimprov'd: for our Work is great, and our Day of working short.

From an Enquiry into the Nature of Things, and a Comparison between the Beauties of Virtue, and the Deformities of Vice, I have collected some Rules of Life, and Principles of Behaviour, which will make all who reduce them into Practice, easy to themselves, and agreeable to others. Those general Directions I shall write down in incoherent Paragraphs, as my Humour or Leisure directs me; and I recommend them to your constant Observance, because it will secure you of the Protection of Heaven, and of the Favour and Esteem of all you converse with.

By the Imperfections of our Nature, since the Fall of our first Parents, Instruction is made as necessary to recover to us the right Use of our Reason, as Medicines are to restore our Health; and, as the various Diseases that our Bodies are subject to have made Physick necessary, so the Change of our rational Nature has introduced the Necessity of Precept and Instruction. Now the proper Method for young People to recover the right Use of their Reason is to gather Experience from good Example, and to read the Werks of learned Men, who have laboured in the Study of Wisdom. For this Reason on all Occasions I recommend female Learning; my Sentiments upon which I intend for a subsequent Part of this Letter.

Great Numbers of People have been undone by being born and bred in Families that have no Religion, where, by a corrupt Education and bad Example, they are led into a Course of Vice and Irregularity in their greenest Years, and then, under the Service of their headstrong Passions; are exposed to the Seducements of a perverse World. But you have the Happiness of good Example in a prudent and religious Mother, who is able to instruct you, and who has omitted no Pains in the Improvement of your Mind, and genteel Education; so that small Faults in you would deserve the greater Rebuke. She has always made it her Delight to strengthen your Understanding, and to embellish your Faculties with wholesome Advice, and the purest Maxims from your earliest Infancy. She has hitherto made it her great Concern to preserve you from learning any thing that was dangerous, or likely to betray you into Weakness and Folly—from thinking any thing to be fine but Virtue, and any thing to be happy but the divine Favour, or any thing to be worthy of your Study but eternal Life: So that the Impressions her reasonable Admonitions have made on your Memory and Conduct, I hope, will the better prepare you for mine.

Your Inclinations have as yet been good, and your Dispositions regular; but this is the Time for you to set a double Watch on all your Thoughts and Words. Your having all along behav'd well, will be a Stain in your Conduct, and Disgrace in your Character, unless you improve your Talents as they ripen. You are now (and not till now) entering upon the Stage of Trial. This is the Time for you to prove yourself.—This is the Season for you to purchase Happiness.

You are now past the trifling Amusements of Childhood, and your Mind is now acquainted with the Value and Rewards of Virtue; you are therefore now to despise whatever is childish or impertinent, and to employ your Thoughts on more exalted Things. This is the Spring of your Life, and will either confirm or blast all the Hopes of succeeding Seasons.

Setting before you in an impartial Light the infamous or honourable Characters of your Contemporaries, is the surest Method to incline you to any particular Virtue, or to give you an Aversion to any particular Vice.

There is a Principle of Reason in all Persons, which directs them to a Choice of what is beneficial for them, (for till we are capable of determining our Choice, and of act-

ing in Conformity thereto, we live only the Life of mere Animals, and not of rational Creatures); but, though we all pursue the same End of Happiness, how various are the Means we take to obtain it? And how absurd is it, that Creatures of the same Nature should not only take so many different, but even opposite Methods to accomplish the same Purposes?

As you have Reason enough to wish your own Interest, I only intreat you to arm yourself with so much Discretion, as to examine carefully wherein it consists; and this upon a sedate View will appear to lie in a practical Obedience to the Laws of Purity and Virtue, and in the Love of God,

*To whom your past and present State  
You owe, and must your future Fate.*

So many learn'd Philosophers and Divines have wrote on the Certainty of a God, with such Accuracy and Applause, that scarce any thing new can be offered upon it; yet, as this is the Basis on which is grafted the fundamental Article of our whole Religion, I venture to lay before you the true and genuine Sentiments of my own Mind upon this Subject.

It is the native Right and Privilege of all Persons to make the nicest Enquiry into every thing before they give their Assent to it; and this alone distinguishes between Faith and blind Credulity. Now, if we look into the Works of Nature, we will find that they are contriv'd by a Wisdom, and operate by Ways infinitely surpassing our Faculties to discover, or our Capacities to conceive: So that we are under a Necessity of having Recourse to something beyond bare Matter and its Motion in the Explication of it; of which not one Phenomenon can be resolv'd by the natural Operations of Matter, or any other Laws of Motion, but the positive Will of a superior Being which governs the Universe, is a Persuasion that has so fixt and deep a Root, notwithstanding the World is subdivided into different Concepts about his Existence, that by all Sorts, as well as all Ages of Men, it hath been universally receiv'd and believ'd. This is a sacred Truth that requires neither the Authority of the Scriptures, nor the Sagacity of a Philosopher to establish it. There is something in the very Nature of Man, that intimates it to him; and the natural Order of Things requires such a Being: So that he, who denies it, seems to be not only a Rebel to the Dictates of his Reason, and the Conviction of his Conscience, but to have brought his Mind to digest any Absurdity. It is confess't that, though we ac-  
quire

quire from the natural Exercise of our Reason, ever so great a Conviction of this Truth, yet we cannot form a clear and distinct Idea of such a Being. It is infinitely above the Apprehension of the most improved Genius. All the Representations that we can make to ourselves either of the Nature or Attributes of the Deity, are by compounding and enlarging the Ideas we have either of sensible Objects, or of the Operations of our own Mind; and they can exhibit no more of the real Nature of those Things as they are in God, than continued Extension does of his Omnipresence; than the Succession of numberless Ages does of his Eternity; than the previous Ideas of Things in our Minds do of his Prescience, or than continued Acclamation does of his Infinity: All which express no more of the real Nature of that incomprehensible Being, than Darkness does of Light. But shall our Weakness destroy his Existence, or shall the Narrowness of our Faculties set Bounds to his?—God forbid! Though we cannot find out the full Extent of Nature, yet without Hesitation we may be assured, (First) That if once there was a perfect State of Inanity, in which there was neither Creator nor Creature, the most contemptible Thing that exists could never have been produced. (2dly) That nothing, nor no Perfection of a Thing, or Being, can have nothing, or a non-existing Thing for the Cause of its Existence. (3dly) That a Body being at rest cannot give Motion to itself, much less to any other. (4thly) That all Reality or Perfection of a Thing is found expressly or eminently in the first total Cause. And (5thly) That, that Existence, from which all other Things did first arise, must be absolutely perfect, self-existent, and above all, and must be the \* Cause of his own Perfections. Hence it naturally follows, that there is an uncreate, eternal God, prior to all Beings, who is the absolute, universal, and primary Cause, Life, and Energy of all Existence; and who has created all Things, not only according to his Pleasure, but does with the same merciful Influence and Freedom protect and govern them. This to me appears † demonstratively true.

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If

\* *The logical Term is, the emanative, efficient Cause.*

† *The Principles of a Demonstration must be original and self-evident Truths, where the Contradictory is impossible; for to demonstrate, is to prove not only that a Thing is, but the Impossibility of its not being; and here the necessary Certainty of any Matter proposed, must be deduced from such Principles as, being its Causes or Effects, must infallibly prove it. A Proof is where there are strong Reasons for believing, and none against it: A Probability is, where the Reasons for believing, are stronger than those for doubting.*

If we contemplate the material World, (by which I mean that System of Bodies into which the Author of Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of the dead Matter, with the several Relations that those Bodies bear to one another) we have sufficient Evidence of an all-wise Creator; but there is still something more wonderful and surprizing in Contemplations on the World of Life. The divine Power and Goodness are no less conspicuous in the Diversity than the Multitude of living Creatures. Every part of Matter is peopled, every green Leaf swarms with little Animals. There is scarce a single Humour (as the *Spectator*\* observes) in the Body of a Man, or any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures; and the Surface of every Animal that comes within our Perception is cover'd with other Animals, which are in the same manner the Basis of other Animals that live upon it. The overflowing Goodness of God has specified in his Creation every Degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. There is scarce an Atom of Matter that falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life. Without a wise Contriver this could never be. An unknowing or accidental Cause could never produce such wonderful Effects. Again, common Sense is able to inform the lowest Capacity, that if Man could make himself, he would by a necessary Consequence be perfect as his Maker is, and not be subject to Change, Pain, or Dissolution; in all which, and many other Frailties, the most deliberate among us give Evidence against the Weakness and Corruption of our Nature: So that the divine Existence may be made evident even from our own. If you view the Construction of your own Body, and consider who and what you are, or whereof you consist; that all the animal Motion necessary to your Life, is independent of your Will; that your Heart continually beats without your Consent or Direction; that your † Blood flows through its various Channels, and your Arteries, Sinews, Pulse, Muscles, Fibres and Nerves, all perform their respective Functions without your Help or Advice; how you are preserv'd in the World, and came into it without any Knowledge † or Concurrence of your own: I say, if you consider this, you must be convinc'd that you do not proceed

\* Vol. VII. N<sup>o</sup> 519.

† *Doctor Harvey says, that the Blood (at sixteen Ounces in the Pound) passes through the Heart at least eight times every Hour.*

† Compare Jam. i. 18. and Eph. i. 9. with Tim. i. 9. and St. John's Gospel, iii. 3.

proceed originally from yourself; nor can you look upon your Parents to be any more than the *Instrumental Causes* of your Existence, they being intirely ignorant of the Consequences of your Procreation, or your Structure in the Womb. Now, if neither your Parents nor yourself can be the first total Cause of your Being, you must certainly proceed from something else; and this Thing or Being must either know and understand its own Actions, or else be intirely ignorant of them. But it is impossible that He, who created Man, and has provided so many Necessaries and Delicacies for his Use and Comfort, and such wonderful Faculties for the Fruition of them all, should be so destitute of Wisdom and Design, as not to know after what Manner, and to what End he made him, and substituted all other Creatures to his Service, in Subordination to his divine Will. The Author of Nature has taken Care to fortify all his rational Creatures (whether male or female) in Proportion to the Purposes he made them for; and has given us all a sufficient Certainty, that a Power, far exceeding human Knowledge, is exerted in the Support even of our own Bodies. In the Pursuit of this, let us enquire whence it is that we have our Breath, the Comforts of Light and Heat, the Fruits of the Earth, the Faculties of the Mind, the Accession of our Age, the Growth of our Bodies, the Insertion or joining of our Bones, or the Circulation of our Blood. Even this superficial Survey of the human Body, produces Amazement in Persons endowed with the smallest Intellect: But those who have made that happy Progress in Anatomy, as to discover the Harmony and Usefulness of all the Parts of the human System, their mathematical Situation, the regular Motion of the † Pulse, the wonderful Variety and Aptitude of the Muscles and Fibres, the curious Diversity of Duplicates through the whole Texture, the Separation of the Juices, and the Manner of Digestion—Those are they who have daily Opportunities of admiring the Wisdom and Conduct of Providence in so noble a Fabrick. By this Contemplation the Mind naturally aspires to Praises ‡ on its divine Original. Again, as Man is an intelligent Creature, endowed with Reason and Conscience, and the Capacity of thinking, comparing, judging, and making a great Progress in Knowledge without Confusion, plainly proves a divine, immaterial, and intelligent Creator. Our Reflections, Intentions,

† Look for the *Word Artery* in Quincy's *Dispensatory*, where he beautifully accounts for the Motion of the Pulse.

‡ Read the 139th Psalm.

tentions, and Reason, must be derived from something more noble than the native Dulness of Matter; for that which has none of those itself, cannot confer any of them upon another. It is impossible to imagine any Relation between the Motion or Figure of Matter and Thought; for, whether Matter be divided or not into more agitated Particles, it is not the less Matter, less corporeal, or more capable of thinking, the Essence of Matter being always the same, because there can be no Difference discovered in the several Sorts of it, except in its Accidents (such as Motion, Figure, Size, &c.) none of which can render it capable of Thought; so that, if thinking were essential to Matter, all Matter would of Necessity think. In short, it is as easy to conceive how the Modifications of Sound should produce seeing, as how the Modifications of Matter can produce thinking; for Matter cannot determine its own Motion; nor can Motion (which is the only operative Accident in it) determine itself, but must be determined by some eternal Cause, that is, by something of another Nature. Hence it appears that no such thing as a Body can be the first Cause of Motion; so that the first Cause of Motion must be incorporeal, and of course this first Cause must be the Original of all Beings and Things that have Understanding, or can be understood. Coincident to this is that Scripture which says, *God is a Spirit*.

To pursue this Enquiry a little farther: If we are led by untainted Reason to consider what could pass in the dark and wastful Regions of Nature, before the obscure Confusion of the unborn World was calm'd and reduced into Harmony and Order; what the State of this Earth was before the Distribution of the first Matter into Parts; whence that Matter proceeded; what supernatural Power drew Order out of that Confusion, giving Laws to the whole, and the least Individual thereof; and whence the various Operations of Nature so regularly proceeded, what can we think? Can we allude the Original and Government of all this to Chance? Surely all the Laws of Motion, and of Vicissitudes in Nature, that are regulated with so much Order, Proportion, and Design, can never be the Effect of an accidental Concourse of irregular Causes operating by an ignorant Necessity! Chance can never act in a perpetual Consistence with itself, or appear uniform in all its Operations. It must be a monstrous want of Reflection, that can attribute to Chance, or any unknowing Laws of Nature, the astonishing



nishing Structure of the Heavens, the irregular \* Motions of the Planets, which continually † approach to and move round the Sun; and all the wonderful Stars that controul and preside over the Seasons of the Year, with which the Firmament is so beautifully spangled. A sedate Contemplation of those Things is apt to raise in our Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being †. Now, whether we consult the Idea of the first Cause, or the Nature of its Effects, the Felicity of Mankind, or the Benefit of Reason, all will conspire to prove, that in the whole System of Existence there is not one Particle that is not wonderful in its Nature, and that does not only demonstrate the Being of a superior Power to produce it, but likewise the Impossibility of its being otherwise. The Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that to me it appears almost the only Truth we are or can be made certain of; and such a Truth as we meet with  
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\* By Sir Isaac Newton and Doctor Nieuwentyt is made appear the Impossibility of the Planets being carried forward by any circular moving Matter, because all Bodies, when put into Motion, proceed in a Right Line, unless some other Cause or Power oblige them to recede from it. Mr. Wells is of Opinion that the Planets move round the Sun in a Curve Line that is more elliptical than circular. It is observed by them all, that Mercury and Venus (which are the lowest of the Planets) perform their Revolutions so as to appear always on the same Side with the Sun; whereas Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, are seen from the Earth sometimes on the same Side, and sometimes on the other Side of the Sun. The Sun is a glowing Sea of Fire, which (according to Dr. Nieuwentyt) is proved by Eclipses to be 100,000 times bigger than this Earth; by Sir Isaac Newton it is supposed to be more. Mr. Derham is of Opinion, that this Earth is two hundred and sixty thousand Millions of Miles solid Content, Book II. Chap. 2. Here we have Reason to praise the merciful Design of Omnipotence in placing us at a secure Distance from so vast a Body of flaming Fire, and in making Divergency a Property of its Rays, without which the World would be calcin'd to Glass by the unspeakable Swiftnes of Heat proceeding from them. Divergency signifies the dividing and scattering of the Rays from each other, continually more and more the farther they proceed in Right Lines. Light takes up but seven Minutes and a half in passing from the Sun to us; and it is computed that a Ball shot out of a Cannon, and moving in an equal Degree of Swiftnes, would be twenty-four Years in passing from the Sun to this Earth. See Doctor Nieuwentyt's Rel. Phil. page 778.

† See Rohault's Physic.

‡ It is more probable that the Interstitium or Firmament is solid than fluid, because the Distance of the Stars has remain'd since the Creation the same, without the least sensible Alteration.

§ See the 19th Psalm.

in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. All Things are of God, as the efficient Cause, through him as the disposing and preserving Cause, and to him as the final Cause. From the Production of Substances, from the beautiful Modifications and Arrangement of Matter, from the regular Motions of the heavenly Bodies, from the prolific Changes of Seasons, from the wonderful Preservation and Support of all created Beings. In short, from the most ordinary Course of Things, it is farther evident that this Author of Existence, this supream Intelligence, must necessarily be the first of all incorruptible Natures, the most excellent of all excellent Beings, eternal and unbegotten; self-existent, self-sufficient, and self-instructed; essentially just and holy, pure and true, good and merciful; omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, immutable, incomprehensible, inaccessible, and infinite in all his Perfections.

*Thou Great Ador'd! Thou Excellence unknown!  
Beauty is thine in all its conqu'ring Powers.  
What is there lovely on the spacious Earth,  
Or in th'ethereal Round compar'd to thee!  
In thee we trace up Pleasure to its Source!  
Thou art the great Original of Joy,  
Th' eternal Spring of Life, the Source of Love  
Divine, beyond Similitude Supream;  
With whose Immensity we're all surrounded!*

Such is the God whom you are to serve, and who can take no Pleasure in any Thing but Virtue. This tremendous and gracious Being, is in the strictest and most compleat Sense, plac'd beyond any Increase of Glory, Power or Felicity. All that he demands from us his intelligent Creatures, is to love him, to fear him, to believe in him, to worship him, to give him Thanks, to honour him, to serve him, to obey him, and to put our whole Trust and Confidence in him: And for those poor Returns, we are promis'd by the Word of eternal Truth, immortal Life and Fulness of Joy in the beatific Presence of our divine Original. But an impious Neglect of those Duties wounds the Conscience, betrays the Soul into Mischief and Danger, taints the Reputation, poisons the Sweets of Life, and makes an Enemy of this great Being, whose Anger is sharper than a two-edg'd Sword, and who is able to cast both Soul and Body into Flames of undying Torture.

As the System of natural Religion consists in the Knowledge of the Nature and Attributes of the supreme Being,  
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and in the Conformity of our Actions to his Pleasure ; so you must take care not to admit the least Imperfection into any Notion you form of the Divine Nature, and to frame all your Ideas of him in such a manner as to show you do not presume to define what is in himself, but to testify your Admiration of him, your Humiliation and chearful Obedience to him. Such an Enquiry as this will fill your Mind with Reverence of his Majesty, Mindfulness of his Presence, Fear of his Judgment, Love of his Mercy, Confidence in his Promises, and Submission to his Will. It will imprint upon your Soul a perpetual Awe of a Being so great and powerful ; and will effectually mortify in you all Pride and Levity, and will likewise quicken your Desires of being united to the Author and Possessor of infinite Happiness.

When fully convinc'd of the Being of a God, serious Reflections upon your own Nature, and the Ends for which you were created, will be of infinite Service towards the modelling of your Conduct. You are to consider that your own Being is composed of a material Body and immaterial Soul. Your Soul is the spiritual and rational Part of you ; the Properties of which are as contrary to those of the Body, as Life is contrary to Death. Your Body is mortal, and subject to Corruption ; but your Soul is a Particle of the Divine Essence, that is never to taste Death, but to live for ever. So that, though in one Respect you may say to Corruption, that thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister ; in another Respect you may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as your Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as your Brethren. The *Spectator* \* observes, that Man seems to be plac'd as the middle Link between Angels and Brutes ; and, as he inclines to the angelic or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked, and his Kindred is declar'd to the Angel or the Brute. All Passions are in all Persons, but all appear not in all. The Union of Flesh and Spirit occasions a perpetual War of Passions. Constitution, Custom, Education, Reason, and the like Causes, may improve or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds remain : Wherefore the wise Contriver of our Nature has endowed us with Reason, which we should keep continually on its Guard against the Passions, lest they should carry on any Design that may be destructive of its Security. Here I do not mean that our Passions should be rooted out, but discreetly regulated. If we so far break their Strength as to make them contemptible, we

the Nature, and Attributes of the human Being, and  
\* *Volume VI. Number 408.*

consequently render our Reason unguarded. It is too manifest an Indication of an abject Mind to have a diminutive Opinion of human Nature. The best Spring of generous and worthy Actions is the having generous and worthy Thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean Opinion of himself will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted himself in his own Estimation. It is not natural that they can exult their Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who believe that after an uncertain Term of a few Years they are to sink into Oblivion, and to lose their Existence. Kind and benevolent Propensions appear to me to be the original Growth of the Heart of Man; and, however they are checked or swayed by perverse Dispositions that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. Surely the most beneficent of all Beings, who gave us Existence, and created us for his own Likeness, would not suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands unadorned with a Resemblance of himself, in this most lovely Part of his Nature. Here you are to be cautious that you do not carry this Contemplation too high; for Man, considered in himself, abstracted from the Influence of Grace and Protection of Heaven, is the most helpless and wretched Creature in all the Scale of Beings; subject every Moment to the greatest Calamities, beset with the greatest Dangers, and obnoxious to the worst of Accidents. But this is our great Comfort, that we are under the Care of one who knows the Assistance we stand in need of, and is always able and ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

You are further to consider yourself, (first) as a reasonable Creature, capable of becoming yourself either happy or miserable: and (secondly) as a sociable Being, capable of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of others. Suitable to this double Capacity, upon Examination you will find yourself furnished with two Principles of Action: First, with Self-love to render you wakeful to your own personal Interest; and in the next place, with Benevolence to dispose you for giving your utmost Assistance to all engaged in the same Pursuit. This Survey of human Nature is agreeable to Reason, gives Honour to our Maker, and Credit to our Species.

If you incline to make a learn'd and philosophick Enquiry into your own Being, it must be done with the utmost Caution. Of natural Philosophy (as it is the Knowledge of the Principles, Properties and Operations of Things, as they are in themselves) there are two Parts; one comprehending Spirits with their Nature and Qualities, and the other Bodies.

dies. The Study of Metaphysics (under which Title the Consideration of Spirit generally comes) is too deep and laborious for your Sex to engage in, as a Science to be methodized into a System, and treated of upon Principles of Knowledge: Nor is it safe for a young Person to dive into the Mysteries of this Study. It is true, that as an Enlargement of the Mind towards a true and fuller Comprehension of the intellectual World, it is a pleasing and glorious Toil; and without the Notion and Allowance of Spirit the highest Learning must be defective, because it leaves out the Contemplation of the most excellent and powerful Part of the Creation. But, since the clearest and largest Discoveries we have of immaterial Beings, (that is, of God, our own Souls, and other Spirits) are imparted to us by Revelation, the Information that all young People, especially of the Female World, ought to have of them should be taken from, and confined to that Revelation. However, as Matter, being what all our Senses are constantly conversant with, is so apt to possess a young Mind, that Prejudice, grounded on sensual Objects, often excludes all other Beings, and leaves no Room for the Admittance of Spirits; I say, as this is too often the Case, it may not be superfluous to entertain you with a few Illustrations on the Nature of an human Soul, as an immaterial, incorruptible and immortal Being. But, before I proceed on so nice a Topic, it is necessary to distinguish between the pure Spirit and the animal Soul, (as we in Scripture are directed to do, and as the ancient *Hebrews* and *Egyptians* did) and consider the first as the Source of our Thoughts; the other only as the Cause of our Motions. *Sensation* (as Mr. *Locke* \* observes) convinces us, that there are solid, extended Substances, and *Reflection* that there are thinking ones; and from these two (*viz. Reflection* and *Sensation*) arise all our original Ideas. The Senses are only capable of corporeal Impressions; but the Soul can form reflex Thoughts and Ideas, perfectly abstracted from Sense: Hence it appears there must be two Substances essentially distinct; *viz. Body* and *Spirit*. Reasoning, thinking, comparing, abstracting, doubting or fearing, cannot belong to, or be produced by corporeal Substance; therefore those Faculties must be the Actions of, exist in, and be supported by some other Substance: So that the human Soul (whose very Essence is to know and think) must be a pure, immaterial Substance, removed from all the Properties of sluggish, inanimate Matter. Since no Degree of Perception falls within the Sphere of material Activity; and

since

\* *In his Essay on human Understanding, Book II. Chap. 23.*

since no Faculty of thinking can be superadded to any Systems of Matter, unless the innate Nature of it be chang'd, or a Substance of another Nature be join'd unto it, it is natural to conclude, that the Soul can neither be material, or have any internal Principle of Corruption. Though the human Soul be an Emanation infinitely inferior in its Nature to its divine Original (who is all Act and Energy) yet a Being that has such a Remembrance of the past, and Concern for the future, as every human Soul has, can never rest in a State of Inactivity; and whoever contemplates the Activity of the human Soul, and the Perfections which it contains, must be necessarily persuaded that so noble a Being cannot be immers'd in the Essence of sluggish Matter. Whatever Form or (*Animal*) Soul \* Brutes enjoy, arises from the Figure, Situation and Movement of material Particles, and those Motions in them that we may think resemble Regularity and Design, are no more than the Effects of the Disposition of their Nature to produce such and such Motions; whereas our Souls are not only invest'd with a Capacity of forming just Ideas of ourselves, and our own Nature, of regulating our Desires to the proper Value of their Objects, and of subjecting our Passions to the Government of Reason; but likewise with a Notion of Religion, a Fear of the Divinity, and the Sentiments of Conscience; and none of those Circumstances can possibly effect any thing so essentially unknowing as Matter. Dreams afford us strong Intimations of the Soul's Independency on Matter, and give us lively Ideas of the Activity, Agility, and Perfection, which are natural to the Faculties of the Mind when disengag'd from the Body, and which is not in the Power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Organs of Sense are tir'd with the Fatigues of the Day, and are no longer able to perform their respective Offices, until repair'd by Rest, the Soul exerts herself in her several Faculties, till that heavy material Substance, to which she is united, is again qualified by Repose, to keep her Company. "The Slumber of the Body (*as an ingenious Author † observes*) "seems to be but the waking of the Soul;" for the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength, when the Body is laid at Rest, than when it acts in Conjunction with it. Though the Soul in the Hours of Sleep be not intirely unfetter'd from the Body, yet she is not entangled or perplex'd in her Operations with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she operates in Concert with the Body. The Idea of Thought,

which,

\* See Mr. Spavan's Translation of Puffendorf, Vol. I. Page 125.  
 † Religio Medici, quoted by the Spectator, Vol. VII. No. 487.

which, as I have already observed, is the peculiar Office of the Soul, includes nothing in it that is included in the Idea of extended Substance. If any Person attempts to tell you that the Soul is material, or if any inadvertant Notion of your own suggests it to you, be pleas'd to examine what Disposition of Matter is requir'd to thinking; how the same individual Quantity of Matter can be in two different Places at once (the Soul being always able to separate and re-unite her Ideas, and to think at the same time on different Things in different Nations;) how Thought is either round, long, broad, deep, or divisible; what Force, what Composition of Parts, what Confines or Directions of Course are required to render the Soul capable of Reason, or where the Situation of it is? Now the Denial of one of those destroys the Form, whereby we paint to ourselves the Conception of a Body.

Having thus far proved the Soul to be immaterial, I am naturally led to prove the Eternity of its Duration, which is the great Basis of all our moral Actions, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that arise in the Breast of a reasonable Creature.

Many are the Arguments that establish this great Point. First it is reasonable to believe that an immaterial Being, enriched with so many beautiful Faculties as the human Soul is, can have no internal Principle of Corruption, or be subject to Annihilation; and hence arises a Certainty of its being a Particle of an immortal and eternal Essence. Again, its Love of Existence, its Hopes of undying Happiness, its Satisfaction in the Practice of Virtue, its Remorse on the Commission of Vice, and the Delight it takes in the Contemplation of its divine Original, are irresistable Proofs of its immortal Nature. He must be lost in Stupidity who can either imagine or believe that a thinking Being, which is in a perpetual Progress of Improvement that is always capable of new Accomplishments and further Enlargements, and is still travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, should in the Beginning of her Enquiries, and after a few Discoveries of her own Excellences and Aquirements fall away into nothing, and perish with Corruption. Besides, the Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity of God, are all concern'd in the Proof of her Eternity. In this World, Man, let his Talents be ever so great, and his Labour ever so constant, can never take in his full Measure of Knowledge, can never establish his Soul in Virtue, or come up to the Perfection of his Nature. Would it then agree with the infinite Justice and Wisdom of God to create such noble Beings, for so mean

a Purpose as to perish with the Beasts? That would be to give us Reason to be abortive, Talents not to be exerted, and Capacities not to be gratified; which would destroy that infinite Goodness and Wisdom of the Deity, which shines through all his Works. We are to look upon this World as a \* Nursery for the next, and are only to receive our first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into eternal Dominions, where our immortal Souls will still be adding Knowledge to Knowledge, and Virtue to Virtue; and will shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory to all Eternity. This is the triumphant Pleasure of our Souls—this is the highest Perfection of our Nature; and it must be a Prospect pleasing even to God himself to see his Creation drawing nearer to him by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

From these Considerations the Inference naturally resulting, is, that the intellectual World must be governed by Providence, and be subject to Laws. The Moment in which God was pleas'd to create intelligent Beings, with Excellencies far superior to any other of the animal Creation, he laid upon them such Obligations as necessarily agreed with the Constitution of free Agents and social reasonable Creatures; and by those Obligations or Laws all human Actions were originally invested with a *Morality*; for nothing puts a natural Difference between our Actions and those of the brutal World, but the having our Principles from the Light of the Understanding, and the Determination of the Will, and our Reason being inform'd with the Knowledge and Sense of Law. According to Baron *Puffendorf*, *Law consists of two Parts*; *In the one is declar'd what is to be perform'd or omitted; in the other what Penalty shall be incurr'd by those who transgress in either Respect.* Thus we see that the Reason why Brutes are under the Restraint of no Law, is, because they are not capable of knowing what Law is; whereas the very Nature of Man absolutely requires that there should be certain Rules and Laws of Government made obligatory to him by the Connexion of Duty and Reward, as he complies with, or disobeys the Will of the Legislator; for no Law can be enacted, to which there is not an Obedience enforc'd by consequent Rewards and Punishments, which must be of sufficient Weight to determine the Choice. The Necessity of this results from the very Nature of Laws. Since then a good and gracious God has promis'd such immense Rewards to Virtue, and such terrible Miseries to Vice and Impenitence,

\* An Expression taken from Monsieur Pascal.



as we find in an absolute Sense exclusive of this Life, there must be a future State to render us capable of either of them. The promiscuous and undistinguish'd Distribution of Good and Evil in this Life, (which God has made necessary to carry on the Designs of his Providence) is a most forcible Argument for a future State of Retribution; because such an Injustice would be utterly inconsistent with the Divine Nature, if he were not immutably purpos'd to rectify hereafter this his temporal and seemingly unequal Distribution.

There is not a more pleasing Contemplation—a more improving Exercise to the human Mind, than a frequent Review of its own Privileges and Endowments; nor is there a more effectual Means to awaken in us an Ambition rais'd above low Objects and little Pursuits, than to value ourselves as Heirs of Eternity. What Delight must a virtuous Soul take in considering that the best and wisest of all Ages and Nations \* assert this as their Birth-right; and that it is ratify'd by an express Revelation! Though human Wit is so warmly employed to stave off the Thoughts of another World, yet I do not see, if Immortality be the Pride and Happiness of our Existence, why it should not be thought of, and talk'd of with the same Gaiety as any other agreeable Subject. By serious Reflections on the Excellence and eternal Duration of the Soul, she grows conscious of her own Dignity, disengages herself from the tumultuous Effects of all guilty Passions, and fixes her Views on none but pure and permanent Delights. When our Thoughts are thus elevated, we find new Capacities of Happiness awake in our Breasts, and a Languishment for some unknown Joys—some unexperienc'd Pleasures, which must be the certain Rewards of Virtue. Thus we are brought to know that some uneasy Circumstance or other mingles itself with all sublunary Bliss; and that it is some future Expectation that engages the Mind—that of celestial Pleasures and divine Entertainments. In our gayest Flights there is no Pleasure we can taste that is not mixt with some mortifying Evils; but the Prospect that Eternity sets before us is all serene and peaceful, unclouded with Pain or Sorrow. When tir'd and sick of all mortal Vanities, the religious Mind reposes itself in the firm Expectation of drinking at the Fountain of Life, and of bathing in Rivers of immortal Pleasure. Even Death (which to the Guilty is the gloomy Period of all their Joys, and the Entrance to a Gulph of undying

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\* *Nescio quomodo inhaeret in Mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis ultimisque animis existit maximè & apparet facillimè. Cic. Tusc. Quæst.*

dyng Wretchedness) brightens into a Smile, and in an Angel's Form invites the religious Soul to endless Rest from Labour, and to endless Scenes of Joy.

This Prospect is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of the Mind: This doubles all our Pleasures—this supports us under all Afflictions. We can look at Disappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, the Loss of Friends, and even Death, so long as we keep in View the Pleasures of \* Eternity.

Though it may appear opposite to all modern Refinement for a Girl in the Bloom of sixteen, to think herself mortal, or made for any other Purpose than to attract Esteem and Admiration, and to pursue the Pleasures of this Life; yet I recommend it to you to form your Conduct upon that Scheme (let it be ever so old fashion'd) that leads to pure Delight, and secures eternal Bliss. Let your Expectations be higher than any Dignity or Enjoyment this World can boast. Let a celestial Crown fire your Ambition, and in the Pursuit of infinite Happiness, grasp at nothing below the Glories of Immortality. With what a divine Ambition does the Prospect of heavenly Joys inspire the Soul! If you are reckon'd by any of the gay and giddy World the less polite for entertaining such exalted Thoughts of Pleasure, be content in being unfashionably good, since thereby you can keep your Peace, be fearless and open to the Inspection of Heaven, justify yourself to your own Conscience, and secure the Divine Interest. Be always assur'd that no Character is more amiable than that of a Female, who in the gayest Bloom of Youth, and Triumph of Beauty, practises the Rules of Purity and Virtue; and that in the Exercise of those Qualities the finest Breeding consists.

If you consider your Being as circumscrib'd by the Uncertainty and Shortness of this Life, your Designs will be contracted into the same narrow Span that you imagine is to bind your Existence; but, if you turn your Thoughts inward upon yourself, and view the Excellencies of your own Soul, and consider it as an immortal Being, you see its Capacities and Perfections in a very different Light; and you will be forc'd into a Persuasion that nothing less than Immortality deserves your immediate Thoughts.

Since we all perceive in ourselves a Restlessness in the present State, a still increasing Appetite to something future, a successive grasping at something to come; and since the

Author

\* See Mirzah's Vision translated by Mr. Addison in the Spectator, No. 159.

Author of our Nature has planted no useless Passion in it, nor any Desire without its Object, Futurity must be the proper Object of the Passion that is so constantly exercis'd about it. Though the Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently prov'd by other Arguments, yet this Relish and Desire that we have for Futurity adds Strength to the Conclusion.

Now I appeal to Reason if it be not a more engaging and delightful Contemplation to set before us eternal Scenes of Happiness than to amuse ourselves with sullen Hopes for Annihilation and crumbling into Dust with inanimate Matter. Nothing can be more pitifully mean than to resign one's Pretensions to Immortality, and to substitute in its Room the inverted Ambition of dropping into nothing. But on the contrary, what are all the Honours, Wealth, Power and Pleasures of this World, when compar'd with a generous Expectation of a Being without End, and a Happiness equal to that Being?

I shall not pursue this Thought any farther; but what I offer in the next Place to your Meditation is the Means whereby you may qualify yourself for eternal Happiness; and this absolutely consists in a Principle of Duty to God, which we otherwise term Religion. Therefore I exhort you above all things to pay the greatest Deference to the Deity. Undertake nothing, whether more or less important, without first calling upon and consulting him; and let your liking or disliking, your doing or not doing any thing be always governed by this Principle of Duty.

By that excellent and plain System call'd the Church Catechism, you are taught the Principles of the Christian Religion. At the Fall of our first Parents, Corruption seiz'd the Nature of Man; and on Account of that Disobedience, all their Posterity \* are born Children of Wrath, sentenc'd to begin their Lives in a State of Pollution and Disorder, full of Tempers and Passions that darken the Principles of Reason, and incline us all to forbidden Desires. At your Baptism by Water the *visible Sign*, and by the *inward and spiritual Grace* you were cleans'd from all the Defilements of your natural Sin; and then you obtain'd three Privileges, first, you were made a † Member of that spiritual Body, of which Christ is the Head, *2dly*, you were made a ‡ Child of God by Faith in Jesus Christ; and, *3dly*, an Inheritor of the Kingdom || of God, not by an absolute but conditional Promise, in case you lead a Christian Life. To do this, was

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\* Rom. v. Verse 12.

† 1 Cor. ch. xii. v. 12. and 13.

‡ Gal. ch. iii. v. 26.

|| Rom. ch. ii. verse 7.

the Thing promis'd and vow'd in your Name by your Sureties; and if you fail to make it good, you lose the Benefit of the Covenant then enter'd into. By being baptized in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, you were dedicated unto, and obliged to serve, love, and worship the undivided Trinity, one God blessed for ever. In the Deity or Godhead, reveal'd Religion expressly asserts there are \* three Persons. The Father created the World by † the Son (in Scripture call'd his eternal Word and Wisdom) and the Creation of the World is attributed to the ‡ Spirit. That Christ pre-existed all created Things, and gave Being to all Things in Heaven and in Earth, both visible and invisible, does not exclude the same Efficiency of Causality that is attributed to the first and third Persons in the Trinity. The Works of the Trinity out of itself are || not divided. Whatever one Person does, the others do; the second and third Persons cannot do what the first cannot do; therefore the second and the third are equal to the first. Though some Works (to denote the Order of the Trinity's Operations) are most ordinarily ascribed to any Person, but that other Scriptures justify the Co-operation of all the three Persons. Here we are not to expect a Description adequate and commensurate to the thing itself, because our Capacities are not extensive enough either to give or receive such a Description: Nor can the Difficulty of apprehending how this is done be any Prejudice to our Belief of it, when we have God's infinite Power in our Thoughts. The Son proceeds by Prolation from the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father by the Son; which three are all one by Unity of Substance, and are three Persons not in Condition or Substance, but in Form and Order; for, as they are all one Substance coherent in three Persons, so they are uncompounded, undivided, and inseparate to each other. *In this Trinity none is before or after the other; none is greater or less than the other; but the whole three Persons are co-eternal and co-equal together.* Though every Person by himself is God and Lord, yet the Lord our God is but one God.

Let us run into ever so many refin'd Speculations of Mathematics or Metaphysics, we shall never be able to search out the internal Nature of the God-head; yet we have sufficient Reason to give our Assent to this divine Mystery, because we have the concurring Testimonies, and the infallible

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\* 1 John *ch. v. verse 9.* † *St. John Gosp. ch. i. 3.* ‡ *Gen. i. 1. Job xxxiii. 4. Psalm xxxiii. 6. and civ. 30.* || *See the 19th, 20th, and 21st Verses of the 5th Chapter of St. John's Gospel.*

Excellence of that Doctrine which was preach'd by them who were made the Instruments of this Revelation to us. There is required a nice Distinction to be made between that Part of a Myſtery which we underſtand clearly and diſtinctly, (whereunto our Aſſent is founded upon Evidence, and is properly call'd Knowledge) and the Subſtance of the Thing ſignify'd by it, whereof we can have no Idea at all, (whereunto our Aſſent is founded upon the Authority of God, and is properly call'd Faith); it being wholly exempted from the Diſquiſition of our Reaſon, and Faith alone can reach it.

To proceed; at your Confirmation you publickly and ſolemnly ratify'd and confirm'd in your own Perſon the Vow made for you by your Godfather and Godmothers, and releas'd them from their Engagement. You then took your baptiſmal Vow upon yourſelf, and with a deliberate, unreferv'd Aſſent to all the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith, you chearfully embraced it, and renewed your Covenant with the Deity; firſt, to abhor, deſy, and reſiſt the Devil and all his Works; to mortify the Fleſh with Abſtinance and Humility; to renounce all Pleaſures that lead to Sin, all Pride, Ambition, and Covetouſneſs, and to ſubdue, as far as in you lies, all impure Deſires and vicious Inclinations that may either ſurprize or invade your Heart. Secondly, to believe all the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith, for without believing them, you cannot have a federal Right to the Covenant of Grace. And, thirdly, with his Help to live a conſtant Courſe of Piety and Obedience to God all the Days of your Life. Here you are to obſerve, that the Fundamentals of the Chriſtian Religion are thoſe Articles in the Apoſtles Creed which are neceſſary to be explicitly believed by all to whom the Goſpel is revealed. Points not fundamental, are all other divine Verities contained in the Word of God (whether written in canonical Scripture, or delivered to us by apoſtolic univerſal Tradition) and explicitly to be believed by us, when we are aſcertained that they are contained in thoſe divine Oracles. Into Belief and Practice all the Principles of our Religion may be reſolved. The firſt of theſe is diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Faith, the other by that of Morality, both which have their peculiar Excellences. On this the *Spectator* has elegantly diſcanted in his ſixth Volume, N<sup>o</sup> 459; to which Paper I refer your reading. The Apoſtles Creed is the Rule of your Faith, the Ten Commandments are the Rule of your Practice, and the Lord's Prayer is the Rule of your Devotion. Prayer is

the Means of obtaining divine Grace \* to enable you to this Belief and Practice. Tho' there are many other Things that may be called Sacraments, yet *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper* are the only two that are generally necessary to Salvation; that is, from the Obligation of observing these two no Persons are exempt, but such only who are incapable, or have not an Opportunity to receive them. It may not be improper here to inform you, that Consecration does not change the Nature of the Elements in the Eucharist, but makes them the Types and Symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ, abiding still in their proper and native Substance. In the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the Essence of it consists in eating the Flesh, and drinking the Blood of our Saviour; and what we are to understand by this, he did not leave obscure. He took Bread in his Hands, and of it he said, *This is my Body*; and likewise of the Wine, *This is my Blood*: So that the Way to take his Body and Blood, is to take consecrated Bread and Wine in Remembrance of him. Thus Christ established this Institution, and thus the Apostles and † primitive Christians practised it. Grant, I beseech thee, my God and my Redeemer, that the Eucharistical Elements may truly perform to me, and all worthy Receivers, that which they signify and represent! Any Person is qualify'd to receive the holy Sacrament, that is, who qualify'd to say the Lord's Prayer, or to perform any other Act of Devotion; and, as we are all by Nature prone to Temptation, so the seldomer we partake of this divine Mystery, the more liable we are to violate the Covenant we make at the Altar of our Redeemer. The Design of the first Sacrament, is to receive Men from a State of Sin and Wrath, into a State of Favour; and the Hopes of eternal Happiness, and the Ends designed by our blessed Saviour in the Institution of his Supper, were these four: First, that it should be a perpetual Memorial of his Death and Sufferings; secondly, that it should be an open and solemn Confession of the Christian Religion; thirdly, that it should be a visible Seal of the new Covenant, wherein we repeat our baptismal Vows, and upon the sincere Exercise of Faith and Repentance, we have an Assurance of the Forgiveness of all our Sins; and fourthly, that it should be a visible solemn Seal of the Union and Communion of Christ's mystical Body

\* St. Luke, ch. xi. ver. 13.

† Before the Lateran Council, Transubstantiation was never admitted as an Article of Faith into the Church of Rome. See Bellarmain, Lib. III. de Euchar. Cap. 23.

Body. This is the most solemn Act of Devotion, therefore great is the Danger of coming to the Lord's Supper with unclean Hands, or with an impure Heart; that is, in the actual Possession of any darling Sin, without the greatest Reverence to the sacred Institution, without an Abhorrence of Vice, without a lively Faith in the divine Mercies, and a firm Purpose to lead a Christian Life: But no less are we threaten'd with the severest Judgments, if we wilfully absent ourselves from the Lord's Table, because such a Neglect is a plain Contempt of Christ's Invitation, and a manifest Disobedience of his positive Command. When you are cloath'd in Humility, Repentance, universal Love, Simplicity of Heart, and a lively Faith in God's Mercies, you are well prepared; then you are dress'd in the Wedding Garment—then you have put on the Armour of Life.

Such is the Doctrine of the Reform'd Church; and they who corrupt and distort this Doctrine, must have a Pre-ference to greater Knowledge and clearer Insight into the Mysteries of Christianity than Christ himself. No Church is any farther the Church of Christ, than as it teaches his Doctrine. Christ assured the World, that all they of every Kindred and Nation, that believe in him, and obey his Will, shall be saved. The Belief of *absolute Reprobation*, without the least Distinction or Reserve, is contrary to, and subversive of it; therefore whoever upholds it, cannot belong to the Church of Christ. To say that a Chain of necessary Fate runs through the whole Order of Things, is plainly to say that God is no free Being. Besides, as nothing that is of pure Force can produce an Effect to any one's spiritual Advantage, we are of consequence to be sav'd by Choice; that is, by setting our Affections on Things above, by forming our Thoughts and Desires to religious Purposes, by making the Will of Christ our Rule, and his Practice our Example; and by shunning every thing that we know to be destructive of our eternal Interest. Those are the Conditions on which our Salvation depends, and those are Acts of Choice and not of Necessity. The Denial of this raises a Prejudice against our Saviour and his Gospel.

If it be ask'd, Where was our Religion before the Reformation? you may with Confidence answer, in the Word of God, and in the true Records of primitive Christianity. The sovereign Purpose of the Reformation was to extirpate the superstitious Innovations with which our Religion was invaded, and to adhere to the Christian Simplicity, and the Gravity of the primitive apostolic Church. As that God  
whom

whom we all adore, is a God of Peace and Concord, there ought to be a sacred Harmony between all that profess and believe in the same Saviour; for nothing can be a more sure Cement to Devotion, than a strict Conformity and Union in Worship: But to make arbitrary Inclosures about the Table of our common Lord, is to turn his instituted Seal of Unity, Love, and Peace, into an Engine of Division and Discord.

Having thus given you a short Explanation of the Church Catechism, which is the Foundation of our whole Religion, and the Key into every Part of it, I now proceed to shew you the Excellences and Advantages of a religious Life.

Herein does the Favour of Heaven to Mankind, and the Beauty of Providence, most eminently appear, that there is not one Obligation or Act of Duty laid upon us by Religion, but such as in the most immediate Manner tends to our own Interest. Our moral Sense shews Virtue to be the highest Perfection of our Nature; and the great Work of it is to act according to what we see, from the Constitution of our Nature, we were intended for by our Creator.

The Principles of Religion exalt our Virtues, and adjust their Measures infinitely better than any human Institutions were ever able to do; and there is so great a Grace and Authority in Virtue, that it never fails to attract the Esteem even of those that are most abandoned to Vice and Immorality: So that Religion, by its own Authority, and the reasonable Force of it, is sufficient to establish its Empire in the Mind of a thinking Person.

Revealed Religion, by giving us great Ideas of the Dignity of our Nature, and of the Love which the supreme Being bears to us, engages us in the highest Acts of Duty towards our Creator, our Neighbour, and ourselves. What can be a stronger Motive to a firm Trust in the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem the lowest of Mankind, more than the Thought that Christ died for him? Or what can dispose us to a stricter Guard upon the Purity of our Hearts, than being Members of that Society of which Christ, the immaculate Lamb, is the Head? Religion is the greatest Incentive to good and worthy Actions; for, let Spirits of superficial Greatness imagine what they please, upon the strictest Enquiry we will find that to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroick a Pitch of Virtue as human Nature can arrive at. Religion naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, gene-



rous and noble; and the true Spirit of it not only composes, but cheers the Soul. Though it banishes all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth, yet in Exchange it fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity and uninterrupted Pleasure. The Contemplation of divine Mercy and Power, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are the principal and constant Sources of it. The very Prospect of boundless and immortal Pleasures, must give the Mind of a thinking Person greater Satisfaction than all transitory, imperfect Enjoyments, whose Falacy every Moment we discover. A Course of Virtue, Innocence, and Piety, is superior to all the Luxury and Grandeur by which the greatest Libertines ever propos'd to gratify their Desires; for then the Soul is still enlarg'd by grasping at the Enjoyments of eternal Bliss. The Mind, by retiring calmly into itself, finds there Capacities form'd for infinite Objects, and Desires that stretch themselves beyond the Limits of this Creation, in search of the great Original of Life and Pleasure. Then the Soul exerts her Energy and Triumphs in the Privileges of her own Being. Then with Contempt she looks down on all created Glory, and rejoices in her immortal Duration, that shall run parallel to that of the supreme and self-existent Mind.

Such is the Uncertainty of human Affairs, that we cannot assure ourselves of the constant Possession of any Objects that gratify any one Pleasure or Desire, except that of Virtue, which as it does not depend on external Objects, we may promise ourselves always to enjoy. In our present State there is no Possibility of securing to ourselves an unmixed Happiness, independent of all other Beings; for we have not in our Power the modelling of our Senses and Desires to form them for a private Interest; they are fix'd for us by the Author of our Nature, subservient to the Interest of the System. Hence it appears that an undisturbed Happiness is inconsistent with the Order of Nature; but Religion is a secure Refuge in Seasons of deepest Distress, it smooths the Chagrin of Life, makes us easy in all Circumstances, and fills our Souls with the greatest Peace that our Natures are capable of. The Contemplation, the Life and Sufferings of our divine Leader, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence gives us a Humiliation in Prosperity, must administer Comfort in the severest Affliction.

The Happiness of a Life religiously spent, plainly appears from the poor and trifling Enjoyments, that all those are forc'd

for'd to take up with, who live according to their own Humour.

Further, Christianity has these four singular Advantages ; first, it furnishes us with the best and most certain Knowledge for the Information of our Minds ; secondly, it has given us the best and most perfect Precepts for the Government of our Minds ; thirdly, by the most lively Motives and Encouragement, it directs us to renew the Spirit of our Minds ; and, fourthly, by thus reforming our Natures, it makes us Heirs of, and qualifies us for, eternal Happiness.

Now I would fain know what mighty Pleasure or Advantage, any dry heavy Sect of Mortals can propose to themselves in getting loose of the Laws of Christianity, the sole Tendency of which is to regulate the Passions, to make this Life easy and pleasant, and to prepare Mankind for immortal Bliss. Is it to gratify their Senses, or to feed their Ambition ? Is it to cut a Figure among Men of Genius, or to lay Offences in their Way ? In short, if the hazarding of Salvation were not too melancholy for a Subject of Mirth, the Pursuit of this Enquiry would not be unpleasant. They must certainly be Persons of narrow and mean Conceptions, who (though under the Mask of superficial Greatness of Spirit) cannot raise their little Ideas above Pleasures familiar to their Senses.

If Happiness lay in Sensuality, Brutes would of course be more happy than Man ; for they have not only a quicker Relish of their Pleasures, but they enjoy them without Surfeits, Scandal, or Remorse. Therefore it is a brutal Entertainment, and unworthy of so noble a Being as Man, to place his Felicity in the Service of his Senses ; for what Dictates should a reasonable Creature follow, but such as Reason prescribes ?

The Spirit of a \* religious Man will sustain his Infirmity : But what a terrible Prospect of Wretchedness is opened to a guilty, dissolute, and irreligious Mind ? What dreadful Scenes of Inquietude does it wander through, and how numberless are the Thorns and Stings that obstruct its Passage ? Whoever asks a mortal Man a proper Question, makes him in effect pass Sentence on himself.

By God's Appointment in Nature, there is impress'd upon the Soul of Man a Desire of being happy ; and for this Reason, let our Impurities be ever so great, and the Allurements of earthly Pleasures ever so engaging, we all will wish for Heaven, while Heaven is on our Minds. Now,

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if every transient Glance of Thought can procure a Wish, it is highly probable that a fix'd, serious, and frequent Contemplation would produce no less than an effectual Will.

However, let us acquire from the natural Exercise of our Reason, ever so great a Conviction of the innate Excellency of Virtue, yet without Reveal'd Religion, all its Delicacies would sit but light upon us, and serve at best to raise our Admiration, but would never influence our Practice, or restrain the unruly Inclinations of our Nature.

Though our Belief of a God, and the Principles he delights in, is founded upon rational Evidence, yet the Word of God is the prime and only Rule of this Belief; for as human Reason cannot extend itself to a demonstrative Idea of its Author, we should never be able to regulate our Conceptions of him, without the persuasive Authority of his own Declarations. If the divine Will and Pleasure were revealed to us in canonical Scriptures, Man would never have discovered that the Pravity of his Nature, and the Disorder of his Affections, were the Result of his own Fault, and thereby became liable to eternal Death; and of consequence would have been ignorant of the Necessity of a Saviour, and several other Things essential to his Salvation.

As I have already observed in the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the two Sacraments, is collected into methodical Propositions the whole System of our Faith, Obedience, and Worship. They explicitly contain all the Fundamentals of Religion that are absolutely necessary to be understood and distinctly believed by all Persons; and this Summary is literally taken from the holy Bible, the Validity of which is to be thus supported.

The Validity of every Testimony bears Proportion with the Authority of the Testifier; and the Authority of the Testifier is founded upon his Ability and Integrity. Human Faith is an Assent to any thing credible, merely upon the Testimony of Man; but divine Faith is an Assent to somewhat as credible upon the Testimony of God. Here the Object has the highest Credibility, because grounded upon infallible Testimony. The Perfections of God's Will are as necessarily infinite as those of his Understanding: So that from his essential Rectitude, Goodness, Holiness, Purity, and Integrity, absolutely follows an Impossibility of his delivering that for a Truth which is not so; and upon these two immoveable Pillars stands the Authority of divine Testimony. The *material* Object in divine Faith is the Doctrine which God delivers; the *formal* Object is the

Credibility founded on the Authority of the Deliverer. The divine Testimony given by way of Revelation, is either *immediate*, which God delivers himself to Man, and thus he spoke to the Prophets; or *mediate*, which is the Conveyance of his Counsel by them to us. God by speaking to us by his Son Christ Jesus, has enlarg'd the Object of Faith to us by him; by which Means it comes to be the Christian Faith, or the Faith of Jesus Christ. The Faith of the Apostles is also grounded upon the *immediate* Testimony or Revelations of God; for besides our Saviour's Delivery of the Will of his heavenly Father to them, they received the Promise of the Spirit of Truth to lead them into all Truth, and to teach them all Things. All Christians therefore may be fully convinc'd, that all the Revelations in the Bible have the most irrefragable Testimonies of their coming from God; and the Agreeableness of the Doctrines therein contain'd to our own Reason, is a Confirmation of this sacred Truth. Would Men reflect with distinct Attention even upon what they feel in themselves, all Proofs in this Matter would be utterly needless; for, as there is Occasion for no other Marks to distinguish Light from Darkness, but the Light itself, which cannot be hid, so there is no other Token requir'd for the Knowledge of Truth, than the Lustre that surrounds it, which persuades and subdues the Mind in spite of any Opposition it can make.

Though the Scriptures were wrote for our Information, and though in apt familiar Parable, Similitude, and Allegory, our great Master has enforc'd the Doctrine of our Salvation, yet they contain several Points too subtle and abstruse for a clear Judgment to be form'd concerning them. The Defects and Weakness of human Faculties cannot rise up to full and comprehensive Ideas of heavenly Things. If we had not a determinate Sense of the Words wherein Christian Mysteries are reveal'd, they would be no Articles of Faith; and, if they could be fully solv'd and explain'd, they would cease to be Mysteries. Those Points in Scripture that are not fundamental are so term'd, not because they are of less Certainty or objective Infallibility in themselves than those that are call'd Fundamentals, but because the explicit Knowledge of them is not so obvious to all Men; nor are they in the same Degree of Necessity to be explicitly believ'd by all Men. From these Premises arises this Inference, that the Scriptures must be read with great Reverence, Candor, and Caution. Every scriptural Phrase is not to be stretch'd to its utmost physical Sense, nor must it undergo all the forc'd Interpretations

Interpretations that Men in different Persuasions may impose upon it. It is sufficient (Bishop Burnet judiciously observes) if a Sense be given to it that agrees with the Scope of it. Though there be a Diversity of Opinions about many Texts, yet (as Dr. Wake \* advises) *it is our Duty rather to regulate our Faith by what God has deliver'd, than by what Man has design'd, and to prefer the Authority of the Scriptures before the special Opinions of Men.* The Study of the original Texts can never be sufficiently recommended; dwell upon them, settle them in your Mind, and make it your Business thoroughly to understand them in their full Extent and all their Circumstances; bring them to a Consistency, and then make your own Deductions; never puzzle yourself with the Judgment of different Commentators upon them, but where your own fails you; and lose not the Pleasure of finding that you are not stop't by any but invincible Difficulties. Where you meet with a Mystery (as in holy Writ God has reserv'd many to himself, because the Knowledge of them would not be necessary towards our Salvation) resign your Intellects to what may seem to be the Intention of the Writer; rest with an easy Intelligence concerning it, but never withdraw your firm Assent from it, because it is the Word of God. This is the shortest, surest, and most agreeable Method to get a satisfactory and masterly Insight in all necessary Parts of divine Revelation.

Upon a Survey of the Works of Nature, and a Contemplation of the Power and Goodness of their Author, as revealed to us in Scripture, no Passion so naturally warms the Soul as Devotion. The Propensity of the Soul to religious Worship, its Tendency to fly to some superior Being for Succour in Distress or Danger, its Gratitude to some invisible Superintendent on the Receipt of any unexpected good Fortune, its Admiration in meditating on the divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all Nations in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion is natural to the Soul, and was implanted in it by the Hand that gave it Existence. By Devotion, as many Divines have observ'd, Man is more distinguished from the brutal World than by Reason; for Brutes often discover somewhat that faintly resembles Reason, but never in any one Circumstance that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. The most exalted Knowledge cannot open to the Mind such great Conceptions, or fill it with such sublime Ideas as this Principle of religious Worship. Without it a strict Observance

\* See his Church Catechism, page 28.

vance of every good Quality would be a cold and lifeless State of Virtue ; but Devotion warms and elevates the Mind more than either Learning or Pleasure. Serenity of Mind and Gladness of Heart still attend a devout Mind when it maintains an Intercourse with the Great Author of its Being. When we are in Company with our God, with our Redeemer, with our dearest and best of Friends, our Hearts burn with Love, exult with Gratitude, swell with Hope, and triumph in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds us ; or else we pour out our Fears, our Troubles, or our Dangers, to the great Supporter of our Existence.

Though it is hard to conceive how Zeal in religious Worship can be too warm or fervent, yet those two Cautions are to be us'd in Offices of Devotion. First, unless its Heats be temper'd with Prudence and cool Reason, the indiscreet Ferors of it may disorder the Mind, and degenerate from a steady masculine Piety into the Weaknesses of Enthusiasm and Superstition. The first has something of Madness in it, the other deep Tinctures of Folly. The first vainly imagines itself inflam'd with Divine Inspiration, not of her own kindling, but blown up by somewhat divine within her : the other attributes great Merit to certain Dresses, Postures, Pontificals, and Ceremonies. In the next place, unless we keep our Reason cool, to guard against its Influence, Idolatry is apt to betray us into mistaken Duties, as it is the Offspring of mistaken Devotion. To pay the least Adoration or Worship to any Person, Thing, or Similitude out of the Godhead, is a formal Transgression of the second Commandment : \* Yet there are those who attempt to paint the Persons of the Trinity as they are in their proper Substance and Nature, as if they could be drawn with material Colours. There are others whose Presumption is so great as to draw them in Forms horrible to † look upon. Impious † Boldness ! can any Distinctions or Precisions justify such a Practice as is literally opposite to the positive Command of God ! Idolatry is not only to adore an Image as God, but also to worship the true God by any Similitude ; it is not only a Worship dedicated to false Gods, but likewise a Worship of the true God by a Way prohibited. Bending to the Yoke of Papal Supremacy is no less an impious Servitude. It is Blasphemy to attribute to a Creature any of God's Properties :  
Infalli-

\* See the 20th Chapter of Exodus.  
Cap. 15.

† Damascen. Lib. IV.  
‡ *Inspicientia summa est & impietatis Figurare quod est Divinum. St. Aug.*

Infallibility is a Property of God, not communicable to any Creature ; therefore it is Blasphemy to attribute Infallibility to the Pope, who is no more than a meer Creature \*. What is there that mortal Man may not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God ! Denying the Pope's Infallibility unless in Conjunction with the Council in Matters of Faith is too mean a Shift to be answered. Let a Church owe her Establishment to any Order or System of Faith whatever, if she joins the Infallibility of divine to human Nature, she falls into Error, and her Doctrine must be wrong.

Though Devotion must be a religious Worship and pious Adoration of the true God, yet you are to consider that it does not so much imply any Form or Method of Prayer, as a certain Form of Life ; and you may never expect to please the Deity in any State or Employment, but by intending or devoting it all to his Honour and Glory.

*The best Method (says Socrates to his Pupil Alcibiades) that you can make use of to draw down Blessings from Heaven upon yourself, and to render your Prayers acceptable, will be to live in a constant Practice of your Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men †.*

Let your frequent Meditations be on his Majesty, Wisdom, Power, and wonderful Works ; adore him in all his infinite Perfections, and then reflect that his Goodness, Love and Mercy towards you are as unbounded as his Power is ; wherefore even in your Youth, all your Faculties and Endeavours should be employ'd in his Service, and all your Affections settled upon him. He is the Fountain of all our Joys.—He is the Giver of all our Happiness.

Virtue resides in the Intention and Choice, and not in the Subject Matter of what we do ; for it is the Inclination alone that determines our Actions to be good or evil : Thus it is not the Prayer itself that is acceptable to the Almighty Searcher of Hearts, but the Devotion of the Suppliant, and the Contrition of a pure Spirit. He that sitteth in the Heavens neither wants our Prayers or Praises, because his Nature is not capable of the least Increase of Glory ; but surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own Mind, the most exalted Pleasures he receives is from the beholding those Creatures that he drew out of the Gulph of Non-existence

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\* *The Absurdities of this Doctrine are sufficiently expos'd by the greatest Defenders of it. See Belerimine, Lib. IV. Cap. 5. de Rom. Pont. See likewise the Council of Constance in the 13th Session.*

† *See Plato's Dialogue upon Prayer, intitled Alcibiades the 2d.*

ence rejoicing in the various Degrees of their Being, and in Sincerity of Heart adoring their Original.

The fix'd Subjects of Devotion are Humility, universal Love, Resignation, and general Thanksgiving. One of these is constantly to be the Subject of your Prayer, and then you may use the Help of Forms compos'd by others; and here I recommend the Common Prayer Book to be as perfect as any thing of human Institution: But in that Part of your Prayers which you must suit to the present State of your Life or Heart, you must let the Sense of your own Condition help you to such Petitions or Praises as your present State may require.

As even pious and well-inform'd Persons are, through the Weakness of human Nature, in a greater or less Degree liable to a Succession of different Passions; of Joy, Love, Hope, Fear, Peace of Mind, dark and melancholy Thoughts, Dulness of Spirit, Discontent, Fretfulness, Peevishness, Resentment, Querulousness, Sullenness, Pride, Envy, Revenge, Ambition, or some particular Change of Temper, so I recommend it to you constantly to make the present State of your Heart the Reason of some particular Application to Heaven.

As you can never know what in its Events may prove to you a Blessing or a Curse, the most apparent Blessings in this Life being obnoxious to the most dreadful Consequences; never pray for any thing but what the Divine Will may think expedient for you, suitable to your Being, and conducive to his Glory. Such was the Model of \* even Heathen Devotion.

Never pray in a Hurry: There is a wide Difference between praying and reading, or repeating Prayers.

Let your Prayers be frequent and fervent, but not long; for Persons especially of your Age, either grow tir'd, or wander into Thoughts upon other Objects. So industrious is the malignant Betrayer of Hearts to interrupt and seduce our Thoughts and Attention when applied to religious Objects; that without the Assistance of Divine Grace his Wiles are not to be resisted. In the Imagination he forges them to deceive us, and his manner of working is by forming Images, and exciting perverse Motions there, that become the immediate Objects of our Attention; and the favourite Time of his

\* *A Prayer of Socrates. O Jupiter! give us those Things which are good for us, whether they are such Things as we pray for, or such Things as we do not pray for; and remove from us such Things as are harmful, though they are such Things as we pray for.*



his working is when he perceives us to be religiously dispos'd. Hence it is that a Languor comes frequently over us at the Seasons of the Year, which at other Times we rarely feel.

Prayer is the noblest Exercise of the Soul, and the highest Imitation of the blest above; therefore, as soon as your Eyes are releas'd from the drowzy Power, rejoice in the Beginning of every Day\*. Offer up your Praises as an early Sacrifice of Thanksgiving to that invisible Power who protected you from the Dangers of the preceding Night. As soon as you rise, before you retire to pray, provide yourself in your Meditation with such a Form of Expressions as may be most likely to enliven your Soul with suitable Sentiments; and when you are on your Knees, separate yourself from all common Thoughts, and make your Heart as sensible as you can of the divine Presence. Always begin your Devotions with such Words as may give you the most exalted Ideas of God and his Attributes; for he is the Principle of all exalted Qualities, and the sudden Spring which sets them all in Motion.

Let some short Praises and Petitions intervene through all your Thoughts, even when at your Work.

Psalms, Hymns and Ejaculations greatly add to the Spirit of Devotion. It is a Matter of just Surprize to find Men of good Sense and good Nature hurried away with unreasonable Prejudices against the solemn Music of our public Devotions, and at the same time to confess that nothing can have a more agreeable Influence over the Mind, or infuse into it a greater Variety of sublime Pleasures. In a constant Series of Prayer the Mind is too apt to languish and sink into foreign Thoughts; but by the Raptures of an *Anthem*, or even of a *Voluntary*, the Soul is rais'd above all mortal Objects, is prepar'd for the Admission of Divine Truths, and is delightfully lost amidst the Joys of Futurity. Those short Offices of Praise are so regularly interspersed through the Service of

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our

\* *When you awake you may pray after this Manner. Thou Prince of Grace, thou Spring of all my Hope! Thou great ador'd! Thou infinite unknown Blessed! and for ever prais'd be thy Name, my God and Saviour, for all thy Mercies, and particularly for delivering me from the Perils of Sleep and Darknes! As thou hast safely brought me to the Beginning of this Day, mercifully defend me in the same with thy mighty Power from Sin and Danger! Be pleas'd to order all my Actions by thy Governanc; to prevent me in all my Doings with thy most gracious Favour, and to further me with thy continual Help; that in all my Works begun, continued, and ended in thee, I may glorify thy Holy Name, and finally by thy Mercy obtain everlasting Life.*

*For the Reasonableness of this Duty, consult the Scriptures, Phil. iv. 6. Rom. xii. 12. 1 Thel. v. 17. 1 Tim. ii. 8, &c.*

our Church, that we have no Opportunity of falling from the Fervour of our Devotion. We are transported into Love and Piety; a Calmness is diffus'd all around us; and our Souls are exalted by Melody to the Praises of our Creator. By solemn Thanksgivings to our God our Hearts are warmed and led away into Raptures; and we are obliged to drop all vain or immodest Thoughts that might interrupt us in the Performance of our sacred Duties. History informs us, that musical Sacrifices and Adorations have claim'd a Place in the Laws and Customs of the most different Nations. The \* *Grecians and Romans of the Prophane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred World, did as unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other Parts of their Oeconomy.*

It is recommended by Bishop *Usher*, Bishop *Wetenhall*, Mr. *Law* and other great Divines, to use ones self as much as possible to pray in one certain Place; because reserving the same Place intirely for Religious Uses, is apt to dispose the Mind to such Tempers as may very much assist Devotion, especially when a pious Person is there alone.

Never absent yourself from the public Service of the Church when your Health permits you; for the Saviour of the World has promis'd to bear our Petitions, and to grant our Requests when we are gather'd together in his Name, to make our common Supplications to him.

Even in regard to good Breeding, Time and Place are to be consider'd in all our Actions. Giggling, Chatting, Ogling, Stifling of Laughter, Flurting the Fan, or any other careless Airs in Church, are Instances, not only of bad Manners, but likewise of the greatest Impiety: Therefore, when in the House of God, behave yourself with all Reverence, Modesty, and decent Behaviour. Let neither your Eyes nor your Thoughts wander. Be attentive, and fix your Mind on the Occasion of your going there; that the Divine Grace may flow to you, and to his Word be imprinted on your Heart. Let your Mind be fervently affected, and consider that you are addressing yourself to the Almighty. The Prayers are not to be hurried over with a dispassionate Indolence; but hearty Wishes must accompany your Words. Be careful in your Responses, and through all the Service join with Heart and Voice. Repeat the Confession with a resign'd Humility; hear the Absolution with a comfortable Hope; offer up your Thanksgivings and Praises with a solemn,

\* Spect. No. 630. *This is observed by Mr. Rolin and Bishop Stillingfleet, Or. sacr.*

lemn, religious Joy, and imbibe the Sermon with Patience and Candor.

If any Use, Ceremony, or Custom, be introduc'd into Divine Worship that runs to an Abuse and Transgression of God's Commandments, it should immediately be rejected or reform'd; but if it contributes to *Decency and Order*, is indifferent in itself, and not opposite to a higher Law, it is great Insolence in any Person to oppose it.

As for the Ceremonies of bowing, curtsying, and passing of Compliments in the sacred Temple before and after divine Service, it may be presum'd they are more suitable at Balls, Assemblies, Ridotto's, and such-like gay Conventions, where the Thoughts are fix'd upon Levity and Pleasure. At Church we have no Business but to worship and adore the Deity, to confess our Sins before him, to implore his Pardon and Protection, to give him Thanks for all his Mercies, and in the midst of his Congregation to rejoice in the Name of the Lord our God. As soon as we enter the Door of his House, our Souls should be fill'd with Devotion; and till we depart thence, our Thoughts should not descend to any thing on the Earth.

Having thus laid before you in a clear and familiar manner the religious Duties of a Christian, I hope it will not be offensive to propose to you a Model of Conduct for one Day.

The surest Way you can take to live above such mistaken, perishing Enjoyment as this World can boast is to put yourself under a Necessity of observing how one Day goes thro' your Hands, and let Virtue, Sincerity, and Religion, be the Rules of your Actions for that Day. Oblige yourself to a certain Order of Time, in your Devotions in your Business, in your Retirements, Amusements, Recreations, and Pleasures. Let your first Care be to please the Deity, who presides over all your chearful Hours and innocent Conversations; the next, to avoid the Reproaches of your own Heart, and the next to escape the Censures of the World. A Lady is never so sure of her Conduct as when the Verdict she passes upon her own Behaviour is confirm'd by the Opinion of all that know her. By an Observation of these Rules you will come to a Discovery of all the Foibles that lurk in the secret Corners of your Soul, and will soon arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of yourself. You are likewise carefully to consider how far you deserve the Approbation with which the World favours you; whether your Actions proceed from worthy Motives, and how far you are really possess'd of those Virtues that they imagine you are. Friends may not see our

Faults; they may be partial and conceal them from us; or else they may soften them so as to reconcile us to them, and make them appear too trivial to be taken notice of. I therefore cannot think it improper to consult what Character we bear among our Enemies, whose Malice (though it may inflame our Crimes and Imperfections, and expose them in too strong a Light) has frequently some Ground for what it advances. By the Reproaches which an Enemy casts upon us \* our Eyes are open'd to several Blemishes and Defects in our Conduct, which otherwise would escape our Observation.

The Exercise of some social Virtue or other will fall in your Way almost every Day in your Life. To relieve the Needy, and comfort the Distrest; to make Allowances for the Slips and Defects of others; to advise the Ignorant, and soften the Envious; to rectify the prejudic'd, and quiet the Angry; to silence Detraction, and justify the Deserving; to overlook Hatred, and forgive an Injury; to mitigate the Fierceness of others, and to subdue our own Passions, are Virtues that may give daily Employment to the most industrious Tempers, and in the most active Stations of Life. Those are Exercises suited to reasonable Creatures, and always bring Delight to the discreet Manager.

Let this be a general Rule to you, that you can never be in the Possession of human Life but when you are in the Satisfaction of some innocent Pleasure, or in the Pursuit of some laudable Design: Always preserve a Chearfulness and Evenness of Temper; it will conquer Pride, Vanity, Affectation, and all other Follies that might render you troublesome to yourself, and contemptible to others. It will preserve Health in your Body, and Pleasure in your Mind. To seem always inclin'd to be well pleas'd engages the Love and Esteem of every one, and adds a certain Grace to every Action which can be felt much better than describ'd. There is a kind of Respect which the meanest of our Species may, by an easy Behaviour grounded upon simple Honesty and a Desire of obliging, procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. Make Discretion your Guide in every Concern of Life; not only in your own Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action. Of all the shining Qualities of a rational Being † this is the most useful: It is this which gives a Value to all the rest; which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage

\* Plutarch has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may thus receive from his Enemies. † Nullum Numen abest si sit prudentia—Juv.

vantage of the Person who is possess'd of them : So that without Discretion, Virtue itself looks like Weakness. Avoid Prejudice and Censure ; preserve Sincerity and Secrecy. Let all your Diversions be moderate and suitable, well chosen, and well tim'd. Suffer not your Mind to be bias'd by the Approbation of, but rather suspect some conceal'd Evil to lurk in such of your Actions as proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or Manner of Life ; from your Age or certain Temper, or from any Motives that favour your Pleasure or secular Profit. Lay not too great a Stress upon Virtues of a disputable Nature ; and such are all those in which thousands dissent from us who are as good and as wise as we.

Never despise nor ridicule those who do not follow your Rules of Life ; nor are you to entertain any proud Conceit of your own Virtues ; for, if you were left to your own Strength and Wisdom, you would not be able to do any good thing. Give therefore all the Glory to the divine Goodness, whose daily Assistance directs and preserves you from presumptuous Sins.

When Night comes, you are to consider that possibly you may never see Day-light again till the Morning of the Resurrection will dawn upon the Earth ; when you are folded in the silken Arms of Sleep, that perhaps you may never waken till you hear the Voice of the Arch-angel, and the Sound of the last Trumpet, and that you may never lift up your Head, till you see the Saviour of the World coming in the Clouds with Power and great Glory. You are farther to consider, that every Action, every Word, and every Parturieny of Thought thro' all Creation, lie expos'd to one undivided View of the Almighty ; and that for all the Works thereof God will judge the Earth. Impregnate this with your Belief, and then sum up your Accompts, and examine your Conduct in the foregoing Day. Try your Heart, and recollect what Duties you have perform'd, and what neglected. If upon such an Enquiry you find your Conscience clear and in the delightful Calm of sweet and easy Passions, of divine Love and Joy ; offer up your Praises and Thanks for the Possession of so much Happiness, and pray for Grace to enable you to live well the ensuing Day. Begin the next, not depending on your \* own Strength, but with an humble Confidence in the Aid of Heaven. Our Saviour has given us a Proof of our Inability without God's Assistance to do any great or good Thing. When *Peter* in a Flush of Temper,

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solemnly

\* *St. Luke ch. xi. verse 13. Philippians ch. ii. verse 13.*

solemnly protested, that though all Men were offended in his Lord, yet he would not be offended; then was he, who thought so well of his own Courage and Fidelity, told by his Master that they would both fail him, and that he should even deny him thrice that very Night. Therefore on Divine Assistance let your Resolution be grounded.

If on the contrary you can charge yourself with the Omision of any Duty, or the Commission of any Folly, cloath your Spirit in Humility and Contrition; confess your own Unworthiness; unbosom all your Guilt, and implore the Deity in his good Time to remove your Sins far from you, to lessen the Weight of your Infirmities, to renew a right Spirit within you, and to deliver you from all such Passions as oppose the Purity of your Soul. In this Temper of Mind put on a Resolution with divine Assistance to correct those Errors in the next Day's Conduct. If you thus bring one Day under the Rules of Religion, and Day after Day conform your Practice to such Rules, you can't imagine how soon it will become delightful to you—how soon it will improve and perfect the whole Course of your Life. This will bring you to a Certainty, that honest Thoughts, good Will, and a peaceful Conscience, are Blessings within yourself, and within your Reach.

If your Health permits you, rise early in the Morning, and never be a Slave to the lazy Indulgence of Sleep. No simple Custom is more blameable than that of lying shut up in the Arms of Sloth and Darkness, when the chearful Return of Day invites the whole Creation to Joy and Business. Sleep any farther than as it is a necessary Refreshment, is the poorest, dullest State of Existence we can be in; and it is so far from being a real Enjoyment, that it bears the nearest Resemblance of Death, and carries all the Horrors of Oblivion in it: We are forc'd to receive it either in a State of Insensibility, or in the delusive Folly of Dreams. Sleep, when too much humour'd, gives a Softness and Idleness to all our Tempers; and no sluggish Person can be qualify'd or dispos'd to enter into the true Spirit of Prayer, or the Exercise of any active Virtue. Whoever submits to this Morning Indulgence, can never be fervent in their Devotions; nor do they deserve to be reckon'd any more than lazy Worshippers, who rise to their Duties as idle Servants do to their Labours.

By thus ordering and dividing your Time, no part of it will lie heavy upon your Hands; you will never be hurried into the poor Contrivances to kill a dull half Day, such as idle Visits, imprudent Amusements, ridiculous Diversions, and

and the other Impertinences of a \* playing, gadding, and wandering Life.

It is univerſally allow'd, that a Courſe of Virtue is the moſt worthy, and will in the End be rewarded moſt amply; but the way to it is raſhly and falſely repreſented as rugged and narrow. Now I appeal to Reaſon, if eaſy regular Paſſions, a peaceful Conſcience, and the Hopes of eternal and unmixt Delights, are not preferable to, and acquired with greater Eaſe than any Pleaſures of Senſe. If we compare the painful Purſuits of Avarice, Ambition and Senſuality with their oppoſite Virtues, we will find that Vice is as laborious as Virtue. The Toils of the covetous, ambitious, or ſenſual Man, his various Fears and Diſquiets, nay, the Vexations that attend his moſt refin'd Delights, are vaſtly more troubleſome than a regular Purſuit of Virtue, *Whoſe Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all whoſe Paths are Peace.*

Mr. Addiſon elegantly reduces † all Superiority that one Perſon can have over another, to the Notion of Quality; which conſider'd at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The firſt conſiſts in Birth, Title, or Riches; the ſecond in Health, Strength, or Beauty; and the third has its Riſe from Wiſdom, which is the Knowledge of divine Things, directing a Judgment and Rule of human Actions, and whoſe Employment is Virtue. The Death bed ſets the Emptineſs of the two firſt in a true Light. Then Birth, Wealth and Honours: Health, Strength, and Beauty, lie under the meaneſt Circumſtances of human Nature: but the Effects of Virtue are inſeparable to us, and the laſt Day will aſſign to every one a Station ſuitable to his Exerciſe of it here. A juſt Inference is hence deduced by that learned Writer, that “As Ambition is natural to the Soul of Man, here, if  
“ rightly directed, it might receive a very happy Turn,  
“ *methinks*, ſays he, *we ſhould have an Ambition, if not to ad-  
“ vance ourſelves in another World, at leaſt to preſerve our Poſt  
“ in it, and outſhine our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may  
“ not be put above us in a State which is to ſettle the Diſtinc-  
“ tion to Eternity; where Ranks will be adjusted, and Prece-  
“ dency ſet right.”*

Though our Nature is imperfect and corrupt, yet it is ſo far improveable, by the Grace of God upon our own good Endeavours, that we all may, though not equally, be Inſtruments of his Glory, Ornaments and Bleſſings to this World, and capable of eternal Happineſs. To enable you

\* An Expreſſion of Mr. Law. † Spectator, No. 219. Read The Wiſdom of Solomon.

to accomplish those great Ends, I recommend to your Esteem and Practice, Charity, Humility, Chastity, Temperance, and Patience. Those are the Virtues suitable to our Nature,—Those are Ornaments peculiar to a Christian.

The first Christian Virtue is Charity; by which is meant that universal Love which by the Law of \* *Christ* is made a Debt to our Neighbour, and to defraud him of which would be an Act of Injustice. It is a sincere Kindness and Sympathy that disposes us to love our Neighbours as ourselves; that is, to forward and rejoice at their Well-doing, with the same Freedom of Heart as we would at our own; to wish, without the least Reserve, all Good to all Persons in all their Capacities, in respect of their Souls, their Bodies, their Fortunes, or their Credit; to condescend to their Weakness and Infirmities; to cover their Frailties; to love their Excellences; to encourage their Virtues; to relieve their Wants; to compassionate their Distress; to forgive their Malice; to forget their Injuries; to do good to the Slanderer; never to be angry at a Friend, nor revengeful to an Enemy; and to take Pleasure in the lowest Offices of Benignity to the lowest of our Fellow-creatures. Whoever can do this, and suspend all Hopes of Reward till after Death, is formed for the Benefit of Society in this, and the Company of Angels in the World to come. Whereas they are cut off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, and the Benefits of professing Christianity, who are uncharitable to any of their own Species; who afflict their Bodies, distress their Fortunes, hurt their Character, ruin their Families, or in any Circumstance make their Lives painful. All who pursue the Steps of any Leader, should form themselves after his Manner: But I can't conceive how it is possible for any cool Reasoner to imagine how the Passionate and the Cruel, the Haughty and the Imperious, the Malicious and Revengeful, the Envious and Unmerciful, the Liar or Detractor, can be said to imitate that highest Pattern of Charity, who pray'd for his Enemies, and offer'd up his Blood as a Sacrifice in favour of them that shed it. Then let me ask, What System of Faith can justify that Principle of Zeal which persecutes Mankind for Conscience-sake, pronounces all to be damn'd out of the Pale of their Church, pursues all of different Persuasions with Rancour and

\* A new Commandment, says our blessed Saviour, I give unto you, that ye love one another. By this shall all Men know that ye are my Disciples, if ye have Love one to another. *St. John's Gospel, ch. xiii. ver. 34. ch. xv. ver. 12 and 17.*



and Hatred\*, and promotes Evils abhorrent to Nature. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry, and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind; and however approv'd by weak Men, or our own Principles, are injurious to Peace, subversive of Society, and highly criminal in their Nature and Consequences.

Our national Church is singularly happy in this Respect, of living in great Love and Friendship with all who profess the common Name of Christians, though they differ in their way of following their Saviour. Pursuant of the pure and incorrupted Doctrine of this Church, never bear a bigoted Abhorrence to any Principle in Religion that is not subversive of the divine Glory. All Christians should disclaim a Rigidity in censuring the Opinions of others; and they who never run down any Religion, the Exercise of which is allow'd by Law, secure to themselves the Friendship of different Sects.

Though the Stream of many different Professions among Christians be corrupted, yet we can't deny their Fountain to be pure: Besides, a great many Controversies in Religion, if thoroughly sifted and well compared, would be found to be no more than verbal Contentions.

We are all, by a secret Impulse of Nature, tender enough of ourselves, and apt to dread the least Pain or Harm that can befall us; and this is the same Tenderness which we are directed by the divine Law to extend to all others. As you are desirous to have your own Reputation defended, your Difficulties removed, your bodily Sufferings succour'd, and your Infirmities congealed; so you must have the same reasonable Degree of Love to all others, as is answerable to this; otherwise you disobey the † royal Law of the Gospel, *Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thyself.*

Be speedily reconciled to an Enemy, but with Caution behave before one. Though it is not requir'd of you to depend upon, or to place a Confidence in any Person that has wilfully injur'd or betray'd you, yet, if you do not forgive him, and lay aside all Thoughts of Resentment and Revenge, you must confess yourself to dissemble with Heaven, when you pray to be *forgiven your Trespases, as you forgive those who trespass against you.* We have not only the Command, but also the Example of Christ, to do good to our bitterest

\* *The History of the Irish Rebellion produces many dreadful Instances of this mistaken Zeal.*

† Romans xiii. 9. James ii. 8.

\* bitterest Enemies; and this may be easily done, if from our Hearts we forgive them; for after that, we can no longer account them Enemies. Though this may appear a very hard Lesson to Persons of high and hot Spirits, yet they, who are not reconciled to the Practice of it, in vain declare themselves to be Christians. The forgiving of Injuries, is a Virtue which not only Christianity but Morality enforces. The Heathens practis'd it to Admiration, the primitive Christians exceeded them. But what a glorious Example have we in the Lord and Master of our Salvation, who pray'd for his Crucifiers,—*Father, forgive them †, &c.*

Revenge and Malice are the Eruits of Disobedience, and the Offspring of Hell, and should therefore be avoided, as Monsters made for Ruin and Destruction.

Calumny and Censure are not only subversive of this heroic Virtue, Charity, but the bear Aspect of a fiery Persecution. Were all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that the greater Part of them proceed from the Practice of Detraction. Censure is a Disease of the Mind, which owes its Rise to a criminal Curiosity of listening to Stories, and an ill-natur'd Credulity in believing such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of others, and in a great Measure owes its Birth to a Man's Conscioufness of his own secret Corruptions. What the Motives are from which this Vice proceeds, or by what Steps it grows up into Slander, it is difficult to determine: But, let the Spring of it be what it will, the Effects of Defamation are equally injurious to the Person at whom it is aim'd. Every one who is invest'd with the Sentiments of a Christian or a Gentleman; every one who has either the Love of his Country, or Honour of Religion at Heart, cannot but be highly offended at this cruel, this ungenerous Practice, which tends to the utter Extirpation of all Truth and Humanity among us. It is the Opinion of a † late ingenious Writer, that, *as every honest Man sets as high a Value upon a good Name as upon Life itself, they who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, if they could do it with the same Secrecy and Impunity.* That Person who conceives a Pleasure from the Dishonour of any one defam'd, is no less desirous of doing Mischief, than he whose Tongue is basely employ'd therein; he must certainly have a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of that Vice within him. Nothing more betrays the

\* St. Matthew, chap. v. verse 44.

† St. Luke, chap. xxi. verse 35.

‡ Monsieur Bayle.

the Narrowness of the Soul, and an evil Disposition of Mind, than Tatling and Backbiting; nothing can be more destructive of Society, than those two spit-fire Vices; wherefore, whenever you find them introduc'd into Conversation, let the following Rules form the Model of your Conduct. First, never take Delight in hearing the Faults of others: Secondly, be slow in believing them; and, Thirdly, be cautious in repeating them. Be always silent upon such Occasions, and keep your Heart and Tongue to yourself; let the Secret die within your Breast, and retire as soon as good Breeding will allow you. Though a Report to any Person's Prejudice may be true, first consider the Causes of such inadvertent Behaviour, for to the want of Attention all our Faults are owing; then ballance his Virtues and his Vices, his good Qualities and his bad; and even at the worst you have no judicial Authority to pass Sentence, or even to wound his Safety. Nay, when you can promote Virtue by it, let your Touches of Reproof be gentle. Indiscreet, partial, or uncharitable Reproofs, lose their Efficacy, and become Vices. *Violent Rebukes (says Thales) are like Plumb-cakes stuck with Thorns.*

By opprobrious Tongues the Honour of Families may be ruin'd, the highest Titles degraded, the noblest Virtues render'd cheap, and the most exalted Qualities expos'd to the Contempt of the Ignorant and Vicious. Therefore never look down upon Scandal but with the greatest Disdain and Abhorrence; and remember this, that tearing other Peoples Cloaths off their Backs, will never make your own sit the easier on you.

Compassion (which is another Name for Charity) seems to be so natural an Ornament to your Sex, whose soft Breasts are made and dispos'd to entertain Tenderness and Pity, that *Solomon* introduc'd it as a necessary Ingredient in the Character of a virtuous Woman; *She stretcheth forth her Hands to the Poor, (says the Champion of Wisdom) and reacheth her Bread to the Needy;* that is, her Bowels are full of Mercy, and she prefers the Necessities of others to her own superfluous Delicacies; she moderates her own Enjoyments, to be the better enabled to relieve them. The Money laid out by many Ladies in Cosmeticks, to repair or rather disguise their Complexions, would be expended to better Advantage in Balsams, Unguents, Plaisters, and Medicines for the Poor and Diseas'd. Thus your Grandmother laid in constant Provisions for the Poor; and her Charity was blest with Judgment and Success. When others were spinning

spinning out their heavy Hours in shuffling or dividing a Pack of Cards, and perhaps with no other Ideas but those of red and black Spots rang'd together in different Figures: She retir'd to her Apartment of Drugs, which she furnished yearly at a great Expence: There she studied the Essences of Plants and Herbs, and how to mix their Juices; there she consulted the Sources of various Diseases, and what Medicines were proper to prescribe. When others lay folded up in the Arms of Sleep, or were trifling at the Toilet, her Morning Exercise was to bind up the Sores of the Poor, to distribute Salves, Physic, and Plaisters, and to give them Money besides. Thus she took Delight in the Exercise of Charity; thus she improv'd her Knowledge; sooth'd and allay'd the Passions; communicated Good to the Extent of her Power; and thus she found Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life. For this she liv'd belov'd, and dy'd lamented. She consider'd that such Employments were not only Amusements for the Time they lasted, and secur'd to her the Love and Esteem of all her Acquaintance, but that their Influence was to extend to those Parts of her Existence which lie beyond the Grave; and that her whole Eternity would take its Colour from those Hours which she so wisely employ'd.

As Charity is the greatest of all Virtues, so is the humble Manner of bestowing it the greatest Ornament that attends it, and renders it most amiable in the Sight of God. Let your Heart therefore be soften'd with the greatest Sympathy and Meekness towards all People in Distress; for, as the poorest of Men are great Instances of divine Love, so let all your Fellow-creatures be Instances of yours. Always have a great Tenderness for old People, and take Pleasure in comforting the Infirmities of their Age. Hear the Complaints of the Poor with Compassion, and never turn them away with harsh or reproachful Language, lest thereby you should add to their Afflictions, and they should curse you in the Bitterness of their Souls. It was the Advice of the Son of Sirach, *not to give the Poor any Occasion to curse \* you.* When a poor starving Wretch finds a hard Heart under a soft Raiment, and sees a Person trick'd out with many Bubbles and Fopperies, the Price of the least of which would warm his empty Bowels and refresh his fainting Spirits, it is a great Trial. Poverty of itself is sufficient to embitter the Soul, and needs not an additional Temptation. According to your Abilities relieve all Persons, even the most abandon'd Reprobates;

\* Eccles. ch. iv. verse 5.

Reprobates; for nothing is a higher Instance of a Divine and God-like Spirit. *It is a most noble Part of Charity (says St. Austin) to give to the Stranger and Undeserving: The first may have Merit, the other may repent.* Never treat common Beggars with Contempt or Aversion, though their Appearance be ever so offensive, but remember the Kindness of our Saviour and his Apostles towards them. Consider that even they have an equal Right with you to the Protection of Heaven: Be thankful that you are not afflicted with their Disorders, their Sores, or their Poverty, but always treat them as your Fellow-creatures; for, as they are such, it is your Duty to wish them Peace of Mind in this World, and eternal Happiness in the next; which it is impossible you can sincerely do, and yet not have the Heart to give them a small Relief.

The next Virtue I recommend to your Practice, is Humility: *Blessed are the \* poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.* Thus our blessed Saviour open'd his Sermon on the Mount; and from his Example we may be assur'd that Humility is the richest Garment that the Soul can wear. By this Word is to be understood, not an abject Poorness of Spirit, that would stoop to do a mean thing, but such an humble Sense of human Nature, as sets the Heart and Affections right towards God, and gives us every Temper that is tender and affectionate towards our Fellow-creatures. This is the Soil of all Virtues, where every thing that is good and lovely grows.

Though Humility in itself be an intire single Virtue, yet it is diversify'd according to the several Faculties of the Soul it influences: So that there is a Meekness of the Understanding, a Meekness of the Will, and a Meekness of the Affections. Meekness and Humility are synonymous. First then, a Meekness of the Understanding, is a Pliableness to Conviction, owning our Faults with Candour, listening to Reason, and bearing just Reproof. The Vice opposite to this is Conceitedness. Secondly, that of the Will is a Submission to Authority, which in divine Things is God's Will; in natural and moral Reason; in *Human* Constitutions, the Command of Parents and Superiors. The Vice opposite to this is Obstinacy. Thirdly, that of the Affections lies in reducing the Passions to a regular, calm Temper, not suffering them to make an Uproar within to disturb ones self, nor without to disquiet others. The Vices opposite to this are Malice, Anger, Revenge, Envy, Fury, and such like.

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\* St. Matthew, ch. v. verse 3.

No Person without this Virtue, can either obey the divine Commands, or chearfully submit to Providence; for Piety and Pride can no more thrive together, than Health and Sicknefs.

Never say any thing directly tending to your own Praise; and, when you have done or said any thing that deserves it, receive it from others with Indifference. Be not too covetous of it, nor appear displeas'd or confus'd at getting it; but, when you have done any thing worthy of Praise, suffer yourself to be told of it without rebuffing those who are doing you Justice. In your private Thoughts divest yourself of it, and return it to God as the Giver of the Gift, and the Blessor of the Action. Give him unfeign'd Thanks for making you an Instrument of his Glory, for the Benefit of others.

Never be proud of your own Accomplishments, nor entertain high Conceits of your own Performances, for that will not only eclipse their Lustre, but cancel all their Worth. Your having a just Sense of your own Meanness, and the divine Excellence, will qualify you for an unfeigned Submission to his Will and Wisdom, and to resist the Assaults of Pride and Vain-glory. You have not, as far as I can judge, the least Tincture of either of those Vices; yet it may not be amiss to inform you of the Guilt, the Danger, and the Folly attending them. It was for Pride, that the Fallen Angels were banish'd from the divine Presence; by which we may know that it was not only the first, but the greatest Sin that the very Devil himself committed. *Every Person (says \* Soloman) that is proud in Heart, is an Abomination to the Lord.* From this Sin naturally flows an irreverent Neglect of our Duties to Heaven, and an haughty Contempt of our Fellow-creatures; and thus Pride first prepares the Soul for the Commission of all Sins, and then betrays it to the Punishment of them. A proud Spirit thinks all the Mercies he receives are the Reward of his own Deserts, in the Seasons of Distress murmurs against Providence; and, if he thinks on God at all, he hates him, as if he were greatly injured. For this Reason the Deity has declared himself the proud † Man's profess'd Enemy. *Never admit (says the ‡ Philosopher) vain Glory into your Heart; for human Glory is at best no more than human Folly.*

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\* Prov. cb. xvi. ver. 5.

† Prov. cb. xvi. ver. 18. St. James, cb. iv. ver. 7.

‡ Seneca in his *Morals*.

Here I beg leave to break through the Rules of modern Refinement, as generally practis'd by the *Beau Monde*, and both to state and answer the follow Questions: What is it that the finest Lady in Being has to be proud of? She is but Dust and Ashes; her Body is weak and infirm, subject to Diseases, Death and Corruption: In her Colour and Complexion she is outdone by various Flowers; and, when her Beauty is in its fullest Bloom, a few Fits of Sickness change it into Paleness and Wrinkles. In Health and Strength she is inferior to many irrational Creatures. If she values herself for her Riches, at her own Rate she is less worth than a Gold Mine, or a Cabinet of Toys. If she be proud of her Birth, there is no Merit in that, nor is it a Blessing of her own purchasing or deserving. If she be vain of her own Acquirements or Excellencies, she lessens them proportionably in the Esteem of all good Judges. What was she before begotten? Nothing.—What in the dark Regions of her first Being? Uncleanness.—What in her Infancy? Weakness.—What in her Youth? Folly and Giddiness.—What is all her Life? A Sinner.—What after Death? A stinking Lump of Clay, offensive to her dearest Friends, a forgotten Heap of Rottenness and Corruption, a Prey to Worms and Vermin.

Hence it appears how unworthy of a Place in a rational Breast the Passion of Pride must be. Proud Fools are every where the Objects of Contempt; and all Persons deserve that Character, who are proud of their Beauty, Shapes, Wit, Fortune, Titles, or any other Embellishments of Body or Mind. As all those Advantages are the Gifts of Heaven, it is not in our Power to secure them a Day. In a Moment we may be blasted with Poverty and Diseases, and be driven out from among Men, to dwell and feed with Beasts. Thus \* *Nebuchadnezzar*, the greatest Monarch in the World, was punish'd for his Pride.

*He who gives Grace to the Humble, will take it from the Proud.* Consider this well, and never let Pride or Vanity be your Sin; preserve an irreconcilable Hatred to it, and never let it feed upon the Fancy of your own Worth; suppress the first Rising of it in your Heart, by a Remembrance of some of your Imperfections; and so make the first Motion of Pride an Occasion of Humility, than which nothing more enobles and exalts the Mind, and prepares it better for the heroick Exercise of all other Virtues. Let all your good Actions be done with no other View than to please the

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Deity,

\* Recorded in the Prophecy of Daniel, chap. iv.

Deity, who, being present in every Place, sees all your Actions, knows all your Thoughts, and searches into the deepest Recesses of your Mind.

Never affect being difficult of Access, let your Station be ever so exalted. When Inferiors come to visit you, or even to petition your Assistance, receive them cheerfully, and dismiss them speedily; for the Impatience of attending Dependants is very great, and nothing but Pride and Ill-nature can take Pleasure therein. When we pour out our Complaints or Addresses to Heaven, if they were to be rejected till our Beggars were serv'd before us, what would become of most of our Petitions? Which would be the proper Season to apply in? Always pay a Deference to your *Superiors*, an humble Behaviour to all your *Equals*, either in Age or any other Respect; a condescending Courteousness to all your *Inferiors*; an unaffected Pleasure in serving and obliging them. By this Rule you will secure both their Respect and Love; yet in this Part of your Behaviour there is a nice Caution to be observ'd. If you become too familiar with those below you, there is great Danger of losing their Esteem and Affection. There is likewise a Reservedness, which in young Persons of your Sex, is on some Occasions both becoming and necessary; I mean such a Distance in Behaviour as to shun the Impertinence of Fops, Beaux, and Rakes; to avoid their Conversation, to be deaf to their Discourses, to reject their Artifices, and to despise their Compliments.

As the Vanity of Dress is what most young People are liable to, I think it proper to give you my Sentiments and Advice concerning it. Be but persuaded of my tender Affection for you, and then my Cautions will become agreeable. Expensive Dress is not a Crime, because there is not any Harm in good Apparel; but because it shews a Depravity of Mind, which turns the necessary Use of Cloaths into Extravagance, Pride, and Folly. A Person who is vain in Dress, can never have an upright Mind in all other Respects; nor is it possible for a gawdy Outside to have any thing wise or sedate within. If in Complaisance to the *Beau Monde*, I would give up the Argument, could you imagine it equal to a reasonable Creature to follow any Custom that has nothing else to recommend it, but that there is no Hurt in it? Bare Innocence has no Claim to Merit; therefore never make the Way of the World your Measure in this, to cry out with other gay Girls, *Where can be the Harm of Cloaths?* In the moderate Use of lawful Things



Things there can be no Crime, but in all Extreame there is. Nothing is more innocent than Rest and Retirement, yet nothing more dangerous than Sloth and Idleness. Nothing is more necessary than eating and drinking, yet nothing more brutish than Gluttony,—nothing more unmanly than Drunkenness. Nothing is more refreshing than Sleep, yet nothing more stupifying than an Indulgence of it. So, nothing can be more becoming than to be neat and clean in Apparel, yet nothing more opposite to the Christian Spirit of Meekness, than to be extravagant in Dress, and to lay out too much Thought and Expence in adorning the Body. You are to consider Vanity in Dress as an Indulgence of Pride and Levity, and an Offence against Humility and Discretion. There is nothing to be said for the Wisdom of any Virtue, but what is as good an Argument for the wise and reasonable Use of Dress; therefore never incline to wear any thing particular in it, nor be apt to fall in with the Folly of every Fashion. If you be vain in one thing, you may be vain in every thing; for one kind of Vanity differs from another, only as one kind of Intemperance does from another.

Sluttishness, which is the opposite Extreame of this Folly, is likewise to be as much avoided as that; for as one shews the Vanity of the Heart, so does the other detect a Laziness and Indolence of Temper, that a reasonable Creature should blush to wear. My Advice therefore on this Topic is, when you shun one Folly, not to run into a \* greater. In your Dress follow as nearly as you can the Example of † *Miranda*, who was always clean in the cheapest Things. Her Character is thus display'd—*Every thing in Miranda's Dress resembles the Purity of her Soul; and she is always clean without, because she is always pure within.* Thus ‡ of late a certain Lady of Quality appear'd in her *Birth-day Suit*, after cloathing a great Number of Widows and Children with that Present which her Lord design'd for her Finery on that Day. What would make female Beauty so amiable, or place its Lustre in so just a Light, as the Imitation of so glorious an Example?

Chastity is the next Virtue that is to fall under your Consideration; no Charm can supply its Place; without it

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Beauty

\* Dum Stulti vitant vitia in contraria currunt. *Hor.*

† Describ'd by Mr. Law in his *Serious Call to a devout Life*, cb. viii. pag. 78.

‡ *The Right Hon. Lady M*—

Beauty is unlovely, Wit is mean and wanton, Quality contemptible, and Good-breeding worthlefs. She who forfeits her Chastity, withers by degrees into Scorn and Contrition; but she, who lives up to its Rules, ever flourishes, like a Rose in *June*, with all her Virgin Graces about her—  
 \* sweet to the Sense, and lovely to the Eye. Chastity heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies, and sets off every great Talent that human Nature can be possess'd of. It is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Virtue. This is the great Point of female Honour, and the least Slip in a Woman's Honour is never to be recover'd. This, more than any other Virtue, places your Sex in the Esteem of ours, and invites even those to admire it, who have the Baseness to profane it. I therefore recommend it to your Approbation in the minutest Circumstances. Chastity is a kind of quick and delicate Feeling in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that is wanton, or has Danger in it. This makes it so great a Check to loose Thoughts, that I prescribe to you the Practice of it in your greatest Solitudes, as if the best Judges were to see and censure all you do. However, I caution you against an affected Modesty, which, instead of exalting your Character, will raise a fresh Attention of the Publick to observe and censure your Conduct. The Part of Virtue may be over-acted. Not daring to laugh at a facetious, innocent Jest, is a ridiculous Affectation, and Hypocrisy or Ill-nature, is often discover'd under the Disguise. Honest Pleasures are not inconsistent with true Modesty; but an affected Air of Coyness and Gravity is always suspected. When a young Lady is prais'd for her Merit, good Mien or Beauty, she should not reject such Commendations with an angry Look or a scornful Disdain, but receive it with Ease and Civility, if it be obligingly offer'd; rather modestly bear being prais'd, if you have any Right to it, than refuse Compliments with a mysterious, scrupulous Affectation; and then you will escape the Censure of Preciseness or morose Virtue; either of which is the Poison of Life, and Scourge of civil Society. Modesty does not prescribe Roughness and Severity against all who tell you soft Things, who unbosom a violent Passion for you, or take any other little Freedoms that are not rude. It always acts evenly, and without Formality, nor has it any thing wild or austere in it. It will preserve the Purity of your Inclinations, protect

you

you against insolent Attacks and pathetic Addresses, and keep your Conscience always clear and calm.

Chastity is a Suppression of all irregular Desires, voluntary Pollution, sinful Concupiscence, and of an immoderate Use of all sensual or carnal Pleasures. Its Purity consists in *Abstinence* or *Continence*. The first is properly attributed to Virgins and Widows, the other to married Women. It is the proper Office of this Virtue to resist all impure and unclean Thoughts, to mortify all unchast Longings, and to avoid all alluring Objects. This is a sublime Virtue. If wanton Dreams be remembered with Pleasure, that which before was involuntary, and therefore innocent, becomes a voluntary and sinful Transgression of this Virtue. Chastity is so essential and natural to your Sex, that every Declination from it is a proportionable receding from Womanhood. An immodest Woman is a kind of Monster distorted from its proper Form. Shame is the eldest Daughter of a defiled Female. The Appetites of Lust are full of Care, and the Fruition is Folly and Repentance. *The \* Way of the Adulterer is hedg'd with Thorns.* Know ye not (says St. Paul) that your Body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost? This makes the defiling of it the more dangerous; but as to the actual Breach of this lovely Virtue forbid in the seventh Commandment, it is in its own Nature so vile, and throughout the whole Book of Life represented in such dreadful Lights, threaten'd with such terrible Vengeance, punish'd with such heavy and miraculous Judgments, that I shall not take up your Time with a Dissertation on a Vice so opposite to your Temper, and so much below your Thoughts. My present Design is to caution you against all Levities of Dress, Carriage or Conversation, that may taint or blemish the Purity of the Mind. In the 54th Page you may see the Folly and Extravagance of the finest Cloaths discourag'd; but I have yet one thing more to offer to your Consideration concerning the Danger of them. If the various Arts of Dress serve to draw the amorous Wishes, and to gratify the Passions of lewd People, such Females are greatly to be condemn'd as use these Arts in Dress and Beauty, that may probably betray weak Minds into such dangerous Offences. Though there is no Law against fine Apparel, yet in the Scripture † we are commanded to take heed lest by any Means this Liberty of ours become a Stumbling-block to them who are weak; and lest thereby we incline our Brother to offend. How then can that

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\* See the second Chapter of Hosea, and the sixth Verse.

† 1 Cor. viii. 9, 11, 12, and 13.

that Dress be modest and innocent, that invites to Temptation, that kindles loose Passions in other People, or that seduces unwary Eyes to sin? That Girl who endeavours by the Artifice of Dress to attract the Admiration, to stir up languishing Desires, and to provoke the wanton Wishes of her gay Beholders, is as guilty of breaking the seventh Commandment, as the Woman in the *Gospel* that was taken in the Fact. Therefore be not industrious to set out the Beauty of your Person, but, as I said before, let your Dress always resemble the Plainness and Simplicity of your Heart.

Modesty banishes every thing that is indecent and uncomely in the Looks, Words, Carriage, or Behaviour, that would make any one troublesome in Company; it tunes and refines the Language, moderates the Tone, sweetens the Accents, and never admits earnest or loud Discourse. It prescribes not only the Manner, but likewise the Measure of Speaking. It suppresses excessive Talking, as one of the greatest Indecencies of Conversation. A just, reasonable Modesty, and native Simplicity of Looks, triumphs over all artificial Beauties: Like the Shades in Painting, they raise and round every Figure, and make those Colours look beautiful, which without them would be too glaring. On the contrary, though a Lady be adorn'd with all the Embellishments of Art and Nature, yet if Boldness, Scorn, or Haughtiness, be imprinted on her Face, it blots out all the Lines of Beauty, and eclipses all that is otherwise amiable. *Women, adorn yourselves* (says St. \* Paul) *in modest Apparel, with Shamefacedness, &c.* By this Word we are not to understand an awkward Bashfulness, for that bespeaks the want of Good-breeding and Politeness; but such a conscious Modesty as, with becoming Assurance, may very well meet in the same Person; and when properly united, may render each other amiable. Blushing † is an ambiguous Suffusion, that may be the Livery either of Guilt or Innocence. Persons may not have lost the Sense of Shame, tho' they have forfeited their Innocence. Modesty, you are to observe, consists in being conscious of no Ill, and not in Blushes, or being ashamed of having done it.

Take care to avoid all particular Motions with your Head, all wanton or oblique Glances of the Eyes, all ogling or winking, dimpling of the Cheeks, or primming of the Lips. In your Walking let your Carriage be easy, but not loose; regular, but not precise; and avoid Conceit in

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\* 1 Tim. chap. ii. ver. 9.

† By Horace called Pudor Malus.

all your Gestures. Let your Mien be free, and your Air without Affectation. You must set a Guard upon \* your Lips; upon † your Tongue, and even upon your Thoughts: *For unto God all Hearts lie open, all Desires are known, and from him no Secrets are hid.*

Another Christian Virtue which highly deserves your Esteem is Temperance. I have heard an eminent Physician say, that although Medicines are absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, if Men would live in an habitual Course of these two great Instruments of Health, *Exercise and Temperance*, there would be but little Occasion for them. Thus he accounted for his Opinion: *Exercise throws off all superfluous Humours, but Temperance prevents them; that clears the Vessels, but this keeps them clear; that helps Nature and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, but this enables Nature to exert herself in all her Vigour; Exercise may dissipate a growing Distemper, but Temperance will starve it.* Thus of the two, Temperance appears to be the greater Preservative of Health. It has likewise this particular Advantage over all other Means of Health, that it may be practis'd by all Persons, of all Ranks, in all Seasons, and in all Places, without Expence, Loss of Time, or Interruption of Business.

Temperance is a Regimen into which all Persons may put themselves. This Virtue is a reasonable Restraint upon all our Passions, in regard to the Use of Meat, Drink, and Recreation; and only allows of these, as they administer to Health and Innocence. High Living is apt to beget high Passions; and Luxury is always attended by Lust. The Advice of *Pythagoras* (that Hero of Heathen Writers!) is, That, *as the Body is no more than the Servant † of the Soul, it should only be nourished so as it may best perform an humble and obedient Service to it.* Constitutions are so different, that it is impossible to lay down any fixt or determinate Rule for Temperance. What is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another. In this all Persons are the best Judges what Kinds and what Proportions of Food agree with them: But all may be assur'd that Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet; whereas the various Tastes of Fish, Fowl, Flesh, Sallads, Sauces, Fruits, and Confections, generally intice the Pallate, and occasion Excess. Such artificial Provocatives may create a false Appetite, but

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never

\* *St. Matthew, chap. v. ver. 8.*† *Eph. chap. iv ver. 29.*

† *All the Use even the purest Sort of Body can be of to the Mind, is to be an Instrument of local Motion, or to be a Repository of Ideas for Memory and Imagination.*

never nourish the Stomach. Gouts, Dropfies, Rheumatifms, Fevers, and many other Distempers, are originally owing to Surfeits. *Make your Meal (fays Dr. Ratchiffe) out of one Dish; rather eat sparingly thrice a Day, than once heartily; let every Meal be digefted before repeated; let your Drink be temperate, but always good; ufe moderate Exercife, and bathe your Feet in cold Water every Day.* Thus that celebrated Man advis'd his Friends, telling them that an Obfervance of thefe Rules would fave them a great deal of Money, and him a great deal of Trouble.

By others, certain Days of Abftinence, as the Conftitution will permit, are recommended towards the fecuring of Health, or deftroying the firft Seeds of an Indifpofition. Of the Efficacy of this Method towards the procuring of long Life, the abftemious Philofophers were remarkable Inftances.

At publick Entertainments the Variety of Objects steals away the Heart, and raifes Curiofity; and Company is generally preffing and inticing; but as no Perfon ought to eat or drink beyond their Defire, and the Bounds of Moderation, fo it is highly improper to prefs upon any one to do either.

As to eating or drinking, your Health does not admit you, nor does your Temper incline you to be immoderate in either; fo that I need not trouble you with methodical Cautions againft fpoiling your Shape, or enlarging your Stomach that Way: But I hope you will pardon me for affuring you that nothing is more injurious to the Health than Tea, if not sparingly us'd. Actual Intemperance may with Eafe be avoided by thofe who efteem Difcretion; but the Nicety lies in making a prudent Ufe of fuch Things as in themfelves are innocent. In this lies the great Danger, yet without a ftrict Obfervance of this Rule, the true Spirit of Prudence cannot fubfift. Where is the Difference between a Lady's falling into Hyfterics by drinking Tea to Excefs, and a Gentleman's getting drunk with delicious Liquor? I have feen a Lady after drinking too much *Bohea* Tea fubject to as wild Extravagancies, and have known her to form as whimsical Chimeras as ever *Tom of Bedlam* did; and then to fink from Laughter into Weeping, from Rapture into Melancholy, from Pleafure into racking Pain—and after a Change of exquisite Agonies, to have been reliev'd by nothing but bleeding, blifhing, and fuch Prefcriptions as are given to Gentlemen after a Surfeit of hard drinking. By all I could ever collect from the concurring Opinions of the beft Phyficians that I have the Pleafure of being known to, a Lownefs and Hurricane of

of Spirits, a Tremor of the Nerves, a Coldness of Stomach, many kinds of Hysterics, and several Distempers peculiar to your Sex, are in a great Measure owing to that pernicious Leaf. Few among the Poor are subject to Hysterics, nor is it above forty Years since they were admitted into the Chambers of the Rich.

This Caution is intended particularly for you; wherefore I petition such Ladies as are fond of Tea, to read it over with Indifference free from Prejudice, and not imagine that I am opposite to their Interest, or incline either to condemn or correct their Taste.

Among all the Virtues of a Christian, Patience shines with equal Lustre. It makes us acceptable to God, agreeable to our Neighbours, and easy to ourselves. Souls that are truly great, make Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befall themselves, grievous and lamentable when they befall others. Thus Heroes are always drawn struggling with Hardships, and bearing Afflictions. This Life is sentenc'd to be a Scene of Trouble, and the Changes of \* Fortune are so various, that the surest Means we can use to secure our Peace, is to be always prepar'd for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with; and then we shan't be surpriz'd into abject Diffidencies of Mind, but be able to support our Fortitude and Virtue in the deepest Anguish. Setting before us Prospects of constant Delight, softens our Resolutions, and makes our Misfortunes the severer when they come; but to bear an Indifference to transitory Pleasures and Enjoyments, and to resign them cheerfully, qualifies us to use them properly, and shews that we know their true Value and Duration.

Patience consists in a well-pleas'd Submission to the Divine Will, and a quiet yielding to whatever it pleases the Deity to afflict us with. If we are possess'd with a sincere Reverence and Esteem of God, Humility will fortify us with Patience to suffer and not to murmur at his Dispensations. Besides the many native Beauties of this Virtue, many and great are the Divine Promises to recommend it to our Practice. *Behold, happy is the Man* (says the † inspir'd Chaldean) *whom God correcteth; for as many as he loves he ‡ rebukes, and chastens; wherefore we should not || be weary of his Corrections; for he only wounds that his Hands may heal* §. Afflictions, if we make a discreet use of them, are Messengers of Love from Heaven

\* A Term often us'd for what is wrought by the unseen Hand of the Disposer of all Things. † Job. v. 17. ‡ Rev. iii. 19.  
 || Prov. ix. 11. § Deuteron. xxxii. 29. ¶ Sam. ii. 6. Job v. 18. Hosea vi. 5.

Heaven to invite us there. Here, by Patience is not to be understood that imaginary Perfection of stifling the Affections, and of condemning them to a State of utter Inactivity; for that would not be the Result of Virtue, but Pride; because the only thing blameable in our Passions is the Excess and Inordinancy of them. To preserve a gay and thoroughly compos'd Temper in the fullen Season of Distress would not only be to offer Violence to the original Softness of human Nature, but would likewise be a most flagrant Discovery of Stubbornness and Stupidity.

To sink under inordinate Grief at the Approach of any Misfortune belongs to a vulgar Mind, and betrays too much of a distrustful Temper; but to bless God in the Time of Trouble, and cheerfully to welcome his Corrections, is the true Exercise of a reasonable well-inform'd Soul. Many are the Arguments among the ancient Philosophers to inculcate this Virtue; but Christianity remits us for Comfort to higher and nobler Considerations. It represents Disappointments and Losses as the temporary Chastisements of a merciful and loving Father, who still corrects us for our Profit; it instructs us how to bring our Humours to be satisfied under the severest Trials; to receive generously whatever Providence lays upon us by Necessity, and whatever Favours Heaven has confer'd upon us during the Divine Pleasure, with Cheerfulness to return. Christianity informs us, that as the Condition of all good things here is to be transient and separable from us, we should be affected accordingly with an honest Indifference towards them. It convinces us, that in this Life (which is a continued Struggle with the Infirmities of our Nature) there is not a Possibility of securing an uninterrupted Happiness. It shews us that our Natures are made passive, and that to suffer is our Lot; and then directs us to *place our Affections on Things above*. It puts us out of Conceit with the moral System and the delusive Prospects of this Life; but at the same time it enables us to form adequate Ideas of the Dignity of our Souls to regulate our Passions, and to enlarge our Views. It displays before us all the inviting Charms of Virtue, which lead to Rivers of eternal Pleasure. Thus Christianity expatiates the infinite Goodness of the Deity; *whose Compassions never fail, and who remembers Mercy in the midst of Judgment*.

*We cannot (says Amasis) \* expect in this World an unmixed Happiness, "without being frequently temper'd with Troubles and Disasters."* In a wide extended rural Prospect, tho' ever

\* *In his Epistle to Polycartes.*



ever so beautiful, the Eye does not every where meet with golden Harvests, the Beauty of sweet smelling Flowers, or the rich Attire of embroider'd Fields, shining in the Joy of reviving Nature; but it takes in at different Intervals, wild and rude, uncultivated Tracts of Land. Thus by the Divine Appointment the pleasanest Scenes of this present State are variegated and interwoven with Disappointments, Misfortunes, and Vexations. It is therefore our Duty to withstand the most violent Accesses of any Danger or Loss; and, when under the afflicting Hand of Providence, to cry out with the \* Champion of Patience—*Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy Judgments! I open'd not my Mouth* (says the Royal Psalmist) *because † thou didst it.* Nay, if the Almighty in his fatherly Wisdom sees it fit to add to the Length or Weight of his Corrections, an unfeign'd Resignation to his Pleasure inspires us with that divine Anthem of Praise—*Thy blessed Will be done!*

When those Virtues are made pleasing and familiar to your Choice, you will be properly qualified for the Exercise of your social Duties; such as by the Principles of Reason and Society are owing to Superiors, Relations and Friends, in a particular Sense, and in general to all Persons.

The Duties which you are to pay your Sovereign the King are ‡ Honour and || Tribute, Prayers § and Obedience \*\*. Nothing can be more reasonable than these Duties, since beneath the Shade and Protection of Royalty we find Security and unruffled Peace, whilst the Monarch himself sacrifices his Ease, and is singly expos'd to all those Storms and Convulsions from which he shelters his Subjects. Self-interest may imbibe the Principles of passive Obedience; but the cordial Performance of these Duties, depends greatly upon the Conduct of the Sovereign. The Sway of †† Cyrus was so gentle and productive of so many Blessings, that his People, though ever so far distant from one another, and though differing ever so widely in their Manners, Customs and Language, all united by the same Sentiments of Esteem, had so much Reverence and Love for their Prince, that they wish'd his Reign to be eternal. Whereas Tyrants are represented under the Symbols of Monsters generated from the tossing of the Ocean; from the Tumult, Confusion, and dashing of Waves one against the other; and under the Image of wild Beasts, which spread universal Terror and Desolation.

\* Job.

† Ps. xxxix. 9. See 1 Sam. ch. iii. ver. 18.

‡ Acts xxiii. 5.

|| Rom. xiii. 6.

§ 1 Tim. ii. 2.

\*\* 1 Pet. ii. 13.

†† A King of Persia quoted in Scriptures.

solation. We are made happy in a Sovereign who makes it his principal Duty and most essential Function to administer Justice to his People, to defend their Rights, revenge their Wrongs, and promote their Happiness.

You are not only to perform these Duties to the supreme Magistrate, but likewise in a subordinate way to all who are plac'd in Authority under him.

Love and esteem the Clergy, as being the Ministers of God, and Interpreters of the Divine Will. Let your Respect for them be proportionable to the Dignity of their Office. They are \* Ambassadors for Christ; and there is a Respect due to all Ambassadors answerable to the Quality of those who send them. Shun as you would so many Vipers all such as presume to affront or deride them. As the Apostles were Representatives of Christ, so are the Clergy in succeeding them; and Christ, when he sent them out to preach, told them,—*He that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me.*

If ever you meet with a Treatise (like the independent † Whig) that reflects on the Clergy, though the Speculations be ever so refin'd, and the Elegance ever so persuasive, always look down upon it with Concern and Abhorrence, and pity the Author for not employing his Talents to better Purpose.

The Clergy are our spiritual Parents, and perform the same Offices to our Souls that our natural Parents do to our Bodies. Consult *the whole Duty of Man* upon this, and let that Book be always your Companion. As the Clergy have an equal Right to their Tythes as other Men have to their Estates, because allotted by the same Law; the withholding them is no less a Sin than Sacrilege, against which ‡ a Curse from Heaven is pronounc'd.

To those who honour their Parents, it is promis'd by the Word of eternal Truth, that their Days shall be long in the Land of their Inheritance. From this we may learn how amiable the Performance of this Duty is in the Sight of Heaven. Let your Obedience to your Mother be therefore your Delight and Exercise. God has given her Power over you, to bring you up in his Fear and Service. She was the Guardian of your Childhood, and is the Guide of your yet unexperienc'd Youth; and never was a Trust discharged with greater

\* 2 Cor. v. 20.

† *A modern Libel on the Clergy, in great Request with the Free-thinkers. A beautiful Arrangement of Words run through it with a great deal of Sophistry; but neither the Conclusions are just, nor the Premises pure. See Mr. Square's Answer.*

‡ Mal. iii. 8.

greater Tendernefs and Fidelity. This muft naturally enliven your Love for her, and melt you into the gentleft Obedience to her. Therefore let filial Affection be your governing Principle; and behave yourfelf towards her with all Humility and Obedience. Let no Pretence of your being in the Right ever provoke you to answer her with Indifference or Contempt. In the Scriptures there is a Multitude of Texts to exhort this Obedience, and as many Threatnings declared againft the \* Neglect of it. You muft love her, and be griev'd at every thing that difquiets her. You are to please her in all Circumftances, to comfort her on all Occafions, to obey her Commands with Pleafure, to confult her in all Affairs, and to reverence all her Precepts. Consider that all this is but a moderate Return of Gratitude for the Toils and Hardfhips, Expence and Inquietudes ſhe has fuffered for you; for the Care ſhe has taken to educate and inſtruct you; for the good Example ſhe has ſhewn you, and for the honeft Principles and Improvements of Mind ſhe has convey'd unto you. Above all Acts of Difobedience, I caution you againft marryiug without her Conſent. Never encourage the moſt honourable Addreſs or Propoſals without her Approbation; and then a Bleſſing will attend your Proceedings. Though I adviſe you not to marry any Perſon whom your Mother diſapproves of, yet never be prevail'd on to receive him for your Husband whom you have not a cordial Affection for.

Love your Siſters, and inſtruct them in their proper Duties, according to their Age. Nature points it out to all, who are born of the ſame immediate Parents, to have united Hearts and Affections.

Love, oblige and eſteem all your Relations.

The Duties that are owing to Friends are Integrity, Love, Counſel, and Aſſiſtance. It is not Intimacy and Frequency of Converſation that makes a Friend, but a diſinterreſted Obedience of theſe Duties.

The Idea of Friendſhip may be thus illuſtrated. As Friendſhip is a general Benevolence or Charity, it is a Relation of the higheſt Rank in ſocial Life. Without the Commerce of mutual good Offices how ſhould we ſubſiſt? We ſhould neither be happy nor ſecure. If we were to be taken ſingle, one by one, we would become a Prey to Brutes as well as to one another. We are introduced into the World naked and unarmed, expoſed to every Danger, and incapable of making the leaſt Defence; but, when we arrive at the Ma-  
turity

\* Prov. ch. xxix. ver. 22. and ch. xxx. ver. 17.

turity of our Reason, we find, unless we flife it in its Birth, a generous Impulse implanted in us by the Author of our Being, that inspires us with tender Affections and Sentiments of Love and Benevolence towards our Fellow-creatures; and this ingrafted Principle we call Friendship. By this Virtue we are made Masters of this World, and by it alone we are supported in every Change of Fortune. Those its happy Influences make it as useful as it is pleasant; for, were it once rooted out of our Minds, we would soon be dissociated and fall to Pieces; we would live upon the Spoils of one another, and so forfeit all our Claim to Reason and Humanity. Without it Society (which nourishes and sustains the Commerce of Life) would be a continual Course of Mistake and Confusion.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been in all Ages consider'd as great Ingredients of human Happiness. Such is the Benefit of universal Benevolence: But when the Bond of Friendship is ratified between particular Persons, the Passion then is more refin'd. It then becomes a generous Regard which they have for each other, abstracted from all Views of Self-love or Interest; and it can only live in generous, well-dispos'd Breasts, that can assist each other in the Exercise of Virtue, and kindle a mutual Emulation to generous Offices. Such was the Love between *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; between *Achates* and *Aeneas*; between *Theseus* and *Perithous*. In sacred History such was the Friendship of \* *Jonathan* to *David*. Such an united Affection as this is beautifully describ'd in the following Lines:

“ † *Marcus! The Friendships of the World are oft*  
 “ *Confed'racies of Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure:*  
 “ *Our's has severest Virtues for its Basis,*  
 “ *And such a Friendship ends not but with Life.”*

What a noble and unreserv'd Declaration of Friendship is that of *Castalio* to his Brother *Polydore*?

“ *When'er had I a Friend that was not Polydore's?*  
 “ *Or Polydore a Foe that was not mine?”*

Here the Poet introduces somewhat so amiably sincere, that it must imprint a lively Idea of Friendship upon the rudest Fancy. Here they seem to have but one Soul residing in two Bodies, and equally informing both; but in such an inviolated Friendship as this a Conjunction of more than two would in an absolute manner destroy its Unity.

Every

\* *Sam. ch. xx.*

† *In Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.*

Every Soul is not capable of so free, so generous a Passion as this. It is a Virtue of too pure a Constitution to be lodg'd in any but the most excellent of Breasts. Hence it is obvious to deduce what are the Requisites necessary to Friendship. From what is already premis'd I collect; First, that Virtue in general is one; Secondly, that good Nature is another; Thirdly, that Likeness of Disposition is another; and, in the fourth Place, that it is requisite the Number of Friends be few. As to the first, it is evident that a Person who is proud, ungrateful, covetous, ambitious, lewd, or any way immoral, can never be a sound Friend, such a one can never be faithful, secret, or sincere: Such a one cannot have the Spirit of Constancy and true Charity, without which Friendship can't subsist. Therefore admit none into the undivided Ties of Friendship, but worthy virtuous People. There is a certain Candor in true Virtue, which none can counterfeit. Secondly, No one can love a morose, austere, or sullen Person, let his Principles be ever so honest, with the same Intensity of Affection, as if his Temper were sweet, open, kind, obliging, and beneficent. Thirdly, without a competent Proportion of an Agreeableness of Humour a sincere Friendship can never be contracted. The *Spectator* \* observes, that some of the firmest Friendships have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; yet I can't forbear inclining to believe the Reason of true Friendship being so rare, is not only owing to the frequent Abuses it meets with, but likewise, in a great Measure, to the Inequality of human Dispositions. Friends must be invested with the same Inclination †, must have the same Aversions, and the same Desires; the Intention of the one must be suited to that of the other, and there must be an Emulation between them, which shall be most sincere. Fourthly, as our Faculties are of a finite Energy, it is impossible that true Friendship can be divided among many. The more the Rays of the Sun are scattered, so much the weaker is their Force. As we divide our Friendship, it proportionably dwindles into Indifference, and that true Friendship can never taste. Though the Friendship of one Person may be common to several, yet the more Partakers there are of that Friendship, so much the less its Power and Efficacy must be, and of Consequence made subject to the more Abuses and Corruptions. It is farther necessary, that the Benevolence of Friends must not only be mutual, but likewise mutually known. They must have

Oppor-

\* No. 385. † *Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum est vera Amicitiae—Salust.*

Opportunities of conversing or corresponding, that they may be satisfied of the Reality of each other's Love.

Friendship is of so refin'd a Nature, that there is a great Delicacy required in the Choice of Friends. It may not therefore be impertinent to set down a few Rules concerning it.

*Plutarch* \* directs us to make a Trial of our Friends as of our Money, and to be equally cautious of chusing both. *Tacitus* † tells us, that the longer a Friendship is contracted, so much the surer and more firm it is. From this we may collect, that an old Friend is always to be most valued, the best to be lov'd, and the first to be trusted †.

As Sincerity is a necessary and a glorious Virtue, so it is also an obvious and an easy one; so obvious, that wheresoever there is a Life, there is a Place for it; and so easy, that there is no Labour requir'd in preserving it; and yet it is not without its Niceties. Self-preservation tells us, that the general Corruption of Man should caution us against trusting Strangers; universal Benevolence dictates, that before a Man has given us Reason to question his Integrity, it would be a Breach of Charity to suspect him. He who suspects his Friend will deceive him, gives him a kind of Right to do it; for in Friendship there must be no Reserves. As much Deliberation as you please may be us'd before the League is struck; but that once done, there must be no doubtings—no Jealousies. Now, chusing and approving imply the same thing; so that an imprudent Choice of Friends always brings a Stain upon the Character of the Chuser.

Never enter into Friendship with an Inferior, either in Education or Fortune, whose Principles are not just, whose Integrity is not unshaken, and whose Temper is not humble and easy; unless you can spare Time in correcting or removing such Infirmities.

Be careful in providing a discreet Choice of Friends, mostly of your own Sex; but in all Cases of such as you may expect will innocently entertain you, and adhere to Sincerity.

Chuse your Friends rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head; and prefer Fidelity in an easy, complying Temper, to those Endowments which make a greater Figure in the World. That Friendship which makes the least Noise is often the most useful, and a prudent Friend is generally of more Service than a zealous one.

A

\* In his Book of Friendship.  
quanto vetustior.

† Amicitia tanto est certior,  
† Nescis quippe novus qualis Amicus erit.

A Mind soften'd by this Virtue cannot bear frequent Reproaches; wherefore those of a Friend should be always just, mild, and seldom repeated. The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Hopes; but severe Rebukes are apt to make a generous Mind droop and sink under the Oppression, or else to lessen her Esteem for the Person who gives them.

When a Person is suddenly lavish of Friendship, you have Reason to fear it will be soon exhausted. The excessive way of speaking Civilities, and the many Professions of Kindness and Service which we ordinarily meet with, are no more than a Prostitution of Compliments never intended to be put in Practice. Where the Heart is well inclin'd, this Prostitution of Speech, this Pomp of Rhetoric, cannot be natural; nor do they mean half of what they express. A generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, speak no more than the Thoughts. Those Excellencies of Mind always argue true Greatness of Spirit, Courage and Resolution; and are therefore the principal Ingredients of a Friend.

Persons in common Conversation may boast what Professions of Friendship and Sincerity they please; but Ceremony is so far from being essential to either, that in the most palpable manner, it helps to destroy both. Modern Conversation is so swell'd with Vanity and Compliments, that (as a learned Divine, quoted by the *Spectator*, says) it is hard to determine whether it should more provoke our Contempt, or our Pity, to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and Kindness will pass between Men almost upon no Occasion; how great Honour and Esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how intirely they are all on a sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for no Reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him for no Benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea, and afflicted too, for no Cause. With great Command of himself he pursues this Enquiry; for which I refer you to the hundred and third Speculation of that Author.

Be upon your Guard against the Intimacy of Secret-tellers; and always be faithful in retaining them. Never betray or discover the minutest Circumstance committed to you under the Seal of Secrecy. When *Ulysses* intrusted the Education of his Son to the Nobles of *Ithaca*, "O my Friend," said he, *if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in your Care towards him; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a Secret.*" In all Cases it

is an unpardonable Want of Politeness to divulge \* Secrets.

Though there is great Caution to be us'd in defending a Friend's Character too warmly, lest the Report to his Prejudice be true, yet we should be studious to silence Detraction, and always declare ourselves in Favour of our Friends as zealously and genteely as is consistent with Honour and Conscience. It is a Crime not inferior to Ingratitude to suffer our Friends to be abus'd in their Absence. Sincerity omits nothing for their Vindication, but takes Pleasure in stopping the Mouth of unjust Reproach.

Never drop or neglect your Friend in public who is worthy of your private Conversation. Though her Fortune may be inferior to those, in whose Presence you overlook her, or endeavour to shift her off; yet her good Qualities and inoffensive Behaviour may make ample Attonement for her Station. You may without Offence introduce a Friend of correct Manners and moral Conduct to a Person of any Rank, Fortune, or Quality, provided you are familiar with that Person yourself. To be asham'd of a worthy Friend in superior Company, bespeaks a narrow and self-interested Temper.

Be slow to join in censuring your Friends; and when you are made certain that the criminal Objections against them are true, preserve good Manners in making a fair and speedy Retreat from such mistaken Acquaintance.

We are sometimes oblig'd for just Reasons to drop all Commerce with our Friends; but, before it comes to that, we are to observe all due Measures and Precautions for a mutual Defence and Explication. Upon such a Rupture never be influenc'd with Hatred, Prejudice, or Revenge: Never acquit yourself to the Publick for such an Alteration in your Conduct by talking ill of them; never be fond of repeating the good Offices you have done them, never reveal their Infirmities, nor betray their Secrets; stifle all Resentments arising against them in your Breast; and if they have done you an Injury forgive it genteely.

Whoever looks for a Friend without Imperfections, will never find what he seeks; but as Integrity is the Foundation of this Virtue, Flattery must be a Vice with which it cannot live. Flattery gives † false Colours and Complexions to all things. It is a slavish, insincere Profusion of Praise, which like a Picture loses all its Beauty when the Colours are laid on as if with a Trowel. Nothing divides and dis-

tracts

\* *Commissa tacere qui nequit hic niger est.* Hor. † Here I recommend to your reading the 460th Speculation of the Spectator.



fracts human Nature more than Ingratitude; yet Flattery seems to be the blackest Devil of the two. So mischievous are its Consequences—so various are its Deformities—so pernicious is its Practice, and so unbecoming a polite Person, that it is wonderful how it can be entertain'd in the Bosom of a profess'd Gentleman or Lady: Surely, a generous and refin'd Education ought to inspire them with nobler Principles!—Yet, such is the Perverseness of human Nature, that we find a Tincture of it couch'd in the Professions of the polite People. When *Bias* \* was ask'd which of all wild Beasts was most offensive, he answer'd, of wild ones a Tyrant, of tame ones a Flatterer. The Subversion of the *Roman Republic* was imputed to this kind of Deceit, which *Demosthenes* calls *The Witchcraft of Affection*. *Leonardo da Vinci* † was desired to draw the Emblem of a Flatterer, which he represented by an Ivy thrusting down the Wall upon which it grew. Thus much I hope will suffice to establish your Odium to so base, so mean a Vice, and to direct you never to put the least Confidence in any Person whom you know to be guilty of it.

To pursue the several Niceties of Friendship into their particular Branches, would be too copious a Field for my present Design; but if you find Pleasure in civil Society, endeavour to keep fair with all People. An Enemy of whatever Size or Character, may be able to give you great Disturbance; and the true End of Politics is to make Life easy. Let the general Rule of your Conduct be to offer no Treatment to any Person, but such as would be agreeable to yourself in the same Circumstances. *If you fulfil † the Royal Law according to the Scriptures, thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thyself.*

Affability is one of the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex; and it has so many native Charms, that it will keep up a Reputation in spite of many Blemishes. As this is the surest, so it is the cheapest Way of winning the Love and Esteem of those you converse with. A Smile and courteous Salutation is as easy as a Frown and haughty Reception. “*The affable Man (says Cicero) upon a Change of Fortune is sure of Friends to comfort him; for his courteous Behaviour has link'd them to his Interest.*” Affability is a sweet Composition of native Generosity, of Spirit, and polite Education. Plainness and Simplicity are the Elements wherein it

F 2

rejoices;

\* One of the Seven Wise Men. † An Italian Painter, and one of the most universal Genius that ever liv'd. ‡ St. James, ch. ii. ver. 8. Compares this with St. Matth. ch. vii. ver. 12. and St. Luke, ch. vi. ver. 31 and 37.

rejoices; and Sincerity is its Companion as well as Humility. Complacency of Temper, stripp'd of Ceremony and such like Incumbrances of Conversation, is surprizingly taking, especially with Inferiors. Disdain is the Vice opposite to this; and nothing is more apt to procure Enemies and Contempt. The Birth or Spirit of a disdainful Person is always mean. None are so liable to this Folly—this mistaken Notion of Grandeur, as upstart and Mushroom Families.

A nice Part of Behaviour, wherein Affability is chiefly discovered, is that display'd in paying or receiving Visits. Ceremony and Roughness are equally subversive of this graceful Virtue. When a Lady entertains, or is entertain'd by a Friend, her Temper should be always open, equal, free from Reserve, and unruff'd with Care; an agreeable Cheerfulness should sweeten her whole Behaviour; an inward Uneasiness should be discreetly stifled, and all Complaints suspended. It is the Business of all Persons to make those easy whom they entertain, and with a condescending Ease to divide their Conversation among all admitted to sit down with them. If a Lady of Quality invites an Inferior to Dinner, and either neglects her in Conversation, or passes an ill-natur'd, severe Jest upon her, she makes her dearly pay for the Favour. Upon such Treatment, from the most powerful Giver, always look down with Contempt. Here Policy and Discretion will command your Silence; here true Politeness will display itself.

Upon the whole, you will find that in Good-nature, Singleness, or Simplicity of Heart, unaffected Complaisance, a certain Openness of Behaviour, an agreeable Negligence, and in an unconstrain'd Carriage, the Art of Good-breeding chiefly consists. Mutual Complaisance and Civility are necessary to support Conversation, and obliging Deferences are due to Superiors; but a formal Show of Ceremony, is an Incumbrance to Conversation, and destroys its native good Sense and Beauty. The fashionable World is grown free and easy, and Good-breeding shews itself most, where, to an ordinary Eye, it appears the least. As every general Rule admits of an Exception, so in one part of Conversation there is a certain Restraint necessary; I mean that Delicacy of Expression which cloaths such Ideas, as have the most remote Appearance of Obscenity, in modest Terms and distant Phrases. But what I have already offered upon \* Chastity, will furnish you with Cautions in this Affair.

In pursuance of Promise to † make female Learning a Subject for Part of this Letter, I offer the following Thoughts

\* See Page 55.

† See the 9th Page.

to your Consideration : To cultivate and adorn your Understanding with the Improvements of Learning (I mean such as is suitable to your Sex) is a Matter vastly more worthy of your Attention than any external Graces you can put on. The Learning I recommend to you, is an Enquiry into such Truths as will fix you in your Duty, and the reading of so much in moral and religious Authors, as will enable you to form in your own Mind true Conceptions of the Deity, especially of his \* Goodness and Mercy, of your own Being, and the Purposes for which you were made ; that you may be able to conform this Knowledge to the Practice of Virtue, *and be ready always to give an Answer † to every one that asketh you a Reason of the Hope that is in you.*

To read well is the first and greatest Article in a young Lady's Education, and yet not many, even among Gentlemen, come up to that Character. There is a certain Beauty and Harmony of Voice requir'd in Reading, that without a nice Attention and frequent Application is not to be obtain'd. The Art of Reading lies in placing the Emphasis, in giving the proper Accent to each Word, and in varying the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. To perform this gracefully, the following Rules may be of Service.

The most obvious Points to be observ'd in Reading, are these six ; a Comma (,) , a Semicolon (;) , a Colon (:), a Period (.) , a Note of Interrogation (?) , and a Note of Admiration (!) . At a Comma you are to stop as long as you may deliberately say—one ; at a Semicolon, as long as you may repeat—one, two ; at a Colon, as long as you may repeat—one, two, three ; at a Period, as long as you may repeat—one, two, three, four. At a Note of Interrogation, (that is, when a Question is ask'd) you are to stop the same Space of Time as at a Colon, and to raise your Voice a little. At a Note of Admiration you are to do the same. Jerks and Starts of the Voice in Reading destroy the Sense, wherefore make your Stops and Pauses regular as the Points direct. All who understand nice Reading, must know, that by misplacing the ‡ Accent or Emphasis, the Meaning of the whole Sentence may be inverted. The finest Ornaments of an

F 3

Oration

\* *Though we are not so much concerned in any of his other Perfections, yet we are more liable to false Conceptions of these two divine Attributes than of any other.*

† 1 Pet. ch. iii. ver. 15.

‡ *The rising or falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable in a Word, is called the Accent ; and the Stress or Force of Voice laid on a particular Word in a Sentence, is call'd the Emphasis. The emphatical Word gives Beauty or Spirit to the whole Sentence, because it shows the chief Design of the Author.*

Oration appear dull and feeble, when the Rules of reading gracefully are neglected. Let the Sound of your Voice in reading be the same as it is in speaking. Pronounce every Syllable distinct and clear, and carefully avoid a drawling Tone. Never pronounce a Word before you have spell'd every Syllable of it in your Mind. Never read louder than to be heard by those you are reading to. Your Voice must humour the Sense. In the reading of a News-paper, or the Relation of any thing that has been done, the Accents must be vary'd very little; but where the Subject is affecting or persuasive, the manner of pronouncing must be more strong and passionate. Where the Sense is grave and solemn, let your Voice be more slow, and pronounce every Word very distinctly; but where the Subject is some easy and pleasant Matter, a more speedy Pronunciation is allow'd. To read too fast, is always a greater Fault than to read too slow. Avoid Uniformity of Voice, as if you were running over a mere Catalogue of single Words. Listen with Attention to Persons who read well, observe their manner of pronouncing, and mark every Place where they alter the Sound. By imitating them, you will learn a graceful Cadence of Voice, and will be secur'd against any self-pleasing or unhappy Tone. Be likewise desirous to read in the Presence of such as have a musical Ear, and take Pleasure in being inform'd and corrected by them. Many are the Advantages that arise from transcribing. By it true Spelling and Pointing will be made familiar to you; it will imprint the Subject on your Memory, and will so fix your Attention on the Author's Method, that you will take in his various Beauties with the greatest Ease and Pleasure. I advise all young Persons never to attempt the reading of Poetry before they can read Prose distinctly, and with a true Observance of all the Stops. In reading *English Verse*, every Word must be pronounc'd with its natural Accent, as in Prose, with these two Allowances; first, at the End of every Line, tho' there be no Stop, make a short Pause to give Notice that the Line is ended; secondly, if any Word in the Line happens to have two Sounds, chuse to give that Sound to it which most favours the Metre and the Rhyme. The Sense of the Author must be humour'd in Verse as in Prose, by reading swift or slow according to the Gaiety of the Subject, without affecting to add new Music to the Lines by an unnatural Tone of the Voice.

An Observance of these Rules will enable you to read any *English Author*. I now proceed to direct you in the Choice of what you are to read.

As the Defects and Weakness of human Faculties cannot  
rise

rise up to full and comprehensive Ideas of heavenly Things, let your Faith be grounded upon the Word of God, as revealed in canonical Scriptures; let the New Testament be your daily Study; read it always with Attention and Reverence, and try yourself by every Doctrine that is there.

Next to Holy Writ, no Reading can be of greater Advantage to you than the Lives of pious Persons. There are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are raised from Reflections on the respective Manners of great and excellent People who have liv'd before us; they become Subjects for our Admiration and Example. When we turn our Thoughts upon the Conduct of Men who liv'd and dy'd \* in the full Possession of Virtue, who behav'd with an equal, a chearful, a generous and heroic Temper, and dy'd in the exalted Hopes of a glorious Hereafter—the Curiosity of our Souls is more than ordinarily awaken'd; we feel a secret Impulse within us—a generous Emulation to imitate them; and we are proportionably affected by their Virtues, as we imagine them imitable by ourselves.

A sure Way to improve by reading the Lives and Actions of those who have been famous in their Generation, will be to write down your Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to you in your reading; to enquire wherein such Actions excel, or are defective; to observe how they might have been carried on to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how they exceeded or fell short of others. By thus digesting what you read, you will insensibly arrive at proper Notions of Virtue, Honour, and Justice.

It will likewise be of very great Service towards the ripening of your Judgment, to read the Morals and Reasonings of the ancient Philosophers †, who labour'd in the Improvement of human Nature, and devoted themselves to the Study of Wisdom. They (when in the highest State of human Knowledge, after informing themselves of the Nature of Man, the Ends of his Creation, and the State of his Condition, the right Use of his intellectual Powers, the Immortality of the Soul, its Relation to the Deity, and the Agreeableness of Virtue to the divine Nature) give us a beautiful Prospect of the Dignity of Reason, and warmly recommend the Advantages of Temperance, Good-nature, Clemency, Generosity, Fortitude of Mind, and many other heroic Excellencies. They likewise shew us in the clearest Light all the Deformities of

F 4

Vice,

\* It would be an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have fill'd the World of such noble and heroic Minds. Read the Lives of Socrates, Epaminondas, Phocion, Zeno, and Plutarch's Lives.

† Such were Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Pythagoras, Demosthenes, Cicero, Epictetus.

Vice, the Uncertainty of Happiness here, the Emptiness of Riches, the Vanity of this World, and the Folly of putting any Confidence in it. They tell us that the Termination of this Life is an ordinary Occurrence of it, and represent Death as a Relief from a various Being, ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties, and as an Entrance into a better World. Thus it was really intended to us by the Author of Nature. Poor were the Expectations of the Studious, the Brave, the Modest, and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours and Virtues were to be determined by this \* Life!

From these, and such like Sentiments, Judgments, Reasonings, and Maxims, should be collected all the common Lessons of Instruction for youthful Minds, no less of your Sex than ours. Such reading will be most entertaining, most useful, and most instructive in regard to your Reflections, and the embellishing of your Soul with Purity and the Love of Virtue; it will direct you how to live as closely up to the Dignity of your Nature, as your imperfect State will admit you, and to profess your Gratitude to Heaven for the Talents and other Benefits you enjoy by a regular Improvement of them. But above all, believe and follow the † plain Rules of the Scriptures; let them be the Soul of all your Deliberations—let them be the Standard of all your Conduct. The surest Means we can use to arrive at a true Estimate of ourselves, and to find out the secret Faults and Vices that lurk within us, is to examine ourselves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of him who liv'd up to the Perfection of human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor of those that receive his Doctrines.

There can scarce be a greater Defect in a young Lady, than not to express herself well either in speaking or writing, and yet how many are there, who should have all the good and polite Qualities of the rational World, that cannot tell a Story as they should, that is, join in a continued coherent Discourse the several Parts of it, without a Repetition of many ‖ bald and poor Phrases to supply the Place of Connexion, Propriety, and Order. The best Method I can think of to remove this Defect, is to read learned and eloquent Authors, and to set them before you as Patterns for your daily Imitation. Thus by pleasing Degrees you will be taught to know wherein, according to its several Subjects and Designs, the Skill and Graces of an handsome Narrative lie. “ If you  
“ would

\* See Page 19.

† See Page 34.

‖ Such as these: And so,—in short,—however,—well, to be sure,—do you see,—do you mind me,—that's well enough,—without any more ado, &c.

“ would reason well, (says Mr. Locke) read Chillingworth ;  
 “ If you would speak well, be conversant \* in Tully.” Thus  
 you will acquire true Ideas of Eloquence—thus you will learn  
 the Purity of our Language, and be enabled to speak clearly  
 and persuasively on any Subject. Here I do not recommend  
 that Oratory and Copiousness of Expression in Females which  
 can talk whole Hours together upon nothing ; for such Elo-  
 quence exposes them the more. I have known a young Lady  
 to branch out into a Dissertation upon the Fashions, and for  
 Hours together describe the several Parts of Dress with all  
 the Figures of Rhetoric. With what Variety of Phrases and  
 Fluency of Invention do some Ladies tell the same Story over  
 and over, and add every Time a different Turn to every  
 Circumstance ! I have heard a Lady talk with as much Cor-  
 rectness to her Lap-dog as if she were speaking to the *Spec-*  
*tator* †. This kind of mistaken Eloquence is not imputable  
 to good reading, but to the Want of it ; and is to be con-  
 sider'd, not as Discourse, but as feeble and unimprov'd Helps  
 to it. *Rapin* in his Book of Eloquence displays its Beauties  
 with Elegance and Justness.

Never be fond of the Formality of disputing, nor pride  
 yourself in contradicting others upon the Strength of what  
 you have read. Let your Motive be to find out Truth, and  
 not the Victory in disputing. Nothing can be more disin-  
 genuous or more unbecoming a well-read Person than not  
 to yield to plain Reason, and the Conviction of clear Argu-  
 ments. Nothing is less consistent with civil Conversation,  
 and even with the End of all Debate, than not to take a full  
 and satisfactory Answer. Truth is to be found by Assiduity  
 of good reading—by a mature Consideration of all Things  
 themselves, and not by any artificial Terms or Ways of  
 arguing.

Though I am not against a young Lady's amusing herself  
 with *French, Italian, or Latin* ; yet since it is *English* that  
 one educated in *England or Ireland* must have constant Use of,  
 it is obvious to think that to be the Language she ought  
 chiefly to cultivate, and wherein most Care should be taken  
 to polish and perfect her Stile. Whatever Foreign Language  
 a young Lady's Curiosity may direct her to learn, that which  
 she ought critically to study, and endeavour to get a Faci-  
 lity, Clearness and Elegance to express herself in, should cer-  
 tainly be her own. Among the ancient *Romans* all Persons  
 of Figure and Rank were daily employ'd in learning the Beau-  
 ties of their Mother Tongue ; and to the *Greeks* (who were  
 a

\* See his first Book of Invention, Sect. 20.  
 247th Paper.

† See his

a very learned People) all Speech was barbarous but their own.

Those empty Spaces of Life, which to the idle seem tedious and burthenfome, would, if employed in reading, and in the Pursuits of Knowledge, become both pleasant and profitable.

Nothing can come into the Account of discreet Recreation that does not produce somewhat of future Pleasure or Profit as well as present Delight. Reading conveys to us very sensible Pleasure for the present; it extends our Faculties, and improves them, and in a great Measure lengthens our Lives by turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage. The Intellect is a grateful Soil; but then, like a Field \*, it requires manuring. Sensual Pleasures rather stupify than delight; they play upon the Organ, and dull the Appetite, but those of the Understanding are of a more refin'd Nature.

If you are studiously inclin'd, there are many rational Experiments and Operations in *Natural Philosophy*, that are convenient and necessary to be known, and that will abundantly reward the Pains of the curious with Delight and Advantage.

Such are the Writings of Mr. *Boyle* and others upon Husbandry, Planting, Gardening, Herbs and Flowers. Farther than this your Sex is not at all concern'd, nor is it adviseable for them to venture. The Truth of it is, you might consume your whole Life in the Study of one single Science, or any one Branch of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. A studious Mind may drudge in the Study of *Natural Philosophy* with Hopes to gain thereby a comprehensive, scientific and satisfactory Knowledge of the Works of Nature; but though there are so many Systems † of it, yet I never could find one in which, as a Science, I could be sure to find Truth and Certainty: And of this all Sciences give an Expectation.

The *Speclators* and *Guardians* are Ornaments to a Lady's Closet. *Telemachus* and the *Travels of Cyrus* are writ in an easy, correct Style, and convey Pleasure with Instruction. The *Belles Lettres*, and *Fontanell's Plurality of Worlds*, *Boileau*, *Pascal*, and *Voiture's* Letters, are Books of sublime Entertainment; and may be read with Safety. To the Counsels and Reproaches of learned Authors we listen without Resentment; by their Descriptions, Allusions, and Inferences, we discover all our Foibles. Books speak with more Privi-  
ledge,

\* *Neglectis urenda flex innascitur agris.* Hor. † *Doctor Cudworth's intellectual System is judged by many of the learned to be the best extant.*



ledge, explain with more Freedom, and influence with more Persuasion than Men can personally do. Great is the Choice of well-written Treatises, which afford Variety of Amusement and Improvement; but, would you see what is the Consequence of a base Action; what Remorse and Inquietudes attend the Commission of Vice; what Pleasure and Comfort spring from a Course of Virtue;—would you look into the Vicissitudes of Fortune; would you examine the Transience of all worldly Things, and how liable to change the most exalted Station is—History informs you without Disguise. In History we view Battles and Sieges without Danger, Tempests, Shipwrecks, and Earthquakes, without Terror; the Customs and Manners of all Nations without Expence or Cost. In History we find the Rise and Progress of all human Authority; the flourishing and Decays of all Kings and Kingdoms. Hence we may collect how highly useful it is to be conversant in \* History, and how greatly it contributes to the Elegance of Conversation. A genteel speculative Knowledge of Geography, Cosmography, and Chronology, is necessary to prepare one for receiving the Pleasures and Advantages of this Study. *Bailey's Dictionary* will be a great Help to a Person deficient in these.

Novels, Plays, Romances and Poems, must be read sparingly, and with Caution, lest such Parts of them as are not strictly tied down to Sedateness, should inculcate such light, over-gay Notions, as might by unperceiv'd Degrees soften and mislead the Understanding. Never read more than you are able to digest.

Next to that of reading, no Emulation fits more graceful on a Female's Mind than that of writing correctly; nor is any Part of Education more genteel and necessary. Writing of Letters has so much to do in all the Occurrences of human Life, that whatever Person is not qualified to write a Letter (at least in a tolerable narrative Style) must be sensible of many and great Inconveniencies, and is thought of by all others with Pity or Contempt, the transient Faults of discouraging die for the most Part with the Sound that gives them Life, and may with greater Ease escape Observation and Censure; but Letters are subject to a strict Review, and lay those that wrote them open to a severe Examination of their Breeding, Sense, and Abilities: So that, where the Methods of Education are directed to the right Purposes, this is too necessary a Part of it to lie neglected. Strains of Wit or

Comple-

\* Among the Ancients Pliny, Plutarch, Thucidydes; among the Moderns, Clarendon, Burnet, Kennet, Rapin and Rollin, are worthy of Reputation.

Complement are Incumbrances to a Letter. It is far more genteel to express one's self either in writing or speaking with Ease and Plainness, than with Formality or Labour. Incoherence, Confusion, Roughness, or Affectation in a Letter, always puzzles or disgusts the Reader; but an easy manner of communicating our Thoughts gains a favourable Attention of what we have to offer\*.

I am persuaded nothing so much clears the Judgment either of Man or Woman, helps them so much on in Literature, and makes them improve with so much Ease, as a good Method in all the Application of their Thoughts. As in History, the Order of Time should govern; so in the Mind, every Progression of Knowledge ought to go from what it stands possess'd of, to that which lies next, and is most coherent to it; and so on to what it aims at by well-order'd Degrees, and by well-proportion'd Enquiries.

As the Faculty of Speaking fits us for the Society of others, so does that of Thinking qualify us for our own. Though the former is seldom wanting among us, yet the latter excellent Talent too often lies neglected, even among those who are capable of thinking to Purpose. Though human Actions are call'd Moral, because they result from the Determination of the Will, yet it is through want of Attention that rational Creatures err. If the End and Use of right Reason be to have a right Notion and Judgment of Things, to distinguish between Truth and Falshood, Right and Wrong, and act accordingly; of all the various Methods of Improvement none is so advantageous as Thinking, both in respect to our Intellects and Morals. The Perfection of our Nature is to know, that is, to be able to frame clear and distinct Ideas, to form true Judgments, and to deduce proper Consequences. The Habitues and Relations of Conceptions one to another by frequent comparing, become more visible; and by habitual thinking the Object is made more habitual to the Understanding. To this Purpose Reading is useful, but Thinking is necessary. The former without the latter will never form sedate Notions of Things; but whoever compares, considers and judges, is determin'd only by the Dictates of Truth, and has therefore the best moral Security against Error. Thinking likewise greatly improves our Morals, and serves to make us better as well as wiser. The best Method to shake off ill Habits is to collect from Thinking a Conviction of their Mischief and Folly. Now, since the Understanding has so great an Influence upon the Will,

\* Tully's Epistles are recommended by Mr. Locke as the best Pattern for Business, or polite Correspondence.

Will, there are but two Things necessary to preserve us in our Duty; first, an habitual Knowledge of what we ought to do, and what we ought to shun; and secondly, a sedate Conformity of our Actions to that Knowledge.

This is to turn the Mind to its own Improvement, and to qualify it for the Rewards of Virtue.

As Love Addresses are either expected by or impos'd upon all your Sex, a few Cautions to be us'd in the Time of Courtship may deserve a Place among my other Precepts. Give me leave upon this Occasion to recollect some Remarks which I have met with in Discourse, and to compare them with what falls under my own Observation.

I have heard a Lady of nice Discernment say, that *nothing is more dangerous to a Female than the Vanity of Conquests, and that it is as safe to play with Fire, as to dally with Gallantry.* That this Lady collected the Phrase from Experience, it would be ungenerous to suspect; but hence it may be infer'd that a young Lady conspires against her own Safety and Honour, who is over free of Temper, forward in talking, or fond of being thought witty in the Presence of her Courtier. Except Wit be temper'd with Discretion, and ripen'd by Experience, improv'd by Reading, and guarded by Judgment, it is the most dangerous Companion that can lurk in a Female Bosom. It softens her Sentiments; makes her fond of being politely address'd; curious of fine Speeches; impatient of Praise; and exposes her to all the Temptations of Flattery and Deceit. Ladies have great Reason to be cautious and watchful over themselves; for even to listen to Compliments and gay Addresses may betray them into Weakness and Indiscretion.

Be careful how you give way to what many Ladies call *an innocent Liberty*; for here Civility may be taken for an Invitation. The double Temptation of Vanity and Desire is so prevalent in our Sex, that we are apt to interpret every obliging Look, Gesture, Smile or Sentence of a Female we like to the hopeful Side. Therefore let your Deportment forbid without Rudeness, and oblige without Invitation. We look upon a Woman's Eyes to be the Interpreters of her Heart; and we often gather more Encouragement from a pleasing Glance, than from her softest Words. The Language of the Eyes is very significant.

Never fix your liking on any Man that has not those good Qualities which you have labour'd after yourself, and who is not likely to be a Friend to Virtue.

When a Lady is address'd by her Votary, let his Proposals be ever so honourable, she ought to be cautious how she places  
her

her Affections. She should carry herself with an even Temper, and keep herself at a genteel Distance, lest the Conquest afterwards might be reckon'd cheap. An early Fondness often suffers.

As the Intentions are not legible, the World is apt to judge of Persons by their Behaviour, Conversation, and Appearances. If all young Ladies were conscious of this, surely they would be more circumspect and reserv'd than to allow such Liberties as are too often used in Love-Addresses. They may suppose them to be Characters of Love and Passion; but in the End such mistaken Indulgences often destroy all that Esteem which their Lovers might have for them, if they were not quite so tractable. Easy Compliances extinguish the Desire of Marriage, and make the fair Sex only consider'd as Subjects of Gallantry and Amusement.

Be not over credulous in believing every obliging Thing your Admirer says, for that would expose you to his Artillery of Persuasions. When he praises your Beauty, Wit, Shape, or Temper, and tells you that in his Eyes you excel all others of your Sex, do not receive such Compliments as an Homage due to your Merit, without examining whether he be sincere or flatters. The Lives of some Men are a meer Commerce of Compliments and Dissimulation to impose upon Female Softness; and this often makes Credulity in Women as infamous as Falshood is reproachful in Men. All the Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence by the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men, is owing altogether to this Female Weakness. Too often Credulity is overtaken by Disgrace.

There are two general Answers may be given by any of the Fair to the Fop or the Courtier, which in all Cases will dismiss either with his Impertinences to her Credit and Satisfaction. If a Fop or Beau says an obliging thing to you, with a mild indifferent Air receive it, and return him Thanks; but if he insists upon fullsome Compliments, give him to understand his Favours are misplac'd, that such Discourse makes you uneasy, and that you hope his good Manners will direct him to wave it. If your Spark be troublesome, modestly reprove his Boldness, shew a Dislike to his Familiarities, and with a courteous inoffensive Air, forbid him all unseasonable Visits, and private Retirements. If you are warmly importun'd, let him know that you are under the Direction of a Parent and Relations; that you are not at your own Disposal, and that you have resolv'd not to dispose of yourself. All this must be done without Pettishness, Peevishness, or Disdain, lest your disappointed Teizer should,  
inflam'd

inflamm'd with Resentment and Revenge, spread Reports injurious to your Honour. Opportunities should be avoided as much as possible. Great is the Danger that a Female incurs, let her imagine her Simplicity and Innocence to be ever so invincible, by too much Familiarity with a Male Companion. She that wonders what People mean by Temptations, and thinks herself secure against all Attacks, and defies Mankind to do their worst, depends too much on her own Sufficiency, and may be surpriz'd into Weakness and Deceit. Whoever is made of Flesh and Blood is subject to human Frailties; wherefore it must be much safer to fly from, than to fight with what the World calls *Opportunities*, and Religion *Temptations*. Thousands of your Sex have been gradually betray'd from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy; and Thousands of our Sex have begun with Flatteries, Protestations, and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness. She that considers this will shun like Death, such Baits of Guilt and Misery, and be very cautious to whom she listens. When a Man talks of honourable Love, you may with an honest Pleasure hear his Story; but, if he flies into Raptures, calls you an Angel or a Goddess, vows to stab himself like a Hero, or to die at your Feet like a Slave, he no more than dissembles; or, if you cannot help believing him, only recollect the old Phrase, *Violent Things can never last*.

Tenderness, Friendship and Constancy dress'd in a Simplicity of Expression, recommend themselves by a more native Elegance than violent Raptures, extravagant Praises and slavish Adoration; all which perhaps may be no more than a Repetition of the same Things said to a hundred of the Sex before.

The Motions of an honest Passion are regular and lasting; its Elegance consists in Purity, and its Transports are the Result of Virtue and Reason. It never sinks a Man into imaginary Wretchedness, nor transports him out of himself; nor is there a greater Difference between any two Things in Nature than between true Love and that romantic Passion which pretends to ape it.

Criminal Love is not a Subject for my present Design; but, as Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and since Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions, what a perpetual Succession of Joy must flow from the Springs of untainted Love! All the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit of this heroic Passion, when the Party beloved is kind with Discretion and Virtue.

The

The Observations I have made upon the Constitution, Frame, and Design of human Nature, and upon the different Tempers and Dispositions inherent to it, have produc'd the following Speculation upon Virginity and Marriage.

Virginity, as it is a State in many Respects free from \* worldly Cares and Troubles, furnishes Means and Opportunities of high Advancements in a devout Life. I now suppose you are at Years of Discretion, and fully prepar'd to be inform'd, that the very Name of *Virgin* imports a critical Niceness with respect to Virtue, Innocence, Modesty, and decent Behaviour: Every improper Curiosity defiles the Character: She that listens with Pleasure to wanton Discourse, defiles her Ears; she that speaks it defiles her Tongue, and immodest Glances pollute the Eyes. As nothing is more clean and spotless than pure Virginity, so the least Recession from it is the more discernable. Curiosity even in Paradise betray'd Virtue, but it was gratify'd at great Expence. I join with all Persons in Opinion, that she who lives to be an old Maid against her Will, is unfortunate, and therefore not without Reason peevish; but if such of the Sex would learn to suppress their Desires, the Original of their Misfortunes would be remov'd; superannuated Virginity, occasion'd by Necessity or Restraint from Marriage, is an Affliction too severe for any of the fair Sex, because in these Kingdoms it is a kind of imputed Scandal: But where this State results from a free Choice—from a Pre-engagement to the spiritual Bridegroom—from a Devotion of Heart to Heaven—from an humble Desire of resisting all human Love, then it may properly be call'd a Life of Angels. But, as the God of Nature has for wise Ends added Desires to the Constitution of both Sexes; where those Desires prevail, it is but convenient the Design of them should be answer'd in chaste Marriage, which is an honourable State, attended with many Blessings.

If we take a View of conjugal Love in all its native Beauties and Attractions, we must be persuaded that the Pleasures and Advantages of it are preferable to a single State, and that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the married Condition. If it were not so, the wisest and best of all Ages and Nations have consented in an Error. This Institution was calculated for a constant Scene of Delight, as much as our Being is capable of; and this State, with the Affection suitable to it, is the completest Image

\* In the Words of St. Gregory, *Virginity is a Life of Angels, the Enamel of the Soul, and the Advantage of a religious Life; and, having great Opportunities of Devotion, and being free from worldly Cares, may more frequently be exercis'd in holy Duties.*

Image of Heaven we can receive in this Life ; the greatest Pleasures we can enjoy on Earth, are the Freedoms of Conversation with a Bosom Friend, who in Occasion of Joy will congratulate, and in Occurrences of Distress or Danger, will mingle his Concern, one who will divide our Cares, and double all our Joys. When two have chosen each other out of all the Species, with a Design to be each others mutual Comfort and Entertainment, while they perform the Vows they have made, all the Satisfactions of the one must be doubled, because the other partakes of them—all the Sorrows of one must be lighten'd, because the other is (as to Person) exempt from them \*. How must the Hearts of those rejoice, who see a beautiful and numerous Off-spring of their own, playing about them, and endeavouring to excel one another in little innocent Sports to please their Parents ! What an exalted Delight must it be to well-dispos'd Persons—what a Comfort must it be to them in their old Age, to see a Number of reasonable Creatures, which they themselves have produc'd, enjoying the Fruits of a virtuous Education ! What unspeakable Pleasure must a virtuous Female take in loving and conversing with the worthy Object of their utmost Affection ; who is faithful and just to all, constant and affectionate to her, with whom she is to tread the Paths of Life in a pleasing, constant Course of Love and Virtue ; to be a Partner of whose Kindness, and under whose Protection she has put herself till Death dissolves their Union ! What an additional Comfort is it to a Lady of good Sense and good Humour, who for her good Qualities is esteem'd abroad, to be at home belov'd and happy ! This keeps her always chearful, gay, and sprightly—this enlivens her Conversation, makes her the best of Friends, and the most agreeable of Companions. What Character of Happiness can equal that † of *Pliny's Wife*—*to be the best of Wives, to be the best belov'd* ? When two Persons of good Education, honest Principles, and improv'd Talents, are not only united in the same Interests and Affections, but also in their Taste of Life, of the same Pleasures, Desires and Amusements—then the Pleasures of *domestic Life* are known.

When Things happen thus, Marriage has in it all the Delights of Friendship, all the Delicacies of Reason, all the Enjoyments of Sense, and all the Sweets of Life ; so that nothing but Degeneracy and Vice can pass Reproaches on so blest a State.

Among the several Delights and Advantages that accompany the conjugal State, it is farther to be consider'd as the

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\* See Spect. N<sup>o</sup> 500.† See Spect. N<sup>o</sup> 525.

Foundation of Community, and the chief Band of Society.

I join in Opinion with those who believe no Medium to be in a married State, and that it is either a vexatious or happy Condition; but, when it is a Scene of tasteless Indifference, sharp Answers, unreasonable Jealousies, eager Upbraidings, and violent Reproaches, so contrary to the Nature and Institution of it, the Mischief generally proceeds from the rash or imprudent Choice which People make for themselves, and an Expectation of Happiness and Pleasures from Things incapable of giving either. When the Heads of married People are fill'd with the vain Ideas of Equipage and Grandeur, Pomp and Magnificence, it is no wonder that both Sexes are deceiv'd, and bring Reflections and Dishonour on their Condition; whereas, if they would but correct that deprav'd Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happiness upon proper Objects, Marriage would become the most happy and most honourable State of Life.

As the Choice in Marriage is one of the most important Affairs of Life, so essential towards making our present State agreeable, and very often towards determining our Happiness to all Eternity; I hope my unmarried Readers will not take Offence at a few Instructions which may give them some Light in so nice a Particular, and in some Measure rectify their Choice.

The chief Things to be regarded in the Choice of a Husband, are a virtuous Disposition, a good Understanding, an even Temper, an easy Fortune, and an agreeable Person. Ask any Lady if she would either receive herself, or recommend to her Friend's Acquaintance, a Husband without these Accomplishments, and her Answer will be—none but a Fool or a Mad-woman would; yet how many of the Fair Sex throw themselves away upon what the speculative World calls *pretty Fellows*, who want Courage, Honour, Sincerity, and every amiable Virtue? How many are sacrific'd to the Riches of an illiterate Drone, or an old Debauchee?

The first Motives that strike the Inclination of a prudent young Lady for changing her Condition, are good Sense, Beauty and Riches; but then she is strictly to examine what Excellences recommend a Man most to a deliberate Choice. These she will find to be Virtue, Sedateness, Good-humour, Sobriety, Constancy, and a Similitude of Manners. When the Men are equal, Reason and Self-preservation will direct her to give the Preference to the Man of Wealth; but if she has her Choice of several, who are equal in their other Pretensions, certainly he of best Understanding is to be preferr'd.

Riches



Riches cannot purchase excellent Talents, or worthy Endowments; wherefore good Qualities, with an easy Fortune, and an agreeable Person, are preferable to the Riches and Honours of a Rake, a Fop, a Profligate, a Miser, or a Block-head. She that for a Title gives her Hand without her Heart, may expect a Life more incumber'd with Vexations than Pleasure. It is ill judg'd to be delighted with the Thoughts of being great, or to marry a rich Man in Expectation of it; Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, if rightly consider'd, with a Companion loving and belov'd, is allow'd, even by our Sex, to have a Pleasure infinitely beyond all the Pomp and Grandeur of insipid or vexatious Wedlock.

Nothing but the good Qualities of the Person belov'd, can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion; so that a young Lady ought to regard Merit more than any thing else in the Person who makes his Applications to her. By Men of Merit, I do not mean those of great Abilities, exalted Genius, or deep Learning, so much as Men of good Sense, good Nature, Probity, Industry, Constancy, Courage, and Honour. Men endow'd with these Qualities, look upon their Wives with Love, Joy and Gratitude, and think themselves oblig'd to supply their Imperfections with Good-nature, provided they meet with equal Returns of Love. Such Men take Pleasure in contriving the Happiness of their Wives, and in laying out their Invention to form Variety of Conversation, new Diversions, and Amusements for them; while the Wives, with the Eyes of Fondness, rejoice in the Approbation of all the Words and Actions of their tender Help-mates.

It is obvious here to believe that a prudent Choice cannot be made without a deliberate Enquiry into his Principles and Qualifications.

When the first Heats of Curiosity are abated, Virtue and Good-nature not only raise, but continue Love, and make the united Persons always amiable to each other; but whoever expects to be happy in a Husband without these Qualities, will find herself widely mistaken.

I would advise a Friend of mine to consult the Temper as much as any other Quality. Of all Disparities, that of Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages. There are many unequally and unhappily match'd with Persons of certain Turns in Temper, who with those of contrary ones, might probably live easy and contented. Every one's Experience furnishes Instances of this. Hence it appears reasonable to suppose that a short Courtship is not the safest; hasty

Marriages may have long Repentance. You cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Foibles of him who makes Proposals of Marriage; for, after the Knot is tied, Blemishes in Humour may be discover'd, which perhaps before were not suspected.

If you bring your Reason to support your liking to any particular Man, you will consider him as subject to all the Calamities both of Body and Mind. Before you bring yourself to a Resolution on Marriage, you ought to be prepar'd for every Incident in that State; to be a Parent, a Friend, a Lover, and Physician.

Those incoherent Advices may in some Measure direct you how to behave inoffensive in the Virgin State, and how with a regular Caution to make a happy Choice of a Companion for Life, if you incline to marry; I now proceed to lay before you the Duties of a married Female.

A Wife owes to her Husband's Person the Debt of undivided Love, to his Reputation all her Assistance in defending it, to his Fortune all her Care in improving and securing it, and an unalter'd Affection in all the Changes of it; and to his Relations and Friends such a Kindness and Esteem as their Stations respectively require.

Vanity and Pride, Extravagance and Ill-nature, are the most general Complaints the World receives from Husbands of their Wives; but the last seems to carry the greatest Grievance. If a Wife inclines to any of the other Foibles, and preserves Mildness and Good-nature, those Dispositions will direct her to consider Things in a true Light, as Nature has form'd them; and not as her own Fancy or Appetite would have them. If her Husband has any Failings, which before her Alliance were not discover'd, her Good-nature will make Allowances for them, will raise in her Breast all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, will prevent her dwelling upon disagreeable Rebukes, and by degrees will lessen their Deformities. In the Occurrences of matrimonial Life it is a Rule proper to be observ'd—to preserve always a Disposition to be pleas'd. An ill-managing Man is often brought to see his Errors, and to reclaim by the mild Advices of his Wife, and her obliging Condescensions to humour him. By her Gentleness and sweet Temper he is prevail'd on to inspect into himself, and to remove every Imperfection that is displeasing to her, whom he received into his Arms, the Object of Love, Joy, and Admiration. Meekness and Complacency are the only Weapons wherewith to combat an irregular Husband. The engaging Soft-

ness

ness of a Wife, when prudently manag'd, subdues all the natural and legal Authority of any reasonable Man. Her Looks have more Power than his Laws; and a few sweet Words from her can soften all his Fury. But a *Virago* stirs up Strife for herself, and kindles Fuel to consume her Dwelling. Sullenness, Peevishness, Pettishness, Coolness, Dislike, Jealousy, Rage, or a querulous Temper, will never influence or regain a Heart liable to Wandering or Extravagance. Ill-natur'd and ill-tim'd Rebukes increase Opposition, and beget Aversion.

If your Affection be well-plac'd and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour, Friendship, and Love, (to all which married People are in the highest Degree engag'd) you will not find it difficult to make Mildness and Good-nature habitual to you. Never forfeit the Tenderness of your Sex, whose First-rate Ornaments are a graceful Ease and Sweetness of Temper, Love and Honour, Virtue and Meekness.

I have the Pleasure of being intimate with a worthy Couple of a handsome Fortune. He was exceedingly subject to the Passion of Anger; and she was (what Ladies are pleas'd frequently to term so) very high spirited, and could not bear Contradiction. Notwithstanding this, in Company they were both affable, courteous, and friendly, and of consequence engag'd a general Esteem; but in Private the Fury of both prevail'd, their Reproaches were bitter and disengaging. They often parted by mutual Consent, and were as often prevail'd on to be reconcil'd and live together. All this was to little Purpose; every trifling Accident gave Birth to new Quarrels, and the Passion of the one added Flames to that of the other, until, by a lucky and mutual Agreement, each of them consented prudently to retire from the other's Presence when provok'd by any vexatious Occurrence (which may often be expected in domestic Life) to be out of Humour. This Rule they have religiously observed these eight Years; and I do not know, in all the Circle of my Acquaintance, a married Couple that live in greater Unity, Love, and Fondness. He has honestly told me that he does not remember that in all that Time either of them was insulted with the least Start of Passion towards each other.

There is great Discretion requir'd to keep Love alive after Marriage; and the Conversation of a married Couple cannot be agreeable for Years together without an earnest Endeavour to please on both Sides.

To behave with an obliging Air of Friendship and Courtesy towards his Relations and Friends, engages the Affection of a Husband greatly.

The Duties of a Wife to her Husband in every Degree and State of Life, can be no less than Love, Fidelity, and Obedience to all his lawful Desires and prudent Counsels; so that according as she is dispos'd in herself to perform these Duties, every Circumstance of Life is to give her Pleasure or Pain.

The utmost Happiness we can hope for in this World, is Contentment; and, if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. Hence it reasonably follows, that a Wife must direct all her Studies and Endeavours to the Attainment of this Virtue, before her Thoughts can attend to all the Softnesses and Endearments of refin'd Love in the married State. Without this Disposition, if she were possess'd of all the Happiness that is dispers'd through the whole World, her Life would be uneasy—her Pleasures all insipid.

A sure Method to secure Content, will be to observe the following Rules; first, never to look upon Superiors with Envy; secondly, to reflect on the various Calamities and Misfortunes that human Nature is subject to; and thirdly, to form a regular, impartial Comparison between ourselves and those who are plac'd below us in the Enjoyments of Life. These Considerations will fortify and strengthen the Mind against the Impression of Sorrow, will reconcile it to the natural Distresses which befall it, and will prepare it for the Enjoyment of Peace and Tranquillity.

I would farther propose to your Consideration, that possibly what we now look upon as the greatest Misfortune, may not be really such in itself; but to avoid Repetition, I refer you to the 34th Page. As the following Lines \* accidentally occur to my Memory, I hope my inserting them will not be disagreeable.

*Greatness in glitt'ring Forms display'd,  
Affects weak Eyes much us'd to Shade;  
And by its falsely envy'd Scene  
Gives self-debasing Fits of Spleen;  
But they, when blest Content inspires,  
This Science learn—to bound Desires:  
By happy Alchemy of Mind  
They turn to Pleasure all they find:*

*They*

\* These Lines are taken out of a Poem call'd the Spleen.

They both disdain in outward Mien  
 The grave and solemn Garb of Spleen:  
 Unmov'd, when the rude Tempest blows,  
 Without an Opiate they repose;  
 Nor meddling with the Gods Affairs  
 Concern themselves with distant Cares;  
 But place their Bliss in mental Rest,  
 And feast upon the Good possess'd.

There are several other Excellencies depending on and flowing from the Practice of Virtue, which the Ambition of your Sex should always aspire at; I mean those of a domestic Turn. “*The Family is the proper Province for private Women to shine in.*”

Those Ladies that pursue the Virtues peculiar to their Sex, esteem it the greatest Commendation by which they can be distinguish'd, to be reckon'd tender Mothers, faithful Wives, kind Mistresses and good Neighbours; for the particular Offices of which, consult *The whole Duty of Man*.

Oeconomy, or the Art of House-keeping, is the most immediate Female Business. From this neither Wealth nor Greatness can totally absolve you. By taking the Trouble of the Keys, and Part of the Management of her Mother's House, a young Lady may learn how to go through her domestic Offices when she comes to one of her own.

As whatever worldly Substance you enjoy, is the Gift of Providence, make it in all Cases serve the wise and reasonable Ends of a beneficent hospitable Life.

Never keep any more Servants than you can very well afford to maintain. As the pampering of Servants makes them saucy and idle, so will the stinting of them make them Thieves.

It is a great Art in House-keeping, to have the Furniture always clean, and to lay by every thing in its proper Place, when out of Use. This Method will prevent Confusion, preserve the Things, and contribute greatly to your private Ease. A litter'd Room is a sure Sign of Indolence and Supineness in the Mistress, as it is of Sloth and Sluttishness in her Servants.

Always be employ'd in somewhat innocent or useful; for various and beyond Description are the Inconveniencies which besiege the Mind in Vacancy of Employment. While Persons are employing either their Bodies or their Minds, they are engag'd in the Pursuit of Happiness, though often misplac'd; and there is a greater Likelihood of their becoming

coming attentive to such Means as hereafter may be propos'd to them for that End : But \* Idlers can propose to themselves no End at all, and are therefore in a State inferior to the vicious World. The Truth of it is, that as reasonable Creatures are made active Beings, they must always be employ'd, whether they walk in the Paths of Innocence or Folly, Virtue or Vice.

The first Place of a Lady's Leisure is due to Piety ; but in the Intervals of those devout Offices, there are many others which may usefully, or at least innocently fill up the Spaces of your Time. The Mind can't be always screw'd up to a Pitch of Virtue or Business, and therefore it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations. Young Persons cannot sit still and idle ; and, if they could, the Fault is still the greater. The Skill of properly ordering the Time and Measure of Recreation, is to relax and refresh the Part that has been tir'd with Exercise, and at the same Time to be doing that which, besides the present Delight and Ease, may produce somewhat to future Pleasure or Profit. I therefore, to fill up such Vacancies of Time, recommend useful and innocent Amusements.

With a peculiar Elegance of Expression and Thought Seneca observes, that "*Our Lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do ; we are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.*" It is certain that many Hours—nay, that many Years hang heavy upon our Hands ; and, though our Time runs away so fast, yet we would often have many Parts of it over. We travel thro' Time as through a Desert of wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over to get at the imaginary Points of Rest and Pleasure. This perpetual Desire to hurry over Time is due to the wrong Method which most People take in dividing it. While we fill up the Spaces of our Time with the Pursuit of Pleasure or Business, and keep ourselves engag'd in Scenes of Action, we are not at such a Loss ; but when we suffer our Minds to lie idle, or supinely to run adrift with any loose or ill directed Passion, it is no Matter of Surprize if we should wish all such Parts of our Time to be annihilated.

#### Various

\* But Labour, says Plato, is preferable to Idleness, as Brightness is to Rust. Bishop Tillotson calls Idlers Fools at large ; but the Scripture terms them the Devil's Companions.

† See the 6th Page.

Various are the innocent Diversions of Life, by which you may lengthen Time in general, and prevent any Part of it to be uselefs or tedious.

Needle-work, Pastry, Cookery, Limning, Drawing, Music, Singing, Gardening, learning of *French*, *Italian*, or *Latin* (as you may have a particular Taste and Genius for these Arts) are all Accomplishments worthy of your Care, but not of all your Time.

If the Stage were under proper Regulations, it might be made an useful Entertainment, and a Source of pure Delight; but, as it now labours under certain Corruptions (such as ridiculing Religion and her Ministers, and frequently introducing dissolute and immodest Scenes) I advise you always to be acquainted with the Innocence of the Play before you see it acted.

Though Gaming is an Amusement which in general Terms ought to be avoided, yet, since Custom has introduced it into Fashion, I am far from dissuading young Persons to accommodate themselves to the innocent Gaities and Diversions in Request with those of their Age and Condition; but rather advise them to be complaisant on all Occasions, and to comply with the Amusements of their Company, while they have no Tendency to Mischief or Disgrace.

When playing at Cards is sparingly practis'd to entertain Company, and to divert yourself, it may be innocent; but sitting up late impairs the Health, perverts the natural Succession of Day and Night, and softens the Understanding: Nor do bad Hours often fail to introduce ill mix'd Company. All Pleasures are abus'd, if not regulated with Moderation and Prudence; and ill-tim'd Diversions always surfeit.

Though I grant that Gaming may sometimes be an innocent Amusement, yet I beg leave to advance a few Arguments against it. First, it seems generally to give more Vexation than Delight to most People, even while they are engag'd in it: Secondly, it leaves no Satisfaction behind it: Thirdly, it does not any way profit either Body or Mind: And fourthly, it neither unbends the Thought, nor confirms the Health. To pursue the Inconveniencies of Gaming farther; if a Lady plays high in hopes of winning, she makes a Trade of it, not a Recreation; and if she fills her Purse by it, she does it too often at the Price of her Reputation. The Love of Gaming frequently corrupts good Principles; and many who are just in every thing else, scruple not to  
cheat

cheat at Play; and from that fall into many other criminal Practices.

The Sum of all this is: They that through the Prevalency of Custom make this their Diverſion, do it more through want of ſome better Employment to fill up their Spaces of Leiſure than from any real Delight to be found in it.

Dancing is an Accompliſhment to which ſome part of every young Lady's Time ought to be allow'd. It is highly convenient to learn it, becauſe it tends to perfect a graceful Carriage, and to give a Freedom and Eaſineſs to all the Motions of the Body; but this Children ſhould be taught as early as their Age and Strength will permit them. After the 13th or 14th Year a young Lady's Age is above it, and her Time is deſtin'd to other Uſes than to be trifled away in learning childiſh Accompliſhments. I allow Dancing to be not only an innocent Recreation, but alſo an uſeful one, provided the Exerciſe be moderate, and the Company well choſen.

Snuff is taken by ſo many Ladies of refin'd Taſte and unexceptionable good Qualities, that I have nothing to offer in Prejudice of its moderate Uſe; but, where it is taken to Exceſs, its Effects are injurious to the Complexion, Voice, Stomach, and Underſtanding.

Such Sallies of ſhort-liv'd Mirth as proceed from Farces, Operas, Maſquerades, Balls, and many other Diverſions, are generally of ſo violent a Nature, that, like a Blaze of Thorns, they ſuddenly conſume themſelves, and never fail to leave a ſullen Heavineſs, a Fatigue and Dejection of Spirits behind them: But the Delights which flow from well-tim'd and well-choſen Recreations are more ſolid and laſting. They diſſuſe a pleaſing regular Warmth through the whole human System. They never conſiſt in the giddy Starts and Raptures that ariſe from frolickſome Wit and Humour; but a well-inform'd Conſcience is the perpetual Spring from whence they flow.

The Mind never unbends itſelf more agreeably than in the Enjoyment of diſcreet and virtuous Friends. Their Converſation clears and improves the Underſtanding, eaſes and unloads the Mind, ſooths and allays the Paſſions, infuſes Pleaſure and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Reſolutions, and takes away the Tediouſneſs of all our Time. Mutual good Offices of Kindneſs between Friends are moſt elegant Satisfaction.

From the Practice of Virtue, and the reading of uſeful and entertaining Authors, you will find a more ſenſible Improvement,



provement, a more intense Delight, than from any other Exercise of your Talents.

To write a fine Hand is a great Ornament to a young Lady, and is either envy'd or prais'd by every one. This is therefore a necessary Improvement. As an *Italian* Hand is not fit for Business, and as it bears a mean Aspect, if not wrote genteely well, a fair Round-hand appears to me to be the most useful.

I shall not fatigue my Readers with engaging on such beaten Subjects, as the many Pleasures and Perfections of various Diversions and Entertainments; but of all the Methods of unbending the Mind, and of finding Employment for those retir'd Hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, destitute of Company and Business, that is the most noble which places us in the Contemplation of our divine Original, and the Prospect of being admitted into his beatific Presence.

I have stretch'd out this Epistle to a Length beyond my first Design; I shall therefore only add a few incoherent Precepts, which though not of equal Weight with those I have already laid down, may be of Service in some particular Scenes of Life, as different Occasions offer. Those Thoughts I will deliver separate as they have occur'd to me, without being at the Pains to correct and methodize them.

Avoid the Folly (generally among the unknowing or envious of your Sex) of slighting those Excellencies in others which you have not acquir'd. Rather endeavour with a well-temper'd Emulation to imitate them.

Be quick in seeing Faults, that you may avoid them yourself; but always slow in exposing them.

Shew Respect to Persons of Quality upon all Occasions, whatever Objections you may have against their Merit; for, as they may have it in their Power some time or other to injure you, it is but prudent to avoid offending them as much as possible.

Never appear to Company without your Stays. Make it your general Rule to lace in the Morning before you leave your Chamber. The Neglect of this is liable to the Censure of Indolence, Supineness of Thought, Sluttishness—and very often worse.

*The Negligence of loose Attire  
May oft' invite to loose Desire.*

Never affect being over-squeamish, over-nice, or difficult to be pleas'd; for such Affectation generally grows upon a  
Stock

Stock of Ill-breeding or Ill-humour. Thus *Miss Delicate* becomes tiresome to her Acquaintance, uneasy to herself, and hated by her \* Servants. No Person of whatsoever Merit can please her. Every thing she orders is done wrong. She changes her Dress thrice in a Morning; takes up six or eight Hours at the Toilet, then lays all her own Follies on the Tire-woman, and goes abroad in a Non-dress. The wittiest Things she hears won't make her smile. The finest Scenes in a Play make her yawn and nod. The most regular Features of the finest Faces undergo her Censure. Because she is a little cross-featur'd herself, if ever you praise another's Beauty before her, she'll make a personal Quarrel of it, and upbraid you with Prejudice or Want of Judgment. The softest and most engaging Eyes she calls heavy and dull; the most noble Shapes gygantic; and the most easy, ill-proportion'd. In short, she has an inconceivable Flow of Words to heighten or depress whatever is graceful or blameable in another. At the best Overtures or Concerto's she grows dull and tir'd. Such mistaken Delicacy does not get her the Reputation of an exquisite Taste, but makes her consider'd in the World as a worthless, troublesome Creature, fill'd with Folly, Spleen, Caprice, Contradiction, and Vapours.

In Company shun an awkward Bashfulness; for it may give them a mean Opinion of you. Look any Person that speaks to you, or to whom you speak, straight in the Face without staring. To turn down the Eyes at such Times is a certain Sign of Ignorance or Guilt.

Stooping in a young Person bespeaks a Meanness of Spirit; therefore endeavour after a strait Carriage, and an erect Countenance, holding at the same Time Impudence and Affectation in the highest Contempt.

Never sit cross-leg'd before Strangers, for such a free Posture unveils more of a masculine Disposition than sits decent upon a modest Female.

Leaning and lolling are often interpreted to various Disadvantages.

I presume no Lady would be seen to put her Hand under her Neck Handkerchief in Company.

In Conversation never desire to speak out of your Turn, or to usurp more of the Discourse than comes to your Share. If you imagine that talking much will display your Parts, and procure Esteem, you quite mistake your Interest; for your assuming that Privilege and Superiority over those whom you

force

force to Silence, exasperates them against you. It is much easier and far more laudable to speak justly by speaking little. It is a Sign of true Wit and a great Genius to conceal part of one's Talents. There is a way to be silent without the Imputation of Stupidity. Condescend to proportion yourself to the Humour and Character of those you converse with, otherwise their Conversation must be insipid to you. Never interrupt those who speak to you, but always hear them out. The Conversation of those must be very distasteful who are always talking, without giving the least Attention to what is said by others. Whoever begins a Relation should be allow'd Time to make an end of it. If you have any Opportunity of a Pause, you may offer your Objections, but never break the Thread of their Discourse. Formality and Starchness make Conversation equally troublesome.

Hold this as a general Remark, that they, who are perpetually praising themselves, seldom open their Lips but to speak ill of others. It is Cowardice to talk hard of the Dead.

It is a Law of Politeness to say nothing disobliging to any one. Malicious Smiles are as provoking as keen Reflections. Never add Confusion to the Inquietudes of those who have fail'd of Success in any Attempt, nor express a malicious Joy at their Disappointment.

Never let the Passion of Anger get the better of your Reason; for by it the external Parts are not only deform'd, \* but the whole Frame of the internal Constitution is disorder'd. It is not only a bare Resemblance of Madness, but is often a miserable Transition into the thing itself. It is not the Effect of Reason, but Infirmity; neither sensible of Infamy or Glory, nor affected with Modesty or Fear. It is a Vice that carries with it neither Pleasure, Profit, Honour, or Security; but they who are subject to its Dominion, are so far from being great, that they are not so much as free. The way to prevent our falling into the whimsical Extravagancies of this Passion, would be to consult our Reason in the Intervals, upon the Danger, Deformities, and Unreasonableness of it.

Be not fond of revealing your Family Affairs unto Strangers, or of introducing them into Discourse.

Truth is not always to appear undress'd; nor does Sincerity always oblige us to say what we think: Therefore in matters which may offend yourself or another, you cannot be too close-minded.

Some

\* Ecclesiasticus, chap. i. ver. 2.

Some Persons have so little Power to conceal any thing, that a Secret often escapes without their perceiving it, or desiring to discover it; therefore be cautious to whom you trust an important Secret.

Ceremonious Visits are for the most part troublesome, if not impertinent: But it is easy to observe where a Visit is not welcome. We ought not to thrust ourselves into any Assemblies or Appointments where our Company is not desir'd. I have heard some People boast of their Intimacy with such and such Families, where to my Knowledge they have been often denied Admittance.

It is a nice Affair to observe due Measures with those who have affronted us. If you have been publicly offended, it is not proper for you to make Advances towards a Reconciliation, because the Consequences of such a Compliance might be hurtful to you. It is enough to forgive when the Author of the Offence is brought to acknowledge it. To retort Affronts with tart and reproachful Answers is but a doubtful Proof of Innocence: But meek Replies add a Lustre to the Clearness of Virtue, and help greatly to justify the Person offended.

Frivolous News and tedious Stories are an Incumbrance to Conversation.

Before you make an absolute Promise, weigh all the Consequences of keeping it; but when once you have made it, let the Circumstances be ever so trifling or important, hold it as sacred, and never be influenc'd to break it, unless the making it good prove injurious to Virtue. It was the fixt Opinion of King *William* the Third, that whoever would break his Promise, or divulge a Secret, would rob, murder, betray, or commit any Villany, if he had but Resolution.

It is an Error subversive of Christian Charity, and of publick Peace, to be rigid in condemning the Opinions and Professions of others.

All the Ways of growing rich are equal to Persons greedy of Gain. Riches in their Esteem obtain the Place of Equity, Reputation, their Friends, Relations, and frequently their God.

They who have a violent Desire to be rich, are very seldom honest; but the Pursuit of Wealth is laudable, when the Intention is virtuous; and the Neglect of it is Weakness, when honourable Opportunities offer; because Riches and Power are the most effectual Instruments of the greatest Virtues and most heroic Actions.

Ambition,

Ambition, Envy, Revenge, Malice, Lewdness, and such like are all Excesses of the Mind, which do not only deform, but likewise torment those on whom they grow.

In every Capacity of Life preserve Decency in your Manners, Dress, Words and Actions; and so you will obtain the Approbation and Esteem of all with whom you converse.

Never vent peevish Expressions, nor give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about you; and then your Servants will take Pleasure in performing their Duty. Thus you will preserve both their Love and Respect.

Be assur'd that Frugality is the Support of Generosity. Constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, a Peevishness of Spirit, and many other great Inconveniencies, prevent a profuse Person to do many noble and generous Things; but the Table of a good Oeconomist is always attended with Neatness, Plenty, and Cheerfulness. When we have provided enough to maintain us in the Order suitable to our Character, we ought to be proportionably hospitable; but the more we live within decent Bounds, the more of our Fortune may be converted to noble Uses.

The nicest Rule in Oeconomy is to make our Being one uniform and consistent Series of innocent Pleasures and moderate Cares, and not to be transported with Joy on Occasions of good Fortune, or too much dejected in Circumstances of Distress.

Vagrant Desires and impertinent Mirth will be too apt to engage our Minds, unless we can possess ourselves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all transient Pleasures, and which will fix our Affections on Things above.

Let this Consideration always dwell upon your Memory, that all your Thoughts, Words and Actions lie open to him, whose infinite Mind has the universal View of all things ever present before it; that he sees all things at once by a clear and full Intuition, without a Possibility of being mistaken; and that to him you must account for all your Pleasures and Diversions, Vices and Follies, Employments and Talents. *The Reward of the Virtuous is with the Lord, and the Care of them is with the Most High; therefore shall they receive a glorious Kingdom, and a beautiful Crown from the Lord's Hand, for with his Right Hand shall he cover them, and with his Arm shall he protect them.*

If you endeavour to conform your Practice to those Advices, which come from a willing Heart to instruct and improve you, you may be qualified to be useful and happy in every State of Life. A genteel Assent to these momentous

Rules

Rules will in that of a Virgin teach you to live to great and excellent Ends, and direct you to an innocent Choice of the sublimest Pleasures; in the married State, it will make you a fit Companion for a wise Man, a proper Person to govern a Family, and to be intrusted with the Education of Children. It will make you humble in Prosperity, resign'd in Affliction, active in Health, and patient in Sickness. It will enable you to pass through all the Scenes and Accidents of this transient World, calmly and quietly; and will ripen your Faculties for eternal Bliss in the Realms above, where the Waters of Comfort flow, and where Robes of Righteousness are prepared for the Faithful, in the Fulness of Joy, in the Society of blessed and immortal Spirits, and in the Presence of the Deity,—at whose Right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.

*Oh! what a Scene of Bliss the Soul employs,  
Wrapt in the Prospect of eternal Joys;  
Where all immortal Hallelujahs sing,  
And praise the World's Redeemer—Heaven's King;  
Where Hymns of Glory ev'ry Voice employ;  
Where all is Love and Harmony and Joy!*

May Angels watch your Steps, and keep you in the Paths of Virtue.

This Letter is presented to your Acceptance, together with his Prayers and best Wishes for your Safety, by

*Your affectionate Uncle,*

WETENHALL WILKES.

F I N I S.

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LADY'S PRECEPTOR.

OR, A

LETTER

TO A

YOUNG LADY, of DISTINCTION

UPON

POLITENESS.

Taken from the FRENCH of the

ABBÉ D'ANCOURT,

And Adapted to the

RELIGION, CUSTOMS, and MANNERS  
of the ENGLISH NATION.

---

By a GENTLEMAN of CAMBRIDGE.

---

..... Adorn'd  
With all that Earth or Heav'n could bestow  
To make her amiable:----- On she came,  
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every Gesture Dignity and Love. MILTON.

---

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WEST INDIES

FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THEM BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

TO THE PRESENT TIME

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

THE HISTORY OF THE

WEST INDIES

FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THEM BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS





To Her HIGHNESS the

LADY AUGUSTA.

MADAM,



THE Author of the following Performance does not presume to Inscribe it to Your HIGHNESS under the Supposition of Your wanting any Assistance towards the due forming of Your Mind and Manners, or inspiring You with the Love of true POLITENESS, foreign to that of Your own Preceptors, and

DEDICATION.

the Illustrious Example of that most excellent and accomplished PRINCESS who gave you Birth. No, Madam, it is only to implore your Patronage of it, in order to give it a Weight with such others of Your Sex to whom it may, I hope, be of some Service in those Respects.

*I am, Madam,*

*Your HIGHNESS'S*

*most obedient and*

*most humble Servant,*

*The AUTHOR.*



THE  
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T H E

LADY'S PRECEPTOR.

*Of POLITENESS in general.*

**P**OLITENESS, Madam, is an Accomplishment of so singular a nature, that the less People have it the more they generally think they have it. Every one judges of it agreeable to his own Fancy, Taste, and Disposition: Some from Caprice, and the wild Conceits of a vitiated Imagination; others from Reason, and the Dictates of a happy Genius refined by a good Education. The Ladies are always ready to determine upon the Point; and who dare appeal from their Tribunal?

What has hitherto appeared in publick upon this Subject are either Precepts too general, which afford not sufficient Instruction, or Trifles too minute, and too well known to have any Regard paid them. It must be allow'd that there are many fix'd and unalterable Rules for our Conduct in Life, but then there are many likewise which are arbitrary, and which vary with Place, Time, Circumstance and Person.

Two celebrated *Italian* Authors have professedly treated of POLITENESS, *La Casa* in his *Galatea*, and *Castiglione* in his *Courtier*; but Theirs are rather Discourses upon the impertinent Ceremonies customary in *Italy*, and Collections of general Precepts with regard to mere Civility and Complaisance, than Treatises properly conducting to this Accomplishment; and give me leave to say, Madam, that, in our Country, to be too much polished in those Respects is to be greatly unpolite.

You will in this Epistolary Address, Madam, find a Variety of Maxims, with regard to all the *Devoirs* of one of your Sex and Situation in Life; Maxims of Practice drawn from many incontestible Truths, which are the very Basis of the Philosophy of the Manners.

I shall not endeavour to recommend myself to your Approbation by either a laboured Stile, or a Novelty of Sentiment, which would be useless, and indeed ridiculous, where the Business is to instruct: A witty Moralist is seldom a Man of good Sense: Neither do I presume to lay these Papers before you as containing Maxims which you yourself have the least occasion for, or in order to alter any thing in your Conduct: No, Fair Lady, I only present you with a Portrait, whereof you'll readily discover every Feature to be your own. I can scarce determine, therefore, to which of us Two these Rules and Precepts will be most indebted for the good Reception they may meet with; You for having practised them, or I for having made an Assemblage of them for the Benefit of others less enlightned, and less happy than yourself.



It is not enough, Madam, that your Virtue, joined with the Innocence of a tender Age, secures you against every thing that could in the least seduce you from Duty; you must likewise guard against the Malice of an Age which is skilled in staining what is pure and amiable in the most refined and irreproachable Conduct, and misconstruing your very Virtues into Vice. You know very well how to do the Good, but it is not less necessary to know how to defend yourself against the Evil; for no one can be truly happy without being acquainted with both.

Although most of the following Instructions may serve in common for Persons of all Degrees in Life, yet I confine myself principally to the more universal and common Duties and Devoirs of Life; and if this Path of Mediocrity seems sometimes too narrow for me, and I bound beyond it, it is in order, Madam, to follow you, and to endeavour attaining to that Degree of Perfection at which you have already arrived.

What is the real Cause that we frequently find so little true Education in young Ladies of Great Families I dare not positively affirm, but should be apt to conjecture that the Misfortune springs either from their Mamma's being too much enamoured with the World, and desirous to appear young as long as possible, and therefore giving themselves no farther Concern about their Daughters Education than barely keeping them at a distance, as disagreeable Witnesses of their own Age; or else from their not caring to lie under that Restraint in their own Conduct, which is necessary towards setting a proper Example to their Children.

Your Stars, Madam, are more propitious; many, who observe you, are in the highest Admiration at the refined Manners and polite Address which you are Mistress of, so much above one of your Years, and for which you are indebted to the best of Mothers, who has taken sincere Pains both to cultivate your natural Talents, and to supply you with good Principles. For this Parental Goodness and Care you have generously paid a grateful and exemplary Return, by making such useful Remarks and seasonable Reflexions upon the Maxims and Instructions laid before you, as thereby to acquire a just Discernment in Things, and preserve a regular as well as elegant Conduct.

Though Virtue and Merit are not always in the Retinue of the Great, yet a Delicacy of Behaviour and Purity of Manners generally dwell more with them, than with those of a lower Class in Life, and therefore from such we ought to take our Models for Imitation; but then remember, that these are a kind of Diamonds which must be often searched for amongst Glass; you know what I mean by this Expression, because you know that the Poms and Gaieties of Life often prove Obstacles to the Duties of it, and we may say of True Politeness, that,

*Tho' sought by all, to few the Gem is known;  
Most for the Brilliant, wear the Bristol Stone.*



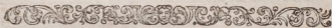


Of POLITENESS in RELIGION, and  
against SUPERSTITION.

**T**HE first and most important of all the Instructions I beg leave to present you with, Madam, is that which relates to your Duty towards Heaven. Religion is the Knowledge of what is required of us from our Creator, communicated to the Mind by Reason and Revelation, and rooted in the Heart by Divine Affection. 'Tis a Principle which soars above mere Nature, in order to search out and adore the Lord of Nature, and whereby we are instructed how, by a due Submission to his Laws, and by the Practice of Justice, Gratitude, and the other Virtues required of us in his Revealed Will, to secure to ourselves that eternal Felicity which the same Revelation gives us an Assurance of. Your whole Conduct through Life ought to be regulated by Religion; every Movement of your Mind, your Thoughts, Talents, Manners and Studies should be agreeable to that, and should be all employ'd in the Service of the Supreme Being, not only as the Prince of all Perfections, but likewise as the ultimate End which it is necessary to aspire after in order to Happiness. A young Lady without Piety, and a religious Reverence towards Heaven, is a kind of Monster in the World. You ought to love GOD then from the Motives of Obligation and Gratitude, and to reflect at the same time on the Strictness of his Justice; but be sure to avoid entertaining any of those gloomy and enthusiastical Apprehensions of

him which represent him always in Wrath, and with his Thunder about him: As you had the Felicity of being born a Christian, you have all the Reason in the World to rely on his Mercy, and to throw off those servile Terrors which only tend to diminish that Affection towards him, which you should above all things preserve in Purity and Vigour.

I shall not say any thing to you, Madam, with regard to the Duties of Conscience; that is the Business of a Spiritual Tutor rather than of a *Worldly Sage*, as you have sometimes been pleased to stile me: You'll however permit me just to hint my Sentiments upon what appears right or wrong to me in the common Practice of Devotion.

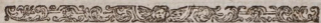


### Of DEVOTION.

**N**OTHING is more hidden than true Devotion, it being lodged entirely in the Heart, whilst the false and affected is quite the Reverse, studying nothing but Exteriors in order to appear what it is not, and assuming an Authority of reforming every thing but itself. I would advise you to have a particular Guard against People of this Character; Hypocrisy is in high Mode and Practice amongst us at present, and it requires no small Degree of Sagacity not to mistake it for its opposite Virtue.

However good and wise you may naturally be, yet be sure always to remember that the Moral Virtues, without Faith and Religion, are Branches lopt from the Parent Tree, and will in the end wither and perish; and therefore make it the chief Business of your  
 Youth

Youth to be well grounded in the Articles and Principles of your Profession.

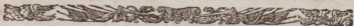


Of BEHAVIOUR at CHURCH.

**T**O behave with Modesty, Madam, is requisite in a young Lady every where, but more particularly at Church; I would therefore advise you against the fashionable Practice of gazing round you to find People to curtsy to; though when others pay that Compliment to you, I would have you return it with a decent Gravity, neither laughing nor talking at the same time. The Church is not a Place for courtly Ceremonies; 'tis a Temple set apart for the Service of the Supreme Author of all Things, where nothing should enter but Respect, Silence, and Adoration; banish therefore all those other Distractions which are quite the Opposites to these Duties, remembering always, that whatever Incense is offered up by the Lips is unprofitable and vain, unless the Heart and Tongue entirely correspond.

During the Time of Sermon always behave with Gravity and Attention, which is a Thing too much neglected by young Ladies of this Age, who generally come to Church merely to see and be seen, and would be ashamed of nothing so much as to remember even the very Subject that the Gentleman in the Pulpit had been upon; or if they do sometimes vouchsafe to attend a little, 'tis only in order to make ill-natured Remarks on the Preacher, and to shew how much better Criticks than Christians they are. This may fit well enough on an Atheist or Free-

thinker, but is insupportable in a young Lady, who ought upon such Occasions always to manifest Respect, and a Desire of Information; and make it her Business to profit by the Performance, not to pass Judgment on it. Another Particular allied to this, which I would at the same time caution you against, is the attempting to dogmatize; or form Difficulties with regard to Religion, which is a dangerous Undertaking, and often carries People farther than they at first imagined. Neither is it the Business of one of your Sex, Madam, to concern themselves about the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church she adheres to, nor to separate from the Established Worship through a Spirit either of Opposition or affected Delicacy, as if what was common was beneath her Regard, and did not keep pace with her more exalted Piety.



*Of the DUTIES and DECORUMS of Civil Life.*

**C**OME now, Madam, to enter upon a Detail of the Duties and Decorums of Life, which is indeed inexhaustible, as the different Occasions for your acquitting yourself well in those Respects are infinite. There are Rules for all our Actions, even down to *Sleeping with a good Grace*. Life is a continual Series of Operations, both of Body and Mind, which ought to be regulated and performed with the utmost Care, and of which the Success frequently depends upon those with whom we live and converse, who are too apt to put a good or bad Construction upon them, agreeable to their own way of thinking, or to the Disposition or Affection they have

have towards us. You ought always to consider the Sex, Age and Quality of all with whom you converse, in order to behave towards every one in a manner most suitable to their respective Situation. To your Superiors you owe Submission and Respect; to your Inferiors, Affability, Bounty and Compassion; to your Equals, you are indebted Complaisance and Civility; and a good Example to all.



*Of BEHAVIOUR to our SUPERIORS.*

**A**S the chief Part of what we call Good-manners, or Politeness of Breeding, relates to Persons above us, and as it is a more arduous Task to keep well with them, than with others of an inferior Rank, I shall frequently speak to you upon that Point in the Course of this Epistle.

The more superior any one's Situation is to our own, their Friendship and Conversation are so much the more agreeable to us; we must consider then, that in order to maintain such a Correspondence as this, we have more Regard and Punctilios to pay them, and stand in need of a double Share of Caution to manage properly with them, than with those of the same Rank and Fortune with ourselves. I am very well convinced, Madam, that Persons of a superior Station to our own are fond of your Conversation, and endeavour to cultivate a Friendship with you; but take care of being dazzled by the Approbation they express of your Conduct, as well as by the Applauses they give your Wit and Understanding. You ought always to receive Commendations of this  
nature,

nature, more as the Effect of their Civility than your own Merit, and modestly look on them as rather Intimations of what you ought to be, than Encomiums of what you really are. Although, therefore, in answer to such Encomiums, you may say, *that you are ignorant by what means you have obtained the Honour they do you*, or something else of that nature, yet let me advertise you, that there is often more Beauty in a respectful Silence, than in a middling Reply. It is by no means necessary for young Ladies to speech it, and for three Words of Praise to make a Thanksgiving of Fifty.

If Persons of the Condition I have been speaking of, should, upon any particular Occasion, or Juncture in Life, say any thing to you that favours either of Roughness or Impertinence, make no answer to it at all, unless at the same time you can produce a very good Reason, either to appease or undeceive them. When they speak to you, pay a modest Attention to what they say, without appearing Absent with regard to any Question they may ask you, which has something very unpolite and provoking in it; nothing being more ill-bred than to make any one repeat a Thing which we ought to have taken at first. Be sure never to let the Ambition of pleasing others induce you to quit your own Character; nor give yourself any trouble to gain their good Graces, if it must be done at the Expence of a Neighbour or Friend. If they happen to say any thing before you which gives you Pain, and is by no means agreeable to you, behave as if you had heard nothing of the matter; your Countenance, vermilioned over with an innocent Blush, would be more eloquent than any Expressions



pressions you could make use of. Should a Man, let his Quality and Situation be never so high, attempt improper Familiarities with you, it is unnecessary, I hope to advise you to reject them with Disdain; but do it however, without saying any thing that is shocking or ill-bred, and excuse yourself with a Modesty, that your Refusal, if possible, may not seem to deviate from the Respect you owe his Condition: I am well assured that this is the most effectual way to procure Returns of Respect from him, and to prevent his forgetting himself so much as to give you farther Uneasiness.



#### Of CONVERSATION.

**B**EFORE ever you speak upon any Topick, especially when in company with those you deem your Superiors, carefully examine what you are going to say; we are often drove to Repentance for having uttered a silly thing merely because we won't give ourselves time to prepare and rectify our Thoughts before we let them escape our Lips. Speak but seldom, except when previously applied to, unless you have any thing to produce which you are sure will give Pleasure, or which is necessary for the Company to be made acquainted with, and then propose it with Deference and Deliberation. If you undertake a Story at any time, which to execute well, by the by, is extremely difficult, it requiring a peculiar Genius and Turn to excel in this Branch of Conversation, don't run it out into a fastidious Length, or enumerate every tedious and frivolous  
Cir-

Circumstance; and should it happen to be of a humorous and diverting Cast, don't be the first to laugh at it yourself, much less to such a degree as to put you out of Breath: This is a Behaviour too unguarded and indelicate, and betrays a want of Judgment as well as good Education. Endeavour always to be acquainted with what are look'd on as the upper Places, that you may not either at Church, Table, or elsewhere, inadvertently fill them; considering that in things of that nature you ought to study other People's Conveniency before your own.

Wherever you are, imagine that you are observed, and that your Behaviour is attentively scanned by the rest of the Company all the while, and this will oblige you to observe yourself, and to be constantly on your guard. Conversation is not only the Cement and Soul of Society, but it is likewise the Touchstone of Merit, Wit, and Judgment: Talk little, but never appear speechless and disconcerted, like your young Creatures just come to Town from a *Welsh* Boarding-School, who resemble Birds got loose from a Cage, that know not where they are, or how to dispose of themselves.



### Of COMPLAISANCE.

**B**E always regardful of, and complaisant to those who address themselves to you in Company; appear with a graceful Assurance, seasoned at the same time with Modesty and Chearfulness, and never put People to the trouble of getting you to look at them. This Maxim is too frequently and

and grossly neglected, Madam, by young Persons of your Sex: Some make Grimaces, some appear absent, some under Perplexity, and some stare about 'em in a wild kind of Confusion, *like a Dog in a Dancing-School*, as our comick Bard very humorously expresses it; others again wear a too gloomy or reserved Aspect: All which are Marks of a defective Education.

When you speak to any one, never call them by their Names, especially if they are either your Equals, or Superiors; *Sir*, or *Madam*, being both more respectful and polite.

Remember always to ask as few Questions as possible, or indeed not any but where there is a kind of Necessity for it. Too many of our Sex, Madam, as well as of yours, furnish out their Conversation by the contrary Practice, which generally is only giving other People the trouble of informing them with what they ought to blush at not knowing before; and is therefore as imprudent with regard to their own Reputation, as it is impertinent towards the Company.

As you are to be supposed then not to ask any Question without Reason, you should always be sure to express yourself readily in doing it, in order to prevent any Judgment which might be passed on you, for indulging yourself in that Liberty.

As the Great, of every Character in Life, are fond of a little Flattery, they have generally things at heart which they would be transported you should inquire of them about, and be pleased to observe the Interest you take in them, and the Approbation you afford them.

Accustom

Accustom yourself to a Tone of Voice, neither higher nor lower than is necessary to your being heard. Let Cheerfulness, Sweetness, and Modesty, be always blended in your Countenance and Air, and be so habitual to you, that there mayn't appear any thing of Affectation in them. This is a Charm which is highly prevalent in winning People's Affections, and rendering one's Company desirable; whilst a cloudy, morose or overbearing Countenance is always ominous.



#### Of FLATTERY and SERVILITY.

**B**E HAVE with both a Deference and Complaisance, but carefully avoid Excess in each, to prevent your being taxed with either Meanness or Flattery. Moderation, Madam, which is a Virtue, springing at a proper Distance between two vicious Extremes, ought greatly to be cultivated by all Candidates for Politeness. Be likewise careful, in Conversation, not to make use of Expressions that are either obscure or bombast, but such as are clear, polished, and ornamented with obliging and affectionate Terms, which will engage all the Company in your favour; avoiding at the same time all Ambiguities, Equivocations, or Words of a double Meaning, as well as the low Jokes and insipid Rallery of those who falsely pretend to Pleasantry and Humour; the Practice whereof is at present highly disapproved of in polite Assemblies. The Use of Proverbial Sayings, when they are *à propos*, and not too frequently had recourse to, I am far from condemning; they are a kind of Salt which give a Seasoning to Discourse,

course, and by means whereof a great deal may be said in a very few Words.



Of APPEARING ABSENT *in* COMPANY.

**N**EVER let your Mind be absent in Company, especially when you are amongst People of Rank and Distinction, but apply yourself entirely to what they are saying or doing, in order to speak or answer properly, and to let them see that you are not insensible of the Honour they do you in admitting you to their Conversation; avoiding at the same time the least Appearance of being tired, uneasy, or impatient in their Company.



Of CONTRADICTION.

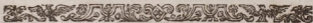
**R**ESERVE your Breast always free from Prejudice, and open to Conviction upon reasonable Proof. The Spirit of Contradiction renders every one extremely disagreeable in Company, but more especially those of the Fair Sex. This vain Conceit of their own Opinion discovers them to have more Presumption than Prudence, and to be rather positive than polite; notwithstanding which, it is in high Practice in the World at present, and frequently discernible even amongst Those who set up for Patterns of Politeness, and is therefore more vigilantly to be guarded against.





Of CALUMNY and DETRACTION.

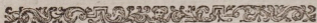
**A**S the Conversation of the World, and especially that of the *Beau Monde*, runs too often upon Calumny and Detraction, endeavour always to shew, by your Silence, that you are not pleased with the Subject, or else generously undertake the Defence of the Absent, and at least say, that you don't question but were they present they would be able to vindicate themselves. Avoid, however, upon any such Occasion discovering the least Emotion in your Countenance, or Eagerness in your Expressions, and behave with such an Air of Freedom and Tranquillity, as may manifest that you are far from being prejudiced in the Case, but that Justice and Goodnature are the sole Motives of what you say.



Of VAIN - GLORY.

**M**OST of your Sex, Madam, who can see so very clearly into the Conduct of others, too rarely reflect on, or become acquainted with their own: After they have been at the pains of portraiting, and hanging up to publick View the Faults and Imperfections of another, one would imagine they might stop there, as having gone a Length sufficient; but no, They are not content with having accused others, but must justify themselves before they are accused, and lanch out into Encomiums upon the Excellency of their own Behaviour, without any body's requiring

quiring an Account of it. Carefully avoid this Error, which is at present so very common; and if you cannot always dispense with yourself from condemning the Conduct of others, pray don't be over-industrious in extolling your own: In doing the former, never shew the least Spirit of Rallery or Spleen, which only produces Resentment instead of Reformation; and with regard to the latter, how modest and decent does it look, pray, to set one's self up for a Model of Perfection? Believe me, Madam, very few will be so kind as to take us upon our own Words, but rather despise us for our Ostentation and Vanity; and then how mortified must we be to find we are become the Jest, instead of the Idol of Mankind, and that after so much Labour to make ourselves shine, we have only rubbed out the Lustre which we might have laid claim to before. True Merit is never attended with Pride and Superciliousness; to compliment ourselves, whilst we degrade others, looks as if we were conscious of our own Insignificancy, and had nothing but Outside and Ill-nature to make us conspicuous.

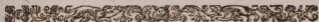


### Of PREJUDICE.

**T**HERE is another Foible too prevalent in many of your Sex, which is that of being eager and warm about things which generally ought to be indifferent to you. A Dispute has arose, perhaps, between two of your Acquaintance, who are neither your Relations nor particular Friends; upon this you strike in with the first that endeavours

to engage you, however slight Reason you may have for so doing, without giving yourself time to examine into the Merits of the Contest, or the Justice of such a Prepossession. Once you have declared yourself, the most weighty Reasons on the one side shall be suspected, at the same time that you justify the culpable Proceeding of the other; your too sanguine Passion determines instantly upon the Affair, and the Misfortune is, that by going so far you don't even leave it in your Power to return. Prepossessions of this nature betray a great deal of Levity, and too little Equity in the Disposition; and are likewise frequently the Cause of unhappy Dissensions in Families. Remember therefore, young Lady, to be always reserved at such Conjunctions, or if you can't avoid being concerned in them, suspend your Judgment however, and, instead of being warm and eager in the Business, endeavour to gain each Party over to Reason; and accomplish, by that means, an Accommodation between them: A Conduct by far more honourable and meritorious than that which I have been inveighing against. The Mediation I here mention seems not, indeed, to be the Province of one so young, Madam, as you are; but you have already given such strong Instances of your good Understanding upon many Occasions, that there are none of your Friends but would readily commit their Cause to your Judgment and Decision.





*Of being too INQUISITIVE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING what I have said  
**N** of the Necessity of procuring an Insight in-  
 to Things, in order to the Attainment of  
 good Sense, and the due Formation of the Judgment, there are Occasions, however, when one should beware of too much Curiosity, lest we either should prejudice our own Interest, or offend others by indulging it. I have known People warmly repent their having penetrated into an Affair or Intrigue, whereby they had suffered no small Detriment, by going a little farther than they should have done. The Ladies, who have a much more lively Curiosity than us Men, generally push this Business to an Extremity, being charmed at getting acquainted with their Neighbours Foibles, without reflecting that they have greater of their own to correct. Nothing is more customary in the Commerce of the World, than the Wrongs of this nature which we practise towards each other: If this same Curiosity makes you inquisitive to know the Cause of Peoples proceeding thus, I'll tell you, Madam: There is a kind of Habit and Correspondence between our Reason and our own Faults, so that they subsist together, without making War with each other; but when the Errors of our Neighbour come in question, our whole Reason is presently up in Arms against them, examines them with the utmost Severity, pursues them indefatigably, and condemns them without Mercy. Let me dissuade you then from being inquisitive into things which

there is no occasion you should be acquainted with; for too much Curiosity always leads to Indiscretion, which is the most unfortunate of all Errors. When any one is reading a Letter near you, carefully shun casting an Eye upon it; or if alone in the Closet or Apartment of a Friend, never attempt to look into any Papers that may lie on the Table, but keep your Eyes, as you would your Hands, from pilfering any thing there.



*Of WHISPERING and LAUGHING  
in Company.*

**W**HEN you set up a Laugh in Company, without every one present being acquainted with the Occasion, is inexcusable; as is likewise Whispering, or even attending to others who would whisper to you, if you can possibly avoid it; however if that can't be done, either answer them aloud, or make no Answer at all. The Rules of Politeness prohibit every thing of this nature; for the rest of the Company, upon these Occasions, have all the right in the World to think themselves the Subjects of your Conversation and Ridicule. All Laughing, Whispering, affected Nods, Grimaces, and half Speeches, of which the Cause is unknown, are the Height of Impertinence and Ill-breeding.



Of APPLAUDING or CENSURING  
People rashly.

WE are seldom over-pleas'd at hearing other People praised, especially if we ourselves have no Interest in it; when you are therefore in Company, whose Inclinations you are not perfectly well acquainted with, be cautious how you applaud any Friend of yours, that you are not sure is theirs at the same time. You may imagine, perhaps, that you have done your Favourite a high piece of Service; but, believe me, Lady, you have only drawn down upon her all the Malice and Slander that Envy and Self-conceit is capable of producing. There is likewise the same Imprudence in not approving of the Conduct of any particular Person, whom some of the Company speak with Applause of; I have seen many People under great Perplexity, by falling into Errors of this nature before they were aware of it. The indiscreet Person who talks, has always reason to doubt whether he shall please or not; the prudent Person who is silent, is sure he shall not displease. I remember an Accident which happened to myself, (so *Self*, you see, Madam, prevails even upon the very *Preceptor*, whilst he is reasoning against it) that I beg leave to offer as an Instance of this. Being newly arrived in a certain Town, and talking with a young Gentleman in the Street one Day, his Lady, who was a very fine and agreeable Woman, happened to pass by us; I was at that time unacquainted with either her Person or Name, but taking particular notice of

her as she went by, I turned to her Husband, and said, *If that Creature is not an arrant Coquette, her pretty Eyes excessively beſe her Heart.* He, ſmiling, took it pleaſantly, as he ought, whilſt her Ladyſhip caſt many agreeable Reproaches on me afterwards for the bad Opinion I had of her Eyes; notwithstanding which I was convinced, that I had talked inadvertently, and acted the Part of a raſh young Fellow: So true it is, that we can never be too cautious of animadverting upon others, eſpecially when we are ſpeaking of People that we have little or no Acquaintance with.



Of MIMICKING others.

**I**F Rallery be an offensive and diſagreeable Thing, much more ſo is Mimicking the Geſture or Speech of another, and which is ſeldom or ever practiſed with Impunity. The Character of a Mimick is one of the loweſt and moſt odious of any, and ſerves only to procure one a great many Enemies: 'Tis a Part fit only for a King's Fool, who is to ſacrifice every thing to his Maſter's Diſſiſion. 'Tis a reproachable Conduct, even in the Stage, to diſplay the Portraits of particular Perſons, though they may juſtly ridicule their Vices and Follies, No one, eſpecially of your Sex, Madam, will ever pardon a Treatment of that nature. There are but too many Fathers and Mothers, who are transported at theſe apish Tricks in their Children, looking on them as Marks of a ſuperior Genius and Wit; but they are extremely miſtaken in this, and ought to correct them  
for

for it as a very dangerous Vice, and as what, in the future course of their Lives, may bring them into many disagreeable Situations.

Take care of being so over-charmed, Madam, with the Conversation of young People of your own Age and Condition in Life, as to despise that of Persons more advanced in Years, and experienced in the World, from which you may always draw considerable Advantage, and may be instructed in those things which you could not, as yet, have learnt from Experience. There is a great deal of Prudence in conquering the natural Repugnance we have towards conversing with such disproportioned Company; and we ought to reflect, that by this means we may acquire, in a very little time, what must otherwise be the Fruit of long Observation.


Truth holds the golden Mean between Flattery and Detraction, both of which are dangerous Extremities that you ought carefully to shun. Rather stifle a Jest at any time, than give the least Offence to any one by uttering it: for right Reason will inform us, that we ought to study more how to avoid giving others Pain, than how to acquire the Reputation of being Wits ourselves. As for Flattery, consider that it is compounded of Falshood and Injustice; and that therefore he who attends to it is generally the Dupe of a Knave, and a Liar; and for Detraction, that it is *the Pestilence that walketh in Darknes*, and that those of your Sex, as too many there are, who practise it, are like the Fruits of *Sodom*; fair and beautiful perhaps without, but all Deceit and Poison within.



*Of being BLIND to what gives us Offence.*

**I**T is frequently very advantageous to appear Blind to what gives us Offence: Suppose a Female Acquaintance should complain of your having done her an Injury, and begin her Revenge by loading you with Reproaches; why if you stifle your Resentment, and take no notice of them, she'll be quickly appeas'd, and you'll have an Enemy the less. You must not judge of others, Madam, by yourself, who are naturally good, generous, and sincere. Consider that the Heart of Man is full of Dissimulation, sensible of Injuries, and always prompt to Revenge. You may have happened to say something, perhaps, one time or other, which might give offence to a Lady present, without your either intending it, or ever reflecting upon it afterwards, when to your vast Surprise you find her embracing the first Opportunity of inveighing bitterly against you, in order to discharge her Resentment for the Affront you had inadvertently offer'd her; for this Reason young People should not expose themselves too soon in the *Grand Monde*, but pay long Attention to what others say and do; make their Remarks on what is right or wrong in their Behaviour; and observe the different Effects thereby produced; and lastly inform themselves what Qualities have procur'd such or such a Lady so great Reputation and Applause in the World: In one word, Madam, they should labour in searching out the Paths to Merit, and then they would never fail of arriving at it.

*Of*

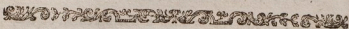


Of GALLANTRY *from the Men.*

**I**T would be in itself a Transgression of the Rules of Politeness, to entertain one so young and blooming as you are, Madam, with Discourses upon things of a very serious Nature; I shall therefore leave them to your own future good Understanding, and proceed within the Limits I at first prescribed myself. In the next place, then, Fair Lady, I would give you this piece of Counsel, not to be greatly alarmed at a little Gallantry, or a fine Thing that may be said to you by a Man of Fashion and Wit. Upon Occasions of that kind, you may very well acquit yourself by a gentle Smile accompanied with a Blush, to let him see that you are neither a Prude or Coquette; but as this is a tender Subject, and very difficult for you to maintain properly for any Length of Time, endeavour always to give a different Turn to the Discourse; which laudable Piece of Artifice may serve to disengage you, without lessening in the least People's Opinion of your Wit.

Although at such a Juncture 'tis certainly best to make no Answer at all; yet, if it can't be avoided, take care that your Repartees be short, modest, and judicious; in order to which you may venture to prophesy what handsome things may at any time be said to you upon this Head, and consequently to consider beforehand what Answer you may the most properly make to them; remembering always that your Modesty and Reserve have no Appearance of Haughtiness or Disdain, but be constantly seasoned  
with

with Sweetness and Civility; not affected, but maintained by the Opinion which the World equally has of your Virtue and Severity.



Of FRIENDSHIP *with Men.*

**Y**OUR Esteem and Friendship should be always bestowed on true Merit, that's to say, on those whom you both know to be possessed of it, and to have the Reputation of being so; but then, if they should happen to be Persons of our Sex, and such as would probably take Advantage of your good Opinion of them, be careful of maintaining that strict Watch over your Eyes, Words, and Heart, that they may not in the least perceive you have any particular Regard for them, otherwise you have taken a dangerous Step, which may give them hopes of your going still farther. Such a Discovery would give room for Applications and Importunities, which might put your Virtue to a fiery Trial, and endanger your Reputation at the same time; whilst the rest of your Sex, who see and envy your superior Wisdom and Accomplishments, would give you less Quarter than they would to one who did not eclipse them so much. A Friendship of this kind is commonly stiled Esteem; but have a care, young Lady, lest it go farther than you intend it should. The Merit of a Man of Wit and Sense has a prevalent Influence on a Woman's Inclinations, and that Esteem which she suffered herself to indulge at first, is generally the Road that leads to her Heart.

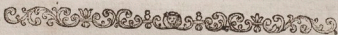


*To him with whom you risk a Part,  
At first, of your Esteem,  
Once got that Credit in your Heart,  
Love next his Due will seem.*

Of LOVE.

**L**OVE is a whimsical Passion, Madam, which deprives those of Wit who had it before, and inspires those with it who had never any 'till then. 'Tis an agreeable Declivity which has its Precipices and Falls; an Enchantment which flatters the Fancy, and gives a visionary Pleasure, but at the same time there is infinite Danger in being led by it. You, Madam, are young, rich and fair, and consequently have a thousand Occasions of loving and of being loved; but these very Advantages are what lay you under an indispensabable Obligation to be more circumspect and reserved than others less happy in those Respects; consider that there is nothing more important in every State of Life, than to conduct yourself prudently with regard to our Sex; most of them take as much, nay indeed more Pleasure in being thought to gain Victories over the Fair, than in reality to do it: This is a piece of Vanity built on the Notion, that the World must imagine them to possess some irresistible Accomplishments who could vanquish the most rigid Virtue, adorn'd with Beauty and Merit at the same time. It is therefore highly necessary for you Madam, to avoid ever dropping an Expression that may flatter their Vanity, or give them a Glimpse of Hope that they might succeed in their Pursuit; for  
as

as they have a greater Regard for their own Reputation than for yours, they will be always ready to take more than you ought to allow them. A Woman, who is willing to go as great Lengths in their Favour as she may do without Imputation, will be mighty apt to take a little Step farther, without being much startled at it. You may have shewn a Civility perhaps, or even some slight piece of Complaisance, without thinking any thing more of the matter; but one of those presumptuous Sparks, who construes every thing agreeable to the Opinion he has of his own sweet Person, is a very dangerous Interpreter: He won't fail to persuade himself that you think as he does, and will conclude, in spite of all your Precautions, that you intend to make him happy in time.



### Of MATRIMONY.

**I**T has been justly observed, that young People of your Sex, who are suffered to be Mistresses of their own Inclinations, very seldom succeed in the nice and important Business of Matrimony. They are apt to surrender at the first Attack, without reflecting of what Moment it is to deliberate upon their Choice; they look upon Matrimony as the Period to the filial Subjection they are uneasy under, and as a State of more Freedom and Independency than that which it delivers them from, and therefore rush into it with Transport the very first Opportunity. I have seen many, but alas too late! most cordially repenting that they had not left the whole Disposal of themselves, in this respect, to their Relations

Relations or Friends, who would probably have made a more judicious, as well as fortunate Choice.

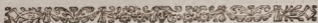
Take warning, Madam, from such Examples, and form your Conduct upon opposite Principles; persevere heroically in the same Delicacy of Sentiments, which I have hitherto remarked in you, so as to tremble at the least Freedoms or Particularities with those of our Sex; but should a thing of that nature at any time overtake you, reproach yourself for such a Slip, and reflect that it bids fair for depriving you, not only of your Quiet, but of your Reputation, likewise. In your present dangerous Situation, with Youth, Riches, and Beauty around you, it is of the utmost Importance for you to hide this rebellious Passion under the Mask of Good-nature and pure Civility; and above all to take care that your Eyes don't betray you, and treasonably publish the Sentiments of your Heart. As long as a Man does not think you have any particular Affection for him, he will attempt nothing but what you may easily repel; but should he discover your Foible, and be convinced of it from some singular Regard he has observed you to shew him, you ought the more to fear lest the Knave should make a Conquest of your Heart; for at the same time he'll become more intrepid, bold, enterprising and dangerous. In this Case, you ought to have recourse to Absence for Relief, or at least to avoid ever being in a Place where he can possibly have the liberty of coming to an Explanation with you. But how, you'll say, to find a Remedy where there is not one? Why, truly I have only this to offer, you must call in your Understanding to defend your Heart, and determine, that as you had always hitherto been happily Mistress

of

of it, so you would still continue to be ; and never be put to the Blush for the contrary by any one. You'll very probably be surpris'd at my talking to you in this manner ; but believe me, Madam, you ought not to build so much upon your own Force in this Case, as not to call in the Succours of Counsel and Precaution. Young Ladies of your Character are often the most vigorously assaulted, because the most difficult Conquests are what Men of the greatest Wit and Delicacy delight in.

Many, especially those of your own Sex, Madam, will be frequently talking to you of Matrimony, and endeavouring to discover your Sentiments upon some Match or other that they want to propose to you ; but beware saying any thing that may discover either your Inclination or Aversion, with regard to any one in question. Though Dissimulation is not a very laudable Quality in general, yet in this Case you may be permitted a little ; but be sure to conceal it prudently, under the Appearance of Modesty and Submission ; and intimate, by the little Perplexity you seem under in making an Answer, *That you are not the Person to be consulted upon such a Head, but your Father and Mother, whose Will you shall always make your own.* Not, Madam, but I'll readily acknowledge, that as you are principally interested in an Affair of that Importance, you ought to have your Share in determining upon it ; Heaven having cast into your Lot an ample measure both of Wit and Judgment, you'll here have an ample Occasion for them both. As to Fortune and Birth, you may rely upon your Relations and Friends to take care of these Particulars ; but as to Person, the Choice is entirely placed in yourself. If  
he

he be a very young Man, mark well what he is at present, and what he gives hope of being hereafter ; but in this Case, guard your Inclinations against certain little Engagements that bewitch the Understanding, and banish the Thoughts of what is to come : If he be a Man arrived at Ripeness of Years, and is all at present that it can be expected he ever should be, inform yourself what his Manner of Life has been, whether he is one of Probity, Religion, good Conduct, and Reputation ; whether he be subject to any disagreeable Infirmary ; or violent Passion : In a word, whether his Morals, Manners and Temper are agreeable to your own. Consult yourself well upon this Subject ; the Choice in question is for your Life, you cannot therefore take too much Precaution in it.



### Of DUTY to PARENTS.

**A**LTHOUGH you live in the Nature of a Friend only with your Father and Mother, who shew the utmost Tenderness and Affection towards you ; yet always preserve the highest Veneration and Duty towards them : Honour them with a Love and Respect, flowing purely from the Fountain of Gratitude : This they have a just Claim to on account of the Benefits they have conferred upon you. Nothing is required of you by them, but what is agreeable to your own Inclinations, because they are persuaded you can do nothing amiss. They every Day hear so much in your favour from their Friends, such Encomiums upon your good Sense, Ingenuity, and Conduct, that there is nothing

thing farther wanting to confirm them in their good Opinion of you ; it therefore only remains with you not to make an ill Use of it, but to be always submissive, good, and complaisant to them, and officious to do them any Service or Pleasure that lies within your Reach. At the same time be singularly careful never to let slip a Word which may injure the rest of your Sisters in their Affection, in order to justify their Prepossession in your favour. Such a Procedure as this is a pitiful and malicious Effect of Self-love, which is the less equitable, as it covets all for itself, and would concede nothing to others. If their Temper or Humour should not, at all times, strike in with yours, acquiesce without the least Opposition or Murmuring, and have a religious Care of ever complaining of it to others.



*Of* PRIDE and CONDESCENSION.

**Y**OU are a Person of Distinction by Birth, which is an Advantage you contributed nothing towards yourself, and therefore never despise others for not being so fortunate in this respect as you are. converse with those who are beneath you as if you was their Equal, and with your Equals as if you were beneath them, which will not only oblige them to give you your own Place, but each will willingly yield up theirs. I know not a greater Mark of a mean Spirit, than those haughty Airs which too many of your Sex assume, with regard to that ridiculous Foppery of taking Place, as they call it, and of being particularly distinguished wherever

wherever they come. The general Rule is, that if we would have others shew a Respect to us, we should begin with shewing it to them first, and never exact more than they choose to grant us of their own accord. Observe then, without Envy, those above you; and without Contempt those beneath you: But if our Birth or Dignity sets us superior to the Persons with whom we live, we ought to make use of that Superiority as a Means to procure us their Love and Respect, without being either a Restraint or a Burden to them.



*Of true and false* NOBILITY.

**H**IGH Birth is not always a legitimate Title to exalt us above others. True Nobility is not hereditary, but is purchased by eminent and personal Virtues; so that the Father does not transmit it to the Son, without at the same time entering into a tacit Contract with him to act in the same manner as he had done before him to merit and acquire it. The Man comes into the World naked, weak and ignorant; Time and Nurture give Strength to his Body, Science and Society form his Mind, whilst Experience and Reflexion teach him Wisdom; at length he becomes sensible to Honour and Fame, and studies the Methods of attaining to them: He is taken notice of by the Prince or the Republick, who confer high Dignities on him, either to employ or reward his Virtue: If such a one be Great by Birth, he becomes by this Conduct still more Great; if his Birth be obscure, he has the Ad-

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vantage

vantage of being indebted to no body but himself for the Nobility he has acquired by such noble Actions, and is a thousand times more praise-worthy than those who are *Right Honourables* only by means of their Pelf, or the Atchievements of their Great Grand-fathers; and who are forced to patch up their Figure with the Relicks of the Dead, and rife Tomb-stones and Monuments for Reputation.

'Tis Virtue, therefore, only which can bestow Nobility; Glory and Reputation exalt it, and give it a Value in the Opinion of Mankind, who revere those who are clothed with such a Mark of Distinction: But there are many, too many, alas! of our modern Nobles, who abuse, with Impunity, the Honours which are paid them, and the Good-nature of the Prince who permits the Abuse. Of this Number I reckon yon magnificent Lord, who boasts such a superb Equipage, and multitude of Attendants, who happily finds himself in a Post of Command and great Employments left him by his Ancestors, without employing himself about any thing but his own Grandeur, or regarding any thing but what is subservient to his Pleasures, or flatters his Vanity. A true Nobleman is of a very different Stamp; such a one does not content himself with the Dignity he found in his Family, but is ambitious personally to merit the Honour which by Birth he inherits. He looks on himself as obliged to surpass in Virtue those whom he surpasses in Station; to be true to his GOD and his Prince, upright and sincere in all his Conduct, valiant upon every honourable Occasion, exact in all the Duties of civil Life; and, in a word, to behave in such a manner as to be distinguished and respected by  
all



all who know him. I must here add, that a Man may be truly *noble* without ever being *enobled*, like one who is Master of a Profession, but does not enjoy the Privileges belonging to it.

Happy than He on whom Fortune bestowed Predecessors that were Great, and dignified in the World; He, by his very Birth, got half the way; but still more happy He, who is blessed with Talents and Dispositions that stimulate him to aspire after the Qualities of a Hero, and has no occasion but for himself alone to become one. I have made a kind of Excursion here in respect to Nobility, because I have frequently found you took Pleasure, Madam, in talking of it, and in informing yourself of the true Endowments People ought to possess in order to merit that Honour.



*Of SELF-CONCEIT and Love of VANITY.*

**V**ANITY, which, pardon me, Madam, is so very common in your Sex, is a Poison that taints the brightest Virtues: 'Tis a Vice so much the more dangerous, as it generally cleaves to what is most excellent, abasing and corrupting it. Fly all Presumption with regard to your own Merit, and never suffer it to enter into your Imagination, that you are more accomplished, more prudent, more witty, or more refined than other People, which is an Error that would introduce a Disorder into your whole Conduct. Self-love, which is both the Parent and Nurse of Vanity, does not only prevail upon us to be

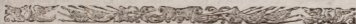
too fond of ourselves, but inclines us likewise to despise others.

Not that I would have you appear disconcerted at being complimented upon any good Qualities which you are really Mistress of, so you did not throw out a Bait for it yourself. On the other hand, never turn a deaf Ear to Reproof, but invite your Friends to Freedom of animadverting upon any thing they shall think amiss in your Conduct.

The generality of Men delight themselves in tainting the Minds of young Females, by Encomiums founded on nothing but mere Complaisance, which tend only to gain their Esteem and Confidence, and sometimes even their Heart too: This is a delicate Point; for young Girls, who love being applauded, are but too ready to express a Gratitude towards those who have been their Benefactors in that respect. In this Case, let a young Creature have never such strong Principles of Virtue, she furnishes the Enemy with Arms to combat her with Success; and I shall think her happy if she escape a Man of Art and Address, who knows how to turn this Foible to his own Advantage.

To prevent a Surprise of this nature, be more anxious to deserve Praise than to receive it; nothing can so sensibly affect a generous Soul, as the tacit Reproach she casts on herself when extolled for Excellencies which she knows in her Conscience she does not possess. A Fine Woman is so often told she is happy in every Accomplishment, that at last she persuades herself she is so; if she can avoid therefore this Weakness, and resist the Pleasure of hearing herself praised, she may be pronounced a Heroine indeed. Accustom

not yourself therefore, Madam, willingly to receive, but rather to despise those soothing Adulations and fine Speeches which are frequently made you only to see how far you relish them, and to find if you can be melted into Compliances by them. The Tranquillity of your Countenance, upon such Occasions, should shew how mean a Value you set on them, and, by a little seasonable Rallery at the same time, you may easily disconcert these mighty Orators, and make them afraid to return to the Attack.

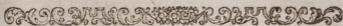
*Of HUMILITY and PRIDE.*

**H**OUGH it be impossible, Fair Lady, to prevent your being sensible of the Beauty and Merit you are Mistress of; however, you may please to remember, at the same time, that there are others who enjoy more of both those Perfections, and who are still more humble and modest than yourself. I have known, in my Time, several fine young Creatures, who seem'd to be born for the Admiration of our Sex, and the Honour of their own, versed in every Branch of polite Literature, and capable of talking both sensibly and gracefully upon every Topic that offer'd, yet not being blessed with a sufficient Degree of Modesty to support the Praises and Applauses paid them by the Men, give themselves up to Vanity and Self-sufficiency, which tarnished all that Splendor that promised at first to render them immortal.

Young Ladies who have Beauty, have likewise too often a great deal of Pride; the Misfortune therefore which generally befalls them is, that they get into their Heads chimerical Notions of Grandeur quite disproportioned to their Condition, feeding themselves with vain Hopes and imaginary Dependencies; and what renders their Disease incurable is, that they every where meet with Flatterers who profess themselves quite of their Opinion, and buoy them up in their pernicious Error. If they are Citizens, they would fain be Countesses; if they are Ladies of Fashion, they must be Duchesses; and, having no Friends to undeceive them, they are always miserable, because they can't content themselves with any thing below what their Ambition aspires after.

I have frequently observed that those who are placed in Courts, and about the Persons of Princesses, are apt to assume an Air of Affectation and Contempt, which makes them look on every thing as unpolished and disagreeable, which has not the Air of that Grandeur they have been accustomed to: They think it would be a lessening of themselves to take up with a Husband of the same Quality only with themselves, because they have often, perhaps, seen Princes at their Feet. You are not in this Situation, Madam; but let me tell those who are, that these are Foibles which they may easily correct with a little good Sense, and that they should never lose sight of the Mediocrity of their own Condition, for fear the Pleasures and Magnificence of another, which they only taste *en passant*, should make them entirely forget it; reflecting, that in case of a Reverse of Fortune, they would

would become Objects of publick Contempt and Rallery.



Of AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION is an Error to which many young Persons of your Sex, Madam, are subject, especially those who reside in the Country: As they have but few living Examples for their Imitation, they endeavour to get what they can from Books, or, what is worse, form themselves upon very bad Models; hence their starch'd over-strain'd Countenances, their favourite Phrases, and their repeating ten times over, in a Quarter of an Hour, some Word or Expression that they have got a Notion is polite. Affectation mingles itself with all our Actions, and it requires Perfection to be entirely exempt from it. As we bring along with us into the World an infinite number of Weaknesses and Defects, we should endeavour to conquer them by means of a good Education, and the Effort which Reason makes to throw them off. It is thus that a good Disposition, or Temper of Mind, is acquired, which is the Foundation of all the moral Virtues and Devoirs of Civil Life: The Affectation of a thing is a bad Imitation of it; and as the Temperament, or Constitution of the Mind, contributes greatly towards forming the Characters of People, every one ought to adhere to that, and whoever swerves from it shews only that she is less ridiculous for the bad Qualities she has, than for the good ones she affects to have.

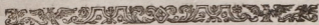
Although you may be a perfect Mistress of any Art or Accomplishment, never pique yourself upon it; or if you are desired at any time to sing, play on the Spinnet, or dance, don't let the Company sit long in Expectation, which is a very illbred, tho' a very common Practice. If you think you can succeed in what is desired of you, chearfully give into it, otherwise excuse yourself at once; but if they continue to press you, comply with their Requests in the best manner you can, and then no one can blame you, be it well or ill. Another little Memorandum which I would give you under this Head, is that when you are present at any time where Musick is performing, never to appear to beat Time with your Feet, Hands or Head, which is a masculine and indelicate Behaviour.



*Of Going to COURT, and COURT IERS.*

**A**S a Lady of your Fashion, Madam, can't avoid going sometimes to Court, there is a good deal of Care required to turn it to your Advantage. Many things, with regard to Good-Breeding and Behaviour, may certainly be learnt there; but there are likewise a great many Follies, which it would be culpable to copy. Most People of Quality, of both Sexes, are above being under any Constraint, or keeping up nicely to the Rules of true Politeness in their Behaviour. Content yourself therefore with appearing in the Drawing-Room upon Publick Days, and never entertain the  
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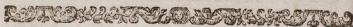
low Ambition of being a Servant in it, let it be in the best Shape it will. However solid and confirmed your Virtue may be, I would not answer for it were you to breathe the contagious Air of a Court. To be a *Maid of Honour* is the readiest Way to be a *disbonourable Woman*.



Of INSINCERITY.

**S**PEAKING of the Court, Madam, naturally leads me to caution you against Diffimulation. Preserve, with the utmost Vigilance, that Sincerity and Plainness of Heart with which Heav'n has blessed you, and never deviate from the strict Truth, or endeavour to appear what you are not. Integrity and Plain-dealing are Qualities which, tho' too few possess, yet all pique themselves upon; and Men, who will acknowledge the various other Errors they are guilty of, will never allow that they are insincere; the Reason of which is, that Sincerity is a Virtue which entirely depends upon the Will, and which therefore every one is capable of. Although one so young as you, Madam, cannot have had many Opportunities of exerting this Virtue hitherto; yet the Aversion you manifest for the opposite Qualities sufficiently discovers the Tendency of your Heart. But as the best Inclinations may be warped by bad Example, and by associating with contagious Company, be extremely cautious with whom you converse much, or with whom you cultivate Friendships; and if, after you have engaged  
in

in any Ties of that nature, you should find that you had been too precipitate in it, and were got in with Hypocrites and Dissemblers, throw off all Intercourse with them at once, without Ceremony or Hesitation; any Repentment they may shew for your quitting them in that manner, can't possibly be so detrimental to you as placing any longer Confidence in them would be. This piece of Advice is what I would beg leave, Madam, to press home upon you, as it is that on which the good or ill Success of Life frequently depends.



### Of FRIENDSHIP.

**N**EVER pique yourself upon having a great number of Friends, which is the Folly of abundance of People, who being willing to embrace all, hold none; they are generally very slight Friends, who are very ready to profess themselves such: As nothing is more valuable than a sincere and solid Friendship, it requires a great deal of Time and Care to obtain it. Contract, therefore, Madam, but few Friendships, and those with People of Merit, and after due Deliberation. The Virtue and good Conduct of those we enter into Alliance with is of the utmost Consequence; for if their Reputation be any way blemished, let us talk as much as we please that their Faults are personal, they will in some measure reflect upon us, be we never so innocent.

Avoid



Avoid as much as possible being alone with Men, especially with only one. As you are very much observed, young Lady, wherever you go, it is of the utmost Importance to you to be always found in good and proper Company. When you are not with that excellent Lady, your Mother, be only with such as are agreeable to her Choice, which will secure you from being exposed to either Danger or Censure.

It is possible, indeed, that you may sometimes be obliged, contrary to your Inclinations, to be in company with those whose Reputation in Life is not of the most unblemished Cast; in that Case be singularly cautious of your Behaviour before them. As *your* Conduct is a standing Reproach to *theirs*, they'll not fail to watch narrowly for something to take advantage of in it, and will be industrious to publish and magnify every little Slip they can possibly lay hold of, in order to reduce you to a level with themselves. All you have to do, Madam, in this Case, is to see such People as seldom as you can, to talk with them as little as possible, to engage with them in nothing at all, and at the same time not to provoke them by any means, if you can help it.

If you are under a necessity of living and conversing with People in the World who are guilty of Errors and Indiscretions in Life, endeavour, if they are either your Equals or Inferiors, to reform them with Gentleness and Candour; but if they are of a superior Rank to yourself, your Business is to be silent, and not publish their Imperfections under pretence of being sorry for them, which will have

no effect upon them, and only discover Want of Charity and Prudence in yourself.



Of doing GOOD OFFICES.

**B**E always ready and solicitous to do a Service to any one, when an Opportunity offers; and, in order to do it with the better Grace, do not indulge that little, pitiful, private Envy, which is too often raised in People, by either the good Fortune or good Qualities of their Equals. Nothing can manifest a greater Selfishness, or Meanness of Spirit, than to endeavour to injure or lessen the Merit of another. Envy is the common Source of Hatred, Calumny, Contention and Animosity between Families, and indeed of the principal Rubs and Disorders in Life: In order, therefore, to guard effectually against this poisonous Passion, reflect on the various Mischiefs it produces, and have always before you that excellent Maxim of Morality, which is as natural as it is just, that is, *To do as you would be done by*. Endeavour to preserve yourself always in an easy, gay, agreeable Temper, as far as is consistent with Reason and Decorum; and be sure never to aim at Singularity in any thing, except in Modesty, Good-sense, and Good-nature.



## Of ANGER and RESENTMENT.

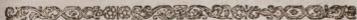
**N**EVER speak to any one in an eager, contemptuous or fretful manner; but when a Provocation is given you, reflect that being in a Passion will only discover your own Weakness; call Reason therefore instantly to your Aid, and let it extinguish the first Emotions and Heats of Revenge: But should the Affront be of such a nature that 'tis necessary for you to shew a Resentment of it, don't do it with Violence and Animosity, nor suffer it to hurry you beyond yourself: Consider, that if you can preserve a Moderation upon such Occasions as these, you'll spare yourself a great deal of Chagrin and Uneasiness in the Course of Life; and you'll acquire the more Esteem by it, in proportion as this Virtue is very rare to be met with, even in those too who set up for the highest Perfection. Man, by the Excellency of his intellectual Faculties, approaches to what is most sublime in the Nature of Angels; but one half Quarter of an Hour of Anger tumbles him down from that Height, and places him below a Brute, where he often repents, when it is too late, that he gave himself up a Prey to such a hideous, and disreputable Passion: I don't mean, however, that you ought to be insensible to all Injuries or Provocations, nor even persuade you against discovering a quick Sense of them, especially if they tend to cast a Blemish on your Honour or Reputation; but still you may speak your  
Mind

Mind without Heat and Extravagance, or rendering Injury for Injury; 'tis by Reason and Mildness, not Clamour, that you'll get the better of your Adversary in the Opinion of all sensible and well-bred People.

Whatever Justice passionate People may have on their side, we are loth to allow it them; the wild Discomposure it occasions naturally turns us against them. Under the Power of this Demon Anger, the highest Beauty becomes Deformity; the Face pale, the Lips livid, the Eyes flaming out in Revenge, the Voice loud and boisterous, the Joints trembling with the tumultuous Motion of the Spirits, whilst Reason is dethroned, and lawless Fury usurps her Empire; and when the Course of Nature is thus set on fire, the Tongue, that unruly Member, will be sure to put in for its Share of Extravagancy, and speak proud and foolish things: And thus, with a blind and undistinguishing Courage, our Passion falls foul upon every thing that comes in its way, confounding all Distinctions of Times, Persons and Circumstances, forgetting all Obligations, and neither *fearing God nor regarding Man*. In short, this Passion, when it is not under the Check of Reason, is a most accomplish'd Madness, and does more expose and lessen us in the Judgment of wise Men, than the Malice of the greatest Enemy could possibly do.

I have placed this Portrait before you, Madam, in order to give you an Abhorrence of what it represents. The natural Sweetness and Delicacy of your Temper seems indeed to make such a Dissuasive unnecessary; but the various Vicissitudes and Occurrences of Life are too frequently found to have an  
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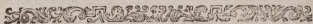
unhappy Influence here, which may be prevented by fortifying your Resolution with a just Idea of the Deformity of this Passion.



Of GENTLENESS and MODESTY.

**F**ROM combating Anger I naturally pass to the Support of its opposite Virtues, Gentleness and Modesty. These are Qualities so essential to your Sex, that without them all others, however singular and brilliant, have nothing amiable in them. A young Lady remarkable for them, as you are, Madam — why, her Eyes, her Words, her Carriage, her Actions, and every Movement of her Mind, are free from Affectation or Indecency. By Modesty, I mean a Disposition opposite to that confident, rash, inconsiderate Temper, which is so extremely disagreeable and unbecoming in the Fair Sex; a certain soft, refined and composed Behaviour, which crowns the Business of an accomplish'd Conduct, and adds a Grace to every other Grace. This Quality is so very necessary, that all who would make themselves pleasing and acceptable, are obliged to call in either the Virtue itself, or the Resemblance of it, to their Assistance. One who is guilty of all those Transgressions, which we'll rather imagine than mention, if she will but put on the Mask of Modesty, will please at least in this respect, and under that Veil conceal the Irregularities of her Heart, especially from those who have not had flagrant Proofs of them. I have heard it debated, in the best Company, whether it were not better for a  
 Woman

Woman to have some Faults, with a great deal of Modesty, than to be free from every one, except the Want of Modesty, and sound Judgment always given in favour of the former.



*Of Keeping and Imparting SECRETS.*

**T**HERE is nothing in the Commerce of the World more commendable, than the religiously keeping of whatever Secret may be committed to us; for this is a sacred and inviolable Deposite. Should a Friend, therefore, from the Esteem she has of you, intrust you with one at any time, don't imagine, Madam, that under any Pretext you may impart it to another Friend, who may not perhaps keep it better than yourself. This would not only be Treachery to the former, but a Discovery of your Weakness at the same time to the latter, who will take care, if she have any Prudence, of ever placing a Confidence in you. The Science of Secrecy ought to be so much more esteemed by you, Madam, as it is rare in your Sex, and as what you'll meet with a thousand Occasions for the Practice of in Life. Consider that a Secret revealed, often produces infinite Mischiefs; but if you once have acquired the Reputation of being discreet and reserved in this respect, every one will regard you as an invaluable Treasure, and you may easily make yourself Mistress of all the Intentions of their Hearts. However, I would advise you, by all means, never to pique yourself upon being let into the Secrets of the Great, which is a Folly in too many of those who have


have Access to them ; nor to be even very forward in receiving Trusts of that nature from them, which often prove troublesome Burdens to us. In a word, Madam, there is no greater Mark, both of Politeness and Good-sense, than the Talent of preserving both our own Secrets and those of our Friends. If you have, therefore, any thing yourself, which you would keep concealed from the World, impart it not to any one, whose Fidelity you may not be very well convinced of ; and it is a difficult matter to be sure of that, as the World runs now, when scarce any thing but Disguise and Self-interest prevail. Not that I would have you so very delicate and reserved, as to confide in no body ; this would render your Life uncomfortable, as well as betray too suspicious and singular a Temper, but I only advise you to act with Caution in the Case.

You young Ladies are too subject to place rash and indiscriminate Confidence in others, either by the Complaints you make of some third Person, whom you imagine has offended you, or by the secret Pleasure you take in publishing the Follies of another, or in degrading and lessening any one whose good Qualities seem to rival your own ; which is a Practice as unjust as it is mean and dishonourable. It is likewise but too certain, that most of the Indiscretions Women are guilty of with our Sex arise from their intrusting them with their Secrets or Complaints, of which we know how to make our Advantage, and by means whereof they are often drawn into Difficulties which they at first little apprehended.





*Of Receiving and Paying VISITS.*

 SHALL say nothing to you, Fair Lady, of the external Forms to be observed in either Receiving or Paying of Visits; how you should enter a Room or publick Place; how address or take leave of the Company; nor shall I give Directions with regard to the mechanical Part of your Education, as Singing, Dancing, Playing on Musick Instruments, and a thousand other Particulars, which would be useles as well as endless; these are Lessons which I leave to the Masters in those several Professions, under whose Tuition you may be; but as to the Business of Visits, wherever you make them, never pique yourself in being the first to begin the Conversation, either by asking impertinent Questions, or saying things that don't properly and naturally offer; disdain at the same time to be one of those who, for want of something to say, fall a caressing the first Lap-dog or Squirrel that comes to their Relief. If the Occasion of the Visit does not afford you a Subject for Conversation, take care not to be so unprovided with one, as to be obliged to the Weather or the Hour of the Day for it. It would not be at all amiss to consider, beforehand, what Topicks are suitable to the Company you are going to see, and to make yourself in some measure Mistress of them, lest they themselves should not furnish you with such; only take care at the same time, that there be no Appearance of Affectation and Vanity, nor of servile Flattery and Complaisance;



fance; but let all you say be easy, natural and modest, as well as agreeable to strict Justice and Truth. There are many People of Good-sense, who talk very little upon these Occasions, for fear of dropping any thing that might be made a bad use of, perceiving a great deal of Indiscretion and Perfidy in most Companies they converse with; whilst others, on the contrary, chatter without Intermiſſion, and by too much endeavouring to shew their Wit, prove they have none at all to shew.

When another Person is speaking never interrupt the Discourse by ill-timed Questions, or by a Desire of saying what just then presents upon the Subject, but wait for an Interval to offer what you shall think good. If you tell a Story at any time, avoid making long Digressions, or relating every round-about Circumstance, which some People are so ridiculously minute and tedious in, that they themselves often forget where they begun, or where they left off; but plunge at once into the middle of your Narrative, and take no notice of any thing but what is absolutely necessary to the Tale; by which means you'll the better keep up the Attention of your Hearers, and likewise give others room to tell theirs in their turn.

If I may be permitted, under this Head of Visiting, to introduce so high a Particular, I would advise you, whenever you go to Court, to observe our excellent Princess with the utmost Attention, in whom you will find every thing to imitate that is Great and Amiable; where Majesty sits enthroned with all the Loves and Graces in her Retinue, and in whose very Countenance dwell Purity and Benevolence of Soul.



Of EGOTISM.

**O**F all the Foibles young People are subject to in Conversation, there is no one more unfortunate to themselves, or impertinent towards others, than continual *Egotisms*, or the ridiculous Practice of *Self-Panegyrick*. How many do we daily meet with in Company, who plague you to Death with their own Management or Exploits, and make *I* the *little Hero of each Tale*; arresting you, if you endeavour to be gone, to inform you of Things which are foreign to every one but themselves, and detaining you to listen to them out of Complaisance, whilst at the same time you wish to fly them as you would the Pestilence. The Art of Pleasing, Madam, is to talk with others of their own Interests and Concerns, and not of yours.



Of the IMITATION of Others.

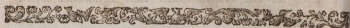
**B**E industrious always to make accurate Remarks on the Behaviour and Conversation of People of an established Merit and Reputation, and endeavour to carry off every thing that you see in them proper for you to imitate. Never blush to acquire Instruction; but at the same time be not of that number who cry up every thing as marvellous, and not to be equal'd. This is the very Character of Ignorance itself; and methinks I should not  
 care

care to let the World know that Ignorance and I were so nearly related.

Of COMPLIMENTS and CEREMONY.

**N**EVER make long Compliments, nor stand upon tedious Ceremonies, which are both troublesome and ridiculous. The higher Condition People are of a Behaviour of this kind towards them is the more impertinent, as it imposes upon them the trouble of a Return; on the same account we should not persist in refusing any Mark of Favour or Distinction such Persons that would confer on us. When you receive Visits you must never dispense with proper Civility and Complaisance, however familiar you may be with the Persons; for it is better to have them say you are more ceremonious than you need be, than to have them accuse you of being deficient in Respect. There are many in the World who are extremely delicate upon this Article of Ceremony, and look upon the least Omission of it in any body as a Mark of their not having the Regard and Esteem for them which they expected. When you have such People to deal with the best way is to comply something with their Foible, to be all Complaisance, and dispute nothing they say. I own that Visits of that kind are very tiresome and disagreeable to those who receive them; but, alas, there is no being in the World without bearing a little with the Imperfections of its Tenants.





*Of Asking QUESTIONS.*


**A**NOTHER Maxim, Madam, which I would have you lay down to yourself, is never to enquire after a thing which it is not necessary you should be inform'd of. For instance, suppose you meet an Acquaintance in the Street, or on the Road, 'tis quite want of Good-breeding to ask where they are going, or whence they came; which is a very common Compliment from those who know no better. Such Questions as these are extremely indiscreet; for there may often be Reasons when they cannot be properly answered, and consequently they must then create a Confusion on both sides.



*Of TALKING before Servants.*


**I**N Conversation at Table, or elsewhere, be particularly cautious, when Servants are present, not to let a Word slip but what is just, reasonable, and inoffensive; considering always before you speak, and preventing the Vivacity of your Imagination from betraying your Caution. I have known many Mischiefs arise from want of Circumspection in this respect; for those Gentry seldom put the best Construction on what they hear, or lessen in the telling.





Of BEHAVIOUR towards rude young Fellows.

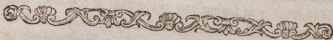
**Y**OU will sometimes, even in the best of Company, meet with presumptuous, impudent young Fellows, who think themselves at liberty to say or do any thing from the good Opinion they have of their own Persons. In this case, your Business is to avoid, as much as possible, either conversing with them, or listening to them; and if they offer at saying any thing that is too free, and contrary to the Decency and Respect they ought to shew you, don't reflect upon their Ill-treatment in harsh Terms, but immediately disengage yourself with Civility, and retire without Affectation or assuming the Air of Prudery or Disdain. The Vexation at being repulsed will otherwise make them impertinent; and as such Persons don't always want Wit, though they want Good-manners, they would have their Revenge on you by inventing Scandals, which might cast a Blemish on the most unspotted Reputatation; and you know, Madam, that true Virtue stands not in need of either a stern or gloomy Visage.



Of RIDICULE.

**N**EVER endeavour to divert yourself with or take any Advantage of the Simplicity and Incapacity of others, especially of either Fools or Children. Mend or inform them if you can;

can; but if you can't do that, pity them at least: Neither indulge, Madam, that criticising, ridiculing Temper which suffers nothing to escape it; and which is always prying after something to raise a Laugh at another's Expence. If any one should be guilty of a Mistake in Company where you are present, don't, if possible, appear to have perceived it; but if it be too flagrant for you to pretend Ignorance, so far from diverting yourself with it, as too many will, endeavour to excuse and palliate it in the best manner you can.



### Of POLITICKS.

**T**HE State of Publick Affairs, and the Characters of publick Persons, are Subjects very improper for a young Lady's Conversation. Preserve a Complacence for your Friends in each Party, without siding with either. Engaging in political Controversies is apt to produce an Eagerness and Sourness both of Temper and Expression, which are Opposites to that delicate and dispassionate way of Converse so requisite in your Sex. This Practice is likewise frequently of very ill consequence to those who indulge in it. Scarce any Company you can be in, but there is some body or other who has either Liking or Distaste to, or has received Favours or Injuries from those who may be mention'd upon such Occasions, and who will afterwards remember in earnest what you perhaps only meant as a Jest.





*Of trusting to APPEARANCES and REPORTS.*

**I** HAVE often advised you, Madam, not to give too easily into Appearances, and especially into the Marvellous of Things. You must not place too great Credit, in the Intercourse of Life, to any thing but what is within reach of your own Eyes and Knowledge; you will be told an infinite number of things, for which it is sufficient for you to have an historical Faith, and which you ought to regard no farther than as they relate either to your own Interest, that of your Friend, or that of Justice.

Particular Care ought to be taken in this Respect, with regard to the high and mighty Characters which are given of those who are in eminent Dignity and Splendor of Life. How many have found themselves deceived by having too readily, and upon the Credit of others, raised Temples to those who have not even deserved a Grave, whilst they knew nothing of them but what they had from the Panegyricks spread abroad upon them: They were dazzled with the Glare of their Characters, and the wonderful things related of them, but, when they came to examine strictly into the matter, they perceived that these Men, who were said to be Gods before, were as wicked and weak as any of their Fellow-Mortals.



## Of HOPE and BELIEF.

**I**T is an Error very common with young Persons of your Sex, Madam, to believe or hope too easily, especially in what relates to our Sex. This springs from their not having experienced the Infidelity of Men, and how little Confidence ought to be placed in what they promise or swear; therefore, young Lady—

*Read this and learn, When we most Zeal impart,  
We're then most thorough Atheists at the Heart.*

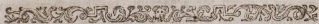


## Of IDLENESS.

**I**F all things fly Indolence and Idleness, which are two of the greatest of all Vices, because they are the Parents of most. Pride and Luxury, with a long Retinue, are their pernicious Offspring. And indeed the idle Person could not possibly know how to pass her Hours, if she had not Indulgences of every kind to sweeten some, and the solicitous Deckings of Vanity to take up others. How many Hours are her pretty Morning Eyes lifted up to nothing but a Glass? That thin Shadow of herself is the Idol to which she pays all her Devotions! and when, with much Care and Time, she has arrayed and marshalled out herself, she spends as much more too in the Complacency of viewing this; with eager Eyes and Appetite, surveying every Part,



as if only dress a Prospect for herself. And why all this? Why then truly she is in a condition to loiter away the rest of the Day in slaying of Hearts or Reputations; either in imprudent Gallantries with those of our Sex, or impertinent Visits with those of her own. Here, though idle in what concerns herself, she becomes busy enough in other People's Affairs. As she has no other Employment for her Time but Talking, and has neither so much Virtue as to delight in talking good things, nor so much Wit as to be able to say innocently diverting ones, she must of necessity talk of others, censure and defame. This is indeed her only poignant Conversation. Gall is Sauce to all her Entertainments. 'Tis the Poison of Asps that is under her Lips, which gives Relish to her Discourses. These, Madam, are some of the Brood of Idleness; in order to avoid the Snare of which, regularly parcel out your Time, and allot a proper Province to every Part of it; but as small a one as you please to Visiting and Diversions, which engross the whole of most of your Station and Sex.



*Of appearing often in PUBLICK PLACES.*

**Y**OUNG Ladies who have Beauty to boast, are desirous of being seen and admired, and in order to that are industrious in frequenting publick Assemblies, Play-houses, and the Park; but remember, Madam, that a Beauty concealed is more esteemed and pursued than one who is every Day expos'd to the Sight of the whole World. You know the *Italian Device*, Madam, for a Rose newly blown; *Quantò men si monstra tanto è piu bella,*

*The*

*The more she's shewn the less she's fair.* But what shocks me most of all is to see young Persons of your Sex and Condition appear, as 'tis at present the Fashion for them to do, at publick Spectacles of Terror and Barbarity, such as Executions, Prize-fightings, &c. which betrays the most unaccountable Depravity both of Taste and Temper, and is a flagrant Mark of a cruel Disposition and petrified Heart.



Of H O U S W I F R Y.

**Y**OU may think it, perhaps, a low Part of Instruction to advise you any thing with regard to Family Transactions. No matter, Madam, 'tis a necessary one. While you are thus young then, and under your Mother's Directions, endeavour to make yourself Mistress of every thing proper in that respect, by which you may ease her, as well as inform yourself. Look round you, and observe if the various Domesticks discharge their respective Duties; but at the same time lay it down for a Maxim, never to treat them in an imperious Manner, or with an Air of Contempt, which will only procure you Hate from them instead of Submission and Respect. When they do well, obtain Rewards and Encouragements for them; when the contrary, inform them of it, and reprove them with Mildness; if that won't do, you may proceed to Threats; but never be the Cause of their Dismission, unless all gentler Methods fail. You should not think it beneath you neither to be acquainted with Weights, Measures, and the Value of every thing necessary in a House; when you come to be

be Mistress of a Family yourself, Madam, you'll find this Knowledge, which may now look trifling to you, a very considerable Treasure.

*Of FRUGALITY and COVETOUSNESS.*

**I**N the Concerns of Fortune, as well as Life, Multitudes are brought into bad Circumstances from trifling Neglects, rather than from any great Misconduct in material Affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of small Sums, till the Deficiency in the greater Article shews 'em their Mistake, not considering that Pounds are made up of Shillings and Pence. Besides, Madam, I would have you reflect, that those who live at an unlimited Expence generally become the Subjects of publick Rallery; whilst the very Persons, who reaped the Fruits of their Extravagance, are the first to join in the Laugh against them. But, at the same time, be extremely cautious not to fall into the opposite Error of Nearness and Avarice. This is the most mean and odious of all Dispositions. No, Madam, judge as nicely as you can how far is suitable to your Income and Station, and if you must be guilty of some Excesses in this Article of Expence, I had rather it were on the side of Liberality, than on the contrary. Fools have always an Ambition of imitating those in their Way of Living, who are more wealthy and better able than themselves, and so reckon every thing necessary that such have; whilst People of Sense judge for themselves, and proceed agreeably to what they know of themselves, by which means they are always able to support their own Condition, without having occasion for the Assistance of others.

*Of*

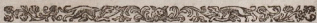
*Of the LEARNING proper to a young LADY.*

**I**T is not necessary for a young Lady to be a Scholar, but yet a Knowledge of some of the foreign Languages in vogue, such as *French* and *Italian*, as well as a thorough Skill in her own, is highly requisite. Writing a good Hand likewise, together with Arithmetick, or casting Accounts, as it is called, are very necessary Accomplishments; for however mechanick the latter may be thought by your false Pretenders to Politeness, it is of great Service in preserving you from being obliged to rely on other People, who may either impose on you, or at best be imposed on themselves. Writing a good Hand too, and even spelling well, are held in contempt by these People of Taste, which made one of our Poets very justly, as well as satirically, remark upon reading a Superscription of a Letter, where was the Reverse of both the abovemention'd Particulars, *That it came from a Person of great Quality, or — No Quality at all.*

*Of LETTER-WRITING.*

**H**ERE is not a more improving, as well as a more agreeable Entertainment, Madam, than that of Writing Letters. They are Emanations of ourselves, by which we do, as it were, talk and act in several Places at a time. Besides, they are of the utmost Advantage in our Intercourse with the World; a Letter, well wrote, is frequently of great Assistance in Matters of the highest Importance to us, as it is a known Thing that there are many who can write with  
more

more Eloquence and Force than they can speak. This is a great means of keeping up serviceable Friendships, rectifying many Misapprehensions, and appeasing little Resentments and Discontents. It is likewise an agreeable way of employing your Genius and Wit, and makes pure and elegant Expressions familiar to you, especially when you correspond with such as are polite themselves. There are as great a Variety of Rules for Writing well, as for Talking well; the Ignorance of most of your Sex, therefore, in this Science, who generally are guilty of as many Faults as they pen Words, arises from their not caring to be at the pains required to excel in it. Not but this Talent of Letter-writing may be turned to several idle and pernicious Purposes, by loose and unguarded Minds; however that is no more than every excellent Acquirement is obnoxious to, and is therefore no Objection to it in general: Only observe these few short Rules in the Practice of it, never, unless upon some singular Emergency which may warrant it, to write to any one but of your own Sex, nor to any but of such a Quality and Reputation as that your Correspondence with them may bring no Reflexion on yourself, nor to any one whosoever, without the Permission of those under whose Jurisdiction you may be, and before whom you may safely lay the whole of your Correspondence.



*Of the Choice and Entertainment of BOOKS.*

**A**S to the Choice of your Books, Madam, it would be too tedious to be here particular in that respect, neither have I any Occasion, being already convinced of your Discernment and Delicacy

licacy in it. You are neither fond, I know, of Novels or Romances, because you justly judge that both the Fictitious and the Marvellous leave false Notions and Images upon the Mind, which produce nothing either advantageous or solid. Moral Fables, and even Plays of the same Tendency, may have something instructive, as well as pleasing in them; as to the latter, a well-wrote Tragedy raises in the Mind a conscious Terror, or excites a generous Compassion; whilst its Sister, Comedy, like a witty Lecturer, both laughs and lashes Vice and Folly out of Countenance: For the first read *Shakespear*, *Otway*, and *Racine*; and for the latter, I can recommend but few, except the celebrated *Moliere*, who is as preferable for his Chastity and Moral, as he is for his Wit and Humour, to the rest of our modern Writers. As to History, Madam, I think a competent Knowledge in that of your own Country, and of a few of her Neighbours, whom she is more intimately concerned with, is quite sufficient for a young Lady; not that there would be any harm, at the same time, in knowing that *Achilles* was a *Grecian*, *Pompey* a *Roman*, and the celebrated *Cleopatra* no more than a crafty *Gypsy*. For Books in Divinity be directed by the most virtuous and rational of such of your Friends as are engaged in that Profession. Philosophy, I think, Madam, is a Study without a Lady's Sphere; and if you are either told or read enough of it to know that the Earth moves round the Sun, and not the Sun round the Earth; that the Eclipse of that Luminary is occasioned by the Moon's Interposition between it and the Earth, and the Eclipse of the Moon by the like Interposition of the Earth between it and the Sun; that the Flux and Reflux of the Tide

is owing to the Influence of that same Moon upon the Ocean; that Thunder and Lightning are mere natural Causes, and that when it Hails there is no Fracture in the Skies, as the poor *Pagans* believe who conceive it to be made of Glas; that if a Comet appears the World's not therefore at an end; and lastly, that twelve o'Clock at Night is not twelve o'Clock at Noon, as you Ladies, by your way of Life, seem at present to think.—When your Reading in that Branch of Literature, I say, has gone as far as all this, Madam, 'tis full time for you to put a stop to its farther Progress. There are two Particulars more, with regard to Books, which I beg leave to give you my Advice in; one of which is, to read through what Book you please upon one Subject before you begin upon another, and not to load your Memory with a confused Mass of different Ideas and Images, which will be the Cause of your retaining nothing as you ought, and of your being acquainted with things only by halves.

After all, Madam, the Diversions of Reading, if they are well chosen, entertain and perfect at the same time, and convey Wisdom and Knowledge through Pleasure. In conversing with Books we may choose our Company, and disengage without Ceremony or Exception; we need not undergo the Penance of a dull Story from a Coxcomb of Figure; but may shake off the Haughty, the Impertinent and the Vain at pleasure: Besides, Authors, like you Ladies, generally dress when they make a Visit. Respect to themselves makes them polish their Thoughts, and exert the Force of their Understandings more than they would, or can do, in common Conversation; so that the Reader has, as it were, the Spirit and Essence in a narrow Compass.

pass. Books are a Guide in Youth, and an Entertainment for Age; they relieve us under Solitude, and keep us from being a Burden to ourselves, help us to glide over the Rubs of Life, and lay our Cares and Disappointments asleep; and, in a word, when well managed, afford Direction, Discovery and Support.



### Of DRESS.

**F**ROM the Choice of Books, which are the Dress of the Mind, I descend to Clothes, which are the Ornaments of the Body; and here, Madam, be always genteel without Affectation; It is a common Saying, that *such a one is as clean as a Bride*, and indeed being so always is certainly a good Step towards becoming one; for there is nothing gives a Man a meaner Opinion of a Woman, than too much Carelessness and Negligence in this respect: It is very commendable therefore in a young Lady, to distinguish herself in this respect, provided neither Vanity or Excess appear in the Practice of it. Let your Dress be always agreeable to your Condition, by exceeding that you'll only make yourself the Jest of your Equals, and the Scorn of your Superiors. Follow the Example of those whose Conduct in this Particular is generally approved, and never make the Choice and Colour of a Silk, the Chasing of an Equipage, the Water of a Brilliant, or any of those exterior Ornaments which only glitter on the Senses a Business of such Importance as too many do. By this means you will not only deliver yourself from an irksome Piece of Slavery, but you'll be a Model likewise of Modesty to those who are desirous to extricate them-



themselves from the Extravagance of Fashion. We frequently judge of Persons by their Habit, and are seldom or ever mistaken by so doing. Good-sense, or the Want of it, appears in every thing we put on. For private Persons to go pompous, either in Equipage or Clothes, is but a vain-glorious Publication of their Grandeur, a silent triumphing over the Inferiority of others, and proclaiming themselves to be *Some-body*; whereas a modest Person would think it more agreeable to conceal, than to make a needless Ostentation of his Wealth. Would it not look odd for a Soldier to give in a *History* of his Valour in Conversation? Or for a Man of Learning to make Harangues upon his own Parts and Performances, and tell the Company how ignorant they are in respect of him? And the Case here is just the same. Believe me, Fair Lady, true Politeness does not consist in being carried about in gilt Cars, trickt out in foreign Gewgaws, and escorted by a Troop of burnished Slaves. An Ape, in these respects, may be as polite as an Emperor. People, who are distinguished by Fopperies of this kind, shew they are conscious of having little other Worth, and that the greatest part of their Gentility is owing to their Wardrobe. Having nothing to recommend them to the Esteem of the Judicious, they are contented to take up with the Ceremony of the Ignorant, and, with a little Pageantry and Glare, draw the gazing unthinking Vulgar to admire them. However, Madam, notwithstanding what I have here said against the Luxury of Dress, which is carried to such a criminal Height amongst us at present, some Grains of Allowance must be made to young Ladies of your Fortune and Distinction: A well-chosen Dress may carry a Graceful-

ness with it, and shew a Delicacy and Exactness of Fancy in the Wearer. As to the reigning Mode I should choose, were I in your place, Madam, neither to lead nor to lag in it, provided it were modest and decent, much less to run into the contrary Extreme, and make myself singular by being out of it.

I shall take up no more of your valuable Time, Fair Lady, upon this Head, than to make it my earnest Request to you, to take every Opportunity of encouraging and recommending the Products and Manufactories of your native Country, and banishing all the Tinsel of foreign Incroachers. Such an Example as yours will create a general Emulation, and the *first in Fashion then*, as the Poet says, *will be the most polite.*



#### Of BEHAVIOUR at TABLE.

**H**AVING thus, Madam, gone with you thro' the Ceremonies of the Dressing-Room, give me leave to see you in the next place seated at Table, where there are a great many Rules and Decourms to be observed. The Head, Arms and Eyes ought to maintain their several Posts, so that a Grace and Symmetry may flow from the whole Body. It is very unbecoming in a young Lady to look round and examine the several Dishes, or to talk of what she either likes or dislikes. Young Persons of your Sex are always strictly remarked at Table, and from their Behaviour there a Judgment is formed of their Education and Conduct. Above all things never indulge in high Dishes, rich Sauces, or strong Liquors of any kind, which only serve to overcharge the Body with noxious

noxious Humours, and impair the Vigour and Vivacity of the Mind, and are equally Foes both to good Health and good Sense. There is one Error more, Madam, which I beg leave to caution you against under this Article, which is the Affectation of a nice and refined Palate. This betrays Whim and Caprice, and is a false Delicacy arising from the Vanity of being distinguished from other People. It is an Indiscretion which your Sex are extremely liable to, and yet is a Disease they might easily cure themselves of, it being seated only in the Imagination. One pretends an invincible Aversion to such a Dish; another can't see a Cat or a Mouse but they must presently be in a Fit; Things which have nothing at all offensive in them, but what is created by their fantastical Humour.



*Of Behaviour at ASSEMBLIES, OPERAS,  
and PLAYS.*

**D**INNER being over, and the weighty Business of the Tea-Table gone through, do me the Honour, Madam, to let me gallant you to the Assembly, Opera, Play, or some other of the publick Diversions; where, not to compliment myself, I would request you never to be seen but in the best of Company, and when you are invited by Persons whom it would be Ill-manners to refuse. Your Business in going to an Assembly is to accompany your Friends, meet your Acquaintance, observe how others dance, and dance as well as you can yourself; however, as it may give occasion to Interviews and Addresses of a more particular nature, you ought to carry

carry a great deal of Precaution along with you, and arm yourself with all your Wisdom and Discretion. When you are at a Play I wou'd not have you fancy that, because you are in a Place where People go only for Diversion, you may be under less Restraint than any where else; not that I am against your appearing pleas'd and diverted at seeing the Vices and Follies of Mankind well represented, and wittily ridiculed in a good Comedy; for it would be absurd and conceited in you to assume an Air of Gravity and Reserve, whilst every body else was laughing round you; but only take care to remember the Part you ought to perform yourself; indulge a lively Mirth for a while if you please, but without Clamour or Extravagance, taking care at the same time that Purity and Modesty always appear to be your governing Principles.




### Of GAMING.

**P**LAY, Madam, is so necessary a fashionable Accomplishment, that though we can't practise it without the Loss either of our Time or our Money, yet 'tis necessary to give into it under proper Regulations; you might else be as well out of the World. When you are oblig'd, therefore, to be engag'd in this manner, preserve yourself free from all Passion, as well as Excess. You need not be told that we always judge of the Temper of a Person from what we see of it at Play: A Person naturally covetous or Passionate, upon the least Loss betrays himself; Nature immediately peeps through the Veil, and the Tongue reveals the real Motions of the Heart.


Resolve

Resolve with yourself for this reason, never to play deep, to prevent your being in the least affected by what you may either lose or win, or in spite of any Contradiction of Luck, as it is call'd, your laying aside that Harmony and Evenness of Temper which you are so remarkable for, Madam, upon all other Occasions.



Of SELF-CONVERSATION.

**H**AVING thus, Madam, attended you thro' all the publick Places, and made one with you in every Company or Party you can be supposed ever to be engaged in, I think it time to retire, and leave you. Learn, Madam, to endure being alone, and to converse with yourself; in order to succeed in which you have nothing to do, but to furnish yourself with virtuous and laudable Employment. Idle Persons and Fools are obliged to have perpetual Recourse to other People for Conversation, because they can't be in any Company so bad as their own.



Of GOOD-NATURE and CHARITY.

**H**AVE but one more Word to say to you, Madam, which is upon the Subject of Benevolence and Charity, Qualities which lay claim to the highest Esteem, though, to the Scandal of Human Nature, and the Misfortune of the World, they meet with the least. Good-nature, Sweet Lady, will reflect a Lustre on every other Perfection you are Mistress of, and cast any little Foible you may be subject

ject to into Shade. This is the most amiable and enchanting Disposition a young Lady can possibly be possessed of, *an Ornament of Grace upon her Head, and a Chain about her Neck.* Pity, Compassion and Benevolence, with all the Clafs of the tender and more refined Passions, seem to be the peculiar Property of the Fair, and would make one think they were appointed Stewards and Almoners for Heaven to dispense the Blessings of its Providence to the Creation. The Exercise of Humanity is a fair Indication of a truly polished and dignified Mind, and is the most shining Privilege and Distinction of Fortune and Grandeur. Birth, Riches, and Health, and all the other Advantages you enjoy, in Exclusion of Millions below you, would lose half their Splendor and Value, if not turned to succour, redress and reform. But I am growing to serious, and you'll fancy presently, Madam, that I have transported you at once from the Play-house to Church.

I have thus, fair Lady, made a Trial myself of the Goodness of your Nature by trespassing so long upon it, and obliging you, which is the most irksome of all irksome Things, to sit for your Picture; tho' indeed I have only given the Outlines at last, being quite unequal to the Task of finishing the Portrait. However I hope I have succeeded so far, as that others may be able to form from it a reasonable Notion of true Politeness, and the several Devoirs of Life requisite in a young Lady of your Condition, and become like you, Madam,

*Polite to Heaven, their Neighbour, and Themselves.*

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Inscribed to the RIGHT HONORABLE

ROBERT Earl of ORFORD.

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By the AUTHOR of a  
LETTER from a BY-STANDER.

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— *Facta est Alea.*

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wick-lane*; and W. BICKERTON, in the *Temple-Ex-  
change*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, *Fleet-street*.

M DCC XLIV.

[Price 2 s.]

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
ROBERT  
EARL of LORFORD

WALTER

My Lord

I present to your Lordship this  
Essay, which was a Testimony  
of the Affection I bear to your  
Honour, and Virtues, as was inspired  
by a fervent Desire, I have  
tried, of attempting a Composition  
independent of Politics, which might  
bring in an occasional Amusement to  
your Lordship, and not in any

Walter



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TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
R O B E R T,  
EARL of ORFORD.

MY LORD,

I PRESENT to your Lordship this  
*Essay upon Wit*, as a Testimony  
of the Affection I bear to your Per-  
son, and Virtues. It was inspired  
by a fervent Desire I have nou-  
rished, of attempting a Composition,  
independent of Politics, which might  
furnish an occasional Amusement to  
your Lordship; and not inelegantly

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entertain one vacant Hour of your Retirement. In these Sentiments it was written, and in these constantly dedicated from my own Breast to your Lordship — But there is also a peculiar *Propriety* in offering to *your* Patronage a Work upon this Subject. For, my Lord, though the weightier Concerns of this Empire, and the daily Direction and Welfare of Millions, have demanded your Attention for a long Series, the *Belles Léttrés* have never resigned their Claim to your Lordship. The *politer Arts*, which bemoaned your Avocation from their Charms, have still constantly numbered you with their favorite Sons; And, notwithstanding your long Employment in the Provinces of *Business*, none ever had ampler Possessions than your Lordship in all the Dominions of *Wit*, or have thence constantly drawn fairer Supplies.

To

D E D I C A T I O N. v

To whom then can an *Essay* upon *Wit* be so justly inscribed, as to HIM, who has the greatest Concern and Property in it. Your Lordship's unequalled *Quickness*, and your Happiness in *illustrating* the Merit, or *exposing* the Fallacy of a Subject, by arranging and comparing it with other Subjects, are abundantly known to the World; and have demonstrated your extensive Power in those *Territories*, whose *Limits* it is the Aim of this Piece to adjust and delineate. These natural Possessions, and Royalties, which you hold in the Regions of *Literature*, will now bring upon your Lordship Addresses from thence; And the *Muses* in your present Vacation from Business, will ardently solicit your Smiles and Patronage; For it is your Lordship's peculiar *Distinction*, in whatever Station you are, to be there the GREATEST; — In Public Employment, *Councils* and *Senates* hung upon your Tongue,  
and

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and joyful *Nations* proclaimed your Wisdom; And in your Leisure, you will be attended by all the *politer Arts*, and, with new Dignity, lead the *Empire of Letters*.

IT is universally acknowledged, a generous Pleasure to approach your Lordship, And to view that friendly Humanity and chearful Benevolence, which are visible in your Look, and adorn your every Sentiment and Action. The Frankness of Spirit, peculiar to your Lordship, with which you discover yourself, and put others in free Possession of your Breast, has a Charm and Generosity in it, which delight and engage all you converse with. It is the prudent Concern of others, to conceal their Thoughts, to avoid Familiarity, and to guard against every Tryal of their Genius. But it is yours my Lord, to lay yourself open, to invite Examination, and to offer

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offer your Abilities to every Test; Certain, that to be more intimately known, will result to your Advantage; And manifest at once the fairer *Probity* of your *Heart*, and superior *Height* of your *Genius*.

It was by this amiable Freedom so new, and unexpected in a *Minister*, that your Lordship acquired more Friends, and secured to yourself more steady and warm Attachments, than by all the Obligations you conferr'd, through a long Series of Power. Your Department has ever been free from all narrow Reserve, and mysterious Importance, the usual Covering of other Ministers.----What numerous Tomes of Policy, and State Wisdom, the labour'd Works of the deepest Courtiers and ablest Statesmen of former Ages, has your Lordship confuted by this Conduct? They unanimously judg'd, that a constant Guard was to be kept by a Minister, at ev'ry Avenue

## viii D E D I C A T I O N.

Avenue to his Breast; And that Openness of Heart, and unbent Conversation, would discover a Weakness and Perplexity within him; They imagined, having seen no Instance of your *Lordship's* Genius, that no Man existed, who could constantly bear the nearest Inspection, and be still able to preserve his Value, and Dignity, — It is from hence, that they have instructed Ministers of State, to retire behind the Intrenchments of Business, and to secure themselves from too close an Observance. But your Lordship, superior to such supercilious Craft, invited our Approaches; And opened at once the unlimited *Reach* of the deepest *Statesman*, with all the *Affability* of the *Country Gentleman*.

YOUR Lordship has thus placed the *Character* of a *Minister* in a new Light, which will always be remembered to your own Honour, and redound to the highest Benefit of your Country.

DEDICATION. ix

Country. Hereafter no Arrogance, or insolent Pride, or overbearing Exertion of Authority, will be endured in a *British* Minister. Humility, Moderation, and Candour, will from hence be demanded in every Instance of his Conduct. All haughty Pretensions to superior Deference, and every contemptuous Treatment of others, will draw upon his Head the general Indignation. The *Picture* of your *Lordship* will be then held to his View; and though it will not be expected, he shall equal your *Abilities*, it will be insisted, he shall imitate your *milder Virtues*.

The *Liberty* of the *Press* your *Lordship* preserved inviolate. No unworthy Attacks upon your self, beyond what have fallen upon other Ministers, could ever provoke you to stop that Fountain. You regarded it as the great and vigorous Source of all our religious and civil Freedom;

x D E D I C A T I O N.

dom; and looked with Pity upon those, who mudded its *sacred* Stream, with their *dirty* Scurrility--Your Lordship not only avoided to give it Interruption yourself, but remov'd all Rubbish impending, which might ever be likely to choak it. The notorious Abuse of Magistracy itself upon the *Theatre*, and the infamous Insults there offered upon all Decency, cried aloud for a Remedy.—For these profligate Attacks made Impressions more deep and venemous than Writings; As they were not fairly addressed to the Judgment, but immediately to the Sight and the Passions; nor were they capable of being answered again, but by erecting an opposite *Stage of Scurrility*.

THE Curb, which was then generally demanded for these Abuses on the *Stage*, might have started Pretences to another Minister, for checquing at the same time the Virulence of the *Prefs*.



DEDICATION. xi

*Press.* But your Lordship was too generous to harbour such Sentiments, or to urge so fatal a Connexion. You honestly separated the Remedy of the one, from all Violation of the Liberty of the other; and justly referred the Regulation of the *Theatre* to that Jurisdiction, from whence only the Permission for acting at all, is derived. This prudent Restraint of the Profligacy of the *Stage*, without any Encroachment upon the Liberty of *Printing*, was happily directed by your Lordship; A work, which has removed the *Press* from a dangerous Conjunction, and placed it in a clear independent State of Security.

YOUR generous Exercise of Power, without straining one Law, or delighting yourself in stirring up Plots, or urging the Trials or cruel Executions of your Fellow-Citizens, shall be ever remembered by a grateful People. No malicious Attacks upon yourself,  
nor

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nor any injurious Insults, could ever provoke you to one harsh Action; though for this you have been loaded with Additional Insults, and heard your Moderation proclaimed as Timidity, by those, whom you scorned to repel with the Weapons of Authority.—It is from these Instances of your Lordship's Benevolence and Lenity, that your Country shall draw new Spirit and Force, against any Assault from a wicked Minister. All arbitrary Expedients, which shall venture to appear, and every tyrannical Exertion of Power, shall be opposed and confuted by your Lordship's more generous Conduct. Your great *EXAMPLE* shall be carried before us, as our *Ark of Defence*; and the *LIBERTY* of this Nation, which *you* brought to Maturity, shall derive from *your* Name a constant Support, through all Generations.

U P O N your first Introduction to the World, you appeared in the Cause  
of

DEDICATION. xiii

of Freedom; and acted at the Head of those glorious Patriots, who stemm'd the Torrent of the *French* Tyrant, and bravely vindicated the Liberties of *Europe*. Your Part, through these shining Years, was eminent in the Senate, and contributed not a little to the Laurels which were gathered in the Field — But alas! in an Instant these Measures were reversed, and the Lustre of the new Century was all o'erclouded — Our Pilots were no more *Godolphin*, *Sunderland*, and *Marlborough*; but *Oxford*, *Bolinbroke* and *Ormond*.

*Oh! what a Fall was there!*

*Victory* was then flocking to the *British* Court; Our brave *Veterans* drooped their Heads abroad, and with Sighs and Shame abandoned their *Fellow Victors*; Our *Faith* to our *Allies* was treacherously broken;  
*France*

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*France* gloried again, and renewed her Insults; And the whole World with Horror viewed the *Perfidy* of *Britain*.

Such were the Triumphs, and boasted Atchievements, of these loud *Pretenders to Patriotism*.—Abfurd Champions for the *landed* Interest, who testified their Zeal for its Support by exclaiming against the Wealth of our *Merchants*, and devoting to Ruin the *Trade* of their Country — Enormous Assumers of the Name of *Churchmen*, who attacked the *Protestant Succession*, the Bulwark of our *Church*; and ordered the Writings of a worthy *Prelate*, which could not be confuted, to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman;—By whom *Charity* was banished from amongst the *religious* Virtues; And all Indulgence, and Christian Moderation to our *dissenting Brethren* regretted and reviled;—Insensible, that the *Exercise*

D E D I C A T I O N. xv

*cise* of Reason in the solemn Worship of God, is the sacred *Right*, and indispensable *Duty*, of Man ; Our own rational Claim, and just Vindication, as *Protestants* ; And that free and immortal *Basis*, upon which we all equally stand *Dissenters* from POPERY.

These were the Hours of Noise and Confusion, when every upright and intelligent *Briton* trembled for his Country ;—The *Liberty* of the *Press* was then openly attacked ;—The Monsters, *Passive-obedience*, and *Non-resistance*, reared up their Heads ;—And the old *Chains* were forged again for the dejected Liberties of *Britain*.

IT was then that Mr. *Walpole* stood forth, undaunted and firm in Defence of his Country ; You exposed the Devices of our Enemies, and detected all their Projects of Slavery ; Your Abilities and Skill pierced their Covering, and shewed the Malice and Treachery at Heart ; The *Pro-*  
*testant*

xvi D E D I C A T I O N.

*testant Succession* was then guarded by your unwearied Vigour and Spirit; *This* was the *first Object* of your Wish, and your just *Vindication* of it, your dearest *Honour*; Nor will your Merit in this Event be ever forgotten, by your Country, who have felt the Happiness, or by the House of *Hanover*, who have reaped the Glory; It was for this Merit, you were *then* marked out as a Sacrifice; And unworthily excluded from the Senate by the Advocates for Slavery; It being necessary to their Progress, to remove the *Strength* of your *Reason*, and the *Light* of your *Eloquence*; which could not be opposed, and were not to be endured.

THIS Method of tearing from the Senate the most resolute Patriots, upon any Pretences, was a favorite Scheme with that shameless Ministry; Your Expulsion was succeeded by the same ungenerous Treatment of Mr. *Steele*;  
a Gen-

D E D I C A T I O N. xvii

a Gentleman endeared to the Nation by the Humanity and Politeness of his Writings; and as generally esteemed, as known, for the amiable Candour and Softness of his Manners. But when he saw our Honour abroad abandoned, and our Liberties at home devoted a Sacrifice, he scorned all Applause upon lesser Subjects, and generously employed his Pen in Defence of his Country. When he viewed the *Protestant Succession* at stake, he disdained all Fame for Pieces of Elegance: And made it the Object of his Public Writings, to inspire the Sentiments of Freedom, and to rouse the Virtue of his Country---THIS was his Crime in those Days of Fury, and for *this* it was determined to exclude him from the Senate---When he exposed the Injustice of his Adversaries, he stood supported between Mr. *Walpole*, and General *Stanhope*---Your Abilities were then honorably employed

b

xviii D E D I C A T I O N.

ployed in his Defence; And if Reason had carried any Weight, or Eloquence Persuasion in that Day, you had saved *him* from the Injury, and his *Enemies* from the eternal Reproach, of his Exclusion.

WHEN the *Arm* of HEAVEN was *bared* for our Rescue, and mercifully placed upon this Throne the illustrious Prince of the House of *Hanover*, you were called to the Head of the Treasury; and exerted in that Station your extensive Knowledge and Skill in the Finances. The *Public Debts*, which lay then unadjusted, you settled and fixed, with the strictest Regard to parliamentary Faith; And regulated the several Funds to the clear Satisfaction of all the Creditors. This instantly advanced the Public Credit, and was felt in its warm Circulation, through every Branch of the Property of the Kingdom. It was from this new and increasing Flow of Wealth in the  
Nation,



D E D I C A T I O N. xix

Nation, that the Interest of Money was suddenly reduced, and *naturally* fixed lower in *Britain*, than at any Antecedent Period.

THIS *natural* Reduction of Interest throughout the Kingdom, was the great Result of your excellent Conduct; And gave an Opportunity, which *You* happily managed, of procuring *the Reduction of the Interest upon the National Debt*; A Work, ably effected through your admirable Skill, *with the Consent of the Public Creditors*. By this happy Event, and the Effects of our increased Circulation and Commerce, the Funds, which before were scarcely sufficient for the Interest of the Debts, yielded a large *annual Surplus*. This was the Origin of that great Branch of the Public Income, which is now generally named the *Sinking Fund*. A Strength, and Support of the *British* Government, raised by the great Mr. *Walpole*! And which

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stands, like a *Tower* of Defence, wonderfully fixed in the midst of *Quick-sands*.

IT is difficult to point out the *Anxieties, Suspicions, Fears, and Wilfulness* on every Side, which you were forced to encounter in your Progress to this Event. Let it only be remembered, that no *Reduction* of *Interest*, could be made, without the Consent of the Public Creditors themselves. Your happy Address and Management, induced the great Companies of the *Bank*, and *South-Sea*, not only to agree to reduce their own Interest, but to furnish large Sums for the Discharge of such other Creditors, as should refuse to comply with an equal Reduction. This Assistance from the Companies, so desirable and expedient to the Government, it was only in *your* Power to obtain: For it may be truly averred, that your general Acquaintance, and as general Esteem, amongst  
the

D E D I C A T I O N. xxi

the Proprietors of these Debts, their Regard to your Judgment, and their Confidence in your Equity, were greater than have ever been held by any Person; And were the grand *Hinges* of all this important Transaction.

AFTER the *Storms* and *Wrecks* of *Property*, in this Nation, from the enormous Rise, and precipitate Sinking, of the *South-Sea* Stock, you were called to the Head of the Ministry, and placed at the Helm of Government, as the ablest Pilot of *Britain*. You there stood as the Guardian-Angel of your Country; The Storm was assuaged by your Wisdom and Vigilance, and a happy Calm and Serenity were again diffused through the whole People; You poured Balm into the Wounds of the Grieved, and wiped the Tears from the Face of your Country. Never had been seen so total a Destruction of Credit in this Kingdom; and after the Course of a few Months,

xxii D E D I C A T I O N.

Months, it never appeared in so great Lustre. Those who were then living, and saw this pale convulsive Nation in the deep *Paroxysm* of that Hour; And on your Approach, new Strength and Spirits suddenly inspired, and all her former Vigour more than restored, can feel themselves, but not describe, these great Events; — *Posterity* will never be able to conceive their Extent; and will only be sensible, that it lies bound in a Debt of Gratitude to your Name, beyond what it can either recount, or repay.

THE COMMERCE of this Nation, upon your Appearance at the Helm, was immediately extended with new Vigour; and the Merchants of *Britain*, through your generous Concern for their Welfare, easily obtained more important Concessions, than had ever before been granted: One memorable Instance of this, was, *the Enlargement of their Privilege, for recovering the*  
*Duties*

D E D I C A T I O N. xxiii

*Duties upon foreign Goods, to three Years from their Importation.* The Advantages, which were narrowly understood to result to the Crown from an *earlier* Limitation of this Privilege, had defeated all former Attempts for its Extension: But as soon as Mr. *Walpole* was placed at the Helm, this Indulgence, so long requested in vain, was candidly granted without Ostentation. The great and diffusive Benefits of this ample Concession, are abundantly felt by the *British* Merchants; and their *Gratitude* will ever be due to that Minister, who generously gave them so liberal an Enlargement.

WHEN the general Increase of the Wealth and Income of the *People*, under your Ministry, pointed out the Necessity and Equity of increasing also the Income of the *Crown*, you kept in your View the Commerce of *Britain*; And it was chiefly by your Weight

xxiv D E D I C A T I O N.

Weight in the Senate, that a new *Expectation*, besides a *fixed Income*, was granted to the Crown; An *Expectation*, absolutely to depend on the future *Surplus* of a part of the public Revenues, above their usual and past Amount; which must necessarily be attended by a concurrent Advancement of the rest of the public Revenues of the Nation; And could only result into an *actual Advantage* to the *Crown*, by a real Increase of the Trade and Wealth of the *People*: — It is from this *Expectation*, that the *Prince* is more peculiarly interested than before, in the flourishing Commerce and growing Riches of the *Subject*; That the *Crown*, whose Prerogative it is to declare *War*, is justly inclined to delight in *Peace*; And to cherish the spreading Industry and Trade of the Nation; — It is by this wise Regulation, that the Interests of the *Prince* and the *People* are  
more

D E D I C A T I O N. xxv

more strictly united ; The *Crown* can without Jealousy view the growing Riches of the *People*; And the *People* can mark with Joy the increasing Income of the *Crown*, as the happy *Index* of their own *Advancement*.

ANOTHER eminent Instance of your Regard to the Trade and Industry of your Country, was, *the general Repeal of the Duties upon our native Manufactures and Products* EXPORTED ; Some *partial* Relief had been granted before in several Articles, but the *general Repeal* could never be obtained, until you appeared Minister.—These Instances are Monuments of your generous Concern for the Commerce of *Britain*; Concessions so ample and extensive, naturally proceeded from your liberal enlarged Mind ; and greatly contributed to that Spirit of Adventuring, and urging our Manufactures abroad, which has since been diffused through this Nation ; A Spirit of the

xxvi D E D I C A T I O N.

utmost Importance and Value to a People; and which cultivated by your Care, extended itself not only through the *maritime Towns* of the Kingdom, but through most of our *inland Cities*; in which Merchants arose under your Ministry, and now flourish, pursuing a Commerce in foreign Ports with that Genius and Skill, which before was peculiar to the *Metropolis*.

It is, indeed, certain, you long endured the injurious Petulance of *Spain*, and were unwilling to force her into the Arms of our *Rivals*, which were widely opened to receive her Treasures, and usurp our Commerce; But when you saw this Power menacing her Neighbour, in whose Fate the Trade of *Britain* is deeply interested, you at once manifested to the World your determined Spirit, and just Activity; And with a Force, which you instantly dispatched to *Lisbon*, deterred the *Spaniards* from their grasping Measures,



DEDICATION. xxvii

Measures, and secured the tottering Crown of *Portugal*.

THE Increase of our INLAND COMMERCE under your Patronage, was amazing to the World. Let our Traders declare, what an immense Currency of Bills and Credit was then visible, beyond what had ever been known before; what vast Stocks were invested in Trade, and not in few Instances only, but in every Article of Business: It was from hence that the little Branches, and narrow Rivulets of Traffic, were suddenly widened, and swelled to a Prodigy; And moved forwards with all the Depth and the Force of Rivers. — Our Knowledge and Manner of Trading became more enlarged and extensive; and our Merchants instead of being confined to particular Articles, as formerly, began to be general Traders, and to adventure in every Channel of Commerce.

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WHILST the honest incumbered *Country Gentleman* with Wonder view-  
ed the Advancement of his Land, and  
the strange Humility of his *Creditors*;  
And reduced the Interest on his mort-  
gag'd Patrimony, which had long  
galled his dejected Ancestors; — In  
his Hours of Reflection, he may think  
on these Benefits, and remember with  
Gratitude his great *Benefactor*.

OUR PUBLIC CREDIT during your  
Ministry was the Glory of this Nation,  
and the Envy of all others. It flou-  
rished with new Vigour and Strength,  
under that calm Stability of Govern-  
ment, that Security of Property, and  
general Flow of it, and that universal  
Freedom, and Happiness, which were  
derived from your steady and wise Con-  
duct. It was incessantly watched and  
cherished by your Care, with all the  
Attention and Fondness of a Parent;  
And it grew up to that Firmness and  
Strength under your Eye, which had  
long

DEDICATION. xxix

long been the ardent *Wish* of former Ministers, and beyond their *Expectation*.

—BUT, to give a faint *Sketch* of your Glory, is too much for the short Extent of this Page—The Annals of your Country shall hereafter reveal it, and the favorite Leaves shall record your Conduct; the Father shall point out to his Son that happy Series; and the Aged shall continually repeat the Wonders of your Management.—*Tully* for his Actions requested from *Luceius* a separate distinguished Class, and auxiliary Embellishments, and failed of obtaining this Point of his Ambition.—But your Fate shall be different, as your Eloquence was more persuasive, and manly;—A *British Luceius* shall hereafter arise, and unfollicited, celebrate your greater Actions; they shall vindicate to themselves a distinguished Class; and, only requiring, that their

own

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*own* natural Splendor be exhibited, shall mock all Embellishments.

THUS your *Public Atchievements* shall adorn the History of *Britain*; ---But what Hand shall call forth your *Private Virtues*, and all the *softer Features* of your *Mind*? Your *Tenderness*, and *Affection* to your *Friends*, and the kind share which you hold in every Incident of their *Grief* or *Enjoyment*; These are *amiably* conspicuous in all your *Sentiments*, and *liberally* exerted in all your *Actions*: It has ever been your greatest *Happiness*, to make your *Friends* happy. This has been the highest *Indulgence*, and first *Gratification* of your *generous Temper*; Many, who have thought themselves lost to your *Observance*, have wept for *Joy* at unexpected *Instances* of your *Notice*; and proved, that no *hurrying Scenes* of *Business*, nor your own *Affluence*, could erase the *Wants* of your *private Friend*, or banish from  
your

DEDICATION. xxxi

your worthy Breast the Memory of his Sorrows.—Permit me, my Lord to congratulate you here, upon the ample Felicity, in the midst of your Cares, which you thus reaped to yourself, from the Joy you continually dealt to others;—a Felicity, which no Man has felt, or ever yet exercised, with warmer Benevolence, or higher Relish, than your Lordship.

THESE Characters, of your *Love* to *Mankind*, and tender *Sensibility* to whatever is *Human*, can be justly expressed in the Sculpture of Language, only by a GENIUS equal to your own, and animated by the same generous Heart; —Your Retirement is now embower'd with Honor, and your superior Abilities, which cannot be concealed, command universal Respect. Your Wisdom, Experience, and enlightning Advice, are an Ornament and Shield, where-ever you impart them: It is from hence, and from Affection to  
your

xxxii *D E D I C A T I O N.*

your Virtues, that the most illustrious and excellent Persons of the Nation are seen daily resorting to the *Hotél* of *Orford*.

*Great Palace now of Light !  
Hither, as to their Fountain, other  
Stars  
Repairing, in their golden Urns,  
draw Light ;  
And here the Morning Planet gilds  
her Horns.*

THUS splendid, and superior, your Lordship now flourishes in honorable Ease, exerting universal Benevolence ; and after your unwearied Labours for your Country, for more than four *Lustra*, without Intermision, you at length happily smile in Peace and Serenity ; The *Cloud* of *Envy* vanishing apace, and your Fame every subsequent Hour of your Life rising up before you with purer Lustre.

UPON

DEDICATION. xxxiii

UPON this glorious PEDESTAL, of your *public Services*, and *private Virtues*, You stand, in the midst of this People ; —Lo ! the Time approaches, when your *real* Friends in the Day of your Oppression, shall reflect with Pleasure on their firm Attachment, and unshaken Constancy ; And when your *feigned* Friends, and *real* Betrayers, shall loudly boast their inviolate Fidelity ; When your COUNTRY shall turn upon you with *Shame* and *Tenderness* ; and look back with Gratitude, and Wonder, on her *long* CALM, and *untroubled* HAPPINESS, under your able and affectionate Conduct.

THEN shall the little Calumnies, foster'd in the late Dominion of Envy and Wilfulness, be all abashed ; And your great Applause shall fill the Land ; Then shall your late *open* Enemies forget they were so, and be heard abroad, raising your Name, and fondly, telling your unequalled Virtues ; — And

d

when

xxxiv D E D I C A T I O N.

when your *last Hour* shall come, which  
*Heaven* yet long suspend, this *aking*  
NATION shall, with one *joint Sigh*, la-  
ment her Loss, and pay the grateful  
Tear to the Memory of WALPOLE ;  
crying, like *Hamlet* o'er his Father,

*He was a Man, take him for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his Like again.*

I am

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged

most Affectionate, and

Faithful Servant,

Inner Temple,  
Feb. 1, 1743.

CORBYN MORRIS.



ERRATUM.

ESSAY.

Page the 41st, Line the 5th, instead of *natural*,  
insert *private*.

---

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## INTRODUCTION.

AN Attempt to *describe* the precise *Limits* of WIT, HUMOUR, RAILLERY, SATIRE and RIDICULE, I am sensible, is no easy or slight Undertaking. To give a *Definition* of WIT, has been declared by Writers of the greatest Renown, to exceed their Reach and Power; and Gentlemen of no less Abilities, and Fame, than *Cowley, Barrow, Dryden, Locke, Congreve,* and *Addison*, have tryed their Force upon this Subject, and have all left it free, and unconquered. This, I perceive, will be an Argument with some, for condemning an *Essay* upon this Topic by a young Author, as rash and presumptuous. But, though I desire to pay all proper Respect to these eminent Writers, if a tame Deference to great Names shall become fashionable, and the Imputation of Vanity be laid upon those who examine their Works, all Advancement in Knowledge will be absolutely stopp'd; and *Literary Merit* will be soon placed, in an *humble Stupidity*, and *solemn Faith* in the Wisdom of our Ancestors.

Whereas

ii INTRODUCTION.

Whereas, if I rightly apprehend, an *Ambition to excell* is the Principle which should animate a Writer, directed by a *Love of Truth*, and a *free Spirit of Candour and Inquiry*. This is the *Flame* which should warm the rising Members of every Science, not a poor Submission to those who have preceded. For, however it may be with a *Religious DEVOTION*, a *Literary One* is certainly the *CHILD of Ignorance*.

However, I must acknowledge, that where I have differed from the great Authors before mentioned, it has been with a Diffidence, and after the most serious and particular Examination of what they have delivered. It is from hence, that I have thought it my Duty, to exhibit with the following *Essay*, their several Performances upon the same Subject, that every Variation of mine from their Suffrage, and the Reasons upon which I have grounded it, may clearly appear.

The following *Ode* upon *WIT* is written by Mr. *Cowley*.

ODE

O D E

O F

W I T.

I.

**T**ELL me, oh tell! what kind of Thing  
is WIT,

*Thou who Master art of it ;  
For the first Matter loves Variety less,  
Less Women love't, either in Love or Dress.  
A thousand diff'rent Shapes it bears,  
Comely in thousand Shapes appears ;  
Tonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,  
Like Spirits in a Place, we know not how.*

II.

London, that vents of false Ware so much  
Store,

*In no Ware deceives us more ;  
For Men, led by the Colour, and the Shape,  
Like Zeuxis' Bird, fly to the painted Grape.  
Some things do throughour Judgment pass,  
As through a Multiplying Glais:  
And sometimes, if the Object be too far,  
We take a falling Meteor for a Star.*

III. Hence

IV INTRODUCTION.

III.

*Hence 'tis a Wit, that greatest Word of Fame,  
Grows such a common Name;  
And Wits, by our Creation, they become,  
Just so as Tit'lar Bishops made at Rome.  
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,  
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,  
Nor florid Talk which can that Title gain;  
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.*

IV.

*'Tis not to force some Lifeless Verses meet,  
With their five gouty Feet.  
All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,  
And Reason the inferior Pow'rs controul.  
Such were the Numbers which could call  
The Stones into the Theban Wall.  
Such Miracles are ceas'd, and now we see  
No Towns or Houses rais'd by Poetry.*

V.

*Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each Part,  
That shews more Cost than Art.  
Jewels at Nose, and Lips, but ill appear;  
Rather than all Things Wit, let none be there.  
Several Lights will not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i'th' Sky,  
If those be Stars which paint the Galaxy.*

VI. 'Tis

INTRODUCTION. v

VI.

'Tis not when two like Words make up one  
Noise;

Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys.  
In which, who finds out Wit, the same may see  
In An'grams, and Acrostiques Poetry.

Much less can that have any Place,  
At which a Virgin hides her Face;  
Such Dross the Fire must purge away; 'Tis just  
The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,  
When Bajazet begins to rage;

Not a tall Metaphor in th' bombast Way,  
Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd Seneca.

Nor upon all Things to obtrude,  
And force some odd Similitude.  
What is it then, which like the Pow'r Divine,  
We only can by Negatives define?

VIII.

In a true Piece of Wit, all Things must be,  
Yet all Things there agree;  
As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,  
All Creatures dwelt; all Creatures that had  
Life.

Or as the primitive Forms of all,  
(If we compare great Things with small)  
Which

vi INTRODUCTION.

*Which without Discord or Confusion lie,  
In the strange Mirror of the Deity.*

IX.

*But Love, that moulds one Man up out of two,  
Makes me forget, and injure you.  
I took You for Myself, sure when I thought  
That You in any thing were to be taught.  
Correct my Error with thy Pen,  
And if any ask me then,  
What thing right Wit, and Height of Genius is,  
I'll only shew your Lines, and say, 'Tis this.*

The *Spirit* and *Wit* of this *Ode* are excellent; and yet it is evident, through the whole, that Mr. *Cowley* had no clear Idea of *Wit*, though at the same time it *shines* in most of these Lines: There is little Merit in saying what *WIT* is not, which is the chief Part of this *Ode*. Towards the End, he indeed attempts to describe what *it is*, but is quite vague and perplex'd in his Description; and at last, instead of collecting his scatter'd Rays into a *Focus*, and exhibiting succinctly the clear Essence and Power of *WIT*, he drops the whole with a trite Compliment.

The learned Dr. *Barrow*, in his *Sermon against foolish Talking and Jestings*, gives the following profuse Description of *WIT*.

“ *But*



INTRODUCTION. vii

“ But first it may be demanded, *What the*  
 “ *Thing we speak of is? Or what the Face-*  
 “ *tiousness (or Wit as he calls it before) doth*  
 “ *import? To which Questions I might reply,*  
 “ *as Democritus did to him that asked the*  
 “ *Definition of a Man, 'Tis that we all see*  
 “ *and know. Any one better apprehends*  
 “ *what it is by Acquaintance, than I can*  
 “ *inform him by Description. It is indeed*  
 “ *a Thing so versatile and multiform, ap-*  
 “ *pearing in so many Shapes, so many Po-*  
 “ *stures, so many Garbs, so variously appre-*  
 “ *hended by several Eyes and Judgments,*  
 “ *that it seemeth no less hard to settle a*  
 “ *clear and certain Notion thereof, than to*  
 “ *make a Portrait of Proteus, or to define*  
 “ *the Figure of the fleeting Air. Sometimes*  
 “ *it lieth in pat Allusion to a known Story,*  
 “ *or in seasonable Application of a trivial*  
 “ *Saying, or in forging an apposite Tale:*  
 “ *Sometimes it playeth in Words and Phrases,*  
 “ *taking Advantage from the Ambiguity of*  
 “ *their Sense, or the Affinity of their Sound:*  
 “ *Sometimes it is wrapp'd in a Dress of*  
 “ *humorous Expression: Sometimes it lurk-*  
 “ *eth under an odd Similitude: Sometimes*  
 “ *it is lodged in a sly Question, in a smart*  
 “ *Answer, in a quirkish Reason, in a shrewd*  
 “ *Intimation, in cunningly diverting, or*  
 “ *cleverly retorting an Objection: Some-*  
 “ *times*

## viii INTRODUCTION.

“ times it is couched in a bold Scheme of  
 “ Speech, in a tart Irony, in a lusty Hyper-  
 “ bole, in a startling Metaphor, in a plausi-  
 “ ble Reconciling of Contradictions, or in  
 “ acute Nonsense; Sometimes a scenical  
 “ Representation of Persons or Things, a  
 “ counterfeit Speech, a mimical Look or  
 “ Gesture passeth for it. Sometimes an  
 “ affected Simplicity, sometimes a presump-  
 “ tuous Bluntness giveth it Being. Some-  
 “ times it riseth from a lucky Hitting upon  
 “ what is Strange; sometimes from a crafty  
 “ wresting obvious Matter to the Purpose.  
 “ Often it consisteth in one knows not what,  
 “ and springeth up one can hardly tell how.  
 “ Its ways are unaccountable, and inexpli-  
 “ cable, being answerable to the numberless  
 “ Rovings of Fancy, and Windings of Lan-  
 “ guage. It is, in short, a Manner of Speak-  
 “ ing out of the simple and plain Way (such  
 “ as Reason teacheth, and proveth Things  
 “ by) which by a pretty, surprizing Un-  
 “ couthness in Conceit or Expression, doth  
 “ affect and amuse the Fancy, stirring in it  
 “ some Wonder, and breeding some Delight  
 “ thereto. It raiseth Admiration, as signi-  
 “ fying a nimble Sagacity of Apprehension,  
 “ a special Felicity of Invention, a Vivaci-  
 “ ty of Spirit, and Reach of Wit, more  
 “ than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare  
 “ Quickness

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“ Quickness of Parts, that one can fetch  
 “ in remote Conceits applicable; a notable  
 “ Skill that he can dextrously accommodate  
 “ them to the Purpose before him; together  
 “ with a lively Briskness of Humour, not  
 “ apt to damp those sportful Flashes of Ima-  
 “ gination. (Whence in Aristotle such Per-  
 “ sons are termed *ἑπίδοτοι*, dexterous Men,  
 “ and *ὑπόποτοι*, Men of facile or versatile  
 “ Manners, who can easily turn themselves  
 “ to all Things, or turn all Things to them-  
 “ selves.) It also procureth Delight, by  
 “ gratifying Curiosity with its Rareness,  
 “ or Semblance of Difficulty. (As Mon-  
 “ sters, not for their Beauty, but their Ra-  
 “ rity; as juggling Tricks, not for their  
 “ Use, but their Abstruseness, are beheld  
 “ with Pleasure;) by diverting the Mind  
 “ from its Road of serious Thoughts, by in-  
 “ stilling Gaiety, and Airiness of Spirit; by  
 “ provoking to such Disposition of Spirit in  
 “ Way of Emulation, or Complaisance; and  
 “ by seasoning Matters otherwise distasteful  
 “ or insipid, with an unusual and thence  
 “ grateful Tange.”

THIS Description, it is easy to perceive,  
 must have cost the Author of it a great deal  
 of Labour. It is a very full Specimen of that  
 Talent of entirely *exhausting* a Subject, for

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which Dr. *Barrow* was remarkable; and if the *Point* was, to exhibit all the various Forms and Appearances, not of WIT only, but of *Raillery*, *Satire*, *Sarcasms*, and of every Kind of *Poignancy* and *Pleasantry* of Sentiment, and Expression, he seems to have perfectly succeeded; there being perhaps no Variety, in all the Extent of these Subjects, which he has not presented to View in this Description.— But he does not pretend to give any *Definition* of WIT, intimating rather that it is quite impossible to be given: And indeed from his Description of it, as a *Proteus*, appearing in numberless various Colours, and Forms; and from his mistaking, and presenting for WIT, other different Mixtures and Substances, it is evident that his Idea of it was quite confused and uncertain: It is true, he has discovered a vast Scope of Fertility of Genius, and an uncommon Power of collecting together a Multitude of Objects upon any Occasion, but he has here absolutely mistaken his Work; for instead of exhibiting the Properties of WIT in a clearer Light, and confuting the *false Claims* which are made to it, he has made it his whole Business to perplex it the more, by introducing, from all Corners, a monstrous Troop of new unexpected *Pretenders*.

*Dryden,*

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*Dryden*, in the Preface to his *Opera*, entitled, *The State of Innocence, or Fall of Man*, gives the following *Decree* upon *WIT*.  
 “ *The Definition of WIT, (which has been so often attempted, and ever unsuccessfully by many Poets) is only this: That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject.*”

If Mr. *Dryden* imagined, that he had succeeded *himself* in this *Definition*, he was extremely mistaken; for nothing can be more distant from the Properties of *WIT*, than those he describes. He discovers no Idea of the *Surprize*, and *Brilliancy* of *WIT*, or of the sudden *Light* thrown upon a Subject. Instead of once pointing at these, he only describes the Properties of clear *Reasoning*, which are a *Propriety of Thoughts and Words*; — Whereas *WIT*, in its sudden *Flashes*, makes no Pretension to *Reasoning*; but is perceived in the pleasant *Surprize* which it starts, and in the *Light* darted upon a Subject, which instantly vanishes again, without abiding a strict Examination.

The other *Definition* he gives, which is, *Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject*, is very different from the former, but equally unhappy.

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For *Propriety*, in *Thoughts* and *Words*, consists in exhibiting *clear, pertinent Ideas*, in *precise* and *perspicuous Words*.

Whereas *ELEGANCE* consists in the *compt, well pruned* and *succinct Turn* of a Subject.

The Object of the *First* is to be *clear*, and *perspicuous*; whence it often appears, in pursuit of these, not *compt* or *succinct*: Whereas the *Essence* of *ELEGANCE* is to be *compt* and *succinct*, for the Sake of which Ornaments it often neglects *Perspicuity*, and *Clearness*. — In short, a *Propriety* of *Thoughts* and *Words*, may subsist without any *Elegance*; as an *Elegance* of *Thoughts* and *Words* may appear without a perfect *Propriety*.

The last *Definition*, as it is thus very different from the former, is also equally unhappy: For *ELEGANCE* is no *essential* Property of *WIT*. *Pure WIT* resulting solely from the *quick Elucidation* of one Subject, by the sudden *Arrangement*, and *Comparison* of it, with another Subject. — If the two Objects *arranged* together are *elegant*, and *polite*, there will then be superadded to the *WIT*, an *Elegance* and *Politeness* of *Sentiment*, which will render the *WIT* more amiable. But if the Objects are *vulgar, obscene*, or *deformed*, provided the *first* be *elucidated*, in a lively Manner, by the sudden *Arrangement* of it with the *second*, there will be equally *WIT*; though the *In-*  
delicacy

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delicacy of Sentiment attending it, will render such WIT shocking and abominable.

It is with the highest Respect for the great Mr. Locke, that I deliver his Sentiments upon this Subject.

“ And hence, perhaps, may be given  
 “ some Reason of that common Observa-  
 “ tion, that Men who have a great deal of  
 “ Wit, and prompt Memories, have not  
 “ always the clearest Judgment, or deepest  
 “ Reason: For Wit lying most in the As-  
 “ semblage of Ideas, and putting those to-  
 “ gether with Quickness and Variety,  
 “ wherein can be found any Assemblance or  
 “ Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant  
 “ Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the  
 “ Fancy. Judgment, on the contrary, lies  
 “ quite on the other side; in separating care-  
 “ fully one from another, Ideas, wherein  
 “ can be found the least Difference, thereby  
 “ to avoid being misled by Similitude, and  
 “ by Affinity to take one thing for another.  
 “ This is a Way of proceeding quite con-  
 “ trary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein  
 “ for the most Part, lies that Entertain-  
 “ ment and Pleasantry of Wit, which  
 “ strikes so lively on the Fancy, and there-  
 “ fore is acceptable to all People, because  
 “ its Beauty appears at first Sight, and  
 “ there is required no Labour of Thoughts  
 “ to

“ to examine what Truth, or Reason, there  
 “ is in it. The Mind, without looking any  
 “ further, rests satisfied with the Agree-  
 “ ableness of the Picture, and the Gaiety  
 “ of the Fancy. And it is a kind of an  
 “ Affront to go about to examine it by the  
 “ severe Rules of Truth, and good Reason,  
 “ whereby it appears, that it consists in  
 “ something that is not perfectly conform-  
 “ able to them.”

It is to be observed that Mr. Locke has here only occasionally, and passantly, delivered his Sentiments upon this Subject; but yet he has very happily explained the chief Properties of *WIT*. It was *his* Remark *First*, that it lies for the most *Part* in *assembling* together with *Quickness* and *Variety*, Objects, which possess an *Affinity*, or *Congruity*, with each other; which was the *first* just Information obtained by the literary World, upon this Subject.

As to what he adds, That the Intention, and Effects, of this *Assemblage* of similar Objects, is to make up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the Fancy, it is, as I humbly apprehend, not quite perfect: For the Business of this *Assemblage* is not merely to raise pleasant Pictures in the Fancy, but also to enlighten thereby the original Subject.—This is evident; because in such *Assemblages*,



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*semblages*, the only Foundation upon which the *new Subject* is suddenly introduced, is the *Affinity*, and consequently the *Illustration*, it bears to the *first Subject*.—The Introduction of pleasant Pictures and Visions, which present not a new *Illustration*, and *Light*, to the *original Subjects*, being rather wild Sallies of *Vivacity*, than well-aimed, apposite Strokes of WIT.

It is Mr. *Locke's* Conclusion, at last, That WIT consists in something that is not perfectly conformable to Truth, and good Reason.—This is a *Problem* of some Curiosity; and I apprehend Mr. *Locke's* Determination upon it to be right:—For the *Direction* of WIT is absolutely different from the *Direction* of TRUTH and GOOD REASON; It being the Aim of WIT to strike the *Imagination*; of TRUTH and GOOD REASON, to convince the *Judgment*: From thence they can never be perfectly coincident.

It is however true, that there may be Instances of WIT, wherein the *Agreement* between the two Objects shall be absolutely just, and perceived to be such at the first Glance. Such Instances of WIT, will be then also *Self-evident* TRUTHS. They will both agree in their obvious, and quick *Perspicuity*; but will be still different in this, that the Effort of the *One* is to strike the  
*Fancy*

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*Fancy*, whereas the *Other* is wholly exerted in gratifying the *Judgment*.

The Sentiments of Mr. *Addison* upon WIT, are professedly delivered in the *Spectator* N<sup>o</sup>. 62. annexed to the following *Essay*. He has there justly commended Mr. *Locke's* Description of WIT; but what he adds, by Way of Explanation to it, that the *Assemblage* of Ideas must be such as shall give *Delight*, and *Surprize*, is not true, in regard to the Former, *Delight* being no essential Property of WIT; for if the *original* Subject be unpleasant, or deformed, the sudden unexpected *Arrangement* of a *similar* Object with it, may give us *Surprize*, and be indisputably WIT, and yet be far from creating any *Delight*.

This Gentleman has also given the following Example, in order to illustrate the Necessity there is, that *Surprize* should be always an Attendant upon WIT. “When a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows to Wit.”—To compare a Girl's Bosom to Snow for its *Whiteness*, I apprehend to be WIT, notwithstanding the Authority of so great a Writer to the contrary. For there is a *Lustre* resulting from the natural and splendid

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*Splendid Agreement* between these Objects, which will *always* produce WIT; such, as cannot be destroyed, though it will quickly be rendered *trite*, by frequent Repetition.

This *Problem, How far SURPRIZE is, or is not, necessary to WIT*, I humbly apprehend, may be thus solved.—In Subjects which have a *natural* and *splendid Agreement*, there will always be WIT upon their *Arrangement* together; though when it becomes *trite*, and not accompanied with *Surprize*, the *Lustre* will be much faded; — But where the *Agreement* is *forced* and *strained*, *Novelty* and *Surprize* are absolutely necessary to usher it in; An unexpected *Assemblage* of this Sort, striking our Fancy, and being gaily admitted at first to be WIT; which upon frequent Repetition, the *Judgment* will have examined, and rise up against it wherever it appears; — So that in short, in Instances where the *Agreement* is *strained* and *defective*, which indeed are abundantly the most general, *Surprize* is a necessary *Passport* to WIT; but *Surprize* is not necessary to WIT, where the *Agreement* between the two Subjects is *natural* and *splendid*; though in these Instances it greatly heightens the *Brillancy*.

The subsequent Remark of Mr. Addison,  
*That the Poet, after saying his Mistress's*  
c
*Bosom*

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*Bosom is as white as Snow, should add, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, in order that it may grow to WIT, is I fear, very incorrect.* For as to the *Sigh*, it avails not a Rush; and this Addition will be found to be only a *new* Stroke of WIT, equally *trite*, and less perfect, and natural, than the former Comparison.

It may also be observed, That Mr. *Addison* has omitted the *Elucidation* of the *original* Subject, which is the grand Excellence of WIT. Nor has he prescribed any *Limits* to the Subjects, which are to be arranged together; without which the Result will be frequently the *SUBLIME* or *BURLESQUE*; In which, it is true, WIT often appears, but taking their whole Compositions together, they are different Substances, and usually ranked in different *Classes*.

All that Mr. *Congreve* has delivered upon WIT, as far as I know, appears in his *Essay* upon HUMOUR, annexed to this Treatise. He there says, "*To define HUMOUR, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define WIT; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety.*"—Again, he afterwards adds, "*But though we cannot certainly tell what WIT is, or what HUMOUR is, yet we may go near to shew something, which is not WIT, or not HUMOUR, and yet often*  
"*mistaken*"

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“*mistaken for both.*” — In this *Essay*, wherein he particularly considers HUMOUR, and the Difference between *this*, and WIT, he may be expected to have delivered his best Sentiments upon both: But these Words, which I have quoted, seem to be as important and precise, as any which he has offered upon the Subject of WIT. As such, I present them, without any Remarks, to my Reader, who, if he only *goes near* to be *edified* by them, will discover a great Share of *Sagacity*.

The Sentiments of these eminent Writers upon WIT, having thus been exhibited, I come next to the Subject of HUMOUR. This has been *defined* by some, in the following Manner, with great *Perspicuity*. — HUMOUR is the genuine WIT of *Comedies*, — which has afforded vast Satisfaction to many *Connoisseurs* in the *Belles Lettres*; especially as WIT has been supposed to be incapable of any *Definition*.

This Subject has also been particularly considered by the *Spectator* N<sup>o</sup>. 35. inserted at the End of the following *Essay*. Mr. *Addison* therein *gravely* remarks, that “*It is indeed much easier to describe what is not HUMOUR, than what it is;*” which, I humbly apprehend, is no very important Piece of Information. — He adds, “*And*

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“ *very difficult to define it otherwise, than as  
 “ Cowly has done WIT, by Negatives.*”  
 This Notion of *defining* a Subject by *Negatives*, is a favourite *Crotchet*, and may perhaps be assumed upon other Occasions by future Writers: I hope therefore I shall be pardoned, if I offer a proper Explanation of so good a *Conceit*;—To declare then, *That a Subject is only to be DEFINED by NEGATIVES*, is to cloath it in a *respectable Dress of Darkness*. And about as much as to say, That it is a *Knight of tenebrose Virtues*; or a *serene Prince, of the Blood of Occult Qualities*.

Mr. Addison proceeds, “ *Were I to give  
 “ my own Notions of HUMOUR, I should  
 “ deliver them after Plato’s Manner, in a  
 “ Kind of Allegory; and by supposing HU-  
 “ MOUR to be a Person, deduce to him,  
 “ all his Qualifications, according to the  
 “ following Genealogy: TRUTH was the  
 “ Founder of the Family, and the Father  
 “ of GOOD SENSE; GOOD SENSE was the  
 “ Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a  
 “ collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom  
 “ he had Issue HUMOUR.*”—It is very  
 unfortunate for this *Allegorical Description*,  
 that there is not one Word of it just: For  
 TRUTH, GOOD SENSE, WIT, and MIRTH,  
 are represented to be the immediate An-  
 cestors

*cestors* of HUMOUR; whereas HUMOUR is derived from the *Foibles*, and whimsical *Oddities* of *Persons* in real Life, which flow rather from their *Inconsistencies*, and *Weakness*, than from TRUTH and GOOD SENSE; Nor is WIT any *Ancestor* of HUMOUR, but of a quite different *Family*; it being notorious that much HUMOUR may be drawn from the Manners of *Dutchmen*, and of the most formal and dull *Persons*, who are yet never guilty of WIT. Again, MIRTH is not so properly the *Parent* of HUMOUR, as the *Offspring*.—In short, this whole *Genealogy* is a *nubilous* Piece of Conceit, instead of being any *Elucidation* of HUMOUR. It is a formal Method of trifling, introduced under a deep Ostentation of Learning, which deserves the severest Rebuke.—But I restrain my Pen, recollecting the *Visions* of MIRZA, and heartily profess my high Veneration for their admirable Author.

The *Essay* upon HUMOUR, at the End of this Treatise, written by Mr. *Congreve*, is next to be considered. It appears, that at first he professes his absolute Uncertainty in regard to this Subject; and says, “*We cannot certainly tell what WIT is, or what HUMOUR is.*” But yet, through his whole Piece, he neglects the Subject of HUMOUR in general, and only discourses upon the  
 HUMOUR,

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HUMOUR, by which he means barely the *Disposition*, of Persons: This may particularly appear from the following Words. “ *A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his HUMOUR; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes we shall meet with those, who perhaps indifferently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, WHY ARE YOU NOT MERRY? WHY ARE YOU NOT GAY, PLEASANT, AND CHEERFUL? Then instead of answering, could I ask such a Person, WHY ARE YOU NOT HANDSOME? WHY HAVE YOU NOT BLACK EYES, AND A BETTER COMPLEXION? Nature abhors to be forced.*

“ *The two famous Philosophers of Ephesus and Abdera, have their different Sects at this Day. Some weep, and others laugh at one and the same Thing.*

“ *I don't doubt but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry; others, who are silent; some that are loud; yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of ANGER, which is in itself different, or more or less in one than t'other, but that it is the HUMOUR of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it*  
“ *in*



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“ in that Manner. Demonstrations of  
 “ PLEASURE, are as various: One Man has  
 “ a HUMOUR of retiring from all Company,  
 “ when any thing has happened to please  
 “ him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself  
 “ alone, and thinks it an Addition to the  
 “ Pleasure to keep it a Secret, &c.” All  
 which, I apprehend, is no more than saying,  
 That there are different *Dispositions* in dif-  
 ferent *Persons*.

In another Place, he seems to understand  
 by *Humour*, not only the *Disposition*, but  
 the *Tone* of the *Nerves*, of a Person, thus,  
 “ Suppose MOROSE to be a Man naturally  
 “ splenetic, and melancholy; is there any  
 “ thing more offensive to one of such a DIS-  
 “ POSITION (where he uses the Word instead  
 “ of *Humour*) than Noise and Clamour?  
 “ Let any Man that has the Spleen (and  
 “ there are enough in England) be Judge.  
 “ We see common Examples of this HU-  
 “ MOUR in little every Day. 'Tis ten to  
 “ one, but three Parts in four of the Com-  
 “ pany you dine with, are discomposed, and  
 “ started at the cutting of a Cork, or  
 “ scratching of a Plate with a Knife; it is  
 “ a Proportion of the same HUMOUR, that  
 “ makes such, or any other Noise, offen-  
 “ sive to the Person that hears it; for there  
 “ are others who will not be disturbed at all  
 by

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“ *by it.*” At this Rate every *Weakness of Nerves*, or *Particularity of Constitution*, is HUMOUR.

It is true, he justly points out in another Place the different Sentiments, which ought to be adapted to different *Characters* in *Comedy*, according to their different *Dispositions*, or, as he phrases it, *Humours*: As for Instance, he very rightly observes, *That a Character of a splenetic and peevish HUMOUR, should have a satirical WIT. A jolly and sanguine HUMOUR should have a facetious WIT.* — But still this is no Description of what is well felt, and known, by the general Name of HUMOUR.

However, as what I have already quoted, may appear to be only his looser Explanations, it will be necessary to deliver his more closed and collected Sentiments upon this Subject. These he gives in the following Words, “ I should be unwilling to venture, even in a bare *Description of Humour*, much more to make a *Definition* of it; but now my Hand is in, I will tell you what serves me instead of either. I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable Manner of doing or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only, by which his Speech and Actions are distinguished from those of other Men.*” — This Description

Description is very little applicable to HUMOUR, but tolerably well adapted to other Subjects.—Thus, a Person, who is happy in a particular *Grace*, which accompanies all his Actions, may be said to possess a *singular and unavoidable Manner of doing or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to him only, by which his Speech and Actions are distinguished from those of other Men.* And the same may be said of a Person of a peculiar *Vivacity, Heaviness, or Awkwardness.*—In short, this Description is suited to any *Particularity* of a Person in general, instead of being adapted to the *Foibles* and *whimsical Oddities* of Persons, which alone constitute HUMOUR.

These are the only Pieces upon WIT, and HUMOUR, which have fallen within my Knowledge; I have here fairly delivered them at length; and from the Respect which is due to such eminent Writers, have distinctly and deliberately examined the Merit of each. — As to my own *Performance*, which is now submitted to the Public, I have to wish, that it may gain a candid and strict Examination. It has been my Endeavour to give *Definitions* of the Subjects, upon which I have treated; A *Plan* the most difficult of all others to be executed by an Author; But such an one, as I apprehend, deserves to be

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more generally introduced, and established. If once it was expected by the Public, that *Authors* should strictly *define* their Subjects, it would instantly check an Inundation of Scribbling. The *desultory* Manner of Writing would be absolutely exploded; and *Accuracy* and *Precision* would be necessarily introduced upon every Subject.

This is the *Method* pursued in Subjects of *Philosophy*; Without clear and precise *Definitions* such noble Advances could never have been made in those Sciences; And it is by the Assistance of *these* only, that Subjects of *Polite Literature*, can ever be enlightened and embellished with just Ornaments. If *Definitions* had been constantly exacted from Authors there would not have appeared *one hundredth* Part of the present Books, and yet every Subject had been better ascertained.—Nor will this Method, as some may imagine, be encumbered with Stiffness; On the contrary, in *illustrating* the Truth of *Definitions*, there is a full Scope of the utmost Genius, Imagination, and Spirit of a Writer; and a Work upon this *Plan* is adorned with the highest Charms appearing with *Propriety*, *Clearness*, and *Conviction*, as well as Beauty.

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It is true, that the Difficulties, which attend an able Execution of this *Method*, are not open to a careless Eye; And it is some Mortification to an *Author* upon this *Plan*, that his greatest *Merit* is likely to lie concealed; A *Definition*, or *Distinction*, which after much Attention and Time he has happily delivered with *Brevity* and *Clearness*, appearing hereby quite obvious, to others, and what they cannot imagine could require Pains to discover.

As to the *Examples*, by which I have illustrated the *Definition* of *Wit*, they are *common* and *trite*; but are the best, which I could find upon deliberate Enquiry. Many Modern instances of *Wit*, which left very lively Impressions upon me, when I heard them, appearing upon Re-examination to be quite strained and defective. These, which I have given, as they are thus *trite*, are not designed in themselves for any Entertainment to the Reader; but being various, and distant from each other, they very properly serve to explain the Truth, and Extent of the *Definition*.

The Character of an HUMOURIST, I expect, will be strange to most of my Readers; and if no Gentleman is acquainted with a *Person* of this *Cast*, it must pass for a *Mon-*

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ster of my own Creation ; — As to the Character of Sir *John Falstaff*, it is chiefly extracted from *Shakespear*, in his 1st Part of King *Henry the IVth* ; But so far as Sir *John* in *Shakespear's* Description, sinks into a *Cheat* or a *Scoundrel*, upon any Occasion, he is different from that *Falstaff*, who is designed in the following *Essay*, and is entirely an amiable Character.

It is obvious, that the Appearance, which *Falstaff* makes, in the unfinished Play of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is in general greatly below his true Character. His Imprisonment and Death in the latter Part of King *Henry the IVth*, seem also to have been written by *Shakespear* in Compliance with the *Austerity* of the Times ; and in order to avoid the Imputation of encouraging *Idleness* and mirthful *Riot* by too amiable and happy an Example.

The Criticism, which I have made, upon *Horace's* Narrative of his *Adventure* with an *Impertinent Fellow*, I offer with Respect ; And beg leave to observe that the chief Part which I object to, is the *Propriety* of his introducing himself in so *ridiculous a Plight* ;

— Dum

——— *Dum sudor ad imos*

*Manaret Talos ;*

And

*Demitto Auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis  
Acellus*

*Cum gravius dorso subiit onus.*

And other Representations of the same sort, seem to place *Horace* in a very mean and ludicrous Light; which it is probable he never apprehended in the full Course of exposing his Companion;—Besides, the Conduct of his Adversary is in several Places, excessively, and, as it may be construed, *designedly*, insolent and contemptuous; and as no Merit or Importance belongs to this Person, there appears no Reason why *Horace* should endure such Treatment; or, if the other was too *powerful* for him, it is not an *Adventure of Honour*; or what *Horace* should chuse to expose to the World in this manner, with all the Particulars of his own despicable Distress.

However, the *Mirth* which results from this Narrative, as it now stands, is perhaps rather the stronger at first, by the full *Ridicule* which lies against *Horace*, and his Adversary;—But, upon Reflection, there arises a Disgust, at the Impropriety of *Horace's*

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*race's* exposing his own *Meanness*, as well as at the nauseous *Impudence* of his Companion.

As to *uncommon* Words, if any such appear in this *Introduction*, or in the following *Essay*, I hope they want neither *Propriety*, *Clearness*, nor *Strength*;—And if the *Length* of this Piece to an *Essay* so *short* shall happen at first to *disturb* any *Critic*, I beg leave to inform him, that all, which can be fairly collected from it, is only, that it may have cost *me* the more *Trouble*;—But upon mentioning the *Length* of this Piece, what behoves me the most, is, to return my Thanks to two *Gentlemen*, who suffered me to read to them the whole, as it was gradually written; And by whose *judicious* and *friendly Instructions* in the Course of it, my own *Imagination* was often prevented from running into *Riots*.

However, I am far from imagining, that I have always been reduced within just Bounds; And now feel a sufficient Share of *Concern* and *Anxiety*, for the *Fate* of this Work;—Yet, I humbly apprehend, that *this* must freely be allowed me, that I have not been a *Plagiary*; But have constantly delivered my own *original* Sentiments, without *purloining* or *disfiguring* the Thoughts  
of



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of others; An *Honesty*, which, I hope, is laudable in an *Author*; And as I have not *stolen*, neither have I *concealed*, the *Merit* of other Writers.

It will also be found, as I humbly apprehend, that I have never *shunned* the Subject: I mention this particularly, because it is the Practice of many eminent Writers, after much *curvetting* and *prauncing*, suddenly to wheel, and retire, when they are expected to make their most full Attack.— These Gentlemen, it is true, very happily avoid *Danger*, and advance and retreat in *excellent Order*: But, with their Leave, I must observe that they never do any *Execution*; For Subjects, which have not been surveyed, and laid open, are like *fortified Places*; and it is the Business of a *Writer*, as well as of a *Soldier*, to make an Attack;— This has been the Conduct I have held in the following *Essay*; and however I may be *shattered* upon any Occasion, I hope it will appear (if I may be allowed the Expression) that I have fairly *charged* the Subjects.

Having offered these Circumstances in my Favour, I must frankly acknowledge, that I am not able to plead any *Hurry* or *Precipitancy* in the publishing of this Work, in Excuse of its Errors; Though I clearly understand

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derstand, that by making this Discovery, I absolutely deprive myself of the most genteel and fashionable Screen now used by Authors;—But I imagined, that it became me to spare no Labour or Attention upon a Work, which I should presume to offer to the World; Happening to esteem this Care and Concern, a Respect due to the Public, and the proper Species of Humility and Modesty in an Author.



T W I T

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A N  
E S S A Y  
O N

Wit, Humour, Raillery, &c.

**W**IT is the LUSTRE resulting from the quick ELUCIDATION of one Subject, by a just and unexpected ARRANGEMENT of it with another Subject.

This Definition of WIT will more clearly appear by a short Explanation.

It is the Province of WIT to *elucidate*, or *enlighten* a Subject, not by reasoning upon that Subject, but by a just and unexpected Introduction of another *similar*, or *opposite* Subject; whereby, upon their *Arrangement* together, the *original* Subject may be *set off*, and more clearly *enlighten'd*, by their obvious Comparison.

It may be proper, for the sake of Distinction, to call the Subject, which is the Basis  
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and Ground-work, the *original* Subject; and that which is introduced, in order to *elucidate* it, the *auxiliary* Subject.

That there be always an apparent Chain or Connexion, or else an obvious Agreement or Contrast, between the two Subjects, is absolutely requir'd, in order that the *Auxiliary* one may be *justly* introduced; otherwise, instead of WIT, there will only appear a rambling *Vivacity*, in wild, unprovoked Sallies.

And yet *every just* or *natural* Introduction of an *auxiliary* Subject will not produce WIT, unless a new *Lustre* is reflected from thence upon the *original* Subject.

It is further to be observed, that the Introduction of the *auxiliary* Subject ought not only to be *just*, but also *unexpected*, which are entirely consistent together; For as every Subject bears various Relations and Oppositions to other Subjects, it is evident that each of these Relations and Oppositions upon being exhibited, will be *unexpected* to the Persons, who did not perceive them before; and yet they are *just* by Supposition.

It is upon such *unexpected* Introductions of *auxiliary* Subjects, that we are struck with a *Surprize*; from whence the high *Brilliancy*, and *Sparkling* of WIT, result.

Whereas *Auxiliary* Subjects, introduced upon such Occasions, as they have been frequently exhibited before, are apt to fall dull, and heavy upon the Fancy; and unless they possess

possess great natural Spirit, will excite no sprightly Sensation.

It is also necessary to observe, that, in WIT, the Subjects concern'd must be *ordinary* and *level*; By which are intended, not such as are *common*, but such as have no *extraordinarily exalted*, or *enlarged*, Qualities; and are not *unsizeable* in the particular Circumstances in which they are compared to each other;— otherwise it is easy to perceive, that the Result of their *Arrangement* will not be so properly WIT, as either the SUBLIME, or BURLESQUE.

To all this is to be added, that either *Galantry*, *Raillery*, *Humour*, *Satire*, *Ridicule*, *Sarcasms*, or other Subjects, are generally blended with WIT; It has been for want of this Discovery, and of a proper Separation of these Subjects, that the Attempts which have hitherto been made to *define* WIT, have been all involv'd and overwhelm'd in Perplexity; For the different Mixtures of these foreign Ingredients with WIT, have discover'd such various and opposite *Colours* and *Substances*, as were impossible to be comprehended in one certain steady *Definition*; — Whereas *pure* WIT alone, constantly appears in *one uniform* Manner; which is, *In the quick Elucidation of one Subject*, by unexpectedly exhibiting its Agreement or Contrast *with another Subject*.

It is proper in this Place, to distinguish between WIT, SIMILES, and METAPHORS.

SIMILES, though they *illustrate* one Subject, by *arranging* it with another Subject, are yet different from WIT, as they want its *sudden* and *quick Elucidation*.

Again; In WIT, the *Elucidation* is thrown only upon *one* Point of a Subject; or if more Points be *elucidated*, they are so many different Strokes of WIT; — Whereas every SIMILE touches the Subject it *illustrates* in *several* Points.

It is from hence, that the *Elucidation*, as before mention'd, arising from a SIMILE, is *slower* than from WIT; But then it is generally more *accurate* and *complete*; — In short, WIT, from its *Quickness*, exhibits more *Brilliance*, But SIMILES possess greater *Perfection*.

A METAPHOR, is the *Arrayment* of one Subject, with the *Dress*, or *Colour*, or any *Attributes*, of another Subject.

In WIT, the two Subjects are suddenly confronted with each other, and upon their joint View, the *original* one is *elucidated* by the obvious *Agreement* or *Contrast* of the *auxiliary* Subject.

But METAPHOR goes further, and not content with *arranging* the two Subjects together, and exhibiting from thence their *Agreement* or *Contrast*, it actually snatches the Properties of the *auxiliary* one, and fits them at once upon the *original* Subject.

It is evident from hence, that there may be WIT without any METAPHOR; But in every just

just METAPHOR there is WIT; The *Agreement* of the two Subjects being in a METAPHOR more strictly and sensibly presented.

There is also this Difference between WIT and METAPHOR, that in WIT the *original* Subject is *enlighten'd*, without altering its *Dress*; whereas in METAPHOR the *original* Subject is cloathed in a *new Dress*, and struts forwards at once with a different *Air*, and with strange *unexpected* Ornaments.

It is from hence, that by METAPHOR a more masculine Air and Vigour is given to a Subject, than by WIT; But it too often happens, that the METAPHOR is carried so far, as instead of *elucidating*, to obscure and disfigure, the *original* Subject.

To exhibit some Examples of WIT.

1.

*Henry* the IVth of *France*, intimating to the *Spanish* Ambassador the Rapidity, with which he was able to over-run *Italy*, told him, that *if once he mounted on Horseback, he should breakfast at Milan, and dine at Naples*; To which the Ambassador added, *Since your Majesty travels at this rate, you may be at Vespers in Sicily.*

The Introduction of the *Vespers* at SICILY is here *natural*, and easy; as it seems only to be carrying on his Majesty's Journey at the same rate, and to compleat the Progress of the Day; But it ushers at once into View the  
*Destruction*

*Destruction* of the *French* upon a *similar* Occasion, when they formerly over-ran SICILY, and were all massacred there at the ringing of the Bell for *Vespers*; — The sudden Introduction and *Arrangement* of this Catastrophe, with the Expedition then threaten'd, sets the Issue of such a Conquest in a new *Light*; And very happily exhibits and *elucidates* the Result of such vain and restless Adventures.

It may be observed, that the *quick* Introduction and *Arrangement* of any former Conquest of *Italy* by the *French*, with the Expedition then threaten'd, would have exhibited WIT; whatever the Issue had been of such former Conquest; But in this Instance, there sits couched under the WIT, a very *severe* Rebuke upon the *French* Monarch.

## 2.

*Alexander* the VIth was very busily questioning the Ambassador of *Venice*, Of whom his Masters held their Customs and Prerogatives of the Sea? To which the Ambassador readily answer'd; *If your HOLINESS will only please to examine your Charter of St. PETER'S Patrimony, you will find upon the Back of it, the Grant made to the VENETIANS of the ADRIATIC.*

The Authority of the *Grant* to the *Venetians* is in this Instance the *original* Subject, which is thus suddenly *elucidated* to the *Pope*, by *arranging*, and connecting it with the holy  
*Charter*



*Charter of St. Peter's Patrimony*; There is a peculiar Happiness in the Address of this Answer to the *Pope*, as he was obliged to receive it as a satisfactory Account of the Truth of the *Grant*, and a clear *Elucidation* of its sacred Authority.

In this Instance, besides the WIT which shines forth, the *Pope* is severely expos'd to your *Raillery*, from the Scrape into which he has brought the *Charter of St. Peter's Patrimony*, by his Attack of the *Ambassador*; The *fictitious* Existence of both the *Charter* and *Grant* being sarcastically pointed out, under this respectable Air of *Authenticity*.

## 3.

Upon the Restoration Mr. *Waller* presented a congratulatory Copy of Verses to King *Charles*; His Majesty, after reading them, said,—*Mr. Waller, these are very good, but not so fine as you made upon the PROTECTOR.*—To which Mr. *Waller* return'd,—*Your Majesty will please to recollect, that we Poets always write best upon FICTIONS.*

The original Subject in this Instance is the superior Excellence of Mr. *Waller's Verses upon Cromwell*; This he most happily excuses, by starting at once, and arranging along with them, the Remark, that *Poets have always excell'd upon Fiction*; whereby he unexpectedly exhibits his more excellent Verses to *Cromwell*, as a plain *Elucidation* of the *fictitious*

*tious* Glory of the Protector; And intimates at the same time, that the *Inferiority* of his present Performance was a natural *Illustration* of his Majesty's *real* Glory;—Never was a deep Reproach averted by a more happy Reply; which comprehends both the highest Compliment to his Majesty, and a very firm poetical Excuse of the different Performances.

## 4.

*Leonidas* the *Spartan* General, when he advanced near the *Persian* Army, was told by one of his own Captains, that *their Enemies were so numerous, it was impossible to see the Sun for the Multitude of their Arrows*; To which he gallantly reply'd, *We shall then have the Pleasure of fighting in the Shade.*

The vast Cope of *Persian* Arrows is here the *original* Subject; which instead of being observed by *Leonidas* with Terror, presents to his Fancy the pleasant Idea of a cool *Canopy*. There is an *Agreement* and Affinity between the two Objects, in regard to the *Shelter from the Sun*, which is at once obvious, and *unexpected*; And the Cloud of the *Enemies* Arrows is thus gaily *elucidated*, by the *Arrangement* and Comparison of it with so desirable an Object as a *shady* Covering.

This Saying of the *Spartan* General has been handed through many Ages to the present Time; But the chief Part of the Pleasure it gives us, results not so much from the

WIT it contains, as from the *Gallantry*, and *cheerful Spirit*, discover'd in Danger, by *Leonidas*.

5.

An Instance of WIT in the *Opposition*, I remember to have read somewhere in the *Spectators*; where Sir Roger de Coverley intimating the Splendor which the perverse Widow should have appear'd in, if she had commenced Lady Coverley, says:

*That he would have given her a Coalpit to have kept her in clean Linnen: And that her Finger should have sparkled with one hundred of his richest Acres.*

The joint Introduction of these *opposite* Objects, as a *Coalpit* with *clean Linnen*, and *dirty Acres* with the *Lustre* of a *Jewel*, is just in this Instance, as they really produce each other in their Consequences; The *natural Opposition* between them, which is strongly *elucidated* by their *Arrangement* together, and at the same time their *unexpected Connexion* in their Consequences, strike us with a *Surprize*, which exhibits the *Brilliancy* and *Sparkling* of WIT.

There is also in this Instance, besides the WIT, a Spirit of *Generosity*, and *Magnificence*, discover'd by Sir Roger, from the known Value of a *Coalpit*, and of so many rich *Acres*.

This Kind of WIT, resulting from the sudden *Arrangement* together of two *opposite* Objects, is rarer, than that which is obtained

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from two *similar* Objects; It abounds with a high *Surprize*, and *Brilliancy*; and also strongly *elucidates* the *original* Object, from the *Contrast* presented between *this*, and the *auxiliary* one; In the same manner as *White* is more clearly *set off*, by being arranged with *Black*.

It may be proper to observe, that WIT, besides being struck out by *just*, and *direct* Introductions of *auxiliary* Subjects, is also sometimes obtain'd by *Transitions* from one Subject to another, by the Help of an *equivocal Word*; which like a *Bridge*, with two Roads meeting at the End of it, leads to two different Places. *Transitions*, thus made from the right Course, have indeed the Pretence of being *natural*; but they ought always to lead us to something *brilliant* or *poignant*, in order to justify their *Deviation*; and not to end only at a ridiculous PUN, void of all Spirit and Poignancy.

The WIT, in such Instances, results, as in all others, from the quick *Arrangement* together of two Subjects; But that, which was first intended for the *original* one, is dropped; And a new *original* Subject is started, through the *double Meaning* of a Word, and suddenly *enlighten'd*.

To give a *trite* Instance of this kind of WIT.

A PEER coming out of the House of Lords, and wanting his Servant, called out, *Where's my Fellow?* To which another PEER, who stood by him, returned, *Faith, my Lord, not in England.*

A Transition

A Transition is here unexpectedly made from the Sense intended in the Question to another Point, through the double Meaning of the word *Fellow*; it being obvious, that his Lordship's *Servant* is the Sense of the Word in the Question; and what Person is *like* to his Lordship, the Construction put upon it in the Answer: Thus a new *original* Subject is started, and being suddenly *arranged* with all that appear *similar* to it, is *enlighten'd* thereby, being found to have no *equal* in *England*.

However, though WIT may be *thus* struck out, and also appears in the *Contrast* with great *Brilliancy*, yet the highest and most perfect Instances of it result from the sudden and *direct Arrangement* together of two Objects, which hold a perspicuous and splendid *Agreement* with each other; It is then adorn'd with the Charms of *Propriety*, *Clearness* and *Illustration*; It dispels the Darkness around an Object, and presents it distinctly and perfectly to our View; clearing us with its *Lustre*, and at the same time informing us with its *Light*.

Thus, a Gentleman was observing, that *there was* somewhat *extremely pleasing* in an excellent Understanding, *when it appeared* in a beautiful Person; To which another returned, *It is like a fine Jewel well set*; You are here pleased with the Happiness, Propriety, and Splendor of this *new* Object, which finely

*elucidates* the original Sentiment;—In short, it is the Excellence of WIT, to present the first Image again to your mind, with new unexpected Clearness and Advantage.

It is also proper to add, that there may be WIT in a *Picture, Landscape, or in any Prospect*, where a gay unexpected *Assemblage* of similar, or opposite Objects, is presented.

JUDGMENT, is the Faculty of discerning the various Dimensions, and Differences, of Subjects.

INVENTION is the Faculty of finding out new Assortments, and Combinations, of Ideas.

HUMOUR is any whimsical Oddity or Foible, appearing in the Temper or Conduct of a Person in real Life.

This whimsical Oddity of Conduct, which generally arises from the strange *Cast, or Turn* of Mind of a *queer* Person, may also result from *accidental* Mistakes and Embarrassments between other Persons; who being misled by a wrong Information and Suspicion in regard to a Circumstance, shall act towards each other upon this Occasion, in the same odd whimsical manner, as *queer* Persons.

If a Person in real Life, discovers any odd and remarkable *Features* of Temper or Conduct, I call such a Person in the *Book of Mankind*, a *Character*. So that the chief Subjects of HUMOUR are Persons in real Life, who are *Characters*.

It is easy to be perceived, that HUMOUR, and WIT are extremely different.

HUMOUR appears only in the *Foibles* and *whimsical Conduct* of *Persons* in real Life; WIT appears in *Comparisons*, either between *Persons* in real Life, or between *other Subjects*.

HUMOUR is the *whimsical Oddity*, or *Foible*, which fairly appears in its Subject, of itself; whereas WIT, is the *Lustre* which is thrown upon *one* Subject, by the *sudden Introduction* of another Subject.

To constitute HUMOUR, there need be no more than *one* Object concern'd, and this must be always some *Person* in real Life;—whereas to produce WIT, there must be always *two* Objects *arranged* together, and either or both of these may be *inanimate*.

However, though HUMOUR and WIT are thus absolutely different in themselves, yet we frequently see them blended together.

Thus if any *Foible* of a *Character* in real Life is *directly* attacked, by pointing out the unexpected and ridiculous *Affinity* it bears to some *inanimate* Circumstances, this *Foible* is then ridiculed with WIT, from the *Comparison* which is made.—At the same time, as the *whimsical Oddity* of a *Character* in real Life is the *Ground* of the whole, there is also *Humour* contain'd in the Attack.

If instead of referring the *Foible* of a *Person* to any *inanimate* Circumstance, the *Allusion*

*lusion* had been made to any other ridiculous *Person* in *real Life*; As a *conceited Fellow*, perpetually recommending his own Whims, to a *Quack-Doctor*;—This *Foible* will then be ridiculed with HUMOUR; which is likewise the original *Ground*: At the same Time, from the *Comparison* which is made, there is apparently WIT in the Description.

So that where-ever the *Foible* of a *Character* in *real Life* is concern'd, there HUMOUR comes in; and wherever a sprightly unexpected *Arrangement* is presented of two *similar*, or *opposite* Subjects, whether animate or inanimate, there WIT is exhibited.

HUMOUR and WIT, as they may thus both be united in the same Subject, may also separately appear without the least Mixture together; that is, there may be HUMOUR without WIT, and WIT without HUMOUR.

Thus, if in order to expose the *Foible* of a *Character*, a *real Person* is introduc'd, abounding in this *Foible*, gravely persisting in it, and valuing himself upon the Merit of it, with great Self-sufficiency, and Disdain of others; this *Foible* is then solely ridiculed with HUMOUR.

Again, if a gay unexpected *Allusion* is made from one *inanimate* Object to another, or from one *Person* in *real Life* to another, without any Reference to their whimsical *Od-distie* or *Foibles*; there WIT only appears.—Various Instances of which, independent of HUMOUR, have been already exhibited.



A *Man of WIT* is he, who is happy in elucidating any Subject, by a just and unexpected Arrangement and Comparison of it with another Subject.

It may be also proper to describe a *Man of HUMOUR*, and an *HUMOURIST*, which are very different Persons.

A *Man of HUMOUR* is one, who can happily exhibit a weak and ridiculous Character in real Life, either by assuming it himself, or representing another in it, so naturally, that the whimsical Oddities, and Foibles, of that Character, shall be palpably expos'd.

Whereas an *HUMOURIST* is a Person in real Life, obstinately attached to sensible peculiar Oddities of his own genuine Growth, which appear in his Temper and Conduct.

In short, a *Man of Humour* is one, who can happily exhibit and expose the Oddities and Foibles of an *Humourist*, or of other Characters.

The Features of an *HUMOURIST* being very remarkable and singular, seem justly to deserve an explicit Description. It is then to be observ'd, that an *Humourist*, at the same time that he is guided in his Manners and Actions by his own genuine original Fancy and Temper, disdains all *Ostentation*; excepting that alone of his *Freedom* and *Independency*, which he is forward of shewing upon every Occasion, without Ceremony; he is quite superior to the *Affectation* of a *Virtue* or *Accomplishment*, which

which he thinks does not belong to him; scorns all *Imitation* of others; and contemns the rest of the World for being servilely obedient to Forms and Customs; disclaiming all such Submission himself, and regulating his Conduct in general by his own *Conviction*,

The *Humourist* is forward upon many Occasions to deliver his Opinion, in a peremptory Manner, and before he is desir'd; but he gives it sincerely, unbiass'd by *Fear* or *Regard*, and then leaves it to the Persons concern'd to determine for themselves; For he is more pleas'd in the Bottom to find his Opinion *sighted*, and to see the Conduct of others agreeable to that System of Folly and Weakness, which he has established with himself; to be the Course of their Actions.—To view a rational Conduct, even in pursuance of his own Advice, would greatly disappoint him; and be a Contradiction to this *System* he has laid down;—Besides it would deprive him of an Occasion of gratifying his Spleen, with the Contempt of that Folly, which he esteems to be natural to the rest of Mankind; For he considers himself in the World, like a *sober* Person in the Company of Men, who are *drunken* or *mad*; He may advise them to be calm, and to avoid hurting themselves, but he does not expect they will regard his Advice; On the contrary, he is more pleas'd with observing their *Freaks* and *Extravagancies*.—It is from hence that he discourages and depre-

depreciates all who pretend to *Discretion*; Persons of this Temper not yielding him Sport or Diverſion.

It is certain that the *Humourist* is exceſſively *proud*, and yet without knowing or ſuſpecting it. For from the Liberty which he frankly allows to others, of rejecting his Opinion, he is fully perſuaded, that he is free from all *Pride*; But tho' he acts in this Circumſtance without over-bearing, it has already appear'd, not to be the Effect of his *Humility*, but of a different Motive; a Pleaſure which he takes in obſerving the Extravagancies of others, rather than their *Discretion*. But to demonſtrate his *Pride*, beſides the peremptory Manner in which he delivers his Opinion, and conducts himſelf upon every Occaſion, without any Deference to others, there is this Circumſtance againſt him; that he is the moſt ſtung by a Deſeat, upon any Topic, of all Men living; And although he diſregards Accuſations of Roughneſs and Oddity, and rather eſteems them to be meritorious; yet he will never admit, that he has been fairly overthrown in a Debate.

It is odd to obſerve how the *Humourist* is affected by *contemptuous* Treatment. An Inſult of this Sort, which juſtly excites the *Reſentment* of others, *terrifies* him: It ſets him upon *ſuſpecting* himſelf, and upon doubting whether he be really that Perſon of ſuperior Senſe to the reſt of the World, which he has

long fancied. The Apprehension, that he actually deserves the Contempt which is put upon him, and that he is no more than one of the common Herd, almost distracts him; And instead of violently depreciating, or attacking again, the Person who has contemn'd him, he will incessantly court his Favour and good Opinion, as a Cordial he wants, though without seeming to do so. This is a very extraordinary Weakness, and such as the *Humourist* would be infinitely uneasy to find ever observ'd.

The *Humourist*, though he quickly espies, and contemns the *Contradictions* of others, is yet wilfully attach'd to several himself, which he will sometimes pursue through a long Course of his own Mortification.——It may be often observ'd, that he will avoid the Company he likes, for fear they should think he needs their Support.——At the same time, if he happens to fall into Company, which he tallies not with, instead of avoiding this Company, he will continually haunt them: For he is anxious, lest any Imputation of a Defeat should stand out against him, and extremely solicitous to wipe it away; Besides, he cannot endure it should be thought that he is driven from the Pit.——Thus, in the first Instance, his *Pride* shall persuade him to neglect the Company he likes; and shall force him, in the last, to follow the Company he hates and despises.

It is also observable that the *Humourist*, though he makes it his Point to regulate his Conduct only by his own Conviction, will sometimes run counter to it, merely from his Disdain of all *Imitation*. Thus he will persist in a wrong Course, which he knows to be such, and refuse his Compliance with an Amendment offer'd by others, rather than endure the Appearance of being an *Imitator*. This is a narrow Side of the *Humourist*; and whenever he is turn'd upon it, he feels great Uneasiness himself. It strikes a durable Pain into his Breast, like the constant gnawing of a Worm; and is one considerable Source of that Stream of Peevishness incident to *Humourists*.

Upon the same Principle of scorning all *Imitation*, the *Humourist* seldom heartily assents to any speculative Opinion, which is deliver'd by another; for he is above being inform'd or set right in his Judgment by any Person, even by a Brother *Humourist*. If two of this *Cast* happen to meet, instead of uniting together, they are afraid of each other; and you shall observe *one*, in order to court the good Opinion of the *other*, produce a Specimen of his own Perfection as an *Humourist*; by exhibiting some unusual Strain of *sensible Oddity*, or by unexpectedly biting a poor *Insipid*; which the other *Humourist* shall answer again in the same manner, in order to display *his* Talents.

These are the *Foibles* and *narrow Whims* of a perfect *Humourist*. But, on the other hand, he stands upon a very enlarged Basis; Is a Lover of Reason and Liberty; and scorns to flatter or betray; nor will he falsify his Principles, to court the Favour of the Great. He is not credulous, or fond of Religious or Philosophical Creeds or Creed-makers; But then he never offers himself to forge Articles of Faith for the rest of the World. Abounding in poignant and just Reflections; The Guardian of Freedom, and Scourge of such as do wrong. It is *He* checks the Frauds, and curbs the Usurpations of every Profession. The venal Biass of the assuming Judge, the cruel Pride of the starch'd Priest, the empty Froth of the florid Counsellor, the false Importance of the formal Man of Business, the specious Jargon of the grave Physician, and the creeping Taste of the trifling Connoisseur, are all bare to his Eye, and feel the Lash of his Censure; It is *He* that watches the daring Strides, and secret Mines of the ambitious Prince, and desperate Minister: *He* gives the Alarm, and prevents their Mischief. Others there are who have Sense and Foresight; but *they* are brib'd by Hopes or Fears, or bound by softer Ties; It is *He* only, the *Humourist*, that has the Courage and Honesty to cry out, unmov'd by personal Resentment: He flourishes only in a Land of *Freedom*, and when *that* ceases he dies too,

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the last and noblest *Weed* of the Soil of *Liberty*.

It is a palpable *Absurdity* to suppose a Person an *Humourist*, without excellent Sense and Abilities; as much as to suppose a *Smith* in his full Business, without his *Hammers* or *Forge*.—But the *Humourist*, as he advances in Years, is apt to grow intolerable to himself and the World; becoming at length, uneasy, and fatigued with the constant View of the same Follies; like a Person who is tir'd with seeing the same Tragi-Comedy continually acted. This sowres his Temper; And unless some favorable Incidents happen to mellow him, he resigns himself wholly to Peevishness.—By which Time he perceives that the World is quite tir'd of *him*.—After which he drags on the Remainder of his Life, in a State of *War* with the rest of Mankind.

The *Humourist* is constitutionally, and also from Reflection, a Man of *Sincerity*.—If he is a *Rogue* upon any Occasion, he is more wilfully one, and puts greater Violence upon himself in being such, than the rest of the World; And though he may generally seem to have little *Benevolence*, which is the common Objection against him, it is only for want of proper Objects; for no Person has certainly a quicker *Feeling*; And there are Instances frequent, of greater Generosity and humane Warmth flowing from an *Humourist*, than are capable of proceeding from a weak *Inspid*,  
who

who labours under a continual Flux of Civility.

Upon the whole, the *Humourist* is perhaps the least of all others, a *despicable* Character. But Imitations, which are frequently seen of this Character, are excessively despicable.—What can be more ridiculous, than a Wretch setting up for an *Humourist*, merely upon the Strength of disrelishing every Thing, without any Principle:—The Servants, Drawers, Victuals, Weather, —and growling without Poignancy or Sense, at every new Circumstance which appears, in public or private. A perfect and compleat *Humourist* is rarely to be found; and when you hear his *Voice*, is a different Creature. — In writing to *Englishmen*, who are generally tinged, deeply or slightly, with the *Dye* of the *Humourist*, it seem'd not improper to insist the longer upon this Character; However, let none be too fond of it; For though an *Humourist* with his Roughness is greatly to be preferr'd to a smooth *Insipid*, yet the Extremes of both are equally wretched: *Idiots* being only the lowest Scale of *Insipids*, as *Madmen* are no other than *Humourists* in Excess.

It may be proper to observe in this place, that though all *Ostentation*, *Affectation*, and *Imitation* are excluded from the Composition of a perfect *Humourist*; yet as they are the obvious *Foibles* of some Persons in Life, they



they may justly be made the Subject of *Humour*.

For HUMOUR extensively and fully understood, is any remarkable Oddity or Foible belonging to a Person in real Life; whether this Foible be constitutional, habitual, or only affected; whether partial in one or two Circumstances; or tinging the whole Temper and Conduct of the Person.

It has from hence been observ'd, that there is more HUMOUR in the *English* Comedies than in others; as we have more various odd Characters in real Life, than any other Nation, or perhaps than all other Nations together.

That HUMOUR gives more Delight, and leaves a more pleasurable Impression behind it, than WIT, is universally felt and established; Though the Reasons for this have not yet been assign'd.—I shall therefore beg Leave to submit the following.

1. HUMOUR is more interesting than WIT in general, as the Oddities and Foibles of Persons in real Life are more apt to affect our Passions, than any Oppositions or Relations between inanimate Objects.

2. HUMOUR is Nature, or what really appears in the Subject, without any Embellishments; WIT only a Stroke of Art, where the original Subject, being insufficient of itself, is garnished and deck'd with auxiliary Objects.

3. Hu-

3. HUMOUR, or the Foible of a *Character* in real Life, is usually insisted upon for some Length of Time. From whence, and from the common Knowledge of the Character, it is universally felt and understood.—Whereas the Strokes of WIT are like sudden *Flashes*, vanishing in an Instant, and usually flying too fast to be sufficiently marked and pursued by the Audience.

4. HUMOUR, if the Representation of it be just, is compleat and perfect in its Kind, and entirely fair and unstrain'd.—Whereas in the Allusions of WIT, the Affinity is generally imperfect and defective in one Part or other; and even in those Points where the Affinity may be allow'd to subsist, some Nicety and Strain is usually requir'd to make it appear.

5. HUMOUR generally appears in such Foibles, as each of the Company thinks himself superior to.—Whereas WIT shews the Quickness and Abilities of the Person who discovers it, and places him superior to the rest of the Company.

6. HUMOUR, in the Representation of the *Foibles* of *Persons* in real Life, frequently exhibits very *generous benevolent* Sentiments of Heart; And these, tho' exerted in a particular odd Manner, justly command our Fondness and Love.—Whereas in the Allusions of WIT, *Severity*, *Bitterness*, and *Satire*, are frequently exhibited.—And where these are avoid-

ed,

ed, not worthy amiable Sentiments of the *Heart*, but quick unexpected Efforts of the *Fancy*, are presented.

7. The odd Adventures, and Embarrassments, which *Persons* in *real Life* are drawn into by their *Foibles*, are fit Subjects of *Mirth*. — Whereas in pure *WIT*, the Allusions are rather *surprizing*, than *mirthful*; and the *Agreements* or *Contrasts* which are started between Objects, without any relation to the *Foibles* of *Persons* in *real Life*, are more fit to be *admired* for their *Happiness* and *Propriety*, than to excite our *Laughter*. — Besides, *WIT*, in the frequent Repetition of it, tires the *Imagination* with its precipitate Sallies and Flights; and teizes the *Judgment*. — Whereas *HUMOUR*, in the Representation of it, puts no Fatigue upon the *Imagination*, and gives exquisite Pleasure to the *Judgment*.

These seem to me to be the different Powers and Effects of *HUMOUR* and *WIT*. However, the most agreeable Representations or Compositions of all others, appear not where they *separately* exist, but where they are *united* together in the same Fabric; where *HUMOUR* is the *Ground-work* and chief Substance, and *WIT* happily spread, *quickens* the whole with Embellishments.

This is the Excellency of the *Character* of Sir *John Falstaff*; the *Ground-work* is *Humour*, or the Representation and Detection of a bragging and vaunting *Coward* in *real Life*;

However, this alone would only have expos'd the *Knight*, as a meer *Noll Bluff*, to the Derision of the Company; And after they had once been gratify'd with his Chastisement, he would have sunk into Infamy, and become quite odious and intolerable: But here the inimitable *Wit* of Sir *John* comes in to his Support, and gives a new *Rise* and *Lustre* to his Character; For the sake of his *Wit* you forgive his *Cowardice*; or rather, are fond of his *Cowardice* for the Occasions it gives to his *Wit*. In short, the *Humour* furnishes a Subject and Spur to the *Wit*, and the *Wit* again supports and embellishes the *Humour*.

At the *first* Entrance of the *Knight*, your good Humour and Tendency to *Mirth* are irresistibly excited by his jolly Appearance and Corpulency; you feel and acknowledge him, to be the fittest Subject imaginable for yielding *Diversion* and *Merriment*; but when you see him immediately set up for *Enterprise* and *Activity*, with his evident *Weight* and *Unweildiness*, your Attention is all call'd forth, and you are eager to watch him to the End of his Adventures; Your Imagination pointing out with a full Scope his future Embarrassments. All the while as you accompany him forwards, he *heightens* your Relish for his future Disasters, by his happy Opinion of his own Sufficiency, and the gay Vaunts which he makes of his Talents and Accomplishments; so that at last when he falls into  
a Scrape,

a Scrape, your Expectation is exquisitely gratify'd, and you have the full Pleasure of seeing all his trumpeted Honour laid in the Dust. When in the midst of his Misfortunes, instead of being utterly demolish'd and sunk, he rises again by the superior Force of his *Wit*, and begins a *new* Course with fresh Spirit and Alacrity; This excites you the more to *renew* the Chace, in full View of his *second* Defeat; out of which he recovers again, and triumphs with new Pretensions and Boastings. After this he immediately starts upon a *third* Race, and so on; continually detected and caught, and yet constantly extricating himself by his inimitable *Wit* and *Invention*; thus yielding a perpetual *Round* of Sport and Diversion.

Again, the genteel *Quality* of Sir *John* is of great Use in supporting his Character; It prevents his *sinking* too low after several of his Misfortunes; Besides, you allow him, in consequence of his *Rank* and *Seniority*, the Privilege to dictate, and take the Lead, and to rebuke others upon many Occasions; By this he is sav'd from appearing too *nauseous* and *impudent*. The good *Sense* which he possesses comes also to his Aid, and saves him from being *despicable*, by forcing your Esteem for his real Abilities.—Again, the *Privilege* you allow him of rebuking and checking others, when he assumes it with proper Firmness and Superiority, helps to *settle* a-

new, and *compose* his Character after an Embarrassment; And reduces in some measure the *Spirit* of the Company to a proper *Level*, before he sets out again upon a fresh Adventure; —without this, they would be kept continually *strain'd*, and *wound up* to the highest Pitch, without sufficient Relief and Diversity.

It may also deserve to be remark'd of *Falstaff*, that the *Figure* of his *Person* is admirably suited to the *Turn* of his *Mind*; so that there arises before you a perpetual *Allusion* from one to the other, which forms an incessant Series of *Wit*, whether they are in *Contrast* or *Agreement* together. — When he pretends to *Activity*, there is *Wit* in the *Contrast* between his *Mind* and his *Person*,—And *Wit* in their *Agreement*, when he triumphs in *Jollity*.

To compleat the whole, — you have in this Character of *Falstaff*, not only a free Course of *Humour*, supported and embellish'd with admirable *Wit*; but this *Humour* is of a Species the most *jovial* and *gay* in all Nature.— Sir *John Falstaff* possesses Generosity, Cheerfulness, Alacrity, Invention, Frolic and Fancy superior to all other Men; — The *Figure* of his *Person* is the Picture of Jollity, Mirth, and Good-nature, and banishes at once all other Ideas from your Breast; He is happy himself, and makes you happy. — If you examine him further, he has no Fierceness, Reserve, Malice or Peevishness lurking in his Heart;

Heart ; His Intentions are all pointed at innocent Riot and Merriment ; Nor has the Knight any inveterate Design, except against *Sack*, and that too he *loves*. — If, besides this, he desires to pass for a Man of *Activity* and *Valour*, you can easily excuse so harmless a *Foible*, which yields you the highest Pleasure in its constant *Detection*.

If you put all these together, it is impossible to *bate* honest *Jack Falstaff* ; If you observe them again, it is impossible to avoid *loving* him ; He is the gay, the witty, the frolicksome, happy, and fat *Jack Falstaff*, the most delightful *Swaggerer* in all Nature. — You must *love* him for your *own* sake, — At the same time you cannot but *love* him for *his own* Talents ; And when you have *enjoy'd* them, you cannot but *love* him in *Gratitude* ; — He has nothing to disgust you, and every thing to give you Joy ; — His *Sense* and his *Foibles* are equally directed to advance your Pleasure ; And it is impossible to be tired or unhappy in his Company.

This *jovial* and *gay* Humour, without any thing *envious*, *malicious*, *mischievous*, or *despicable*, and continually *quicken'd* and adorn'd with *Wit*, yields that peculiar Delight, without any *Alloy*, which we all feel and acknowledge in *Falstaff's* Company. — *Ben Johnson* has *Humour* in his *Characters*, drawn with the most masterly Skill and Judgment ; In Accuracy, Depth, Propriety, and Truth,  
he

he has no *Superior* or *Equal* amongst *Ancients* or *Moderns*; But the *Characters* he exhibits are of a *satirical*, and *deceitful*, or of a *peevish*, or *despicable* Species; as *Volpone*, *Subtle*, *Moroſe*, and *Abel Drugger*; In all of which there is something very juſtly to be *hated* or *deſpiſed*; And you feel the ſame Sentiments of *Diſlike* for every other *Character* of *Johnſon's*; ſo that after you have been *gratify'd* with their *Detection* and *Puniſhment*, you are quite tired and diſguſted with their Company: — Whereas *Shakeſpear*, beſides the peculiar *Gaiety* in the *Humour* of *Falſtaff*, has guarded him from diſguſting you with his *forward Advances*, by giving him *Rank* and *Quality*; from being *despicable* by his real good *Senſe* and excellent *Abilities*; from being *odious* by his *harmleſs Plots* and *Deſigns*; and from being *tireſome* by his inimitable *Wit*, and his new and inceſſant *Sal-lies* of higheſt *Fancy* and *Frolick*.

This diſcovers the *Secret* of carrying *COMEDY* to the higheſt Pitch of Delight; Which lies in *drawing the Perſons exhibited*, with ſuch *chearful and amiable Oddities and Foibles*, as you would *abufe in your own Companions* in real Life; -- otherwiſe, tho' you may be diverted at firſt with the *Novelty* of a Character, and with a proper *Detection* and *Ridicule* of it, yet its *Peeviſhneſs*, *Meaneſs*, or *Immorality*, will begin to diſguſt you after a little *Reflection*, and become ſoon *tireſome* and *odious*;



It being certain, that *whoever cannot be endured as an accidental Companion in real Life, will never become, for the very same Reasons, a favorite comic Character in the Theatre.*

This *Relish* for *generous and worthy Characters* alone, which we all feel upon the *Theatre*, where no *Bias* of *Envy, Malice, or personal Resentment* draws us aside, seems to be some *Evidence* of our *natural and genuin Disposition* to *Probity and Virtue*; tho' the *Minds* of most *Persons* being *early and deeply tinged* with *vicious Passions*, it is no wonder that *Stains* have been generally mistaken for *original Colours*.

It may be added, that *Humour* is the most exquisite and delightful, when the *Oddities* and *Foibles* introduc'd are not *mischievous* or *sneaking*, but *free, jocund, and liberal*; and such as result from a *generous Flow of Spirits*, and a *warm universal Benevolence*.

It is obviously from hence, that the *Character* of *Sir Roger de Coverly* in the *Speētators* is so extremely agreeable. His *Foibles* are all derived from some *amiable Cause*.—If he believes that *one Englishman* can conquer *two Frenchmen*, you laugh at his *Foible*, and are fond of a *Weakness* in the *Knight*, which proceeds from his high *Esteem* of his own *Countrymen*.—If he chuses you should employ a *Waterman* or *Porter* with *one Leg*, you readily excuse the *Inconvenience* he puts you to, for his *worthy regard* to the *Suffering* of a brave *Soldier*.

*Soldier.*— In short, though he is guilty of continual Absurdities, and has little Understanding or real Abilities, you cannot but love and esteem him, for his Honour, Hospitality, and universal Benevolence.

It is indeed true, that his *Dignity*, *Age*, and *Rank* in his Country, are of constant Service in upholding his Character. These are a perpetual Guard to the Knight, and preserve him from Contempt upon many Occasions. — All which corresponds entirely with the foregoing Remark. For you would be fond of Sir Roger's Acquaintance and Company in real Life, as he is a Gentleman of Quality and Virtue; You love and admire him in the Spectators for the same Reasons; And for these also he would become, if he was rightly exhibited, a favorite Character in the Theatre.

It may be proper to observe in this Place, that the *Business* of COMEDY is to exhibit the whimsical unmischievous Oddities, Frolics, and Foibles of Persons in real Life; And also to expose and ridicule their real Follies, Meanness, and Vices. The former, it appears, is more pleasurable to the Audience, but the latter has the Merit of being more instructive.

The *Business* of TRAGEDY is to exhibit the Instability of human Grandeur, and the unexpected Misfortunes and Distresses incident to the Innocent and Worthy in all Stations. — And also to shew the terrible Sallies and the miserable



dissolv'd in Joy. *Johnson* excellently concert his Plots, and all his Characters unite in the one Design. *Shakespear* is superior to such Aid or Restraint; His Characters continually falling from one independent Scene to another, and charming you in each with fresh Wit and Humour.

It may be further remark'd, that *Johnson* by pursuing the most useful Intention of *Comedy*, is in Justice oblig'd to *hunt down* and *demolish* his own Characters. Upon this Plan he must necessarily expose them to your *Hatred*, and of course can never bring out an amiable Person. His *Subtle*, and *Face* are detected at last, and become mean and despicable. Sir *Epicure Mammon* is properly trick'd, and goes off ridiculous and detestable. The *Puritan Elders* suffer for their Lust of Money, and are quite nauseous and abominable; And his *Morose* meets with a severe Punishment, after having sufficiently tir'd you with his *Peevishness*. — But *Shakespear*, with happier Insight, always supports his Characters in your *Favour*. His Justice *Shallow* withdraws before he is tedious; The *French Doctor*, and *Welch Parson*, go off in full Vigour and Spirit; Ancient *Pistol* indeed is scurvily treated; however, he keeps up his Spirits, and continues to threaten so well, that you are still desirous of his Company; and it is impossible to be tir'd or dull with the gay unfading Evergreen *Falstaff*.

But

But in remarking upon the Characters of *Johnson*, it would be unjust to pass *Abel Druggier* without notice; This is a little, mean, sneaking, sordid Citizen, hearkening to a Couple of Sharpers, who promise to make him rich; they can scarcely prevail upon him to resign the least Tittle he possesses, though he is assur'd, it is in order to get more; and your Diversion arises, from seeing him *wring* between *Greediness* to get Money, and *Reluctance* to part with any for that Purpose. His Covetousness continually prompts him to follow the Conjuror, and puts him at the same Time upon endeavouring to stop his Fees. All the while he is excellently managed, and spirited on by *Face*. However, this Character upon the whole is *mean* and *despicable*, without any of that free spirituous jocund Humour abounding in *Shakespear*. But having been strangely exhibited upon the Theatre, a few Years ago, with odd Grimaces and extravagant Gestures, it has been raised into more Attention than it justly deserved; It is however to be acknowledg'd, that *Abel* has no Hatred, Malice or Immorality, nor any assuming Arrogance, Pertness or Peevishness; And his eager Desire of getting and saving Money, by Methods he thinks lawful, are excusable in a Person of his Business; He is therefore not odious or detestable, but harmless and inoffensive in private Life; and from thence, correspondent with the Rule already laid down, he is the

most capable of any of *Johnson's* Characters, of being a Favourite on the Theatre.

It appears, that in Imagination, Invention, Jollity and gay Humour, *Johnson* had little Power; But *Shakespear* unlimited Dominion. The first was cautious and strict, not daring to fally beyond the Bounds of Regularity. The other bold and impetuous, rejoicing like a Giant to run his Course, through all the Mountains and Wilds of Nature and Fancy.

It requires an almost painful Attention to mark the Propriety and Accuracy of *Johnson*, and your Satisfaction arises from Reflection and Comparison; But the Fire and Invention of *Shakespear* in an Instant are shot into your Soul, and enlighten and cheer the most indolent Mind with their own Spirit and Lustre.— Upon the whole, *Johnson's* Compositions are like finished Cabinets, where every Part is wrought up with the most excellent Skill and Exactness; — *Shakespear's* like magnificent Castles, not perfectly finished or regular, but adorn'd with such bold and magnificent Designs, as at once delight and astonish you with their Beauty and Grandeur.

*RAILLERY is a genteel poignant Attack of a Person upon any slight Foibles, Oddities, or Embarrassments of his, in which he is tender, or may be supposed to be tender, and unwilling to come to a free Explunation.*

*Satire*

*SATIRE* is a witty and severe Attack of mischievous Habits or Vices;

*RIDICULE* is a free Attack of any Motly Composition, wherein a real or affected Excellence and Defect both jointly appear, glaring together, and mocking each other, in the same Subject.

Hence the Aim of *Raillery*, is to please you, by some little *Embarrassment* of a Person; Of *Satire*, to scourge *Vice*, and to deliver it up to your just *Detestation*; And of *Ridicule*, to set an Object in a mean ludicrous Light, so as to expose it to your *Derision* and *Contempt*.

It appears therefore that *Raillery* and *Ridicule* differ in several Circumstances.

1. *Raillery* can only be employ'd in relation to *Persons*, but *Ridicule* may be employ'd in what relates either to *Persons*, or other *Objects*.

2. *Raillery* is us'd only upon *slight* Subjects, where no real Abilities or Merit are questioned, in order to avoid degrading the Person you attack, or rendering him contemptible; Whereas *Ridicule* observes no such Decency, but endeavours really to degrade the Person attack'd, and to render him contemptible.

3. *Raillery* may be pointed at a whimsical Circumstance, only because a Person is known to be tender upon it; and your Pleasure will arise from the *Embarrassment* he suffers, in being put to an Explanation;—Thus a  
young

young Gentleman may be *rallied* upon his Passion for a Lady;—At the same Time there may be no Ground for *Ridicule* in this Circumstance, as it may no way deserve your *Derision* or *Contempt*.

4. As it thus appears that there are Subjects of *Raillery*, into which *Ridicule* cannot justly be admitted; So there are Subjects of *Ridicule*, wherein your *Derision* and *Contempt* are so strongly excited, that they are too gross for *Raillery*;—As a person tossed in a Blanket; or the unfortunate Attack which another has made upon a Windmill.

5. In short, *Raillery*, if the Adventures it is turn'd upon are too *gross* and *luscious*, becomes *Ridicule*; And therefore, in Comparison together, *Raillery* appears like *Wine* of a thin Body, and delicate poignant Flavour; *Ridicule*, like a *Wine* which is fuller, and more rich, and luscious.

*Quixote* is a Character, wherein *Humour* and *Ridicule* are finely interwoven;—It is not a Subject of *Satire*, as the Knight is free from all Badness of Heart, and Immorality; Nor properly of *Raillery*, his Adventures in general being too *gross* and *disastrous*;—The *Humour* appears, in the Representation of a Person in real Life, fancying himself to be under the most solemn Obligations to attempt *bar*d Achievements; and upon this Whimsy immediately pursuing the most romantic Adventures, with great Gravity, Importance, and



and Self-sufficiency; To heighten your Mirth, the *bold* Achievements to be accomplish'd by this Hero, are wittily contrasted by his own meagre weak Figure, and the *desperate Unfierceness* of his Steed *Rozinante*; — The *Ridicule* appears in the strange Absurdity of the Attempts, upon which the Knight chuses to exercise his Prowess; Its Poignancy is highly quicken'd, and consequently the Pleasure it gives you, by his miserable Disasters, and the doleful Mortifications of all his Importance and Dignity; — But here, after the Knight, by diverting you in this manner, has brought himself down to the lowest Mark, he rises again and forces your Esteem, by his excellent Sense, Learning and Judgment, upon any Subjects which are not ally'd to his Errantry; These continually act for the Advancement of his Character; And with such Supports and Abilities he always obtains your ready Attention, and never becomes heavy or tedious.

To these you are to add the perfect *good Breeding* and *Civility* of the Knight upon every Occasion; which are some Kind of Merit in his Favour, and entitle him to Respect, by the Rules of common Gentility and Decency; At the same time his Courage, his Honour, Generosity, and Humanity, are conspicuous in every Act and Attempt; The *Foibles* which he possesses, besides giving you exquisite Pleasure, are wholly inspir'd by  
these

these worthy Principles; Nor is there any thing base, or detestable, in all his Temper or Conduct; It was from hence that the DUKE and the DUTCHESS were extremely delighted with his Visit at their *Castle*; And you yourself, if he existed in real *Life*, would be fond of his Company at your own Table; which proves him, upon the whole, to be an amiable Character; — It is therefore no wonder that Signior *Don Quoxote of la Mancha* has been so courteously receiv'd in every Country of *Europe*.

Thus delightfully wrought, as this History is, with *Humour* and *Ridicule*, yet *Cervantes*, still fearful of tiring you with too much of the *Errantry*, has introduc'd the most charming Variety of other Adventures; — All along in the pacific Intervals, you are inform'd of the private Occurrences between the Knight and his 'Squire; And from these, where it is least to be expected, you are surpriz'd with the most high and delicious Repast; — Nothing can be more pregnant with Mirth, than the Opposition continually working between the grave Solemnity and Dignity of *Quixote*, and the arch Ribaldry and Meanness of *Sancho*; And the Contrast can never be sufficiently admir'd, between the *excellent fine Sense* of the ONE, and the *dangerous common Sense* of the OTHER.

It is here that the Genius and Power of *Cervantes* is most admirably shewn; He was the

the greatest Master that ever appear'd, in finely opposing, and contrasting his Characters. It is from hence that you feel a Poignancy and Relish in his Writings, which is not to be met with in any others; The natural Reflexions and Debates of *Quixote* and *Sancho* would have been barren, insipid, and trite, under other Management; But *Cervantes*, by his excellent Skill in the *Contrast*, has from these drawn a Regale, which for high, quick, racy Flavour, and Spirit, has yet never been equall'd.

It may here be enquir'd, What Species of Composition or Character is the most pleasurable, and mirthful, in all Nature?— In *Falstaff*, you have *Humour* embelish'd with *Wit*; In *Quixote*, *Humour* made poignant with *Ridicule*; And it is certain that *Humour* must always be the Ground-work of such Subjects, no Oddities in inanimate Objects being capable of interesting our Passions so strongly, as the Foibles of Persons in real Life;— The chief Substance of *Johnson's* Compositions is *Humour* and *Satire*; upon which Plan, as hath been already observ'd, he is oblig'd to demolish, and render detestable, his own Characters;— *Humour* and *Raillery* are also capable of furnishing a Repast of quick Relish and Flavour; In written Compositions, the Attack of the *Raillery*, as well as the Reception of it, may be happily conducted, which in other accidental Encounters are liable to Hazard; All Peevish-

ness or Offence is thus easily avoided, and the Character attack'd is sav'd from being really contemptible; — But then indeed the Pleasure you are to receive generally depends upon the Confusion of the Person attack'd, without there being in reason a sufficient Cause for this Confusion; — It is for want of this just Foundation, that the Pleasure arising from *Raillery* is apt to come forth with less Freedom, Fulness, and Conviction, though with more Delicacy, than that which is derived from *Wit*, or *Ridicule*; — However, *Humour* and *Raillery* united together, when the *Raillery* is founded upon some *real* Embarrassment in the Circumstance, as well as in the Confusion of the Person attack'd, will furnish a very high Entertainment; which has Pretensions to rival either *Humour* and *Wit*, or *Humour* and *Ridicule*.

To give an Instance of *Humour* and *Raillery*, I shall insert *Horace's* famous Description of his Embarrassment with an impertinent Fellow. This indeed is entitl'd, in almost all the Editions of *Horace*, a *Satire*, but very improperly, as the Subject is not *Vice* or *Immorality*;

Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, sicut meus est mos,  
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, at totus in illis :  
 Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum ;  
 Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum ?  
 Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam : & cupio omnia quæ vis.  
 Cum affectaretur, Num quid vis ? occupo. At ille,

Nôris

Nôris nos, inquit; docti sumus. Hic ego: Pluris  
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Misere discedere quaerens,  
 Ire modo ocyus, interdum consistere: in aurem  
 Dicere nescio quid puero: cum sudor ad imos  
 Manaret talos. O te, Bollane, cerebri  
 Felicem: aiebam tacitus! Cum quidlibet ille  
 Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret; ut illi  
 Nil respondebam: Misere cupis, inquit abire.  
 Jamdudum video: sed nil agis: usque tenebo:  
 Persequar: hinc quod nunc iter est tibi? Nil opus est te  
 Circumagi: quemdam volo visere, non tibi notum:  
 Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, propè Cæsaris hortos.  
 Nil habeo quod agam, & non sum piger: usque sequar te,  
 Demitto aurículas ut iniquæ mentis asellus,  
 Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:  
 Si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,  
 Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plures  
 Aut citius possit versus? quis membra movere  
 Mollius? invideat quod & Hermogenes, ego canto.  
 Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,  
 Cognati, quis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam:  
 Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto:  
 Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella  
 Quod puero cecinit divinâ mota anus urnâ,  
 Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferret ensis,  
 Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra:  
 Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque loquaces.  
 Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.  
 Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartâ jam parte diei  
 Præteritâ; & casu tunc respondere vadato  
 Debat: quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.  
 Si me amas, inquit, paulum hinc ades. Inteream, si  
 Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura:  
 Et propero quod scis. Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit;  
 Tonè relinquam, an rem. Me, fodes. Non faciam, ille;  
 Et præcedere cœpit. Ego, ut contendere durum est  
 Cum victore, sequor. Mecænas quomodo tecum?  
 Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, & mentis bene sanæ.  
 Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ est usus. Haberes  
 Magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,

Hunc hominem velles si tradere: dispeream, ni  
 Summòsles omnes. Non isto vivimus illic  
 Quò tu rere modo, domus hac nec purior ulla est,  
 Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mi officit unquam,  
 Ditiore hic, aut est quia doctior: est locus uni  
 Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui  
 Sic habet. Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi  
 Proximus esse. Velis tantummodò: quæ tua virtus,  
 Expugnabis; & est qui vinci possit: coque  
 Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero,  
 Muneribus servos corrumpam: non, hodie si  
 Exclusus fuero, defistam: tempora quæram:  
 Occurram in triviis: deducam. Nil sine magno  
 Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit, ecce  
 Fuscus Aristius occurrit mihi carus, & illum  
 Qui pulchrè nôsset. Constitimus. Unde venis? &  
 Quo tendis? rogat, & respondet. Vellere cœpi,  
 Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,  
 Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè falsus  
 Ridens dissimulare: mecum jecur urere bilis.  
 Certè nescio quid secretò velle loqui te  
 Aiebas mecum. Memini benè; sed meliori  
 Tempora dicam: hodie tricesima sabbata, vin'tu  
 Curtis Judæis oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,  
 Religio est. At mi, sum paulò infirmior; unus  
 Multorum ignosces; aliàs loquar. Hunccine solem  
 Tam nigrum surrexe mihi? Fugit improbus, ac me  
 Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi  
 Adversarius; & Quò tu turpissime! magnâ  
 Inclamat voce; & Licet antestari? Ego verò  
 Oppono auriculam; rapit in jus. Clamor utrinque  
 Undique concursus. Sic me servavit *Apollo*.

The Intention of *Horace* in this Piece, is to  
 expose an *impertinent* Fellow, and to give a  
 ludicrous Detail of his own *Embarrassment*;  
 Your Pleasure arises from the View which he  
 gives you of his own Mortification, whereby  
 he lays himself fairly open to your *Raillery*;  
 This

This is the more poignant, and quick, from the real Distress which you see he endur'd, in this odd Attack; At the same Time the particular Turn of the Fellow, who chose in this Manner to pin himself upon another, is a very odd Species of impertinent *Humour*. — This Piece, as it stands, irresistibly forces your Mirth, and shakes you with Laughter; But to a Person of Discernment, it is chiefly at *Horace's* Expence; Who in receiving and enduring such insolent Treatment, appears in a Light too low and ridiculous, though he has thought fit himself to exhibit the Scene again for the Diversion of the Public;

The

Misere, cupis, — abire,

Jamdudum video, sed nil agis, usque tenebo,

Persequar; —————

was an absolute Insult; And very unfit to be related by the Person who suffer'd it, as a Matter of Merriment; — Besides this Tame-ness of *Horace*, the Impudence of the Fellow is excessively nauseous and disgusting at the Bottom, though the whole carries a Froth of *Raillery* and *Humour* upon the Surface.

The Truth is, that this Piece, as it stands, would have properly proceeded from another Person, who had intended to expose the Impertinence and Impudence of the Fellow, and freely to rally poor *Horace*, with some Mixture of *Ridicule*, upon his unfortunate Embarrassment; upon this Basis it will ap-  
pear

pear with Propriety; Without which all Compositions of *Wit*, or *Humour*, or *Taste*, tho' at first they may pleasurablely strike the Fancy or Sight, are at last disgusting to the Judgment.

Having here occasionally offer'd some Remarks upon this Composition, as it now stands, it may be proper to point out the Manner in which the *Humour* and *Raillery* of such an Embarrassment, might have been carried to the highest Pitch; And the Description of it have been given by *Horace* himself, without any Diminution of his own Gentility or Importance; — Imagine then that he had been join'd in his Walk by a weak, ignorant Person, of Good-nature, and the utmost Civility; one who fancy'd himself possessed of the greatest Talents, and fully persuaded that he gave all he convers'd with a particular Pleasure; -- Upon such an Attack, no Resentment or Anger could have been decently shewn by *Horace*, As the Person thus pestering him, was all the while intending the highest Compliment; And must therefore be received, and attended to, with perfect Complaisance; The *Humour* of this Person would have been very entertaining, in the strange Conceit which he held of his own Abilities, and of the particular Pleasure he was granting to *Horace*, in condescending to give him so much of his Company; In these Sentiments he should regard all *Horace's* Excuses, Endeavours, and Struggles to be gone,



gone, as Expressions of his Sense of the Honour done him ; which should be an Argument with this Person for obstinately persisting to honour him still further ; All the while he must be supported by some *real Importance* belonging to him, attended with *good Breeding*, and strengthened by such occasional Instances of *Sense*, as may secure him from being trampled upon, or becoming absolutely contemptible ; In such an Adventure the Mortification, and Distress of *Horace*, would be excessively whimsical and severe ; especially as he would be depriv'd of all Succour and Relief ; being in Decency oblig'd, not only to suppress all Anger or Uneasiness, but, what is exquisitely quick, to receive this whole Treatment with the utmost Complacency ; An *Embarrassment* of this sort, finely described, would have yielded the greatest Pleasure to the Reader, and carried the *Raillery* upon *Horace*, without hurting or degrading him, to the highest Degree of *Poignancy* ; And from hence may be conceiv'd, what delightful Entertainments are capable of being drawn from *Humour* and *Raillery*.

It is also easy to apprehend, that the several Subjects of *Wit*, *Humour*, *Raillery*, *Satire*, and *Ridicule*, appear not only *singly* upon many Occasions, or *two* of them combined together, but are also frequently united in other Combinations, which are more *complicate* ; An Instance of the Union together  
of

of *Humour*, *Raillery*, and *Ridicule*, I remember to have read somewhere in *Voiture's* Letters; He is in *Spain*, and upon the Point of proceeding from thence to some other Place in an *English* Vessel; After he has written this Account of himself to a Lady at *Paris*, he proceeds in his Letter to this Purpose; " You may perhaps apprehend, that I shall  
 " be in some Danger this Voyage, of falling  
 " into the Hands of a *Barbary* Corsair; But  
 " to relieve you from all such Fears, I shall  
 " beg Leave to tell you, what my honest  
 " Captain has inform'd me himself, for my  
 " own Satisfaction; He suspected, it seems,  
 " that I might have some Uneasiness upon  
 " this Head; and has therefore privately as-  
 " sured me, that I have no need to be afraid  
 " of being taken with him; for that when-  
 " ever it is likely to come to this, he will in-  
 " fallibly blow up the Ship with his own  
 " Hands; — After this, I presume, you will  
 " be perfectly easy, that I am in no Danger of  
 " going to *Sallee*;"

This is exquisitely *rich*; The brave and odd Fancy of the *English* Captain, in finding out for himself, and *privately* communicating to *Voiture*, this Method of Security from Slavery, abounds with the highest *Humour*; At the same time the honest Tar, as a *Projecter*, is excessively open to *Ridicule*, for his Scheme to blow them all up, in order to prevent their being taken Prisoners; There is besides these,  
 a very

a very full *Raillery*, which *Voiture* here opens upon *himself*; For as this Adventure, which he is going to be engaged in, has been attended, as yet, with no Mischief; nor is certain to be so, the whole is to be consider'd, at present, as only a slight Scrape; especially as he exhibits it in this manner himself, and invites you to make it the Object of your Pleasure, and *Raillery*; — It may also be observ'd, that the *Humour* in this Subject, which flows from the *Captain*, is adorn'd with a very peculiar, and pleasing *Propriety*; As it is not barely a *Whim*, or the Result of an *odd Sourness* or *queer Pride*, but the Effect of his *Courage*, and of that Freedom from all Terror at Death, which is perfectly amiable in his Character.

There are other Combinations of *Wit*, *Humour*, *Raillery*, *Satire*, and *Ridicule*, where *four* of them, or all *five*, are united in one Subject; — Like various *Notes* in *Musick*, sounding together, and jointly composing one exquisite Piece of Harmony; — Or like different *Rays* of *Light*, shining together in one *Rainbow*: It is pleasant to *divide* these *Combinations*, and to view as with a *Prism*, the different Rays united in each; of which *Humour*, like the *Red*, is eminent for its superior Force and Excellence; — When the Judgment is thus capable of parting, and easily assigning the several *Quantities*

tities, and Proportions of each, it heightens our Pleasure, and gives us an absolute Command over the Subject; But they are often so intimately mix'd, and blended together, that it is difficult to separate them clearly, tho' they are all certainly felt in the same Piece; — Like the different *Flavours* of rich *Fruits*, which are inseparably mix'd, yet all perfectly tasted, in one *Pine-Apple*.

*Raillery*, and *Satire*, are extremely different;

1. *Raillery*, is a genteel poignant Attack of *slight* Foibles and Oddities; *Satire* a witty and severe Attack of *mischievous* Habits and Vices.

2. The *Intention* of *Raillery*, is to procure your *Pleasure*, by exposing the little Embarrassment of a Person; But the *Intention* of *Satire*, is to raise your *Detestation*, by exposing the real Deformity of his Vices.

3. If in *Raillery* the Sting be given too deep and severe, it will sink into Malice and Rudeness, And your Pleasure will not be justifiable; But *Satire*, the more deep and severe the Sting of it is, will be the more excellent; Its Intention being entirely to root out and destroy the Vice.

4. It is a just Maxim upon these Subjects, that in *Raillery* a good-natur'd Esteem ought always to appear, without any Resentment or Bitterness; In *Satire* a generous free Indignation, without any sneaking Fear or Tenderness;

derness; It being a sort of partaking in the Guilt to keep any Terms with Vices.

It is from hence that *Juvenal*, as a *Satirist*, is greatly superior to *Horace*; But indeed many of the short Compositions of *Horace*, which are indiscriminately ranged together, under the general Name of *Satires*, are not properly such, but Pieces of *Raillery* or *Ridicule*.

As *Raillery*, in order to be decent, can only be exercised upon *slight* Misfortunes and Foibles, attended with no deep Mischief, nor with any Reproach upon real Merit, so it ought only to be used between *Equals* and *Intimates*; It being evidently a Liberty too great to be taken by an *Inferior*; and too inequitable to be taken by a *Superior*, as his Rank shields him from any Return.

*Raillery* is the most agreeable, when it is founded on a *slight* Embarrassment or Foible, which upon being unfolded, appears to have arisen from the *real Merit*, or from the *Excess* of any *Virtue*, in the Person attack'd.

But yet this Embarrassment must always be *real*, and attended with the Chagrin or Confusion of the *rally'd* Person, or capable of being fairly suppos'd to have been so; otherwise the Attack will be void of all Poignancy, and Pleasure to the Company; And evaporate either into *indirect Flattery*, or else into the *Insipid*.

Thus, to attack a *sine Lady* upon the Enemies she has made, by the mischievous Effects of her Beauty, will be properly gentle indirect *Flattery* — if it be well conducted, — otherwise, the *Inspid*; But it cannot be deem'd *Raillery*; It being impossible to suppose the Lady *really* chagrin'd by such an imaginary Misfortune, or uneasy at any Explanation upon this Subject;

*Raillery* ought soon to be ended; For by long keeping the Person attack'd, even in a *slight* Pain, and continuing to dwell upon his Mis-adventures, you become rude and ill-natur'd; — Or if the *Raillery* be only turn'd upon an Embarrassment, arising from the Excess of Merit or Abilities, Yet if it be long continued upon the same Subject, the Person it is pointed at, will either suspect that your Aim is, to leave some *Impression* against him, or else that you are designing him a tedious dark *Compliment*; And accordingly he will either regard you with Hatred or Contempt; — Much less should a Person, who introduces himself as a Subject of *Raillery*, insist long upon it; For either he will be offensive in engrossing all Attention to himself; or if the Company are pleas'd, it must be by his Buffoonery.

The Difference between *Satire*, and *Ridicule*, has been already pointed out; — *Satire* being always concerned with the *Vices* of *Persons*;

*Persons*; — Whereas *Ridicule* is justly employ'd, not upon the *Vices*, but the *Foibles* or *Meannesses* of *Persons*, And also upon the *Improprieties* of other Subjects; And is directed, not to raise your *Detestation*, but your *Derision* and *Contempt*; — It being evident that *Immoralities* and *Vice* are too *detestable* for *Ridicule*, and are therefore properly the Subject of *Satire*; Whereas *Foibles* and *Meannesses* are too *harmless* for *Satire*, and deserve only to be treated with *Ridicule*.

The usual Artillery of *Ridicule* is *Wit*; whereby the *Affinity* or *Coincidence* of any Object with others, which are absurd and contemptible, is unexpectedly exhibited; — There is also another, very forcible, Manner in which *Ridicule* may act; And that is by employing *Humour* alone; Thus the *Foible* or *Queeriness* of any Person will be most fully *ridicul'd*, by naturally dressing yourself, or any other Person in that *Foible*, and exerting its full Strength and Vigour.

*The POLITENESS of a Subject is the Freedom of that Subject from all Indelicacy, Awkardness, and Roughness.*

*GOOD BREEDING consists in a respectful Carriage to others, accompany'd with Ease and Politeness.*

It appears from hence that *GOOD BREEDING* and *POLITENESS* differ in this; that *GOOD BREEDING* relates only to the *Manners of Persons*

*Persons* in their Commerce together; Whereas *Politeness* may relate also to *Books*, as well as to *Persons*, or to any Subjects of Taste and Ornament.

So that *Politeness* may subsist in a Subject, as in a *Cornish*, or *Arbitraver*, where *good Breeding* can't enter; But it is impossible for *good Breeding* to be offer'd without *Politeness*.

At the same time *good Breeding* is not to be understood, as merely the *Politeness* of *Persons*; But as *Respect*, tender'd with *Politeness*, in the Commerce between *Persons*.

It is easy to perceive, that *good Breeding* is a different Behaviour in different Countries, and in the same Countries at different Periods, according to the Manners which are us'd amongst *polite Persons* of those Places and Seafons.

In *England* the chief Point of it formerly was plac'd, in carrying a *Respect* in our Manners to all we convers'd with; whence every Omission of the slightest Ceremony, as it might be construed into a want of *Respect*, was particularly to be avoided; So that *good Breeding* became then a *precise Observance and Exercise of all the Motions and Ceremonies, expressive of Respect, which might justly be paid to every Person*;—This, as it is easy to imagine, requir'd much Nicety in the Adjustment upon many Occasions, and created immense Trouble and Constraint, and most ridiculous Embarrassments.

How-



However, these Modes of *good Breeding* were not to be abolished, as it was impossible to dispense with the *Respect* annex'd to them, without some further Pretence than of their *Inconvenience* only; which no Person could decently urge, or admit in his own behalf, when it was his Province to pay any Ceremonies to another; In this Difficulty it was at last happily observ'd, for the Advantage of genteel Commerce and Society, that *whatever gives Trouble, is inconsistent with Respect*; Upon which Foundation, all Ceremonies which create Embarrassments or Trouble to either Side, are now justly exploded; And the *Ease* of each other is the Point most peculiarly consulted by *well-bred* Persons.

If this Attention to *Ease* was properly conducted, so that it might always appear to have *Respect* for its Motive; And only to act in Obedience to *that*, as the ruling Principle, it would then comprehend the just Plan of *good Breeding*; But as *this* was formerly encumber'd with Ceremonies and Embarrassments, so the modern *good Breeding* perhaps deviates too far into Negligence and Disregard; — A Fault more unpardonable than the former; As an Inconvenience, evidently proceeding from the *Respect* which is paid to us, may be easily excus'd; But a Freedom, which carries the Air of *Neglect* with it, gives a lasting Offence.

BEAUTY is the delightful Effect which arises from the joint Order, Proportion, and Harmony of all the Parts of an Object.

And to have a good TASTE, is to have a just Relish of BEAUTY.

N<sup>o</sup> 62. FRIDAY, May 11.

*Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium & fons.* Hor.

**M**R. Locke has an admirable Reflection upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follow; “ And hence perhaps may be given some Reason of that “ common Observation, that Men who have a great deal “ of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the “ clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason; for Wit lying “ most in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be “ found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make “ up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the Fancy: Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other “ Side, in separating carefully one from another, Ideas “ wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to “ avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity to “ take one thing for another. This is a Way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion, wherein, “ for the most part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit, which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and “ is therefore so acceptable to all People.”

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical Account that I have met with of Wit, which generally, tho’ not always,

always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it by way of Explanation, That every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprize* to the Reader: These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of Things; for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprize. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless, besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discover'd in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprize. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows to Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason the Similitudes in Heroic Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Locke's* Account of Wit, with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, *Ænigma's*, Motto's, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, Dramatick Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first Sight from the foregoing Description) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally consists in this Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrostics; sometimes of Syllables, as in Echo's and doggerel Rhimes; sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes*, or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the Notion

of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry ; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances ; there is another Kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words ; which, for Distinction's sake, I shall call *mixt Wit*. This Kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. *Mr. Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. *Mr. Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. *Monfieur Boileau*, who form'd himself upon the ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek Writers*, we shall find it nowhere but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musæus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays itself to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin Writers*, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus* ; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall chuse one Instance, which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble Fire ; for which reason the Words *Fire* and *Flame* are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word *Fire*, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice ; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distill'd those Drops from the Limbeck. When she

She is absent, he is beyond Eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoke; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* Shop incloses *Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He wou'd insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living Creatures) shou'd not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye; sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the middle of the Sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same Sentence, speaking of it both as a Passion, and as real Fire, surprizes the Reader with those seeming Resemblances, or Contradictions, that make up all the Wit in this Kind of Writing. *Mixt Wit* therefore is a Composition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or less perfect, as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas, or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falshood, and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this Kind of Wit is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet, out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden's* Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good Writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject." If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greatest Wit that ever sent Pen to Paper: It is certain there never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

*Bouhours*, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken Pains to shew, That it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-word. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same Notion in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse. This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought shine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majestick Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what Kind soever escape them. I look upon these Writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its Place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation, on *Ovid's* writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words: "*Ovid* (says he, speaking of *Virgil's* Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*)

*Aeneas* “ takes it up after him, even in the same Age,  
 “ and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil’s* new-created  
 “ *Dido*; dictates a Letter for her just before her Death to  
 “ the ungrateful Fugitive; and, very unluckily for him-  
 “ self, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much su-  
 “ perior in Force to him on the same Subject. I think I  
 “ may be Judge of this, because I have translated both.  
 “ The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of  
 “ his own; he borrows all from a greater Master in his  
 “ own Profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing  
 “ which he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to  
 “ his old Shift, he has recourse to Witticism. This pas-  
 “ ses indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the  
 “ Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.”

Were not I supported by so great an Authority as that  
 of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the  
 Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is  
 extremely *Gottick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a  
 threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the  
 first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers,  
 whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quali-  
 ty, but to their Numbers and the Coarseness of their  
 Taste. His Words are as follow: “ *Segrais* has distin-  
 “ guished the Readers of Poetry, according to their Ca-  
 “ pacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might have  
 said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.] “ In  
 “ the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les*  
 “ *Petits Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery  
 “ Audiencé in a Play-house; who like nothing but the  
 “ Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit,  
 “ an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression:  
 “ These are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood  
 “ for Parliament-Men, we know already who would  
 “ carry it. But though they make the greatest Appear-  
 “ ance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on’t is  
 “ they are but a Sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch*  
 “ Boors, brought over in Herds, but not Naturalized;  
 “ who have not Lands of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Par-*  
 “ *nassus*, and therefore are not privileged to Poll. Their  
 “ Authors are of the same Level, fit to represent them on  
 “ a Mountebank’s Stage, or to be Masters of the Cere-  
 “ monies

“ monies in a Bear-Garden: Yet these are they who  
 “ have the most Admirers. But it often happens, to  
 “ their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their  
 “ Stock of Sense, (as they may by reading better Books,  
 “ and by Conversation with Men of Judgment) they  
 “ soon forsake them.”

I must not dismiss this Subject without observing; that as Mr. *Locke*, in the Passage above-mention'd, has discover'd the most fruitful Source of Wit; so there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several Kinds. For not only the *Resemblance*, but the *Opposition* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little Points, Turns, and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

N<sup>o</sup> 35. TUESDAY, *April 10.*

*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.* Mart.

**A**Mong all Kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this Nature; and yet if we look into the Production of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists,



mourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lie under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I question not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chymical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this illustrious Family, and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave Looks, and a solemn Habit; sometimes airy in his Behaviour, and fantastick in his Dress: Infomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of  
the

the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by Cheats, I would desire my Readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, If he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.

NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.

FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.

GOOD SENSE.

WIT.—MIRTH.

HUMOUR.

I might

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island: But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

*First* of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

*Secondly*, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

*Thirdly*, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

*Fourthly*, Being entirely void of Reason, he pursues no Point either of Morality or Instruction, but is Ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

*Fifthly*, Being incapable of any thing but Mock-Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of False Humourists; but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers itself in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the general Rule I have prescribed myself, of *attacking Multitudes*: Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a natural State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

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A N

E S S A Y

Concerning

HUMOUR in COMEDY.

To Mr. DENNIS.

Dear S I R,

**Y**OU write to me, that you have entertain'd your self two or three Days with reading several Comedies of several Authors; and your Observation is, That there is more of *Humour* in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comic Poets, Ancient or Modern. You desire to know my Opinion, and at the same time my Thoughts, of that which is generally call'd *Humour* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *English* Writers, in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humour*, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true *Humour*, has not been so often written even by them as is generally believed: And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that Kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require

quire a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a *Dictator*, you shall have from me, since you have injoin'd it.

To define *Humour*, perhaps, were as difficult as to define *Wit*; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several *Humours* of Men, were a Work as endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententiæ* might have been more properly interpreted of *Humour*; since there are many Men, of the same Opinion in many things, who are quite different in *Humours*. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is, or what *Humour* is, yet we may go near to shew something which is not *Wit*, or not *Humour*; and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned *Wit* and *Humour* together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit* is often mistaken for *Humour*.

I have observed, that when a few things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play while it is acting, to say, *Such a Thing is very Humorously spoken: There is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be, surprizingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of *Humour*, which indeed is a Character of *Wit*. But there is a great Difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things *Humorously*, as they call it, which is *Pleasantly* spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of *Humour*, distinguish'd by the particular and different *Humours*, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of *Humorous Things* does not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allow'd to speak them. From a *Witty Man* they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to stumble on

'em by chance. Tho' I make a Difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humour*, yet I do not think that *Humorous Characters* exclude *Wit*: No, but the Manner of *Wit* should be adapted to the *Humour*. As for Instance: A Character of a Splenetick and Peevish *Humour* should have a Satyrical *Wit*: A Jolly and Sanguine *Humour* should have a Face-tious *Wit*. The former should speak Positively; the latter, Carelessly: For the former observes and shews things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and speaks things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humour* have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, so, its Opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humour*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinences, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no Occasion; this is a Character of *Humour*.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy stuff'd with such Grotesque-Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like *Species*. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as any body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous; but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey without very mortifying Reflections; though I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not originally of a distinct *Species*. As I don't think *Humour* exclusive of *Wit*, neither do I think it inconsistent with *Folly*; but I think the Follies should be only such as Mens *Humours* may incline 'em to, and not Follies entirely abstracted from both *Humour* and Nature.

Sometimes *Personal Defects* are misrepresented for *Humours*.

I mean,

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes, by shewing a Man Deform'd, or Deaf, or Blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's FOX*, have justly excepted against this Immoral Part of *Ridicule* in *CORBACCIO's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true *Humour* in Comedy.

*External Habit of Body* is often mistaken for *Humour*.

By *External Habit*, I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Cloathing of a Character, though that goes a good way in some received Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's *Humour* may incline him to dress differently from other People:) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think that a *Humour*, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom; for by a Disuse or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off or diversified.

*Affectation* is generally mistaken for *Humour*.

These are indeed so much alike, that at a Distance they may be mistaken one for the other. For what is *Humour* in one, may be *Affectation* in another; and nothing is more common, than for some to affect particular Ways of saying, and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. *Humour* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, shews *Humour* at the Second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. *Humour* I take, either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth;

or

or else to be grafted into us by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturaliz'd.

*Humour* is from Nature, *Habit* from Custom, and *Affectation* from Industry.

*Humour* shews us as we are.

*Habit* shews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impression.

*Affectation* shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Though here I would observe by the way, that a continued *Affectation* may in time become a *Habit*.

The Character of *MOROSE* in the *Silent-Woman*, I take to be a Character of *Humour*. And I chuse to instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have yourself hinted some Dislike of it, for the same Reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *MOROSE* to be a Man naturally splenetick and melancholy; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this *Humour* in little, every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a Cork, or scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the same *Humour*, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturb'd at all by it. Well; but *MOROSE*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this *Humour* that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that *Humour*, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for exposing a *Humour* which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides,



sides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observ'd in *Wit*, as some would have it in *Humour*, what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any Length from the *Extempore* Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpose:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play, is a Character of *Affectation*. He every-where discovers an *Affectation* of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is ignorant. Of this Kind are the Characters of *Thraso* in the *EUNUCH* of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *MILES GLORIOSUS* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now such a boasting of Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humour*; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only *affect-ed* in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *COB* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not *Humours*, but *Habits* contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be rang'd all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such like, who make use of *Cants*, or peculiar *Dialects* in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this Kind have been very successful; but in my Mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour, since they require little more than a good Memory, and superficial Observa-  
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tion. But true *Humour* cannot be shewn without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search, to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this time you are of my own Opinion, that *Humour* is neither *Wit*, nor *Folly*, nor *Personal Defect*, nor *Affectation*, nor *Habit*; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for *Humour*.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of *Humour*, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I will tell you what serves me instead of either. I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only, by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.*

Our *Humour* has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance; it is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused through all; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it are never so various, and the Divisions never so many. Dissimulation may by degrees become more easy to our Practice, but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: It will always be in some Proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his *Humour*; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry?*

ry? *Why are you not gay, pleasant, and chearful?* then instead of answering, could I ask such a one, *Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera* have their different Sects at this Day. Some Weep, and others Laugh, at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry, others who are silent, some that are loud: yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of *Anger*, which is in itself different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the *Humour* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various; one Man has a *Humour* of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it, and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different: but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the *Humour* of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true *Humour* in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex to let *Humour* have its Course; or may be, by reason of their natural Coldness, *Humour* cannot exert itself to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquired Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex; but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diversity of *Humour*, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might

afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedy. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the *Difference* of *Humours*, I believe we shall find the contrary. For though we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar *Humour*, yet every Man has it not in Quantity to become remarkable by it; or, if many do become remarkable by their *Humours*, yet all those *Humours* may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what *Humour* will be diverting, but also how much of it; what Part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by *opposing* other *Humours* to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment sometimes, Mens *Humours* may be opposed when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater Proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasion'd by his having more Phlegm or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their *Humours* derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject, tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is entirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private *Essay*, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true *Humour*, and the Difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't say but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from *Affection*, and those other Qualities which I have endeavour'd to distinguish from *Humour*; but I would not have such imposed on the World for *Humour*, nor esteem'd of equal Value with it. It were perhaps the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct *Humour*. Therefore every Poet must be beholden to other Helps, to make  
out

out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters; who does not shew one true *Humour* in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the End of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mentioned at the Beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of *Humour* in our *English* Comic Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon *Humour* to be almost of *English* Growth; at least it does not seem to have found such Increase on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a *Humour* is under no Restraint, or Fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which may be will shew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascrib'd to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humour*, to my Power of expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you; being, without Reserve,

*Your real Friend,*

July 10. 1695.

*and humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think  
 with a due Reflexion to be made, who makes all this  
 this; who does not know one true Answer in a Country,  
 but enters his Address to the End of the Day with  
 everything out of Measure.

I will make but one Observation to you more and  
 have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of  
 your own, and which I mentioned at the beginning of my  
 Letter, viz. that there is more of Honour in our Affairs  
 than in any others. I do not at all wonder  
 that it is, for I look upon Honour to be almost of a  
 Growth; at least it does not seem to have found such an  
 estate in any other Soil. And what appears to me to be  
 the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Li-  
 berty which the common People of England enjoy. Any  
 Man that has a Liberty, is not a Slave, or a Slave of  
 any Man; they have a Power among themselves, which  
 may be well call'd the Heart and Centre of the People, as  
 well as a Liberty. It is not well known that  
 they have a Liberty, but it is an Honour with them,  
 and their Liberty is reasonable to it. I believe something  
 considerable may be ascribed to their Liberty, but  
 on this, and the Excellence of their Liberty in general. But  
 I have done, for the Physicians agree that I am your  
 true my Thoughts of Honour, to my Power of ex-  
 press them in so little Time and Company. You will be  
 kind to show me when I have said; and as you are  
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 very just Title to demand it from you; being without

Respect

Your most Obedient

and humble Servant

W. CONGREVE

